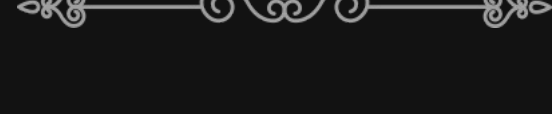


God, the Real Miss Hated Everyone Equally

Chapter 122



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No one dared to move.

Fleo smiled and said considerately, "None of you want to make a move? It doesn't matter. I'll arrange for someone to do in your place."

As Fleo finished speaking, a bodyguard walked forward and was ready to pick up the knife.

"Ah...!"

John suddenly screamed and rushed over. He picked up the machete first and rushed to the audience with red eyes.

He could not guarantee the safety of his family if he let others do it. Only by doing it himself could he guarantee their safety.

Therefore, he wanted to do it himself

"Ah... Help!"

The audience was in a mess, and everyone had frightened expressions on their faces, screaming incessantly.

They struggled with all their might, wanting to escape.

But they were all tied up, and they could only sit on the chairs, unable to escape.

John quickly ran to the front of the audience, waved the machete in his hand, closed his eyes and swung it down.

"Dong--"

A "ball" fell to the ground and rolled several times on the ground.

The bright red liquid sprayed several meters high like a fountain, and the surrounding people were sprayed with red liquid.

The screams were even more tragic, and there were also heart-wrenching screams.

"John, you old bastard! You actually killed my son! I'm going to kill you!"

One of the people on the field roared angrily and rushed in front of John to punch him.

John was beaten back two steps, and then angrily raised his machete to cut the man.

"Ah...!"

The man did not dodge. One of his arms was directly cut off.

He clutched his broken arm and fell to the ground, wailing in pain.

"I only obey the rules of the game. If you want to blame someone, blame the person who made the rules. Don't blame me!" John looked at him with a ferocious expression.

The man glared at John, his eyes filled with hatred.

John retracted his gaze and kicked the ball to the ground.

"Aah... my son!"

The man wailed in pain.

His family was also crying and wailing.

But they could only cry, unable to stop all of this.

Because that person was injured, he could only leave and change to another person.

The people and tools were all prepared, and the competition officially began.

The members of the red and blue teams began to play the ball seriously on the court.

Brielle watched the scene below the stage with an expressionless face.

Fleo had a faint smile on his face. He watched the program while peeling melon seeds for Brielle.

He pushed a small plate of peeled melon seeds to Brielle's side and turned to look at her. "I kidnap their relatives here. Sis, will you think that I implicated innocent people? It's too cruel?"

Brielle shook her head. "They are not innocent. They have enjoyed the money their loved ones earned by hurting others. Then they can not be considered completely innocent. The truly innocent ones are those who have been hurt by their loved

ones."

They are the beneficiaries. Even if they do not know what their loved ones have done, they have enjoyed the dirty money., They themselves have been infected with evil."

"Moreover, they might not be unaware of it. When they followed their loved ones to the bank to sign the contract, they should have known what their loved ones were doing."

"I am not a saint. I can not sympathize with a group of people who enjoy evil and sin."

Fleo smiled and said, "I am relieved that you think so."

"None of the people tied here are innocent."

"I will work hard to be a kind person like you, sister."

Brielle did not reply and continued to watch the match.

The match was not exciting, and it was not as exciting as their expressions.

"Ow!"

The big white tiger was howling in boredom at the side. Its two claws were digging into the ground, and the ground had been dug out by it.

Brielle looked at it and asked, "Do you want to go down and play with them?"

The big white tiger instantly became spirited, and its eyes brightened visibly.

It immediately stood up, walked to Brielle, and rubbed its big head against her.

Brielle touched its big head and said gently, "Go down and play, but you are not allowed to hurt people. The round thing on the court can only be used to kick, not to eat. Remember?"

"If you dare to eat, I will twist your head off for them to kick as a ball."

The big white tiger trembled in fear and rubbed her.

Brielle smiled and said, "Go."

The big white tiger immediately ran to the court happily.

The people on the court trembled in fear and ran around, not daring to grab the ball.

Some people were so scared that they couldn't even hold their pee.

When they wanted to escape from the field, West said emotionlessly, "Leaving the court is equivalent to giving up your life. It's the same if you play passively."

The people who had already run to the edge of the court suddenly stopped in fear. They ran back to the field with ashen hearts and played with the big white tiger.

The big white tiger kicked the ball away and hit one of the men in the chest.

The man was directly sent flying, and several ribs in his chest were broken. He fell to the ground and spat out blood.

Then the big white tiger rushed to chase the ball and stepped on him. The broken ribs were stepped into the heart, and he directly died.

The bodyguard went on stage to carry the man down, and a substitute went up to the game.

Because the big white tiger was strong, the ball was quickly broken and uneven. Not only did it affect the beauty, but it also affected the speed of the ball rolling.

West asked people to take the ball away and let the players prepare a new ball.

This time, no one hesitated. Everyone rushed to grab the knife.

They all understood one thing. Only with the knife in their hands could they ensure the safety of their family.

But this time, it was John who snatched the knife. This time, without any hesitation, he walked directly to the audience and waved his knife at the other person beside the man just now.

"No my daughter!"

The man whose arm had been cut off let out another heartbreaking wail when he saw this scene.

He looked at this scene with grief, but there was nothing he could do.

The game continued.

In the next game, more than a dozen people were killed by the big white tiger.

More than twenty balls were also broken by the big white tiger.

Everyone seemed to have formed a tacit understanding. The people who grabbed the knives all went to attack the family of the person whose arm had been cut off.

When the tenth family member died, the person finally could not endure the mental torture and crashed to the ground.

It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon that Fleo announced the pause of the competition.

The group of rich people and their families all breathed a sigh of relief.

At this time, the ground of the entire stadium was dyed red, and there were also some things that looked like tofu pudding mixed in.

Those players were also dyed red. In addition, their pants had their own urine and yellow stains, which were dirty and smelly.

The white fur on the big white tiger was dyed red.

Brielle dismissed it and asked someone to take it to take a bath.

Although the game was over, Fleo did not let them leave the field.

Fleo said, "Both teams failed to score. Both teams lost. As for how to punish you, we will announce it tomorrow."

"It's almost dinner time now. Make some dishes for yourself and have dinner first."

The bodyguards carried a row of tables, some stoves, and tools for cooking.

However, there were no ingredients.

Fleo curled his lips and said lazily, "I'm very sorry. Because the ingredients here are scarce, I can't provide you with ingredients. You need to prepare your own ingredients."

"You can get inspiration from your family."

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