

DON'T MESS WITH THE GIRL WITH CANDY

Chapter 12

Yolanda and Jerrold stood there, wrapped in their own separate layers of humiliation.

"Lucy, the top-floor guest has booked the entire venue for today. Close up shop!" the manager called out before shutting the door, leaving the pair outside.

"It must have been her," Yolanda said, seething with jealousy as she stared at the entrance to Moonlight Peak. "She must have had her sugar daddy do it. How does a disgraced, disowned nobody manage to hook a man that powerful?!"

Booking the entire place... that must have cost a fortune!

Jerrold's face was dark as he remained silent. There were only a handful of people in Eclara City who could command Moonlight Peak to close its doors for them. Who exactly had Juniper gotten involved with?

Meanwhile, in the rooftop garden, Juniper had just pushed open the door when a dark figure lunged at her. A slight smirk touched her lips. Her feet remained planted as she kept one hand in her pocket and used the other to counterattack. With swift, ruthless precision, she had her attacker's arm pinned in a matter of seconds.

"Okay, okay, stop!"

The lights flickered on, revealing Luella, a woman with stylishly short silver hair and an androgynous flair, raising her hands in surrender. "Damn, you really don't hold back!"

"You asked for it," Juniper said with a lazy smile, releasing her and hooking a nearby chair with her foot to sit down.

"Remind me who owns this place?" Luella whined, rubbing her neck as she sat beside Juniper and started peeling an orange. "You've reached a level of absentee ownership where your own manager doesn't even recognize you. Don't you think you should reflect on that? Please, I'm a busy woman. There are plenty of pretty girls out there waiting for me to shower them with attention."

"Hmm?" Juniper paused, chewing on a slice of orange. "I'm the owner?"

Luella shot her a death glare. "Who else?"

How could she forget about a nine-figure private restaurant?

Juniper thought for a moment, a slow smile spreading across her face. "Oh, right. I guess I am." Oops, too many properties. She'd forgotten.

"Let's get some food up here. I'm starving," Juniper said, blinking innocently to change the subject.

"Fine." Hearing she was hungry, Luella immediately called the kitchen and ordered a feast, specifically requesting three bowls of rice.

Yes, three.

While they waited, Juniper opened a secure app on her phone and typed "Eclara City Schwartz family."

A few lines of text appeared.

The Schwartz family is a prestigious, century-old clan from Borealia, a top-tier family with immense power in business and politics, their influence reaching into every corner of society. Their estate was located in the heart of Eclara City.

Fifteen years ago, the eldest grandson, Shanley, then only twelve, had entered the family business and founded the Schwartz Group. In just a few short years, its reach had become global, its assets immeasurable. The Schwartz family's influence was felt worldwide.

Beyond that, there was no other public information.

Impressively discreet!

"Shanley?" Luella, finished with her call, glanced at the phone screen. "I've heard that guy is calculating and ruthless, definitely not someone to cross. More importantly, he's got... you know, that kind of problem."

"Oh?" Juniper tilted her head, propping her chin on her hand.

"He's twenty-seven and has never been seen with a woman. Can you believe it?" Luella's inner gossip was on fire. "He's either playing for the other team or... he can't get it up."

Can't get it up? Juniper's eyelashes fluttered as she listened intently.

"I heard some starlet who didn't know any better tried to create a scandal by sneaking into his car," Luella added. "Shanley was furious. He had the car, with her still inside, thrown into a junkyard. If that's not a sign of a problem, I don't know what is."

Juniper blinked, picturing the tall, imposing figure of the man.

Impotent? You really couldn't tell just by looking at him.