

I'm Richer Than My Billionaire Ex-husband Chapter 58

The back of her head hit the cold wall, painful, she instantly reached out to cover it. The man's powerful breath wrapped around her, leaving her no way to escape.

She saw it was Caleb and was furious, "What's wrong with you?"

"Tell me, what are you trying to play again?" The man's tone is cold, although he is asking, but he is sure that Alina invited his mother here.

Alina, "I am not."

"Heh." The man laughed, sarcastically.

The irony of the image of their dinner just now.

"She never goes out too much, but you are capable, letting her go abroad." The man said word by word through clenched teeth.

Hearing that, Alina froze.

She knew that Mrs. Collins seldom went out, and was the last to arrive at parties and the first to leave, and usually went out even less, not to mention leaving Ingford.

However, now that she is in Oklens and dining with Alina, Caleb doesn't believe that this is not a conspiracy by Alina.

"Believe it or not, this has nothing to do with me."

"Alina, if anything happens at this competition, I will make you disappear from this business forever."

Caleb stared at her sharply.

Alina gave him a blank stare in return and snorted, "Whether I can stay in this business or not has no bearing on me, but if Emma were to fall, would the Collins really watch you keep her?"

Caleb's face was already bad, and now his eyes were even more gloomy.

Alina is telling the truth.

As long as the Collins doesn't like Emma, then Emma will be embarrassed anytime she stands behind him.

The moment Alina turned around, Caleb said, "Alina, aren't you just relying on the old Lawson behind you? I'd like to see how long he can protect you?"

Alina paused and didn't turn around.

"You're wrong, I'm not relying on my Grandpa, I'm relying on myself."

"Heh, how many good resources Andre has given you over the years? You really have the nerve to say that you are relying on yourself."

"Opportunity comes to those who are prepared, Mr. Collins, you are a big boss of a business. I think you understand this, right?"

"....."

"Unlike someone, the show she held can fail, only you feel that others have stolen her limelight."

Alina dropped the words and left the security channel.

"Boom." The security door hit hard, as heavy as Caleb's heart's anger.

Alina is really articulate now.

Eventually, Caleb returned to his room in a fury, and a number flashed on his cell phone for Tomas, which was quickly picked up, "Sir."

"Find out what room Alina is in."

"Okay."

Originally, she thought she ran away with the luggage overnight, at least changed the hotel, but just since he saw her in this hotel, she was still in this hotel.

Tomas was quick and dialed the number back ten minutes later, "Sir, Miss Hughes is in the dedicated suite on the top floor."

"Whose suite is it?" It wasn't Alina's anyway, if it was, she wouldn't have stayed in the presidential suite before.

On the other side of the phone, breathing can be heard seemingly apprehensive.

Then, Tomas said, "It's Mr. Francis' suite."

Caleb had a terrible headache.

"Now what do I do with it?" Seeing that Caleb was not speaking, Tomas asked in an apprehensive and tentative tone.

Caleb said, "Leave it alone for now."

What does it matter? Tomorrow, it's the beginning of the game.

This night, many people are destined to be unable to sleep peacefully, especially those designers who participated in the competition, were checking their works all night long.

Not far from the Grimes International Hotel, a woman had curly hair, red wine swaying in her hand, sharp flashes in her eyes, "You're still in the mood to drink?"

Kara came in, saw the glass of red wine in Emma's hand, and instantly she was pissed off.

What kind of important day is tomorrow? There is no room for error until then.

"You know what, Mrs. Collins is here." Said Emma, tilting her glass of red wine in her hand and draining it.

Kara froze, "What's she doing here?"

After all, it rumored that Mrs. Collins didn't go out much, but now she was out of the country, why? Thinking about the rumors between Alina and Kara, Kara felt unease.

"Tonight, Alina and Mrs. Collins dine together."

"Did Alina invite her here?" Kara asked in a not-so-good tone, having to say that it was a real possibility.

As Emma tried to crush Alina every time before, it was all ruined by the appearance of Alina and Mrs. Collins.

Alina was a real stumbling block in Emma's path.

Kara doesn't look too good.

Emma is more like, "Who else but her?"

The tone of voice is full of hatred.

Kara heard the anger in Emma's tone and her eyes dimmed as she said, "You don't want to do anything else now."

Tomorrow is the exhibition.

"I've already made arrangements over here, tomorrow you just need to be responsible for exhibiting your work properly and prepare some of those speeches for your work."

With that, Kara stepped forward and took the glass of red wine out of Emma's hand.

Emma, "What did you arrange?"

No one knows how much she hates Alina right now, as if Alina is standing in her way.

It is very difficult to have a turnaround.

It made her feel uncomfortable inside.

"Her follow PD."

"Stella?"

"Yeah, after the game tomorrow, there will be many journalists interviewing at that time, and Stella will expose the whole plagiarism process before she enters the competition at that time."

Kara said in a sinister tone.

Originally, she was very optimistic about Alina, but she was signed to Shirling's company.

And right now, they have spent so much to package Emma.

Absolutely it is not allowed to fall just like that because of Emma.

Since the precious gems are not their own, they have to be destroyed without pity. After all, they are not all charities either, and after a big energy investment, it is to be returned.

Blame it on the fact that after the last exhibition, they not only did not get rewarded, but also suffered heavy losses.

In that case, Alina can't stay.

"Okay, I get it." Emma was relieved to hear that Kara had arranged it so sinisterly.

Even if there are ten Mrs. Collins tomorrow, there is absolutely no way to save Alina.