

DON'T MESS WITH THE GIRL WITH CANDY

Chapter 8

Felton could only stare. "Huh?"

Flint was equally stunned. "Huh??"

The boss hadn't even had a chance to aim.

Flint rubbed his eyes. He was beginning to think he had a serious misunderstanding of the word "frail."

"Heh."

A low chuckle rumbled from Shanley's chest. He watched the girl intently, his lips curling into a smile. If he wasn't mistaken, she had used her left hand.

An outcast from a wealthy family? A victim? This girl was full of surprises.

"Boss, are you okay?" one of the thugs stammered, helping his leader up. The man spat out a broken tooth and pointed a trembling finger at Juniper. "Kill that little bitch!"

Enraged, the remaining thugs drew their weapons-guns and knives—and charged at Juniper like a pack of rabid dogs.

"Boss....." Felton began, seeing the situation escalate.

"Don't move. Watch and learn," Shanley ordered, leaning casually against the car with his arms crossed, a look of keen interest on his face. He was enjoying the show.

"Yes, sir."

The parking garage echoed with the sickening thud of fists on flesh, the sharp crack of bones, and agonized screams. In less than two minutes, it was over. The thugs were all on the ground, twisted in pain and moaning, their injuries varied but severe. Felton and Flint were speechless. So were the rest of the bodyguards.

Was this a beautiful girl or a one-woman army?

"Get lost," Juniper said, calmly straightening her clothes and wiping her left hand. Her aura was terrifyingly powerful. "Don't make me say it a third time."

The thugs exchanged fearful glances, then scrambled to their feet, dragging their unconscious leader with them as they fled.

Once the garage was quiet again, Juniper didn't leave immediately. Instead, she leaned against a pillar, her gaze fixed on a spot not far away.

"She saw us again? Does she have X-ray vision or something?" Flint muttered, scratching his head in confusion.

Shanley's lips curved into a slight smile as he watched the girl who, just moments ago, had been a ferocious fighter, now standing there quietly. He pushed off the car and walked towards her, Felton and Flint hurrying to keep up, their faces full of awe.

"Fancy meeting you here," Shanley said, his voice smooth. He bent down, picked up a piece of candy that had fallen to the ground, wiped it clean, and held it out to her. "We meet again."

At nearly six-foot-three, he towered over her like a mountain, his presence commanding and almost suffocating.

Juniper disliked having to look up at people. She said nothing, but her beautiful face clearly conveyed a single message: I'm not happy. Don't mess with me.

"Mango candy. My favorite, too," Shanley noted her mood, a deeper amusement in his eyes. He inclined his head slightly, his tone polite. "Heading home?"

Felton and Flint's expressions were complicated. Mango was their boss's most hated fruit.

Juniper raised an eyebrow. He wasn't asking why she was here? Or how she could fight?

He had a surprising amount of respect for boundaries. And more importantly, he also liked mango candy.

"Oh." She took the candy and popped it into her mouth, but her posture remained wary and distant, like a little iceberg.

"The Phantom Bazaar's exits were temporarily sealed ten minutes ago," Shanley informed her, his gaze falling on the keychain in her hand. "Do you have a clearance pass?"

Ten minutes ago? Juniper checked her phone and saw the notification. She had been too busy fighting to notice.

Her mood soured even further.

"If you don't mind, you could ride with me," he offered, his voice a clean, magnetic baritone. His deep eyes held hers, his expression calm and sincere.

"Don't worry, I'm not a bad person. Consider it my way of thanking you for yesterday's warning."

Juniper looked up at him, then glanced at the car behind him. A Koenigsegg Gemera. The world's first four-seater hypercar, with a price tag of over 10 million and a global production limited to only three hundred units. Its specs and design were top of the line, earning it the title of the world's most powerful hypercar. The silver-gray exterior was understated yet screamed luxury. It wasn't something you could buy with just money.

"Whether you're a bad person or not doesn't really matter to me," Juniper said with a blink, her tone nonchalant. "But the roads to my place are terrible. If your car gets scratched, I can't afford to pay for it."

Not worried if he was a bad person?

She had some nerve.