

Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried by Janie Long

Chapter 1

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Chapter 1

The night deepened, curtains shut tight, enveloping the room in a soft, intimate air.

Clara Colon was out of breath, her cheeks flushed. She was distracted. The scent of another woman's perfume on her husband, which he never wore, filled her mind with turmoil

Suddenly, Clara's worry creased her brows

Her husband seemed to notice her distraction and responded with a harsh "correction." After a while, the man got up and headed to the shower.

Exhausted, Clara forced herself out of bed, hearing the sound of water cascading in the bathroom.

The man, Walter Colon, was her husband only in name, had always been indifferent to her feelings, treating her more like an outlet for his desires than a

wife.

After satisfying his needs, he would shower and leave without a word, as if she were nothing more than an object for his sexual gratification.

As Clara picked up Walter's discarded shirt from the floor, aiming to hang it to prevent wrinkles- always cautious around his unpredictable moods—her fingers halted at the sight of a red lipstick mark on the collar. A pang of realization hit her.

She drew the shirt closer, the foreign perfume confirming her suspicions. Slumping back onto the bed, a resigned thought crossed her mind. 'He is seeing someone else.'

Minutes later, the water stopped. Walter emerged from the bathroom, a white towel wrapped around his waist, his wet blonde hair adding to his allure. His cold, elegant aloofness was as unforgettable as it was distancing,

Clara looked away, knowing better than to bring up

up the lipstick. After all, she wasn't really in a position to question him.

Despite usually leaving right after their encounters, tonight, Walter remained. Walter glanced at her coldly and pointed to the contraceptive pills on the bedside table. "Take the pill," he ordered.

Obediently, Clara clenched the pill in her hand, swallowing it under his watchful eye.

Walter never trusted her, always insisting on watching her take it. He then presented her with a document, his voice icy. "Sign this. What are your terms?"

Clara, puzzled, thought, 'Sign what? Is he asking for a divorce?' Her hand trembled as she accepted the divorce papers, the reality stark before her. It wasn't about staying because Walter cared but because he wanted out.

Her laughter was bitter, and she thought, 'Looks like his mistress is getting impatient to take over.'

Clara had braced for this moment, yet its arrival still stung. For three years, she had been the perfect wife, her warmth constantly rebuffed by his coldness, all for nothing.

With no explanation, just a decree, Walter was ready to sever their ties.

"Why?" Clara finally asked, looking up at him as he dressed, seeking some sort of closure.

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Chapter 2

"You don't need to know," Walter snapped, irritation lacing his icy glare. He then added, "I've ensured you're financially secure. The villa is yours. There's a one-time child support payment of 20 million dollars, and then monthly..."

Before Walter could finish, Clara cut him off. "I want nothing but Marlie" This was her first-ever interruption, a bold departure from her usual reticence. The room suddenly chilled with tension. The dim, cold light cast ghostly shadows.

Marlie Colon, their two-year-old daughter, was the subject of this standoff.

Clara had nearly lost her life giving birth to Marlie, leading to complications that made future pregnancies nearly impossible. Despite that, Walter never

even considered the possibility of another child.

"You think you can afford to take care of her?" Walter sneered with mockery.

Clara smiled, a mix of defiance and determination lighting her face. “That’s my concern, Mr. Colon. Just agree, and I’ll sign immediately.”

Faking divorce, she no longer addressed Walter with any endearment.

Clara’s smile left Walter momentarily taken aback. Without makeup, her beauty was undeniable: bright eyes, a radiant smile, and skin so delicate it seemed to glow. Her waist was so slender it could be encircled with a single hand.

But then, his gaze turned icy, thinking, ‘She dares speak to me like this?’

Clara added her condition to the agreement and crossed out the child support clause, signing her name with a bold stroke.

She rose, approached him with the document, and said with a veiled struggle, “As you wish. I’ve wanted this divorce for a long time.”

Suppressing the pain that threatened to overwhelm her, Clara continued, “Marlie means nothing to you. Let me have her.”

Walter’s brief glance at the divorce papers was followed by a cold, scrutinizing zing look at Clara.

Seeing her apparent relief instead of sorrow, he questioned, “You’ve wanted a divorce for this long?”

Clara, feigning indifference, stressed, “I only want Marlie.”

