

## They Picked the Wrong Girl

Chapter 4

 288 Vouchers

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I took a deep breath and sent a quick message for someone to come pick me up.

Just as I turned to go, someone grabbed my arm and pulled me into a corner. "What exactly are you trying to do?"

It was Jim, his voice low but tense. I frowned. "What are you doing?"

"Why are you so angry? You said you're engaged? Even if you wanted to get married, it shouldn't be someone else marrying you!"

I yanked my arm back. "Didn't you guys already make your choice? All three of you picked Regina—how coordinated."

His expression twisted. "Regina just needs

more attention and you've always been the strong one."

"So that makes me your backup plan?" I let out a laugh. "Jim, you've crunched too many numbers. Are you calculating relationship returns now too?"

His face instantly darkened.

Just then, Regina's sobs rang out from inside the ward. Jim turned to go, hesitated, then looked back at me.

"Do you really need men that badly?"

I scoffed. "Don't bother worrying about my life."

What they do not know is that Jim once confessed to me when I was eighteen.

But my eyes back then were fixed on the

championship trophy Eric had just lifted high.

When I looked up at Jim, I smiled and said, "Jim, aren't we best friends?"

"Yeah. Friends."

It took him all of five seconds to go from hopeful to heartbroken to playing it cool.

I thought he had moved on.

Yet, something shifted between us after that.

He still brought me umbrellas when it rained, but there was always a little tag on the handle: Return me.

He still helped me with schoolwork, but stopped calling me "Jenny." It was just my full name—cold, precise, distant.

him name—cold, precise, distant.

Anyway, I always thought we were still good friends.

We grew up together, went to school together, had our coming-of-age ceremonies side by side, and even stepped into the real world together...

Yet, apparently, he never saw it that way.

Even now, I sometimes ask myself was it wrong to fall for Eric?

Was it wrong not to like Jim?

Or worse, was it just wrong that I was even born?

Truth is, my biological parents found me two years ago.

Mrs. Hemmerson quietly told me that there

Mrs. Hemingway quietly told me that they were actually loaded.

However, they did not want me to know they existed.

Because the "daughter" they raised was throwing a hunger strike tantrum, so they did not dare bring me back into their lives.

To protect Mrs. Hemingway's reputation, I never told anyone.

I just waited. Now, I have worked for two years and I am engaged. And still—nothing. Not a word from them.

However, the money they give me each month? Pretty generous.

Yet, I never used it for myself.

I used it to pay for Sherman's celebrity

training courses.

I gave Jim his first round of startup capital.

I bought Eric the limited-edition keyboard he had been dreaming about for years.

And Regina? As much as I could not stand her, I still covered the loan she could not pay off after splurging on her lavish lifestyle.

None of them ever knew the money was from me.

Sherman always thought his adoptive parents finally changed their minds and softened toward him.

Jim assumed it was a loan from the bank.

Eric figured it came from some generous sponsor.



And Regina? She thought it was just some "fool with a crush" trying to impress her.

Honestly, it was laughable. I am like a ghost—unseen, unfelt.

I used the so-called "family love" my biological parents used to make up for abandoning me just to fuel the fake friendships these people tossed my way.

And none of them have even said a simple "thank you".

I passed by the ward again, watching them all gathered around Regina, smiling and laughing as if nothing in the world had ever gone wrong.

For a second, I felt like some tragic philanthropist.



I could not help but laugh at myself.

After everything, today is the first time I have been honest enough to admit how fake their "love" really was.