

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

## chapter 21

Back then, because Mom and Dad were too busy at work, they hired a part-time worker to take care of her life for her.

Zoe was nice, cooking delicious. Once her mother overheard that Zoe's two daughters and her were in the same school, and the couple in the city worked for the two daughters.

Her mother sympathized with Zoe for getting up early and rarely spending time with her children, and even her own daughters rarely got to eat her cooking, so she asked her father to bring her two daughters along when he picked her up.

One of the daughters was Emma.

Hope, Emma, and Alina spent several years having dinner together.

Hope Bell was introverted and drenched in her study.

And Emma and Alina both love to have fun and get together a lot.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes has placed great importance on their daughter's education, and since she was a child, Alina had been hired as a TV presenter, and she had invited Emma.

How close they were then, how ironic they are now.

Now that she thought about it, she felt she was really naive at first.

Since she was a child, much of her work had been stolen by Emma.

"Is there nothing you want to say to me?" The moment she got up, only to hear the man ask in a flinty tone.

Alina went straight to the checkroom as if she hadn't heard him.

Caleb followed her in.

"I want to change, get out."

"Alina."

Seeing that he refused to leave, Alina once again treated him as if he was airborne and took off her pajamas and was about to put on her home clothes.

At that moment, a scar on her belly entered the man's eyes.

Not waiting for Alina to react, a force came from the back, and she was ruthlessly against the closet.

Alina struggles with anger.

"You're fucking sick."

However, the next moment, the man's warm fingertips rubbed on the scar on her belly, Alina was shocked.

"Let go of me."

"What is this?" The man's warm breath sprayed on her ear with a fiery questioning.

Alina moved her body, but was held hard against the man, "Alina."

"Stop yelling at me." Alina was flustered, masking her emotions with anger.

"Don't tell me this is some kind of appendicitis surgery scar, I have this bit of medical common sense." An appendicitis surgery scar wouldn't be that long or in such a location.

That was the scar from her cesarean section.

Alina was suddenly nervous. The lie that was already on her lips was swallowed.

She struggled fiercely, but was held down again by the man, "Alina."

His tone of voice softened, but Alina was more than she could stand.

She said coldly, "What does it matter to you? Will you care about me?"

It's also really funny that in Alina's mind after being married to Caleb, this man is really concerned about her.

But that concern that was so ironic and so scary.

"It's a child, isn't it?" The man's breath went cold.

Alina couldn't help but shudder.

Who is he to mention the child?

“Yes.” She stared into his eyes and stopped avoiding them.

“Where is the child?”

“Disposed of, as you would have wished.”

Alina looked at Caleb with fierce eyes.

He said the child was to be disposed of.

Alina hated his cruelty, hated his heartlessness, she stared at him, and after a long time, suddenly smiled.

She smiled brightly, flirtatious and charming, and held against the man, she was not struggling, and obediently hooked her arms around his neck.

“Mr. Collins, you have forgot? I told you last time, it’s a boy, looks like you.”

She teased in his ear, but the words that came out were cold and heartless.

Caleb was silent, all the anger was suppressed in this moment.

Each word, as if it were a thorn in the side, viciously stimulated his heart.

Is that child really dead? How much she hated him.

The thought that she would hate him was even more unbearable to Caleb.

When Alina let go of him and tried to withdraw from his embrace, he caught her waist and lowered his head to kiss her.