

## **DON'T MESS WITH THE GIRL WITH CANDY**

### Chapter 10

A quick check confirmed their location. This was Moultilands, Eclara City's infamous slum.

Looking at the drizzling rain and the pothole-ridden dirt road ahead, Felton's eyes widened. His grip on the steering wheel tightened, terrified of accidentally driving into a ditch. One trip through here would wreck the hypercar's chassis.

What a costly favor this was turning out to be for his boss. He didn't get a contact number, but he was out tens of millions.

Soon, the car came to a stop. Juniper grabbed her bag and moved to get out.

"Ms. Payne, one moment," Shanley said, stepping out of the car. He quickly walked around to her side. "Flint, the umbrella!"

"Yes, sir."

Just as Flint opened the umbrella, Shanley took it from him. He held it in his left hand while opening the car door with his right, tilting the umbrella to ensure not a single drop of rain touched the girl. He was treating her like a priceless treasure.

Flint felt the cold rain hitting his face and sighed. Another day, another world where only he was getting hurt.

"Not necessary," Juniper said, clearly uncomfortable with the proximity. Still angry, she ducked out from under the umbrella.

"Thanks," she added, fulfilling the basic requirements of politeness. She pulled up the hood of her sweatshirt and quickly disappeared into a narrow alley.

Felton and Flint were once again dumbfounded. Ms. Payne had given the boss the cold shoulder twice.

So cool!

Shanley stood motionless in the rain, not a hint of anger on his face. In fact, the smile in his eyes deepened. She was feisty and wary. That was good. It meant she wouldn't be easily fooled by anyone.

Only after her figure vanished did Shanley get back in the car, the warmth in his expression gone. "Those men from the black market. Deal with them."

"Yes, sir," Felton and Flint acknowledged.

It was to prevent any retaliation against Ms. Payne, they assumed. But still, wasn't the boss getting a little too invested in this girl?

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"I've found a school," Saskia announced as she set down her lunchbox, toweling her damp hair. "Given the circumstances, it had to be a private one. The facilities aren't the best, but at least you'll be in a classroom."

Saskia hadn't even had time to eat. After sharing the good news with Juniper, she rushed back to work.

Juniper pulled out her phone and looked up the school. It was located in the city but was relatively small. As a private institution with limited funding, it wasn't highly regarded. While its graduation rate was decent, very few of its students got into top universities. It was clear this was the best school Saskia could find with her limited resources, and she must have put in a lot of effort.

After lunch, Juniper took the jade bracelet she had bought to the cemetery and placed it by Lemuel Sherwin's grave. She sat and talked to him for a while. As she was about to leave, she received a text from Luella.

Luella: [Moonlight Peak has a new menu. Want to try it?]

Juniper wiped her grandfather's portrait clean, remembering his final words: Live your life to the fullest.

She replied: [Okay.]

An hour later, Juniper arrived at Moonlight Peak. It was one of Eclara City's most prestigious fine-dining restaurants, known for its beautiful ambiance, exquisite cuisine, and jaw-dropping prices. It was a popular spot for the city's elite to meet and socialize.

[Which floor?]

Juniper texted Luella as she walked in.

Luella: [The rooftop garden.]

Moonlight Peak had ten floors, each tiered by price. The higher you went, the more expensive it was. The rooftop garden was rarely open for reservations and was inaccessible to the general public.

[Ok.]

Juniper replied, pocketing her phone. As she approached the front desk to check in, a sharp, grating voice cut through the air.

"What are you doing here?"

Juniper turned around to see Yolanda, decked out in designer brands and wearing a full face of makeup, glaring at her with disdain.

"I have a reservation. The rooftop garden," Juniper said, ignoring Yolanda and addressing the hostess.

Rooftop garden? Even Jerrold could only get them a table in the main hall on the first floor. Did this pauper even know what the rooftop signified? The nerve of her, putting on such airs!