

DON'T MESS WITH THE GIRL WITH CANDY

Chapter 7

"The other party has bid thirty million. They're determined to have it," the owner said with a helpless shrug. "If you want it, you'll have to keep bidding. And the market doesn't accept transfers, only direct card payments!"

He was subtly reminding her that her card only had five million on it.

Juniper's eyes were cold as steel, the fury simmering within her ready to erupt. She forced herself to pop another candy in her mouth to calm down, then pulled out her phone and texted Luella.

Luella: [Didn't you bring enough? I checked, the bracelet should only be five million tops!]

Juniper: [Ran into an idiot.]

A five-million-dollar bracelet being bid up to thirty million. The person had to be insane.

Luella understood immediately. Knowing how much the bracelet meant to Juniper, she instantly transferred several tens of millions more to her account.

"Forty million," Juniper announced, putting her phone away.

That was her limit. If the price went any higher, she wouldn't hold back anymore. It was time to see what this rich idiot looked like.

"Forty million?"

Hearing his subordinate's report, Shanley finally looked up, a flicker of surprise crossing his calm face. This bracelet wasn't a top-tier piece; its value was around five million at most. But his grandmother had been searching for it for years, so he didn't mind overpaying. He just hadn't expected someone else to be willing to pay forty million for it.

Shanley glanced toward the room across the hall. He couldn't see clearly, only make out the silhouette of a girl. It seemed his opponent had no intention of backing down.

He had already spent too much time here, risking exposure. Besides, Hannah had always been frugal. No matter how much she loved something, she wouldn't be truly happy receiving a gift that was so excessively overpriced.

"Let's go," Shanley said, his eyes narrowing. He closed the boring catalog he'd been flipping through and strode out of the room with long, decisive steps.

"Yes, boss," Felton and Flint said in unison, draping a coat over Shanley's shoulders. As they left, they couldn't help but glance back at the other room. It was the first time they had ever seen someone win something out from under their boss.

...

After paying, Juniper tucked the bracelet into her backpack and left the antique shop. As she rounded a corner in the parking garage, a group of menacing men suddenly surrounded her.

She stopped, tilting her head up slightly as she pulled off her mask. Beneath the brim of her cap, her face was exquisitely beautiful, but her eyes were like chips of ice.

"Well, well, look what we have here. A pretty little thing," the leader sneered, his eyes raking over Juniper. Seeing that she was alone, his grin widened. "There's a great bar nearby. How about you come have some fun with us?"

Secrets didn't stay secret for long in the black market. News of her spending tens of millions on a bracelet had already spread. Now, they weren't just after her money; they wanted more.

"Get lost," Juniper said, her hands still in her pockets. Her voice was flat and laced with irritation.

Get lost? This little brat clearly didn't know whose territory she was on.

"Oh, I'm game," the man said, stepping closer, his eyes filled with lust. "Let's find a nice, quiet place, and we can all have some fun together."

Not far away, Shanley and his men had just gotten off the elevator and witnessed the scene.

"What's she doing here?" Flint exclaimed, still in awe of how Juniper had spotted the issue with their car. "And why is she always getting picked on?"

A girl that small looked like one punch would be enough to send her to the next life.

Shanley paused, his lips pressed into a thin line as he looked over. He could only see the girl's profile. She stood with her head down, backpack on, hands in her pockets. Her clothes were old and oversized, making her look frail and defenseless, like a delicate flower anyone could crush.

He frowned. What was she doing in a place like this instead of being in school?

"Give me your gun," Shanley commanded, his eyes turning frosty. The air around him dropped several degrees.

"Huh?" Felton and Flint exchanged a look. Since when did the boss handle trash like this himself?

"Yes, sir," Felton said, quickly handing over his weapon.

But before Shanley could even raise the gun, they watched as the supposedly frail girl lashed out. A single left hook connected with the man's face.

The blow was explosive, fast, and brutal. The six-foot-tall brute went flying, his bulky body slamming hard against a concrete pillar. He spat out a mouthful of blood and crumpled to the ground, out cold.