

Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried by Janie Long

Chapter 21

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 21

Cara remained silent, looking at Walter indifferently, her fists clenched.

Apologize Walter repeated, pointing to the spill on the marble floor. "Clean it up"

Tamara continued to play the saint. "Walter, it's okay. I'll get the cleaning staff." She knew Walter was obsessed with cleanliness and wouldn't tolerate

the mess.

"Sure. I'll do it" Clara bent and picked up the cup from the floor. There was still some remaining inside. Suddenly, she straightened and poured the coffee on Tamara, She was so fast that Tamara couldn't react in time.

Tamara's exquisite makeup was ruined. Even Walter's suit had some stains.

Tamara was stunned. She didn't expect Clara to be so bold before Walter.

Clara dusted off her hands, shrugged, and apologized, "I'm sorry." She smiled and pointed to the first coffee stain on Tamara. "If I bumped into you just now, the stain would be higher and there would be a splatter. However, if you accidentally spilled it on yourself, it would form a spill-and-drag pattern, and the stain would be lower. I don't see any splatter on you, and the stain is lower. What do you think? If you recall, perhaps you'll remember what happened just now?"

Tamara had no comeback. Her lie was exposed. She underestimated Tamara, failed to set her up, and ended up embarrassing herself. Tamara's pale face

flushed.

Walter narrowed his sharp eyes, his handsome face cold and stern.

Clara glanced at Walter. "Since you insisted I apologize, I have to do something worthy of it, right? Otherwise, how unfair will it be? I'm sorry, I'll pay for the dry cleaning."

Tamara looked at Walter and tried to salvage the situation. "No need, Clara. You're right. Maybe I accidentally spilled it myself. It's not your fault. No need to apologize. I'll be more careful next time. Although she was humiliated, Tamara could only swallow her pride.

Clara sneered, "How do you know my name? Have we met?" Clara exposed Tamara for knowing her, and her relationship with Walter, and that was why

Tamara tried to frame her.

Tamara Froze. She was rendered speechless again.

Clara didn't wait for Tamara's answer. She scrutinized Tamara and raised her eyebrows. Her smile was insincere. "You're right. Of course, you would know who I am." Clara's words were vague but hinted at something.

Tamara's face turned black. Was Clara hinting that she knew of Clara's relationship with Walter and decided to come between them anyway? However, to maintain her image, Tamara could only force a laugh and endure it.

Clara looked coldly at Walter. "Sorry, Mr. Colon. I quit!" She took out the resignation letter prepared for Richard and threw it at Walter. Then, she dashed

out.

Walter watched Clara disappear. He looked at his stained suit and recalled the slap last time. How did he not know before that Clara could be so prickly?

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Chapter 22

Clara regretted it after leaving. Her satisfaction was fleeting, and what should she do after? Waller still had Marlie and could easily keep her from seeing her. She was too impulsive. Clara shouldn't have offended him and provoked Tamara. Anxiety filled her.

When Clara exited the elevator, she ran into Willard in the lobby.

"Why did you come from there?" Willard pulled Clara toward him. "You didn't answer my calls. I thought you were standing me up. Where did you go?"

Clara shook off Willard, "Why di

"Why did you ask me to come here?"

"You think I want to? The project is now assigned to Vernon, Mr. Colon's assistant. I can only call you here to discuss it," Willard explained. His eyes lingered on Clara. She wasn't wearing makeup today, but compared to that night, she seemed more beautiful. Her beauty was incomparable. Willard had seen many women but never someone like her.

“Come on. I won’t hold it against you as long as you handle the project well” Willard tried to pull Clara close again.

Clara frowned and avoided him. She didn’t know much about Willard before, but she looked him up online later. Although Willard was good-looking and generous, he was notorious for being a playboy. Walter wouldn’t associate with someone like Willard, but they were distant cousins. No wonder Richard had inquired about Willard’s preferences, then had Clara dress up for the appointment to secure a big project.

After being rejected repeatedly, Willard’s face turned ugly. “It’s true. You were fooling me that night. But I’m set on you, Clara honey. You can’t escape.” He grabbed Clara’s wrist. “I’ll have you in my bed.”

“Get lost.” Clara shook her wrist desperately but couldn’t break free. “I’ve resigned. Go find someone else.”

“Sign the contract because of you. Do you think you can back out? You better pay me back.” Willard admired Clara up close. He loved seeing women flustered. It called to the hunter’s instincts in him.

Willard stared at her delicate neck and down to her neckline and cleavage. He swallowed. She was alluring. He itched to take her somewhere private. He should have taken her that night.

