

DON'T MESS WITH THE GIRL WITH CANDY

Chapter 6

"Let them come if they've got a death wish," Juniper retorted with a lazy smirk, her tone dripping with arrogance.

Luella was speechless. True enough. Who in their right mind would dare to provoke this particular powerhouse? The Sigma Network must have a short memory if they were still looking for trouble.

After hanging up, Juniper put on her helmet. With a stylish flick of her wrist, she revved the electric scooter, which shot out from between the luxury cars like a gust of wind.

Thirty minutes later, she arrived at Borealia's most famous underground black market-the Phantom Bazaar. It was a place hidden deep beneath the earth, a shadowy world of illicit trade where strange and exotic goods were bought and sold, along with people and services that existed outside the law.

The bracelet she was looking for was here.

Juniper parked her scooter, popped a candy into her mouth, and strolled casually down the main street of the Bazaar. With no natural light, the place was eerily illuminated by artificial lamps, giving it a surreal, ominous vibe.

No one dared to venture into the Phantom Bazaar alone, especially not a young girl who was now sauntering through the streets as if she owned the place. Her audacity quickly drew the attention of the Schwartz family's guards patrolling the area.

After a quick look around, Juniper found what she was looking for in a small antique shop tucked away in a corner: an imperial green jadeite bracelet.

Years ago, when her grandfather's company was on the brink of collapse, her grandmother had sold it to save the business. Her grandfather had spent years trying to find it again, but he had passed away before he could.

"I'll take this bracelet," Juniper said, her voice clear and direct after confirming it was the right one.

"Who's buying?" a middle-aged man clutching a string of prayer beads hurried out, his face beaming. But when he saw Juniper, his smile vanished. Although

she was bundled up and wearing a mask, he could tell she was just a young girl. And her clothes looked cheap, like something a beggar would wear.

"Go on, get out of here! Don't cause trouble," the owner grumbled, slumping back into his chair and fiddling with his tea set. "This thing is five million. Do you even have five hundred on you?"

Juniper's chewing slowed. A dangerous glint appeared in her downcast eyes as she pulled out a bank card and tossed it onto the table.

The owner skeptically motioned for his clerk to check the card's balance. To his surprise, it really had five million.

Fine. He'd bought the bracelet for three million, so selling it for five was a good profit.

Just as he was about to get it from the case, however, his clerk leaned in and whispered something in his ear.

"My apologies," the owner said, stopping his movements. A cunning smile spread across his face. "Another customer has also taken an interest in this bracelet."

"I saw it first," Juniper stated, her eyes turning a dangerous shade of red. A chilling pressure began to emanate from her. She was in a foul mood and felt an urge to kill someone. But her grandfather's mourning period wasn't over yet. She had to restrain herself.

"The rule of the black market is simple: highest bidder wins," the owner said, unafraid of a mere girl. He held up a hand. "The other party is offering eight million."

He wasn't a fool. He wasn't about to turn down more money.

"Ten million," Juniper bit out, forcing down her anger.

The owner relayed the new bid. "Fifteen million from the other party."

Juniper's eyes turned glacial, and the fists at her sides clenched tightly. "Twenty million."

Meanwhile, in a private room nearby, a man sat languidly on a leather sofa. His imposing figure was relaxed, his long legs crossed, and a cigarette was held loosely between his elegant fingers. The warm light cast a golden halo around him, accentuating his air of cold, noble authority.

"Boss, the other party has bid twenty million," Felton reported respectfully.

"Keep going," Shanley said without looking up, his voice a low, commanding rumble.

Back in the shop, after receiving the latest bid from his clerk, the owner turned to Juniper with a word of advice. "Look, kid, you should probably just give up. You don't want to mess with this person."

He had heard the other bidder's car had a license plate starting with 'S.' In all of Borealia, only the ancient and powerful Schwartz family used 'S' plates. The Schwartz family's main estate was right here in Eclara City. He couldn't afford to offend them.

Juniper slowly turned her head, her gaze sharp and cold. "And you think I'm easy to mess with?"

The owner was taken aback. Who was this girl? Dressed so plainly, yet throwing around tens of millions without batting an eye.

Now he was in a tight spot, afraid to offend either of them.