After a moment of silence, Walter coldly conceded, “Fine”

He then picked up his bespoke suit and left the villa with decisive steps.

Watching his retreating figure, Clara’s strength ebbed away, and she collapsed to the floor, a painful realization dawning on her. ‘He is resolute. He doesn’t even want his daughter’

Thoughts of Marlie intensified her pain. She was born prematurely and fragile and had spent her earliest years fighting for her life. Despite surviving a perilous heart surgery, Marlie hadn’t spoken a word. Though tests showed her hearing and vocal cords were normal, doctors suspected autism. No wonder Walter discarded Marlie without a second thought.

The Colon family held significant status in Zwingenrath, with Walter at the helm of the Colon Group, dominating wealth rankings and wielding considerable influence.

Clara bitterly mused, "What am I, then? incapable of bearing more children, with a daughter diagnosed with autism, I am nothing but a burden to the Colon name. Deemed worthless, we are fit only to be abandoned."

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Chapter 3

Clara numbly rose to her feet, mechanically collecting her things as she stepped down the spiral staircase.

Below

the servants' whispers floated up to her,

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"Mi. Colon just stormed out. He looked really ticked off," one whispered,

"I'd much prefer to be back with the Colon family. Who would want to deal with that woman upstairs?" muttered another.

"Right, and her daughter is just as much of a mess. Have you seen her? She has always been in and out of hospitals since she popped out. Those two are a disaster. If I were Mr. Colon, they'd have been history long ago," one added,

"Poorthing, though. A son might've spared her this fate." The maid sighed,

"Sympathy? For her? Please. Heard she got pregnant on purpose, thinking she'd secure her spot in the Colon family that way. As if she had a shot. She tried to game the system, but karma is a bigger player – hit her with a premature baby and no son. And get this, the kid can't even talk," another servant responded.

"Wait, so she's mute? Or something else?" one asked incredulously

"Beats me. The Colon family wants nothing

nothing to do with her. Shh, she's on her way down said another maid.

The maid rolled her eyes and said, "Who cares? Even if she hears, what's she gonna do? Complain? Like anyone would take her side."

As Clara descended, the two maids turned, their faces showing disdain and arrogance.

Clara heard every word, realizing even the servants looked down on her.

tomorrow, you two can return to the Colon family. Your services are no longer needed here,” Clara stated, her voice even.

“Fine by us” One maid snorted, her disdain palpable.

“Yeah, acting all high and mighty?” scoffed the other, discarding her apron and strutting off. The villa felt more hollow than ever.

Clara quietly packed her belongings. Apart from a few simple clothes she usually wore, she donated all the luxurious items Walter had given her clothes, jewelry, bags—to a second-hand shop, directing the proceeds to his account.

and willa

She then mailed the platinum credit card and villa keys to Walter’s office, severing the last ties. Without a backward glance, she left the villa behind.

Next, Clara took a cab to Mercy Hospital. She completed the discharge process for Marlie, who was brought out by a nurse with a relieved expression as it unburdening herself

Marlie had big doe eyes,

she looked down.

and despite her pallor, her natural beauty was unmistakable. However, Marlie’s gaze didn’t meet Clara’s her eyes wandered, or

Kneeling, Clara wrapped Marlie in her arms, whispering, “Marlie, I am here to take you home. Just call me mommy, okay?”

Marlie didn’t respond or acknowledge her.

The nurse, barely concealing her contempt, remarked, “She is not normal, you know. Autistic. Doesn’t talk.”

A pang of pain struck Clara, but she met the nurse’s gaze fiercely. “She is perfectly normal to me. She’ll get all the love she needs and be happy!”

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Chapter 3

The nurse rolled her eyes and muttered, “Fine.”

That dismissive “fine” cut as deep as when Walter had used it, a throwaway comment dismissing her entire world.

Clara, holding back her pain, picked up Marlie and left, determined to prove them all wrong.

SEND GIFT

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Chapter 4

Meanwhile, in the opulent top–floor office of the Colon Group, located in Zwingenrath’s most luxurious building, Walter stood with his back to the panoramic glass windows that offered a view of skyscrapers and sprawling bridges.

His assistant, Vernon Ford, was updating him on recent events, handing back a credit card and keys that Clara had returned.

At the same time, Walter’s phone pinged with a new message from a second–hand store, indicating over a million dollars received for sold clothes and jewelry.

