

## God, the Real Miss Hated Everyone Equally

Chapter 130

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Fleo said lightly, "I will disappoint you. In this life, you won't have the chance to see me become independent. Even after I die, I will be buried with my sister. If you want to see me become independent, pray for the next life."

"Maybe in the next life, you also can't see me become independent. In the next life, I will be with my sister. You should pray for a better son."

"You..." Mr. Hewston's face alternated between green and red.

"Alright, alright. The child has just returned. Don't be angry at him. Don't scare the child." Mrs. Hewston pulled Mr. Hewston back.

Mr. Hewston took a deep breath and suppressed the unhappiness in his heart.

"Forget it. If you want to go with her, then go with her. I can't be bothered to care about you. As long as you are willing to take over the company."

"By the way, it won't be long before Old Master Foster's 90th birthday. You and Brielle will attend on behalf of Hewston family and take the opportunity to get to know some celebrities in the world."

Fleo did not immediately agree, but looked at Brielle, "Does sister want to participate?"

"Yes." Brielle said.

If she did not go, Fleo would definitely not go, and her parents would definitely be angry.

In the end, Mr. Hewston and Mrs. Hewston had been kind to her. In some small matters, she could make them feel at ease, and she would try her best to make them feel at ease.

"Alright, sister will go. Then I will go."

Mr. Hewston sighed indiscernibly, but in the end, he did not say anything else.

Just then, a servant came over to pass a message, saying that the dinner was ready.

They did not say anything else and the family ate together.

After the meal, Fleo was called by Mr. Hewston to the study room.

Mrs. Hewston said to Brielle, "Brielle, accompany me to the manor."

"Okay." Brielle nodded lightly.

The two of them walked in the garden for more than ten minutes before Mrs. Hewston spoke, "Brielle, you're already at the married age. Do you have a boy you like?"

Brielle shook her head. "No, I've never thought about marriage. I think I'm in a good state right now."

Mrs. Hewston said, "You should think about it too. A woman has to get married after all. The sooner you settle down, the better it is.")

Brielle asked in confusion, "There are no legal requirements to request that women must get married, right? There are many men and women who don't get married for the rest of their lives in this world,"

Mrs. Hewston frowned. "Do you intend to never get married for the rest of your life? You are still young now. It doesn't matter if you get married or not. When you get older and everyone around you is married, you will be lonely!"

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you get older, you may not be able to find a suitable one!"

Brielle smiled. "Mom, this is not something that rich people like us should be worried about."

"As long as I have money, I don't have to worry about being lonely."

"If I have to find a partner, even if I am in my fifties or sixties, as long as I have enough money, I can still find a young man in his twenties."

"How can you say such outrageous words!" Mrs. Hewston's face was very ugly.

"Is it outrageous?" Brielle blinked.

"If I were a man, wouldn't it be outrageous to say these words? After all, in the real world, there are countless old men in their fifties or sixties looking for young girls in their early twenties. But because I am a woman, I should be judged for saying these words?"

Mrs. Hewston was speechless, but in her heart, she still could not accept Brielle's words.

She felt that Brielle was twisting words and making sense.

Brielle admitted it and said to Mrs. Hewston, "Mom, women don't necessarily have to get married. Not just women, men are the same. There are many things that people can do in the world. They don't have to be like an assembly line. Everyone must walk the path of getting married and having children."

"Even if I regret it in the future, it is still my business. I will bear it myself. I won't blame anyone, so you don't have to worry about me and force me to marry."

"You are still young and your thoughts are not mature enough. You will regret your childish ideas sooner or later."

"Your father and I will choose a suitable person for you." "Try to date first. If it is not suitable, we will change again. You are still young and have many opportunities to test the wrong. We can slowly choose."

"I won't try. Don't waste your efforts with Dad." Brielle shook her head.

Mrs. Hewston: "I am your mother. Do you not even listen to me?"

"You can not be my mother." Brielle looked up at her.

"If you insist on forcing me to do what I am not willing to do, then I am very sorry. I can only cut off our relationship so that you are not qualified to meddle in affairs."

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"Brielle, you are too ignorant. How can you say such words?" Mrs. Hewston was furious.

"Hewston family has saved your life back then and raised you for so many years. How can you cut it off so easily?"

Brielle said lightly, "I also saved Fleo back then. If we really talk about it, the kindness between Hewston family and I can be considered even."

"As for the grace of raising me, the money I spent on raising Fleo back then is indeed not as much as the money you spent on me all these years... If mother wants to settle it, I can return the money you spent on me."

She did not want to end up having a bad time with Hewston family.

Although Mr. Hewston and Mrs. Hewston were cold to her, and the few smiles she had on their face were only given to her because of Fleo.

However, she had always been grateful to Hewston family.

Now that Sister Nyla was in a coma, Fleo was the only person she was close to. She did not want her relationship with Fleo to be affected because of Hewston family.

But the premise was that Hewston family did not force her to do what she was not willing to do.

"I am tired, so I won't accompany you." Brielle said simply, then turned around and walked back.

In the study room.

"Dad, hurry up and say what you want to say. If you're done. I'll go find my sister." Fleo sat on the sofa lazily.

Mr. Hewston's expression instantly turned ugly.

He suppressed his anger and sat down opposite Fleo.

After a moment of deliberation, he said. "I have discussed it with your mother. I want to introduce Brielle to a few young men who are about the same age. If they get along well, let them get married in two years."

Fleo paused and raised his eyes to meet Mr. Hewston's eyes.

Mr. Hewston seemed to be a little nervous. He tightened his face and continued, "You know, Brielle has always been longing for family. Although we are a family on the surface, there is still a gap between our blood."

"Let her build her own family, let her have a husband who loves her, and give birth to the child who has her blood. Only then will she have a family that belongs to her. Only then can she truly obtain warmth."

"Fleo, your relationship with Brielle is so good. You should also hope to see her happy, right?"

Fleo looked straight into Mr. Hewston's eyes with an expressionless face.

After looking for a long time until the hairs on Mr. Hewston's body stood up, he retracted his gaze and lazily leaned back on the sofa. He chuckled, "You can arrange whatever you want."

"You don't object?" Mr. Hewston's eyes lit up.

Fleo said, "It is not my turn to object. If my sister is not willing, she will object. I will not object on her behalf. I am not qualified."

Mr. Hewston asked, "What if Brielle agrees?"

Fleo said casually, "If she agrees, then so be it. She has the right to refuse, so she naturally has the right to agree."

Mr. Hewston heaved a sigh of relief.

All along, he felt that Fleo had been too reliant on Brielle, afraid that he would twist this dependence into an emotion that should not be.

Now it seemed that he was worrying too much.

Fleo only relied on Brielle, but he had no other feelings for her. Otherwise, he would not be so calm when he heard that he wanted to arrange a blind date for Brielle.

At this moment, Fleo continued, "You can arrange whatever you want. You don't have to consider me. I will not stop you. If I can't stand it I will die myself."

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