

Daddy, Mommy's Getting Remarried

1. Chapter 1 He Is Seeing Someone

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 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.