


## They Picked the Wrong Girl

Chapter 2

 288 iVouchers

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I was just about to say something when I heard someone call out, "Eric!"

Regina had tripped over the IV tube and tumbled straight into Eric's arms.

Without hesitation, he brushed me aside to catch her—so smooth, so natural, it almost felt rehearsed. And it stung.

It reminded me of that time in college, during a duet dance performance. There was a catch-move. He had caught the water bottle Regina tossed instead of me, and I ended up flat on the floor.

I stumbled a little now, nearly losing my balance.

Regina smiled sweetly, playing up the

moment, then looked at me and pouted.

"Jenny, I don't know if this engagement of yours is real or fake, but as your bestie, I just want to say congratulations!"

"Thanks." I did not feel like entertaining her any further.

Honestly, nobody cared whether it was real or not.

Sherman wrapped his arm around Regina's shoulder, chuckling. "Regina, forget her. What's this all about? Are you picking Eric for real? What about the rest of us?"

Watching them, my mind flicked back to six months ago.

That night, Sherman was drunk, and during Regina's livestream, he slung his arm around her shoulder and said, "Me

and Jen? Come on, she's like my bro."

He conveniently forgot that he had been using me—just a regular girl—to build up a fake love-struck persona online.

The comment section blew up.

"So Jen was just a prop all along?"

"Obviously Sherman likes the streamer more, LOL."

"This girl really thinks she's the main character, huh?"

The next morning, my accounts were flooded. My DMs were full of death threats and grotesque edited photos.

When I confronted him, he was standing in front of the mirror, adjusting his looks like nothing happened.

"Didn't you say you'd keep it low-key and just use me for a few pics to stir up interest?"

"You mad?" he asked, poking my cheek. Then, out of nowhere, he dropped to one knee and pulled out a little velvet box. "Wanna make it real?"

Inside was a tacky fake glass diamond ring.

I was so caught off guard that I actually laughed, slipped the ring on my finger, and let it go.

That night, I ended up trending again.

#Sherman'sFakeProposal

#JenCheapGirl

My inbox was flooded with thousands of hateful messages, "Go to hell,

homewrecker."

When I got upset, Sherman pulled his usual act—pouting like a kid. "Come on, I was joking!

"Jen, you know how it is. We don't come from much. If I don't stir up buzz, how am I supposed to make it big?"

Over the past six months, thanks to his controversial clout-chasing, I had been warned, stalked, and even harassed by obsessive fans...

And he never seemed to know which "joke" would cut deep, or which so-called "on-screen effect" would ruin my life for good.

Now, standing in front of Mrs. Hemingway, he brushed it all off with one

phrase—"bad friend."

I suddenly remembered how Mrs. Hemingway once held my hand and told me, "Jenny, Sherman counts on you more than anyone. You two should always have each other's backs..."

Right. He did count on me.

To clean up after him. To be his shield. To wait like a fool while he went off and played.

But not anymore.

I glanced down at the engagement ring on my finger.

"Sherman," I muttered silently, "from now on, you really are just a 'bad friend'."



I took a deep breath, composed myself, and said, "Everyone..."

The room quieted. They all turned to me.

"I've got something else to take care of, so I'll be heading out."

Regina gasped first, exaggerating as always. "Jen! You've been a social butterfly since junior high, don't tell me you can't spare a moment for us?"

She reached out to grab my hand, but I sidestepped, casually brushing her off.

Even though we did not touch, she leaned back dramatically and stepped right onto Jim's polished leather shoes.

All three guys rushed to steady her as if she were some delicate little porcelain

doll.

"Careful," one of them said.

Jim bent down, pulled out a handkerchief, and gently wiped the tip of her shoe.

The hilarious part? That handkerchief was my birthday gift to him.

Knowing he was a neat freak, I had gone out of my way to pick the softest silk I could find.

So much for sincerity.

"Jenny..." Regina's eyes quickly welled up with tears. "Are you mad because none of them picked you? I-I didn't mean to..."

"I'm not trying to steal them, really! I'll give them all to you, okay?"

She bit her lip, voice shaking, like she was



the one being wronged.

For a moment, the whole room fell silent.

I stared at her and suddenly, I burst into laughter.

"Regina," I said softly, "you've got it all wrong."

She blinked, caught off guard.

"It's not that I wasn't picked. It's that I..." I raised my hand, "...already picked someone else."

Everyone froze for a beat, then burst into laughter.

"Sure, sure, you picked someone else," Sherman said lazily, twirling his car keys with a smirk.

"Jenny, let's sync up our schedules. My

fans haven't seen you in months and they're dying for an update!"

He stepped closer, his tone all too familiar. "How about a surprise twist—'pregnant before marriage'? Instant buzz, guaranteed..."

Slap!

Before he could finish, I raised my hand and slapped him clean across the face.

Sherman's head turned with the force of it, his smug grin frozen mid-expression.

The whole room went silent.

Regina gasped. "Sherman, are you okay?"

Eric shot up from his seat, and even Jim, usually calm and collected, had a chill in his eyes.

his eyes.

Sherman slowly brought a hand to the corner of his mouth, rubbing the sting away.

"You mad?" he asked with a tilt of his head, voice still light. "It was just a joke. Isn't it always like this?"

Yeah, it was always like this.

He once blurted out "Jen was the one who pursued me" during a livestream, and just like that, his fans swarmed me online, calling me a clingy try-hard.

When he and Regina got caught in late-night photos, he brushed it off on Instagram, saying, "Jen knows we're just talking about the script," and expected me to clean up the mess.

Even when promoting his new drama, his team purposely leaked a "Sherman and Jen living together" rumor just to stir up traffic.

And every single time, he would flash a grin and say, "Jenny, just play along, it's all for work."

And stupidly, I did.

I believed he saw me as family and I believed he would never really hurt me.