

Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried by Janie Long

Chapter 11

Released on June 2, 2024

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Clara dashed out of the restroom, sprinting toward the exit. Her legs almost gave out several times, but she couldn't bear to stay a second longer.

As she burst through the club's doors, an unexpected downpour greeted her. The wind and rain chilled her to the bone, echoing the coldness in her

heart.

Marlie was her Achilles' heel. 'I can take any insult thrown at me, but I won't stand for anything against my daughter, Clara vowed silently.

Though the T-shirt Walter lent her was long enough to cover part of her thighs, it was too thin. She stood in the rain, shivering from head to toe.

Clara was about to hail a cab when a stretch Bentley pulled up. The door opened and out stepped Tamara, a beauty Clara had seen on TV earlier.

"Why is Ms. Moss here? Could she be looking for Walter?" Clara wondered, pulling back her hand meant for the cab and hiding by a marble column, sneaking more glances at Tamara.

Tamara exuded beauty, confidence, and grace, a sight to behold.

Meanwhile, Walter emerged from the women's restroom, bumping into Willard.

Willard, taken aback and checking the sign again, questioned, "Mr. Colon, did you get lost? You were in the ladies' room,"

Without a word, Walter kept walking.

Catching up, Willard said, "Mr. Colon, you seemed disinterested in the project today and not happy with that businesswoman. I went ahead and signed the deal myself to avoid bothering you. You don't mind, do you?"

Walter grunted a response.

“What’s with your face?” Willard asked, puzzled by the slight redness on Walter’s cheeks and the odd fact he had come out of the ladies’ room. ‘Something is really off with Walter tonight, he thought but decided not to push it.

“It’s nothing,” Walter said, brushing off the question and moving on.

Willard, trying to change the subject, mentioned, “Mr. Colon, I’ve heard some big news. The Neal family from Lokerten is sending representatives to Zwingenrath. They might have a major project in the works. How about we meet them? I could use your clout.”

Walter paused for a moment. Lokerten, just behind Zwingenrath in terms of financial significance but geographically distant, rarely had dealings with them. The Neal family’s interest in Zwingenrath intrigued him.

“What do you say? Shall we meet Lokerten’s wealthiest? I’d need your presence,” Willard suggested, eager not to miss out on a

a lucrative opportunity. *Plus, have you heard? The Neal family’s daughter is said to be breathtakingly beautiful, unmatched across the nation. Yet, no one has seen her face. Aren’t you curious?”

Not interested.” Walter cut him off coldly, quickening his pace.

have been tuning me out. Well, you do

Willard, always quick to notice, spotted Tamara and teased, “Ah, your fiancée is waiting. That explains why you have to have a beauty waiting

Following Willard’s gaze, Walter saw Tamara approaching

Tamara, moving with graceful steps, reached Walter’s side and said softly. “Walter, sorry I missed your call, Heard you were here and came to find you. Hope I’m not intruding,”

Wetter raised an eyebrow. “Not at all. What’s up?”

There’s something my father wants to discuss with you. Would you mind coming over?” Tamara asked with a warm smile, naturally taking Walter’s arm

As Walter felt Tamara’s hand on his, he caught a glimpse of a figure behind a marble column. ‘Clara is still here?’ he thought with surprise.

Then, casually, he held Tamara’s hand and responded, “Sure.”

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 12

Tamare couldn't contain her excitement when Walter unexpectedly took her hand. "Awesome, the car is waiting for us," she bubbled over with joy.

Following her, Walter climbed into the stretched Bentley and instantly released Tamara's hand once inside.

As they shut the door, the black Bentley whisked away into the rainy night.

Walter glanced out, catching sight of a silhouette in the rain through the dark windows. Clara, head down as if in deep thought, looked so fragile, almost as if the storm could sweep her away any second.

The downpour blurred the streets into a misty blur, with the howling wind merging heaven and earth into one vast grey nothingness.

"What's got your attention?" Tamara, leaning closer, asked softly.

Walter sharply turned to her, his cold gaze making her flinch. "I don't do well with people invading my space," he stated icily.

"ob." Tamara laughed awkwardly, retreating slightly. "Even me? Screw it, we're about to get hitched. He'll warm up to me. She reassured herself silently.

As they drove off, Tamara spotted a figure through the rear window. "It's hert Clara!" she gasped internally, shocked.

A chill smile crept over Tamara's lips. She had snooped around before coming back home and found out about the woman Walter was hiding. It had to be the one who'd just caught his eye. 'Damn it, she cursed silently, seething with jealousy.

The relentless rain blurred the windows further, obscuring the outside view completely. Silence reigned, broken only by the sound of the rain.

Walter, lost in thought, rested his chin on his hand. His expression was unreadable.

Tamara sneaked glances at Walter, captivated by his flawless profile. His flawless features, the sculpted nose, and those captivating eyes were unforgettable.

"I'll have this man, whatever it takes, Tamara silently swore to herself as the Bentley raced through the rain.

Suddenly, Walter said, "Stop here. I remembered something I'll visit another day."

