

# Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried

Chapter 16

Walter's grip was unyielding, almost crushing her jaw.

Clara was drenched in a cold sweat, her pain tangible.

"Wake the hell up." Walter snapped coldly. "You think you've got the chops to manipulate the media?"

Mess with Tamara, and I'll shut it down fast. But if i take Marlie, you can kiss goodbye to seeing her

again."

Marlie was Clara's weak spot. Through her pain, Clara mocked. "Oh, Walter, pulling this shit? Shows

you've got no shame. What's this, if not sugar daddy vibes? You marry Ms. Moss and shove me and our

kid into hiding? Didn't peg you for such a lowlife."

Het struggle to free herself only caused her robe to fall open, leaving her chest bare.

Walter's eyes turned cold, laced with mockery. "Oh, cozying up to Willard now? Thinking you can snag a

rich guy? A shameless woman like you, a mother? No, a bitch I guess."

As his eyes wandered down, his breathing grew heavier until he spun her around, pressing her against

him from behind.

Clara's wrists were pinned above her head with one hand, her robe now completely off, leaving her

exposed.

She could feel his heated body against hers, his arousal unmistakable. E

“Stop it! Don’t you dare touch me!” Clara’s voice was desperate, defiant.

“Sleeping with Willard but playing hard to get with me? Name your price, I’ll pay it,”  
Walter barked, his

face flushed with a loss of control.

Men are slaves to their instincts, desperate to quench their explosive desires.

“Fuck off!” Clara screamed. “Marlie is right next door.”

Walter’s expertise in degradation was unmatched.

Quickly, he spun her, using his luxe tie to restrain her hands efficiently.

“Don’t be too noisy. Got quite the appetite, huh? Seems the restroom romp didn’t satisfy  
you.” He

mocked, his tone dripping with derision.

The sight of marks on her shoulder ignited his fury, his desire to punish her  
overshadowing any concern

for her feelings.

Cornered by memories of his past actions, Clara, flushed with shame, resorted to her  
final gambit.

She leaned in, her seductive form clinging to him, challenging him, “Walter, you’re not  
still hung up on

me, are you?”

Suddenly chilled, Walter snapped back to reality.

Harbor feelings for her? Impossible. He derided himself.

Clara laughed mockingly, feigning flirtation. “So, the addendum means I can’t bring men  
home. Does that

leave the rest of the world fair game?”

Walter’s fists tightened, his jaw set, veins throbbing at his temples, his brows quivering  
like an enraged

beast.

Clara read his brewing storm all too well,

Despite her dread of his wrath, she met his glaring stare head-on.

Chapter 16.

I'm not signing anything. Wake up, Mr. Colon. I'm keeping myself for Willard. You were right; I've got my

sights set on a grand marriage. Time for you to go Mr. Colon," she said defiantly.

Walter's complexion turned stormy, and in a swift motion, he floored her.

Before storming out, he threw down a vow. "You'll be begging on your knees to come back to me."

Clara struggled up, relief washing over her as he departed. Biting through the tie, she freed herself,

quickly wrapping her robe around her quaking form. Her heart pounded in chaos.

After three years. I am no closer to decoding his mind,' she said to herself.

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Chapter 17

The next morning, after making sure Mailie was settled, Clara hit Errus Investment Corporation.

Based on her contract, she figured she only had to stick it out for three months before balling. She planned to chat with Richard, score half her commission for the sealed deal, and bounce the next day. Fair deal, right? Richard should be cool with it, Clara thought.

As soon as she stepped into the company, a cacophony resembling a mix of screams and howls assaulted her ears,

"Damn, that hurts like hell" came a voice eerily like Richard's.

Clara sped up, finding a crowd huddled around Richard's office door.

Inside, Richard was a mess. His head was wrapped up, eyes a bruised mess, bleeding at the corners, and face swollen beyond recognition. His arm looked jacked, just dangling there, and he was hobbling. It was a sorry sight.