Walter’s eyes narrowed as he snapped the credit card in half and demanded, “She moved out already?”

Vernon stuttered, “Mr. Colon, perhaps you should see for yourself. I–I’m at a loss for words.”

Walter frowned, thinking. So she left, what’s there to see?”

Yet, he felt a strange pull towards the villa.

The moment Walter opened the door, even he, typically indifferent, was taken aback

The villa had been restored to its original, empty showroom state,

Clara had transformed this space into a home over three years, adding warm–toned curtains, meticulously chosen paintings, and quaint decorations,

with fresh flowers in every corner.

But now, all traces of her presence were erased, as if she had never lived there at all.

'Is this her loud and clear message? She wants nothing from me, making a clean break? How dare she!' Walter thought, his fists clenched and lips pursed in a cold fury.

Vernon, always mindful of Walter's mood, tentatively asked, "Mr. Colon, what shall we do with the villa?"

"Take it," Walter said coldly, leaving without a backward glance.

Vernon stood agape, his mind racing. "This villa, in the city center, worth tens of millions, just given to me? How could I accept this?"

Glancing back at the villa, Vernon couldn't help but worry about Clara.

Having been with Mr. Colon for many years, Vernon was well aware of his character, Walter's need for control was intense; he hated when others interfered with his possessions. He was dominant and authoritarian, never tolerating challenges or dissent.

"What's going to happen to Clara now? Vernon wondered.

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Chapter 5

Clara didn't waste any time after parting ways with the Colon family.

With her degree in Financial Mathematics, she swiftly secured a position in business planning at an investment firm.

She found a cozy apartment for herself and Marlie, hiring a nanny to keep things running smoothly while she was at work. The new job was conveniently located, a quick dash home in case of emergencies.

One morning at the office, Clara overheard coworkers gathered around the communal TV, buzzing with gossip,

"Have you guys caught the latest? Zwingenrath's most eligible, Walter, back in the spotlight from Chateau with his sweetheart," one mentioned.

"Tamara Moss, right? Zwingenrath's top socialite another chimed in, eyes wide.

"Yeah, seen walking hand-in-hand at some fancy hotel. Seems serious between them," a third added with a hint of envy.

“Tamara has got it all. She has beauty and brains and belongs to one of Zwingenrath’s powerhouse families. Not to mention her artistry, No wonder Walter is finally off the market, mused another, almost dreamily.

Catching a glimpse of the TV, Clara saw Tamara gracing a gallery opening, the epitome of grace and sophistication. The memory of the lipstick mark and the distinct perfume on Walter’s shirt flashed through her mind. ‘Tamara’s doing, no doubt, she thought.

Clara then mused sarcastically. Seems the world is clueless about Walter’s brief detour into matrimony. So he rushed the divorce for his first love’s grand

return, Interesting

The office buzzed with more speculation.

“Looks like wedding bells are in the air for Walter. Time for many to officially abandon their daydreams,” one joked.

“Heard the date is all set,” whispered another.

“A match made in heaven. They re just perfect for each other,” someone concluded as the group began to disperse with a collective sigh. “Well, back to reality for us mere mortals”

Clara turned away, a sharp ache in her chest making her face go white. They’ve even set a date? Figures I would be the last to know. Ditched Marlie to ensure his princess wouldn’t be displeased.

Just then, her boss, Richard Hunt, walked in and immediately noticed her pallor. “Clara, you don’t look so good. We’ve got that big pitch tonight. You alright?”

Forcing a smile, Clara assured him. “I’m fine, Mr. Hunt. Really.”

“Good to hear. Tonight is a big deal for us. This contract could make or break our year. I’m counting on you to seal the deal. You’ll be rewarded handsomely,” he replied.

Clara nodded, her resolve firming. She needed that bonus to secure Marlie’s spot in the best preschool.

That evening, Clara dressed with care, a rare touch of makeup highlighting her features. She arrived at the Super Clubhouse where Richard was waiting.

Upon seeing Clara, Hichard nodded approvingly. “Monight’s guests are influential. We need them on board. The firm’s future depends on it. Got it?”

“Understood, Mr. Hunt,” Clara responded confidently. “The plan is solid. We’ve got this”

Chapter 5

Richard's expression briefly faltered as he thought, "It's not just about the plan; it's the people we need to impress tonight."

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