

They Picked the Wrong Girl

Chapter 1

Before the dean, Mrs. Hemingway, passed away, she wanted to find someone to look after both Regina and me. But when the time came, all three of our childhood sweethearts chose Regina.

Eric Druller spoke up first. "Jen's terrible at games. I'll pick Regina."

Sherman Bottinger glanced at me and shook his head. "You and I are better off as friends. But for dating... Regina's more my type."

Even the cold and distant Jim Sanders pushed up his glasses. "Jen's not even as capable as my assistant. Regina's meticulous. I'll take care of her."

Faced with their unanimous choice and

thinly veiled rejection, I finally smiled and raised my left hand, showing them the ring.

"Mrs. Hemingway, I'm already engaged so let them have Regina."

Sherman was the first to laugh.

He reached over to ruffle my hair, but I turned away. "Jenny, where'd you dig this thing up? A toy box?

"It looks super fake, doesn't it?"

I just pressed my lips together and did not say anything.

When he noticed I was not joking, his smile faded.

"Wait, you didn't actually go out and find

some random guy, did you?"

I met his amused eyes and replied calmly,
"What random guy? He is your brother-in-law."

While he froze for a second, I looked over at Mrs. Hemingway.

"Sorry, Mrs. Hemingway. Things have been hectic lately. We got engaged in a rush, and I didn't get the chance to tell you."

I gently tucked in her quilt, and when my fingertips brushed her frail wrist, I noticed her pulse was racing.

She probably did not expect all three of them to choose Regina.

At the very least, she must have thought

someone would pick me.

To everyone else, Regina Alvar was friendly with them, but I was the one they gave special treatment to.

Only I knew that Regina, who joined us later, was the one they always treasured most.

Mrs. Hemingway suddenly held my hand.
"Jenny..."

"Let's just forget about today," I said with a soft laugh. "Don't worry, my fiancé treats me really well. Better than..."

Better than Eric, who took care of me during my period.

Better than Sherman, who remembered all the little things I could not eat.

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Better than Jim, who stayed up late tutoring me.

Those memories lingered on the tip of my tongue, but in the end, I only said, "Better than anyone."

Eric, who had been quiet this whole time, suddenly stepped forward.

He grabbed my wrist and stared down at the ring.

A familiar smirk tugged at his lips.

"If you're really engaged and this is the ring he gave you... looks like he couldn't even bother spending a little cash.

"Is this just to make Mrs. Hemingway happy?"