Clara paused, thinking, "What happened to Mr. Hunt? Looks like someone gave him a real beating.

Seeing Clara, Richard bellowed, "What the hell are you still doing here?"

d. shot back. "M

Clara, puzzled,

back. "Mr. Hunt, I need to talk. I'm thinking of quitting early. I'll take half the commission from last night's deal and call it quits."

Richard, livid, shouted, "What the fuck are you? You've got me into this mess!"

Clara, taken aback, fumed internally, I've barely been here. How is this shitstorm my fault? He has got the nerve to blame me after throwing me to some big-shot client like I'm disposable? I was kept in the dark. Who's screwing over who?

"I'm out today," Clara said, icily. She couldn't care less about Richard's drama; she just wanted her cash and out.

"Save it. Talk to the new boss. He's the one handling your commission now!" Richard spat out, seething

"New boss?" Clara was floored. She had done her homework on Errus Investment Corporation before coming aboard. Richard's baby is not huge, but solid with legit projects. She was here to snag a few fund projects and dip. Who managed to push him into giving up his baby? Unbelievable, she thought, stunned.

Richard's frustration hit a peak, and he began wrecking his office in a rage.

Clara walked in, trying to calm him down. "Look, Mr. Hunt. We've got a deal. Before you bolt, let's sort out the handover, okay?"

"Why the hell should I? You're the reason I'm screwed!" Richard shot Clara a venomous look. "You're quite something, Clara Pissing off Mr. Colon right. off the bat last night. Then he sends goons to beat me, forces me to sell off the company, and now I'm banished from Zwingenrath. Mr. Colon's word is law here. I'm done in this town."

Clara, still reeling, managed to ask, "Walter took over Errus Investment Corporation?"

"Yeah." Richard, fueled by rage, showed Clara aside with his one functioning arm, heaved his suitcase, and hobbled out, grumbling internally, "More like a blatant heist than a buyout. Screw the stuff; I need to save my skin!"

After all, given just one hour by Walter to disappear, Richard knew staying meant not seeing another day.

With Richard's dismal exit, the office buzzed with whispers and speculation among the employees.

"Who's the new boss? Did Richard say Mr. Colon!" One employee asked

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Another chimed in. "Could it be the Mr. Colon from the Colon Group?"

A third replied, "It's gotta be. Who else has the clout to chase Richard out of Zwingenrath like he's nothing?"

"Damn, we were a small fish. Now, merging with the Colon Group? We're part of a big league corporation," an optimistic voice added.

Someone else exclaimed, "This is freaking awesome!"

"Hold your horses. Changing bosses might mean layoffs," a cautious voice warned.

Trying to be positive, another employee said, "Come on, we ha

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## Chapter 18

Clara was in total shock, barely hearing a word around her. Waller had snapped up her company, making him her boss overnight. Thoughts of her commissions and contract flashed through her mind – no way he'd respect those, nor would he agree to her leaving early.

She recalled Walter's demand the previous night for her to sign an addendum, which she outright refused. There today, he had Richard kicked out, trapping her completely

Wonderful, what do I do now? I can't just not show up and quit. They will label it as skipping work; they could sack me for that. Technically, I won't be breaking any labor laws, but it will screw over my reputation. Job hunting will be a total nightmare. And my hard-earned commissions—I can't just walk away from them. I need that cash, She thought.

Thinking back to last night, Clara had an epiphany. That explains his smug comment about me begging him to come back. As if I'd ever beg

Her thoughts were cut off by her phone ringing out of the blue.

Seeing it was her landlord, whom she hadn't heard from in forever, Clara braced herself for the bad news. She picked up.

Predictably, the landlord came straight to the point. "Uh, you've got to move out in a couple of days. I've sold the place."

"But a sale doesn't end a lease. That's basic," Clara countered.

"I get that, which is why I'm paying you to break the lease, plus your deposit. It's all been transferred to your account. Check it. Just remember, you've got two days," the landlord rattled off.

