

I'm Richer Than My Billionaire Ex-husband Chapter 62

"Stella." Alina's heart was in her throat when she heard Stella say that she was going to give a recording to everyone.

She was trying to remember what she said in front of Stella that she can't explain.

But at the moment her brain went blank, can not think of anything.

After all, Stella is around her.

Stella looked back at Alina the corners of her mouth raised a smile, and the look in her eyes put Alina at ease instantly.

"Wait." Kara strode over, but before she can call out, she heard the phone being turned on with a recording.

On the phone, Stella's voice rang out first, "I've recorded what you just said, and I'll tell you my answer after the Oklens competition."

"Two million." It was Kara's voice.

There was an instant outcry.

Although they didn't know who the owner of the voice was, Emma heard it and subconsciously looked at Kara's back.

Everyone watched nervously as events unfolded.

Kara instantly fixed in her footsteps, looked five meters away, the recording playback was still continuing, "I..."

"Five million."

On the phone, without waiting for Stella to say anything, the person on the other side of the phone said, "Miss Willis, the cost of your grandmother's hospitalization now is not low, it must be about two thousand a day, your salary can't cope with it, do you want to see your grandmother just die?"

"We just want to keep Joslan Hughes out of the game, there is no loss to her or you, of course this is nothing to lose if you do it, if someone else..."

"Stella, delete the recording and your grandmother will live longer."

A recording of about two minutes now makes sense.

Joslan Hughes stood in the way of her opponent, that he must destroy her even at such a great cost.

That's a lot of money to pay for Alina's follow PD, and it's no small amount.

There was an outcry.

"I wonder if this recording is enough to explain the plagiarism of Miss Joslan?" Stella turned off the recording, looked at everyone in the room, and said in a loud voice.

All the reporters' microphones were directed live at Alina, asking, "Miss Joslan, who is behind this, please?"

"What are you going to do with the extra people who have harmed you so much?"

"Miss Joslan, Miss Joslan..."

Kara stood in place, her blood was cold, her whole body was almost off the ground. It was over, it was over. This is the voice of her heart at this moment.

And Emma is no better, even if Kara does not say that she is not related, she would want to have nothing to do with Kara.

It's terrible, these reports today is to the whole world, she is trying to destroy Alina directly? It's really horrible.

A recording that unveils a conspiracy.

They didn't think there would be such a big deal behind this, and even the Oklens decade organizers were dragged into it, threatening to investigate the matter thoroughly.

Eventually, Alina was pulled out of the press pool by Brandon, and in the car, Alina looked at Stella, "Stella..."

"I am okay." Stella looked at Alina, and laughed bitterly.

Alina, "When did this happen?"

"A few days ago, it's probably about Emma's show, and they're trying to use the competition to get Emma to overpower you, or at least not let you steal her thunder."

After all, Emma was commercialized over at Ingford.

Unlike Joslan Hughes, design is her dream. For Emma and the group behind Emma, it's a business, an investment.

“Do you know who it is?”

“No name left.” After all, she didn’t know Emma well, so she couldn’t make out who’s voice it was.

But little did Alina and Stella and others know, after this report.

The netizens were very active in finding people who were behind this kind of thing, and all the contestants who saw Alina as a rival were dug up, including Emma, naturally.

Of course, Emma will be the main object of suspicion by the general public, after all, every previous public opinion has been related to her.

Alina was taken away by Brandon, while Emma was caught in what was originally a scenic interview, but is now a sharp question.

“Emma, may I ask do you know the person who threatened Miss Willis on the recording?”

“Do you think you can take first place without Joslan Hughes?”

“Or do you plan to frame all the designers who are better than you and the stage is yours alone?”

Just now, Alina’s questions were already sharp, and the questions asked of Emma were a bit crazy, almost disregarding their professionalism as journalists.

Emma was surrounded by reporters in the center, pale. She had no idea where Kara was hiding.

Although people on the outside don’t know it was Kara in the recording, those who are familiar with Kara must have heard her voice.

Kara has made a lot of enemies in the company over the years, and now there is no telling how the recording will be used in such an opportunity.

Now, she has to take care of her own problems, so she can’t care about Emma.

“I don’t know, this has nothing to do with me.” Emma didn’t dare to say anything more.

This international journalist, however, is not the same as Ingford’s.

The questions that were not dared to be asked there can now be thrown out sharply by the crowd, “I heard that you had an affair with Joslan Hughes’ husband, may I ask if you became a designer by relying on Mr. Collins?”

Every question asked by the journalist had Emma scorned by the world.

Every question is inseparable from Alina, is her life really only in the shadow of Alina?

“No.” She roared, but without any conviction, burst into tears.

However, now that such a big thing has happened, every reporter’s eyes are so cold when they look at her, not half a bit of sympathy.

Her explanations pale in comparison and only usher in sharper and more pointed questions.

And because tonight, she may be disqualified by the organizers over here, and even Caleb has been thrust into the center of public opinion. Even if Ingford doesn’t dare to report it, there will be countless troubles to deal with the international reports that will follow.

After that, no matter what questions the reporters asked, Emma did not say anything, but just kept on shedding tears.