

They picked the wrong girl

Chapter 12

I never imagined that one day, our iron triangle would collapse in such a ridiculous way.

All because of someone they saw as a simp.

Sherman was, after all, a

after all, a public figure,

public figure, and when Jim was reported by name, it created quite a stir.

He knew he would soon lose his freedom.

He stood in front of the Purell Group building, holding an electronic screen with scrolling text.

“Jen, I’m sorry! Jim is unforgivable.”

He thought that by pushing me to the edge, I would eventually choose

him.

At that time, he would use every means to make it up to me, love me, spoil me to the heavens, and make me forget the unpleasantness of those youthful years.

But reality told him that those wounds were not debts that could be repaid for the rest of his life.

He once thought that as long as he was excellent enough, passionate enough, persistent enough, I would eventually turn **to** look at him.

So he worked hard to climb up, and bought the apartment closest to mine... but his supposed proximity didn’t win him the prize.

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I got engaged.

The person I was engaged to wasn’t Eric or Sherman, his two potential rivals.

But someone... from a class he couldn't reach.

He had lost completely and thoroughly.

The person who sent me most messages the day he learned of my engagement was actually him.

He kept asking me, have I ever loved him? Or hated him?

I only replied with two sentences. "I don't hate you or resent you. You are of no importance to me."

Reporters swarmed around.

But he just stood there quietly, like a statue of atonement.

When Leon told me about it, I was only slightly surprised,

In the end, I wasn't very shocked. For such an extreme person like him, it wasn't strange that he would have an extreme way of atoning.

"Should we call security to drive him away?"

I shook my head. "No need."

Jim knew me too well.

He knew that, compared to tearful apologies, I despised this kind of self-destructive repentance even more.

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Because he was gambling—gambling on whether I would still feel sorry for him.

This time, he would lose.

He was jailed eventually, and I never went to see him once.

Unless something unexpected happens, that day at the hospital would be the last time we saw each other.

Three months later, my wedding with Leon broke the internet.

Halfway through the ceremony, two disheveled figures appeared at the end of the red carpet.

Sherman grabbed Eric and shouted at me, “Jenny, I know you love Eric. I’ve brought him here. I’ve never... never been able to do anything for you. This time, did I do the right thing?”

Eric clutched our orphanage photo in his arms, asking me with reddened eyes, “Are you really going to marry him?”

With just one glance from Leon, his bodyguards immediately surrounded them.

I pressed my hand on his, then took the microphone.

“Thank you both for attending my wedding with Leon,” I smiled as I raised my champagne glass. “Please take your seats in the guest area. You’re blocking the camera angles.”

During the exchange of rings, I heard the sound of shattering glass behind me.

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Someone had knocked over the champagne tower.

Leon wouldn’t let me look back. As he lowered his head to kiss me, rose petals descended from above like rain.

Amid thunderous applause, in my heart, I sent a final blessing to the childhood friends I once cherished.

“From now on, our paths will never cross again. Let’s not speak of each other’s shortcomings or merits.”