"Wait, who did you sell it to?" Clara had her suspicions but wanted to hear it.

"Eh, might as well tell you. A Mr. Colon. He didn't hesitate about the price. His only ask was to get the tenant out. Now, hurry up and pack," the landlord said, hanging up before Clara could say another word.

Left with the dial tone buzzing in her ear, Clara stood in her office, feeling her thoughts evaporating slowly.

Now homeless with only two days to pack up, she thought desperately, 'How the hell am I supposed to find somewhere new so last?'

Achill shot through her, a sickening realization making her skin crawl.

Clara took off, racing from the investment firm in full sprint. Mid-run, her phone rang. It was Jaylee, Marlie's nanny, just as she feared.

Clara stopped dead, gasping for air, and answered breathlessly.

"What's up? What's gone wrong?" she blurted out, panic-stricken.

On the other end, Jaylee's voice carried a hint of difficulty. "Sorry, I can't do this after today."

Clara, thrown for a loop, asked, "Why not?"

"Got some family issues. I'm out," Jaylee murmured.

Clara cut in sharply, "Jaylee, did someone snatch Marlie?"

After a pause, Jaylee sighed. "Listen, As someone who's been there, I'm telling you straight. It's tough for a woman alone, especially after a divorce, to raise a child. I mean, just let the dad have her. Why bust your ass fighting? Life is long, it'll get better."

And Marlie? Clara asked, phone clenched tight.

lah, someone just took her. Had all the right paperwork; Teuldn't stop him. Sorry, he has settled up with me, Jaylee rushed, then hung up.

Clara was left standing numbly by the roadside, and cars blurring past her. "I should've seen it coming," she thought bitterly.

Walter, the cold-hearted king of Zwingenrath, was merciless. Within hours, he had pushed out Richard, taken over Clara's company, grabbed her apartment, and now, Marlie too

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## Chapter 19

Clara shivered, à bone-deep chill setting in. What the hell is he up to? He couldn't wait to dump me, and now this? He is trying to back me into a corner

She replayed Walter's biting remark. "I'll make you crawl back begging."

"Really? After everything, it's come to this? She despaired internally.

Walter had snatched Marlie, using her to tighten the screws, leaving Clara powerless.

Her phone blared again, insistently. Clara knew who it was without looking. With a heavy heart, but no choice, she picked up.

"Dammit, Walles. This is way over the line!" Clara exploded.

The caller paused, then corrected, "It's Willard, I got your number from Mr. Hunt."

Clara paused, realizing her mistake. She hadn't checked the caller ID in her haste.

"Mr. Hersey, what do you want?" she asked, biting back irritation.

"You and Mr. Colon knew each other? How are you on a first-name basis with him? Even I wouldn't dare," Willard pushed.

"We're not acquainted." Clara lied flatly. "Was there something you wanted?"

"Have the gall to ask me? You promised me solo investment in the project last night, that I would pocket all profits. Come today, Mr. Hunt sells the company straight to Mr. Colon, roping me into a partnership with him. Are you trying to make me Mr. Colon's enemy? How do we settle this mess?" Willard raged. "Don't play dumb. Something this big, and you had no clue? Were you and Mr. Hunt playing me?"

Clara was dumbfounded, thinking she'd have never gotten involved had she known.

"Cat got your tongue? I'm telling you, you're owning this project from start to finish. I'm at Colon Group now, get over here. Let's hash out the project details," Willard half-threatened. "You've got thirty minutes. If not, I won't let it slide!"

The Line went dead.

Clara was left frustrated, now with Willard on her case too.

Checking her watch, she found it was already ten-thirty.

It was only a twenty-minute drive to Coton Group, and Clara was cutting it close. Yet, she couldn't shake off the confusion as to why Willard had headed there. She figured it must be related to the project, especially now that Willard's partner had directly become Walter.

After a moment's hesitation, Clara hailed a cab. No matter what, she needed to make her way to Colon Group. Walter had taken Marlie, and she was hell-bent on getting her daughter back.

