

## They Picked the Wrong Girl

Chapter 7

 298 Vouchers

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Regina did not even have time to pull back her smile.

The rest of them? Their expressions all twisted as if they had just bitten into something rotten.

Eric, clinging to his pride, let out a cold laugh.

"Impressive act. What's the going rate these days for a rented Rolls and a hired actor?"

Regina quickly pulled out her phone and started frantically scrolling. "Eric, h-he's really..."

Her voice cut off when Eric snatched the phone out of her hands.

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Right there on Purell Group's latest press release: a picture of Leon at the boardroom table.

The exact same man who was now standing beside me.

Silence fell like a blanket.

They just could not wrap their heads around it—me, somehow standing next to someone like Leon Purell.

Leon calmly adjusted his cufflinks. "Have you confirmed it? Or would you like me to show you my ID?"

Eric's face contorted as he smashed the phone to the ground. The pieces clattered in every direction.

He grabbed my wrist, his mouth twisting. "Jen, you..."

"Mr. Druller." Leon's voice turned ice-cold, and before Eric could react, several men in black had quietly stepped forward and boxed him in. "You just laid hands on the future Mrs. Purell."

That line landed like a slap across all their faces.

Sherman was so stunned he did not even notice the cigarette had burned down to his fingers.

Jim slowly took off his glasses, disbelief written all over him. "This can't be real..."

Then Eric let out a sharp laugh and narrowed his eyes at Leon, malice leaking from his voice.

"Mr. Purell, let me give you some advice, don't be fooled by that pretty face."

He said with a mocking grin, "She's been stringing the three of us along since we were kids. She might marry you today and elope with someone else tomorrow."

Leon did not even blink. Just gave a calm "Oh," then looked down at me and asked, "Darling, did you string them along?"

I laughed softly. "Yeah, I did, but they were too dumb to realize what was going on."

"You..." Eric's face went pale in a flash.

Sherman stepped forward instinctively, his usual smug grin looking a bit forced now. "Jenny, cut it out already."

He reached out to pull me, but Leon shifted his stance and blocked him without a word.

Sherman tried again, his voice tinged with urgency, "Jenny, don't be fooled by some rich guy's game. He can buy you a diamond ring today, and tomorrow he could..."

"Sherman," I cut him off, "didn't you say before that it didn't matter even if I wore glass beads? So why do you suddenly care if my diamonds are real?"

He froze on the spot, completely speechless.

Jim was the last to speak.

He used to be the calmest among them, but now, his usual composure was slipping fast.

"Jen, are you done playing around? You're one of us, not someone else's wife!"

Right after his words, he reached out to grab my arm.

Leon caught his wrist instantly, his grip tight enough to make a soft crack echo from Jim's bones.

"Mr. Sanders," Leon said with a faint smile that held zero warmth, "touch my wife again, and you'll lose those hands of yours."

Jim, a man of books, clearly was not a match for Leon—someone raised in both refinement and combat.

Still, he would not back down.

Pushing his crooked glasses back up, he scoffed. "Mr. Purell, you can have all the women you want.

"Jen's just a girl from the orphanage. She's

"Jen's just a girl from the orphanage. She's not even..." He paused, his smirk curving into something venomous, "...as clean as you think she is."

The air felt suddenly heavy.

I stared at Jim for a few seconds, then slowly smiled. "Mr. Sanders, you are absolutely right."

His face stiffened like he had not expected me to admit that in front of Leon.

Commented [Ma1]: