

God, the Real Miss Hated Everyone Equally

Chapter 49



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Jordan lowered his head, his eyes red.

Brooks said angrily, "Even if Robert provoked Brielle first, she can't break his legs!"

"She is simply inhuman!"

"Roman, get a lawyer. I want to sue her and let her go to jail!"

Roman said, "I'm afraid we won't be able to. Before Robert participated in the competition, he signed an agreement. The agreement said that there would be an accident. Unless someone maliciously violated the rules of the competition, the participants need to take responsibility for themselves."

"Although we all guessed that Brielle did it on purpose, her operation looked like an accident. She did not violate the rules and we could not sue her."

Brooks became even angrier.

His lips trembled as he said, "Then you should think of another way to make her pay the price!"

Roman said, "Let's talk about it when we get home. It's not convenient to talk about this here."

Brooks heart sank. He quickly looked around and found that there was no one around. Only then did he let out a sigh of relief.

Right now, they, Galley family, were in the middle of a storm.

If someone were to hear the contents of their discussion, those idiotic netizens would definitely scold them again.

After two hours, Robert came out of the operating room.

His left leg had been cut off.

From then on, he could no longer drive.

Robert was sent to the ICU.

He only woke up the next day.

The others had already gone back, and only Roman remained by the bed.

"Second brother, how are you feeling? Are you still feeling unwell?" Roman saw that he had woken up and quickly asked.

Robert stared blankly at the white ceiling. After a while, he remembered what had happened before he fainted.

"My leg..."

Roman said painfully, "Your left leg was amputated. The doctor said that there is no possibility of recovery. He can only amputate it. Otherwise, your life will be in danger."

"But you don't have to mind it too much. You can have artificial limbs in the future. Technology is so advanced now, and good artificial limbs look exactly the same as real ones. It seems real."

Robert's eyes were dull, as if he had lost his vitality in an instant.

After a while, he suddenly laughed.

As he laughed, he shed tears.

"Hahaha, big brother, do you know that Brielle is actually J?"

"The sister I hate the most is actually the God J I worship like a god!"

"I even dreamed of marrying her..."

"Why is it her?"

"Why did it have to be her?"

"Huhu... I actually treated her like that in the past..."

"Why didn't she tell me earlier? She clearly knew that I admired God J. If she had told me earlier that she was J, I wouldn't have treated her like that..."

"Hahahaha, this is karma!"

"This is the karma given to me by the heavens. I deserve it, hahahaha!"

He laughed loudly, but tears covered his entire face.

Having his left leg cut off was difficult for him to accept, but the collapse of his faith was even more so.

Because he was the second, he had an outstanding older brother, a lively and eccentric younger brother, and his parents did not pay much attention to him.

Because he did not get the attention of his parents, he was hopeless and idle all day.

Thus, he fell into a vicious cycle.

The less he was paid attention to, the less he worked hard.

The less he worked hard, the less he was paid attention to.

For a period of time, he also encountered bullying.

But because he was not on good terms with his parents, he allowed those people to bully him and went home every day with injuries, hoping to attract their attention.

But they still did not notice him.

He was depressed and even wanted to die.

Later, he accidentally saw God J's interview.

What she said was nothing extraordinary, yet he seemed to be brought back to life as if he had been possessed.

He began to work hard to make himself better.

Gradually, his parents began to praise him.

He felt that it was God J who saved him.

His room was adorned with a poster of God J.

God J's position in his heart had even surpassed his parents.

But now, his faith had collapsed.

This was hard for him to accept.

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"Big brother, do you know? I would rather Brielle kill me directly. I don't want to know the truth!"

"Since she hid it from me for so long, why didn't she hide it from me for the rest of her life?"

"She could have just killed me on the field, why did she tell me the truth..."

Seeing that he was agitated, Roman rang the bell.

After a while, the nurse came over to check the situation and asked the doctor to give him a tranquilizer.

Looking at the quiet Robert, Roman asked, "Since you like God J so much, why did you smash God J's car sent by Brielle?"

Robert was stunned for a moment.

Why?

Yes, Pearl told him that the car was forged.

She said that in order to please him, Brielle deliberately found someone to forge an identical car. In fact, it was not God J's car.

She said that with Brielle's identity, how could she get God J's car?

He believed it at that time.

Yes, if he couldn't get it, how could Brielle get it?

So, it must be fake!

So he was very disappointed with Brielle and even smashed the car in anger.

On the surface, he smashed it for Pearl, but in fact, he was angry that it was fake, so he directly smashed it to vent his anger.

He admired God J so much that he could not bear to see someone use a counterfeit to pass off her things.

Unexpectedly, Brielle was actually God J

The car that she had given him back then was not fake either.

It was Pearl who had deliberately set the fire in his heart.

"Have a good rest. I will go back first and come to see you later."

Roman patted Robert on the shoulder, then turned and left.

Roman returned home with a tired body.

Just as he opened the door and was about to change his shoes, he heard a sound of laughter coming from the living room.

Listening carefully, it was the voices of Pearl and Brooks.

"Dad, I peeled a grape for you, would you like to have a bite?"

"Hahaha, my baby is the most considerate."

"Ah Dad, don't bite my

Roman frowned.

hand-

He changed his shoes and walked into the living room. His eyes immediately darkened.

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Pearl was sitting on Brooks' lap!

Pearl had just fed the grapes to Brooks, and her fingers were still in his mouth.

"Dad, what are you doing?" Roman asked with a sullen face.

Pearl was shocked. She awkwardly got off Brooks' leg and sat on the side with her head down.

Brooks, on the other hand, had a calm expression on his face as he glanced at Roman. "You're back? How is Second Brother?"

Roman said, "Second Brother's health is stable, but the psychological trauma is too great. He can't accept it for a while."

Brooks said, "It's hard for anyone to accept losing a leg. Ask a psychologist to take a look at him. Don't make him think too hard about it."

Roman pursed his lips and was too lazy to explain what Robert really couldn't accept.

His gaze swept over Pearl and Brooks. "Dad, just now, you and Pearl..."

Brooks' face darkened, and he scolded sternly, "Bastard, what are you thinking about?"

"Pearl is just acting like a spoiled child in my arms. Don't use your dirty thoughts to look at our father and daughter relationship!"

Roman thought about it and it seemed to be true.

When she was young, Pearl would feed Brooks food, and Brooks would tease her by deliberately biting her finger.

Roman said, "Pearl has matured now, so it's not suitable to do those things anymore."

Brooks said angrily. "Are you teaching your old man how to do things?"

"I didn't mean that," Roman explained calmly. "Even though you may not be bothered by such things, my second brother has just had an amputation and is still in the hospital. It's not appropriate for you to be laughing so joyfully."

Brooks and Pearl looked embarrassed and unsightly.

"I have been guarding my second brother for a night. I am very tired. I will go upstairs to rest first," said Roman.

Without waiting for Brooks to reply, he went upstairs.

Brooks looked at his back and said, "When you have a good rest, think about how to deal with that bastard Brielle!"

"If we don't take care of her, she will take care of all of us!"

Roman just nodded.

After returning to the room, Roman sat on the chair, not sleepy at all.

His father was fight about one thing.

If they didn't take care of Brielle, Brielle would take care of them.

Brielle had already started to take revenge on them.

They had no choice.

They could only fight!

Roman sat on the chair and thought for a long time.

Suddenly, a light flashed in his mind.

He had a way....

"Brielle, you

refused to let us go. Then don't blame me..."

"Achoo --"

Brielle woke up early in the morning and sneezed several times in a row.

She frowned.

Which animal is talking bad about her?

Brielle shook her head. She got up and tidied herself up before turning on her phone.

As soon as she turned it on, a foreign number called.

Brielle narrowed her eyes and picked it up.

"Ms. Brielle. I am 'Extreme Survival's director. I sincerely invite you to participate in the 18th season. If you are not satisfied with the fee, we can discuss it again."

A man's voice came from the phone, speaking fluent English.

As Brielle went downstairs, she said, "Who is participating in the competition?"

That person announced a string of names in one breath.

Brielle said with a forced smile. "These people are too weak and not challenging. I will appoint a few people. If you can arrange for them to participate, I will accept the invitation."

"Otherwise, I will not participate."

The man was especially arrogant. "Ms. Brielle, you probably don't know the background of our show, right? You have already been fancied by our investors. Even if you don't accept the invitation, we have plenty of ways to tie you up."

"Our investors are all the richest and most powerful financial groups in the world. They are rich and powerful, not something a small fry like you can refuse."

"We invited you in a good manner to save your face."

"I hope you know how to appreciate favors."

Brielle said casually, "I also have a way to prevent you from getting what you want."

The man's tone was even more sarcastic. "Ms. Brielle, confidence is a good thing. But it is not a good thing to be blindly confident."

"You're but a speck on the map. How do you think you can prevail against a coalition of the world's wealthiest and most influential financial entities?"

Brielle, "I can die."

The man, "..."

He was momentarily uncertain whether Brielle was menacing him.