Soon enough, the cab arrived at the lowering edifice of Colon Group. Clara stepped out, looking up at the imposing structure.

The building was a modern marvel, its cool, sleek design cutting through the sky, standing proudly in the heart of the bustling city. It was a clear display of Colon Group's financial muscle.

Clara knew the place well, though she had never been inside. After all, she was supposed to remain unseen.

As she entered the lobby, it seemed the receptionist had been briefed, as she was allowed through without a word.

for the elevator, she pressed the button for the top floor, thinking to herself, Willard must be with Walter in his office right now.

Reaching the top, she found herself in Walter's domain, a place of opulence and state-of-the-art tech, all reserved for him.

Standing at his office door, Clara gently pushed it open. As the door swung halfway, she caught sight of the scene inside.

There was Walter, back turned to her, with a woman wrapping her arms around his waist. The woman stood on her toes while Walter leaned in.



From Clara's perspective, it was undeniable. They were locked in a kiss

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Chapter 20

Clara's chest tightened, a suffocating sensation overwhelming her as she watched the scene unfold.

For a split second, she wanted to storm in and confront Walter. If you're over me, why the hell drag Marlie into this?" she thought, biting back her anger.

She stood at the door, knocking emotionlessly.

Tamara had noticed Clara the moment she arrived, envy flashing in her eyes at Clara's stunning beauty. Beyond her looks, it was Clara's natural elegance. her bare-faced radiance, her cool aura, and her killer figure that sparked jealousy. That bitch dares to show up?" Tamara thought bitterly

Hearing the knock, Walter turned and snapped, "Who let you in? Get the hell out!"

Clara thought to herself. If Willard isn't here, and Walter is getting cozy with Tamara, Willard couldn't be in the office. I must have misunderstood; Willard didn't send me here!

"Sorry for disturbing." Clara muttered, turning to leave.

Tamara, feigning sweetness, tugged at Walter and asked, "Walter, who is she?"

He replied coldly. "Someone unimportant."

Clara paused, swallowing the pain in her heart.

Tamara's eyes glinted with a scheme. She moved towards the door, cooing, "Walter, don't be hasty in shooing her away. Maybe she is here for something vital. Why not let her speak?"

As Tamara tried to pull Clara around, Clara caught the whiff of a familiar perfume. It was the same she had smelled on Walter's shirt, making her skin crawl. She shrugged off Tamara's hand effortlessly.

Suddenly, Tamara twisted, spilling her coffee all over herself. Her pristine white dress was ruined.

Clara narrowed her eyes, seething inside. Tamara did that on purpose! I didn't touch her wrist. How could the coffee spill like that?'

Hearing the commotion, Walter strode over, his eyes scanning the mess.

His gaze first landed on Tamara, who was wearing a serene smile, and then shifted coldly to Clara.

Tamara, all sweetness, waved it off. "Walter, it's not her fault. In just a clumsy moment, she bumped into me. It's only a dress, no need to get worked up."

Clara scoffed to herself. Really, Tamara? Putting on a whole damn show, pretending to be this gracious lady? Trying to frame me with such a low move? Doesn't she see she is just cheapening herself?

"Really? Looked pretty intentional to me." Walter's tone dropped even colder.

Clara's heart clenched, struggling for breath, thinking, 'What's his deal? Thinks I purposely spilled coffee on Tamara?!

"Apologize," Walter snapped, his words almost a growl.

Tamara, barely hiding her triumph, smirked slightly.

Still playing the peacemaker, Tamara said, "Walter, no need for her to say sorry. I'm okay."

This was Tamara laying down her first card against Clara, marking her territory.

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Chapter 20

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"As if Clara stands a chance against me Tamara gloated internally. Tr the real deal here, daughter of one of Zwingenrath's wealthiest, the Moss family. right behind the Colon family. We're the elite union. And Clara? Just some lowlife, I'll make sure she is put firmly in her place today!