

God, the Real Miss Hated Everyone Equally

Chapter 115



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Kayden's eyes were full of disbelief, staring at Brielle's face in the video.

Brielle was actually with a man.

Moreover, Brielle was still wearing pajamas.

That man even said something like that...

Even if they didn't do anything, the fact that she was in the same room with the man in her pajamas was enough to prove how close they were.

Kayden's eyes instantly turned gloomy.

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He opened his mouth, but in the end, he didn't say anything and directly quit the video call.

The whole process only took one or two seconds.

"Sister E. you go ahead first. I'll hang up first. When you come back, we'll celebrate for you."

Matt, George, and Micah also quickly quit the video call.

The whole process was very fast, and Brielle did not have time to speak.

She put down phone and looked up at Fleo. "Did you do it on purpose?"

Fleo stopped what he was doing and raised his eyes to look at her, his clear eyes filled with confusion. "What did I do?"

"You know very well in your heart!"

"Are

you saying that I cut your nails too deep? Why do you think that I cut your flesh on purpose? Am I that bad in your heart?"

His voice was muffled and sounded a little wronged.

"I mean what you said just now!" Brielle took a deep breath.

"Is there a problem with that sentence? I accidentally made it too deep and asked if you hurt. I don't know which word has a problem."

The corner of Brielle's mouth twitched and she said speechlessly, "Say it clearly next time!"

"Why?" Fleo was puzzled.

Brielle: "...? What can I do to save you, my innocent and stupid little brother?"

"Tsk, forget it. It doesn't make sense to you. One day, you will understand."

Hewston family had a strict upbringing. Her adoptive parents were also very strict with Fleo. They sent East, West, Paul, and North to take care of him 24 hours a day. He did not have the opportunity to look at those colorful things. It was normal for him not to feel that there was ambiguity in those words.

Although Fleo was not much younger than her, because he was protected too well, his heart was still as pure as the water.

He was not like her... who smeared the mud on her body evenly.

She really deserved to die. She actually suspected that Fleo was deliberately making Kayden and the others misunderstand.

"Can't you explain it to me clearly now?" Fleo looked at her with a pure and harmless smile on his face.

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Brielle placed the other foot on his leg and changed the topic. "Hurry up and cut it. Don't talk so much nonsense."

Oh. Fleo obediently held her foot, acknowledging that he was really helping her continue to trim her nails.

Brielle picked up phone and opened the group that Matt had made.

She originally wanted to explain.

But on second thought, this kind of thing would only make it worse, and it would be like a cover up if she explained it.

Moreover, she and they were just ordinary friends. They misunderstood, and there was no need to explain.

After Fleo helped her cut her nails, Paul, who was hiding in an unknown corner, suddenly appeared. He half-knelt beside Fleo. First, he sprayed his hand with disinfectant alcohol, and then carefully wiped it three times with a wet towel.

Brielle couldn't help but kick Fleo, "You can just wash your hands by yourself. Why do you still want Paul to help you wipe your hands?"

Paul said, "Miss, don't blame Young Master. It is my honor to be able to take care of Young Master. Usually, there was nothing. to do beside Young Master. If you don't let me do more things, I won't be at ease with such a high salary."

Hewston family was very rich. Every month, he, East, West, and North were paid by 140 thousand dollars. Each of them had a salary of 35,000 dollars per month. They wished they could shit for their young master and carry him on their shoulders.

It was just wiping his hands. They did not feel that this was a humiliation at all. If not for the young master's objection, they would have stayed by his side and wiped his butt when he was taking a shit.

However, the reason why they took care of the young master so carefully was not because of the salary. It was because the young master was too delicate that they cared for him from the bottom of their hearts as if he was a treasure.

Only the young miss disliked the young master every day and felt that the young master was too weak, like a fool.

Fleo pushed Brielle's foot off the sofa, moved to her side and sat down. He grabbed her hand and helped her cut her nails.

In the forest, Brielle had used her own teeth to repair her nails. Her fingernails were not long, but they were all in a mess. making it hard for people to look at them directly..

Fleo seriously helped her trim them into a perfect arc.

After cutting her nails, Fleo helped Brielle lie down and put her head on his lap.

Paul handed him a little spoon with both hands.

Fleo took the spoon and carefully helped her dig her ears.

After cleaning up the corners of her car, Fleo was finally satisfied and did not torment her anymore.

He began to peel the fruit for her to eat.

Paul brought in a lot of fruits, and the variety of fruits on the table was more complete than the fruits sold in many fruit stalls.

In the pile of fruits, Brielle saw a familiar plate of fruit – Myrtle.

Although she had eaten too much when she was a child, she could not shit, and left a black history behind, she did not feel much when facing this fruit alone, and could eat a few more.

But when she saw this with Fleo, her expression suddenly became strange.

For a moment, she felt that Fleo had become dirty, especially his hand.

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Although Fleo had helped her when she was almost suffocated to death by feces, she could never forget that after he helped her solve the constipation problem, he said to her with a face full of worship. "Sister, you must have a steel-like will to produce steel-like dung."

That was the memory of when she was four years old.

She had forgotten a lot of her memories before she was four years old. Only this matter was especially clear. She remembered everything they said that day clearly.

Whether it was for her or for Fleo, it was a dark history.

Brielle was silent for a few seconds and said to Paul, "I have no appetite. I don't want to eat. Take these fruits away."

Paul nodded and said, "Okay, I will take it away immediately. If Miss and Young Master have anything you want to eat, please tell us."

In order not to be attacked by the dead memories, Brielle changed the topic and asked Fleo, "What about the group of rich people behind the scenes? Have they been controlled?"

Fleo said, "They all escaped."

Brielle: "Why did you let them escape?"

"Sister, don't you think it would be more fun to give them a little hope and let them fall into despair?" Fleo chuckled.

"Moreover, every kilometer they run, I will capture one of their relatives and send them on their way. The farther they run, the more fun it will be."

"If they do not have enough relatives alive, dig out their dead relatives."

Brielle was silent for a few seconds and did not say anything.

Fleo said slowly. "Sister, play for a few days and relax. In a few days, we will find them and give them a surprise."

Brielle had no objections.

It was much more interesting to play the prey to death slowly than to kill them directly.

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