

I'm richer than my billionaire ex-husband novel (Alina and Caleb)

Read I'm richer than my billionaire ex-husband novel

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CP: Alina and Caleb novel

Chapter 1 Choice, Despair

Ingford in July is stiflingly hot and irritating.

Alina Hughes in the doorway of the study shivered all over.

Her palms, trembling, as she covered her bulging belly, her breathing uncontrollably rapid.

The conversation between the two inside the study continued.

"I didn't expect her condition to deteriorate at this juncture."

The man took two heavy puffs of his cigarette, "How many more times will have to work?"

"About three times, but it's no longer useful to just draw Alina's blood, only a bone marrow transplant will help."

As a doctor, Nova Turner couldn't bear it either, but had to force Caleb Collins to make a choice for the sake of his patients.

"But, if the operation carries out, you will definitely not be able to keep your baby."

"Even if you can barely keep it, it will become deformed or mentally retarded because of the drugs, and Alina's life will be in danger, so think carefully."

The study was very quiet.

Alina looked nervously at the man through the doorway, only to see the man press the cigarette butt into the ashtray. He uttered before being silent for a moment, "Get rid of the child."

Coldly he said, "Arrange for the operation as soon as possible."

Alina's pupils tightened and her body trembled violently.

She could no longer hear anything at this moment.

She turned and fled to her room, locking the door.

She rushed into the bathroom, took off the pajamas she was wearing and looked at her back through the mirror.

Her smooth back was full of dense needle holes, and piercing bruises around the needle holes, that was the situation bruises caused by the lack of pressure after pulling the needle.

She covered her mouth in horror and sobbed tremulously.

Since she's been pregnant, she's never bathed herself, her husband bathed her, so she's never bothered to pay attention to her back.

Her mind flashed back to his perversions during this time.

It turns out that the tenderness that moved her was all fake.

No wonder she always felt tired during this time, and always slept heavily at night.

It turns out it was because someone came to draw her blood every night after she went to sleep.

So, he married her, not because of love at all.

Rather, it was to take her blood and then her life.

Alina was holding her nine-month-old belly.

The child was soon to be born.

She would never allow anyone to hurt her child.

In the evening, at the dinner table, the man's face was indifferent, but not as cold as in the study.

He served her a bowl of soup with his own hands.

"You are weak, drink it."

After being married, Caleb has always spoken to her in a commanding tone, and she seems to have long since gotten used to obeying.

But this time, Alina's hand with the fork stopped.

She looked to the man who had been married to her for two years. At the moment his tenderness was as intoxicating to her as a drug, but it was the source that took her life.

He said the child had to be disposed of.

Alina jerked up that the soup bowl was slammed on the floor by her, like their marriage, split.

The warm soup stained the man's pants.

Caleb was suddenly furious, and the next second, he quickly suppressed his temper.

He soothingly touched her forehead, "What's wrong? Do you want Nova to come over?"

"Come and get Nova to draw my blood?"

For a while, the surroundings were very quiet.

Alina bit her lip, held back the tears in her eyes, and glared hard at Caleb.

She was waiting for him to give her an explanation.

She was dragged to him, who always treated her with the roughest movements.

His disguised gentleness had disappeared, "You know it?"

Her neck was pinched hard by him, "Then you should be clear about your situation, you can only cooperate with our actions."

Yeah, she never had a choice in front of him.

The Collins family is a top-tier family with huge business assets.

No one has ever dared to stop what he wants to do, no one can stop it.

Alina saw his cold eyes, and her tears could no longer be controlled.

She was suffocating for breath, her neck was in his grip, and she was blushing with pain.

Caleb saw her pale and let go of her as soon as he could, saying grimly, "Now that you know all about it, think about what compensation you want and I'll satisfy you as much as I can."

He left without looking back, while she was pushed against the wall and fell to the floor.

Compensation?

Alina closed her eyes, was it possible that this marriage was a conspiracy from the beginning?

She shuddered, "Tell me who she is."

The one who made him abandon his wife and child.

What kind of person could occupy such an important place in his heart.

Caleb stopped in his tracks, not expecting her to just want an answer.

And he didn't answer.

"The surgery is scheduled for three days from now, so figure out what you want."

Caleb left without a backward glance, giving her what he can.

There was no point in bothering with what he can't give.

After the door was closed, Alina opened her eyes with despair and sadness.

Alina gathered her valuable things and when she walked to the door, she looked back at the room she had lived in for two years for the last time.

The room was very cozy, clean, and filled with things he had sent over, each extravagantly.

But she now felt great irony.

Lois saw her physically unwieldy and struggling to carry her suitcase down the stairs.

That strained look scared the hearts of the onlookers, "Lady Alina, it's late night, what are you doing, give it to me."

"You're nine months pregnant, don't move, Master Caleb values you and the baby above all else."

Alina could only laugh mockingly.

He wanted to kill her child with his own hands.

She held back her tears, and her hoarse voice made it even harder, "Lois, take a message to him."

Alina took a deep breath, "I've already prepared the divorce agreement and sent it to his email, and I'm not going to have any surgery."

After that, regardless of what Lois said, she walked out the door with her suitcase.

Every step of a pregnant woman who is about to give birth and walking around with a suitcase is a cause for concern.

Suddenly the weather changed abruptly and it started to rain heavily.

Alina stood in front of the villa, drenched in rain and shivering with cold, but she stepped firmly into the rain.

The sound of the emergency brakes sounded, and the splash of the wheels splashed water all over Alina's body.

A man got out of the car and came to her side respectfully, "Lady Alina."

It's Brandon Porter, one of the special assistants of Caleb.

Alina didn't seem to see him, and walked past Brandon like a ghost.

Brandon stopped her, "Mr. Collins asked me to take you to the hospital."

As soon as he said that, the suitcase was snatched by Brandon, who respectfully pulled open the car door for her.

Many women would like to go into his car.

But at this moment, Alina only felt that this car was the funeral car that would pull her to the funeral home.

As soon as she got into this car, she would be sent straight to hell.

"I'm not going."

"There was a sudden accident at the hospital and the operation had to be brought forward. Mr. Collins said to bring you there at all costs, Lady Alina, please don't make it difficult for me."

Brandon's tone sounded polite, but clearly threatening.

Alina's mouth lifted in the corners with a touch of sadness.

So she had to go.

She was a woman with nine months pregnant, and she could not put up with the dragging of a strong man.

The car made its way to the hospital and her voice was calm, "If I don't go, that woman will die, right?"

"Yes."

"Then let her die."

He chose that woman after all.

But Caleb knew that she was nine months pregnant. The baby in her belly is moving every day, and it's about to be born.

No one answered her words again.

Alina took a deep breath, looked out the window at Hasnan Bridge, and spoke again, "Who is she?"

"Emma Bell."

Alina was shocked.

Alina suddenly reached out and grabbed the steering wheel hard.

Brandon's panicked voice came out, "Lady Alina, what are you doing? Get your hands off."

At this moment Alina can't hear anything, she has nothing left and Emma doesn't want to continue her life with her child's life.

With a force, the front of the car crashed through the railing of the Hasnan Bridge, directly into the river.

Choking on the cold water in her lungs, Alina spread her hands and let the water wrap around her as she died peacefully.

Her stomach was suddenly very painful. Did her child know that it were abandoned?

In just a few minutes, the bridge was congested with traffic.

Police cars and cars of the Collins family were blocked at the end of the bridge by a long convoy of traffic.