As the Bentley halted, Tamara tried to persuade him, cooing, “Walter, I’ve already told my dad. Can’t you stay?”

Walter, seemingly deaf to her pleas, exited the car and disappeared into the storm.

“Umbrella!” Tamara yelled, but it was too late. Left with her arm hanging in the air, she stamped her foot in anger inside the car.

“Is Walter running back to that bitch? Tamara thought, her mind swirling with unease. In a burst of rage, she smashed the umbrella handle against the

window.

“Tamara’s face twisted with malice as she muttered to herself, ‘Gotta figure out a way to get rid of Clara. That woman has got to go.

After witnessing Walter and Tamara’s affectionate display as they left together, Clara stood frozen in the chilly wind, her feet seemingly anchored to the ground.

Knowing about Walter’s affair, hearing about his upcoming marriage, and then seeing him flaunt his love with another woman right in front of her was Like a punch to the gut. It hurt even to breathe.

nerd moment, she snapped out of her daze and halled a cab, mentally steeling herself. ‘Get it together. I can’t afford to waste time, Marlie is waiting for

neathome.

About half an hour later, Clara arrived at her apartment building. Without an umbrella, she prepared to make a quick dash from the cab to the entrance.

But just then, a large black umbrella was opened above her, offering her refuge from the storm. Clara looked up in surprise.

As clara looked around, her eyes quickly spotted a Roll–Royce Silver Ghost parked a short distance away, sticking out like a sore thumb.

The guy

in black holding the umbrella, decked out in a black uniform, spotted Clara and called out with respect, “Miss Neal, Mr. Neal is asking for you to

come home. Do you remember me? I’m Cade Maldonado, his right–hand man,”

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Chapter 13

Earlier, outside the club, Clara had gotten drenched. Now, feeling the chill, she instinctively wrapped her thin T-shirt tighter around herself.

Cade was just about to offer his coat when Clara cut him off.

“Forget it. Just tell him I’ll visit his grave when he kicks the bucket,” said Clara.

“But Mr. Neal’s health is on the ropes. If you don’t come back, what’s gonna happen to the company and all that cash, hundreds of billions of dollars?” Cade looked troubled. Tasked with driving fifteen hours from Lokerten to Zwingenrath, he worried about how he would report back to his master, Frank Neal, after receiving such a dismissive response from Clara.

Clara replied coldly, “His dough? Got nothing to do with me. Show your face around me again, and I won’t even bother for his funeral.”

Then, she just walked right past Cade, her slight figure vanishing into the storm.

The rain was so heavy it almost blinded her as she sprinted back to her apartment, soaked to the bone.

Jaylee Brooks, Marlie’s nanny, handed Clara a large towel with concern. “Oh dear, soaked without an umbrella? Go get a warm shower.”

“Alright.” Wrapping the towel around herself, Clara called out to the living room, “Marlie, mommy is home!”

Sadly, Marlie sat on the living room carpet, lost in her toys, oblivious to her surroundings.

“Well, Marlie has been in her own world all day.” Jaylee sighed.

At that moment, Clara felt a crushing wave of helplessness and defeat.

She stumbled into the living room, collapsing next to Marlie. Holding her close, Clara was searching for any shred of comfort after enduring a humiliating night. Just one look from Marlie would have meant the world.

But Marlie remained unreachable, immersed in her solitude.

Tears streamed down Clara’s face, a stark reminder of her vulnerability. Having left Lokerten at 18, Clara had learned to suppress her tears, maintaining her composure

even through her divorce. Now, with her tears mingling with rainwater, she couldn't discern one from the other.

Clutching Marlie, Clara trembled, a sight so heart-wrenching that Jaylee had to look away and leave.

"I'm off then since you're back. Marlie is fed and bathed, all set for bed. I'll see you in the morning," Jaylee whispered before exiting.

Before she left, Jaylee sighed again, torn by unasked questions about the absent father. 'How could he not care? Heartless. Juggling work and an autistic daughter would break anyone,' she thought.

After Jaylee i

e had left, Clara got up.

up after a while.

She stepped into the shower, the warm water washing over her cold body. She scrubbed furiously, attempting to erase the day's disgrace. She was appalled by Walter's treatment and her degradation, climaxing in shame and clinging to him in desperation.

'Am I really so low?' She scoffed inwardly at her reflection.

Mid-shower, the doorbell echoed.

Wondering if Jaylee had forgotten something, Clara quickly wrapped a towel around her wet hair, approaching the door.

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Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 14

This guy, who an hour ago had told her to stay the hell out of his sight, was now standing in her living room.

Clara's mind went blank, thinking. "How the hell did Walter show up at my doorstep? I saw him getting into Tamara's car

Clara was speechless, shocked to the core. She even forgot she was barely dressed, wrapped only in a towel.

Walter slammed the door shut, his eyes scanning the provocative scene before him. The towel barely covered Clara, revealing more than it hid. Her curves and long legs were irresistibly tempting.

“Walking around like that, Clara? Who are you trying to lure? That desperate for a man? Wasn’t I enough for you earlier? Walter bombarded her with questions, his cold eyes filled with anger.

