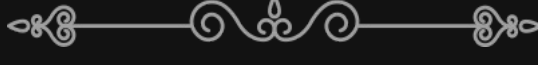


God, the Real Miss Hated Everyone Equally

Chapter 75



Chapter 75

In Oscus' live broadcast room.

[That Jeb! is so strong...]

[The target is so far away, and the target is very unclear. He can actually hit it.]

[The target is hardwood. The difficulty is even higher. Although I don't like him, I have to admit that he is very powerful.]

[Sister E met a tough opponent this time...]

[*Sigh* Sister E should be a little more low-key. She was just mocking him just now, and now she has been slapped in the face. I feel ashamed.]

[Slap in the face so quickly. Where are the fans who were proud just now? Do they still feel proud now?]

[Sister E hasn't competed yet, so don't draw any conclusions just yet!]

[Hehe, you're still being stubborn. Brielle is a woman, so there's no need to compare her strength to Jeb!'s; you know she can't even hit the target.]

[She is being overly praised, leading her to believe she is more powerful than she actually is.]

At the scene.

After those people complimented Jeb!, they began to look at Brielle mockingly.

Brielle had already picked up her bow and arrow.

"Brielle, didn't you see Jeb!'s results? You want to compete?"

"Jeb! is so powerful, no one can beat him!"

"That's correct, Jeb! nailed the bullseye! It's already the top score. Plus, half of the arrow was in, and the power was really strong. You can't outdo him!"

At this time, the arrow that Jeb! shot out was still stuck on the target.

Brielle pulled back the bow, narrowed her eyes, and aimed at the bullseye..

A cold voice floated out from her mouth, "He is very powerful, but..."

With a whoosh, the arrow in her hand flew out of her hand.

"Bang!"

There was a sound in the distance.

Brielle curled her lips. I'm more powerful."

Silence!

Everyone was silent!

Everyone widened their eyes and looked in the direction of the target in disbelief.

Even Jeb! was full of shock.

The arrow that Brielle shot out pierced through the tail of his arrow, splitting his arrow in half, and then steadily hit the bullseye.

The entire arrow completely sank into the target..

The target actually cracked!

It was much harder to shoot the first arrow and then hit the bullseye!

What kind of power and accuracy was this?

It was too awesome.

[Oh my go d! Sister E. you are my go d! You can always use your strength to hit the faces of those Internet trolls. I was so angry just now, but now I feel so good. Sister E, I love you!]

[W TF! Is this something a human can do? Sister E, don't be too unreal!]

[Even Robin Hood can't even outdo Sister E...]

[Hahahaha, I'm so happy to see everyone at the scene dumbfounded. This is the power of Oscus!]

[Sister E, I advise you to take it easy. I am afraid that you will be caught for research if you act too excessively...]

At the scene.

Brielle turned to look at the director, waiting for him to announce the result.

The people at the scene also came back to their senses, and their expressions were a little awkward.

Especially the people who had ridiculed Brielle just now.

They all silently retreated and mixed into the crowd.

Jeb!'s expression was extremely ugly. He looked at Brielle darkly, then prepared to turn around and walk back to the crowd.

However, just at this moment, the director's voice sounded...

"Draw!"

Everyone was stunned.

A draw?

No matter how one looked at it, it was not a draw, right?

Anyone with eyes could see that Brielle's arrow was more technical.

However, although they were doubtful in their hearts, they did not speak up for Brielle.

And more people were gloating.

Brielle had always been so arrogant and insulted all of them in the beginning.

In addition, many people looked down on Oscusian.

They all felt that it was only right for Oscusian to be targeted.

Brielle narrowed her eyes and looked coldly at the director. "You call this a draw? What is your standard?"

The director felt a chill down his spine from Brielle's gaze and couldn't help but tremble.

But he still braced himself and said, "You and Jeb! both hit the bullseye, so this is a draw."

"You need to do another round of contests to be able to compete again!"

[Holy sh*t, this program is too dark. It is clearly targeting Sister E!]

[I am about to cry from anger. How can they be so shameless? This is a live broadcast. They are openly targeting our country. This is too much!]

[Anyone with a discerning eye can see that this is definitely a crushing victory for Sister E. How can it be considered a draw?]

[I haven't seen this program for ten years. It still hasn't changed at all. It's the same stench. Those disgusting foreigners are all targeting us Oscusian!]

[This is too infuriating. Are those foreigners shameless? Are their ideological education different from ours?]

[I feel sorry for Sister E...]

[Ah, I want to become a monkey and eat them all. They are going too far!]

Brielle stared at the director for a few seconds and asked, "Are you sure you want another match?"

"Of course!" the director said.

There was a hint of provocation in his eyes.

He was deliberately targeting Brielle.

A month ago, Brielle forced him to cut his tongue. Although his tongue had already recovered, he had always harbored resentment in his heart and had always wanted to find an opportunity to take revenge.

Brielle said, "Alright, but let me decide the competition method."

The director asked, "What do you want..."

Before the director could finish speaking, his voice suddenly stopped.

Because, Brielle shot an arrow at him.

The arrow passed right over his scalp and hit the billboard behind him.

The director's face was pale, and his whole body could not help but tremble. Cold sweat broke out densely, and his eyes were full of fear.

Brielle smiled and said, "With the director as the aim, shoot the arrow to barely pass over the director's body. The closer the shot is, the higher the score. But if the director gets shot, it means failure."

"Until the arrows encircle the director, the shooter who gets closest to the target with the most arrows will win."

"There is no need to wait in turn. Let's shoot together. Let's see who is faster and who shoots more."

Brielle said, pulling up her bow again and aiming at the director.

"Brielle wins! You win! There is no need to compete!" The director shouted in horror.

He was afraid that Brielle would deliberately make a mistake and shoot him to death.

Brielle did not put down the bow.

She pulled the bow full.

With a whoosh, the arrow flew out from under the director's crutch.

It even pierced through his pants.

He could feel the arrow brushing past his skin.

Do ng!

The director's legs went weak and he collapsed to the ground.

A warm current spread under his body.

The people around him couldn't help but retreat to the side. They reached out and pinched their noses.

The director was actually scared to pee...

After the director reacted, he was so angry that his face turned green and then red. He glared at Brielle furiously.

"Brielle, you are too arrogant. You have violated the rules several times. Do you want to lose your qualification to participate in the competition?"

Brielle curled her lips and continued her arrogance to the end, "Do you dare to cancel my qualification for the competition?"