

## DON'T MESS WITH THE GIRL WITH CANDY

### Chapter 13

Back at Moultslands, Saskia threw her arms around Juniper the moment she walked in. "Juniper, we're moving!"

"Oh really?" Juniper's lips curved into a faint, knowing smile.

"It says here someone's redeveloping this land, and they're giving us an apartment in the city to move into next week." Saskia's hand trembled as she held the official notice. "I've checked it three times. It's real."

"This dump? Even dogs turn their noses up at it. What kind of rich sucker would trade a city apartment for this? It's not a scam, is it?" Janet chewed on her pen, looking at Juniper with wide, cautious eyes. "Juniper, what do you think?"

Juniper met her gaze. "Maybe they're just... incredibly rich?"

"Argh!" Janet clenched her fists and punched the air. "There are so many rich people in the world! Why can't I be one of them?"

"You will be," Juniper said with a soft laugh, patting her head.

Janet stared at her, completely bewildered. What did that even mean?

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The next day, Juniper went out with Saskia and Janet. After several bus transfers, they finally arrived at Aurora High School.

"You must be Juniper Payne?" asked the principal, a kind-faced woman whose hair was white despite being only sixty.

"Hello, Headmistress," Juniper replied respectfully, standing straight and shedding her usual rebellious air.

Before coming, she had done her research. The woman standing before her was Salma, the school's founder. She and her late husband had been

teachers in a poor, rural area. After he passed away, she had poured everything she had into establishing Aurora High School to continue their shared dream. Unfortunately, limited funding meant the school's resources and facilities paled in comparison to the city's top schools. Even as enrollment dwindled, Salma remained true to her mission.

"I hear you took a break from school and have fallen behind in your classes," Salma said patiently, leading Juniper toward a classroom.

"Yes." Juniper glanced around nonchalantly. The facilities were old, but the campus was clean and had a scholarly atmosphere.

"I see..." Salma pushed her paint-chipped glasses up her nose. "Well, there's still some time before the college entrance exams. I think we can get your scores up with some private tutoring."

Tutoring? Teachers buzzing in her ear morning, noon, and night, plus homework? She was going to have a meltdown.

Juniper paused, about to refuse. "I-"

"Let's get you to class first. We can talk later."

Just then, her phone rang. Salma handed Juniper off to the homeroom teacher and hurried away.

Juniper stood frozen, a headache already forming. She was only finishing school to honor her grandfather's last wish. Honestly, she was a perfectly capable self-learner; there was no need to waste resources on her.

A few seconds later, a still-dazed Juniper was led into the classroom.

At the sound of the door, the students looked up from their work. Standing at the front of the room was a tall, slender girl with exquisite features. Even the drab school uniform looked stylish on her, a testament to her natural beauty.

"Whoa, since when do we get girls this gorgeous at Aurora High?"

"Her looks, that vibe... she's way prettier than Yolanda, the so-called 'school beauty' at Eclara High!"

"Hey, Qadir, Qadir! Do you know this girl?" a boy in the back row excitedly asked, turning to his classmate who was dozing against the wall.

Qadir was the richest kid at Aurora High. His family was in agriculture, and they were ridiculously rich. He wasn't academically gifted and refused to let his family pull strings to get him into a public school, so his father had sent him to Aurora High to get a diploma before he went home to inherit his billion-dollar fortune.

"Shut the hell up!" Qadir grumbled, prying his eyes open. His gaze landed on Juniper, and he froze for a second before snapping, "No, I don't!"

"That's weird," the boys muttered, frowning in confusion.