Hearing those unreasonable accusations, Clara thought Walter was intolerable. Then seeing him soaked through, she realized he had also been caught in the rain.

“Who I’m waiting for is none of your damn business,” Clara retorted, casting a nervous glance toward the living room. “What do you want?”

Marlie was out cold on the blanket, her sweet face a picture of innocence, albeit with a touch of sickly pallor.

Clara rushed over, scooping Marlie up to take her to bed, almost dropping her towel in the process.

She had no choice but to clutch at it, trying to maintain some decency, though her actions only served to fan the flames of temptation further.

Walter’s eyes tightened, his jaw working. He was well aware of her appeal. A normal guy would’ve been drawn in, but the mere thought of her with another man snuffed out his desire, turning it cold.

After tucking Marlie in, Clara ditched the towel for a robe and reemerged.

Walter glanced into the room, querying, “Marlie asleep?”

Clara stood guard at the door, shooting back, “What the hell are you up to?”

Marlie hadn’t been out of the hospital for more than two years since her birth. Walter’s visits had dwindled until he stopped altogether. It had been a while since he last saw Marlie.

“You have got no right to Marlie. I’m taking her,” he declared, voice, cold as ice.

Clara felt like she’d been hit by lightning.

“I’ve signed the damn divorce agreement. We settled on terms. How can you just flip the script?” she said wildly.

Suddenly, Walter shoved her against the wall, his leg blocking any escape. “Sure, you signed. But I didn’t. I can take Marlie anytime I want.” He sneered.

Clara was in disbelief, her emotions a whirlwind “What does this mean? The signing was supposed to end it all. Now he is saying he didn’t sign and wants to fight for custody?”

She knew deep down, in a legal fight over custody, she’d lose.

Walter, you’ve got someone new. I let you have M. Moss,” she spat, biting back anger for Marlie’s sake. “What more do you want?”

You know about her?” he asked, eyebrow cocked.

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Chapter 14

“Oh, come on, it’s everywhere, You think I’m blind?” Clara shot back, feeling like the world’s biggest fool.

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Chapter 15

“Walber, you think you can just snatch Marlie without worrying I’ll spill the beans about us? Don’t forget, you haven’t signed off yet. That means, technically, we’re still hitched. So, what’s gonna happen to your precious Ms. Moss, huh?” Clara’s tone was unmistakably a threat. Giving up Marlie wasn’t an option for her.

Walter’s gaze sharpened, a menacing light flickering within.

“You’re threatening me? Blow our cover and paint Tamara as the mistress? You wanna trash her rep, doom her to be a pariah in Zwingenrath?” he spat out.

“She’s not the mistress?” Clara shot back, barely hiding her smirk.

Finding humor in the situation, she thought about Walter’s shirt stained with lipstick and his perfume-scented embrace. He was flaunting Tamara as his fiancée, despite not having broached divorce with Clara, who hadn’t signed anything. They were seen together everywhere, clasping hands. If Tamara isn’t the mistress, who is? Clara mocked internally.

Walter was speechless. The atmosphere became stifling, heavy with tension.

Finally, Walter said, “Tamara has got nothing to do with this mess. She shouldn’t get hurt. Knowing about her, you ought to back off and not stir trouble.”

His staunch defense of Tamara cut deep into Clara.

“What’s this “back off crap? Oh, so Tamara is off-limits to pain, but I’m fair game to be dumped? Clara felt a pang of agony, her eyes shadowed with pain.

“This is my turf. Get out, or I’m calling the cops,” she declared.

“Call the cops?” Walter laughed it off, clearly unphased.

Clara’s expression hardened, fully aware of Walter’s clout in Zwingenrath, She knew she stood no chance in a custody fight against him. Under his dominating influence, she was forced to relent.

In a lower voice, she proposed, “How about we both back down? I won’t mess with you and Ms. Moss, and I’ll make sure nobody finds out we were ever an item. Just leave the custody battle alone. We can live our lives, with no hard feelings. Agreed?”

Walter suddenly hoisted Clara up, pinning her against the wall with one hand gripping her chin tightly.

He barked, “No fucking way, unless you sign this addendum.” After saying this, he whipped out a piece of paper from his suit’s inner pocket.

The document, damp and stained from the rain, was thrust in front of Clara.

She scanned each word, her disbelief escalating with each line. “This is outright tyranny,” she thought, appalled.

The main points of the agreement were outrageous.

First off, she had to move back to their original villa. Walter would sort out Marlie’s kindergarten, and he would pick the nanny and driver—clear surveillance.

Second, she was to report to the Colon Group, shoved into investment planning. Her salary would be dumped onto a black card – control masquerading as generosity.

Third, a no-men policy at home. ‘Seriously?’ She sighed inwardly.

Fourth, she was expected to be at his beck and call for his “needs.” “What the hell? Am I supposed to be on speed dial for sex? she wondered, disgusted.

Chapter 15

This is absurd. Clara internally sneered, her patience snapping. Without hesitation, she ripped the oppressive agreement into pieces. Clara's bold. – rejection, a clear shub, immediately ignited Walter's fury,

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