Clara could sense Willard’s predatory gaze. She shouted, “Let go now. We’re in public. If you don’t, I’m going to scream.”

“Go on, I like that. If you want to back out, sleep with me. That’ll make up for my loss.” Willard laughed wickedly, his hand on her waist. Her waist was thin. He could easily wrap his palm around it.

Clara thought she was about to be molested when Willard unexpectedly released her, Clara hastily adjusted her collar and smoothed her long hair, not wanting to appear too disheveled.

When Clara turned around, Walter walked out of the elevator. No wonder Willard had stopped.

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Chapter 23

Dressed in a new suit, Walter was expressionless. He glanced at Clara and glared icily at Willard. “This isn’t a nightclub. Don’t embarrass me.”

Willard quickly apologized. "Sorry, Mr. Colon. I came to ask Vernon about the project, so I called her here. I'll leave you two to it." Willard walked off hastily, afraid of being implicated.

Walter took out Clara's resignation and threw it back at her. He whispered in her ear, "Resign? Don't you want to see Marlie again?"

Clara glared at Walter resentfully. "How can you go back on your word? You promised that I could have Marlie."

"No. I never agreed Marlie could remain with a mother who sold herself." Walter sneered and walked off.

Clara bit her lip. She didn't sell herself. She had no idea Richard would do that. Now, she couldn't explain to Walter.

Seeing Walter leave, Willard felt relieved. Sometimes, he didn't dare to speak to him. If they weren't related and his grandfather hadn't begged, Walter probably wouldn't look at Willard twice. That was why Willard wanted to handle big projects independently, rather than always being submissive to Walter. Willard dragged Clara aside. "What's up between you two? Don't deny it. I won't be fooled again."

Clara lied, "We met a long time ago at a nightclub. I drugged him and slept with him, then faked a pregnancy so he'd marry me. That's who I am. Still want me?"

Willard's jaw dropped. "Are you out of your mind? You tried to pull a fast one on him? Mr. Colon is the big shot in Zwingenrath and he is loaded. That is impossible."

Clara didn't reply. The impossible had happened.

"You better stop dreaming. Do you know what happened to the last woman who tried to seduce him?" Willard went on.

Clara asked, "What?"

Willard shook his head. "I don't know. I've never seen her again."

Clara frowned. What did that mean? Did she die? Clara knew how ruthless Walter was. She had first-hand experience.

Willard looked at her. "Seriously, you're still kickin'? With those ideas, you should've long bitten the dust." Clara didn't reply. She had indeed "died" many times.

Something dawned on Willard. "Hold on. Mr. Colon doesn't set foot in those joints. You can't have met him there. He only tagged along last time because I decided on the place. You're pulling my leg again, aren't you?"

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Chapter 23

Clara didn't bother to explain further. "Believe what you want." She turned to leave. She was annoyed by everything that had happened.

"Hey!" Willard called out, but he didn't dare to harass her anymore. What Clara said could be true. Thinking back, Walter and Clara were off from the beginning. If she had slept with Walter, Willard wouldn't dare touch her.

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Walter was dominant, controlling, and possessive. No one should ever break Walter's rules. Even if it was women Walter no longer wanted, whoever touched them would be punished. Willard wouldn't risk it. He sucked in a breath. Thank God he had stopped that night. Otherwise, he might be six feet under now.

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Chapter 24

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In the following days, Clara stayed in a hotel temporarily. She didn't contact Walter, and he wouldn't call her either. He had Marlie and wasn't afraid Clara would disappear.

Clara sent out numerous resumes in the meantime. Since Walter said she sold herself to support Marlie, she wanted to find a job. However, Clara was rejected very quickly, telling her she didn't meet the companies' requirements.

Clara knew Walter was responsible. Walter had put her on a recruitment blacklist. He was forcing Clara to go back and beg him. Walter was ruthlessly exploiting her vulnerabilities.

Clara missed Marlie terribly. She recalled Marlie's pale, pitiful face and her heart ached. Clara relented and returned to the Colon Group.

This time was different. The receptionist intercepted Clara. She glanced disdainfully at Clara's cheap clothes and rolled her eyes. The receptionist asked, "Miss, who are you looking for? Do you have an appointment?"

Clara replied calmly, "I'm looking for Walter Colon."

The receptionist was taken aback when Clara called out Walter's name. "Who are you? Do you think Mr. Colon will see anyone? If you cause any trouble, I'll call security."

Clara shrugged. "Sure. Go ahead. Call them. If Walter asks me why I didn't come up, I'll tell him it's because of you." She looked at the receptionist's nametag.

The receptionist backed down. She didn't dare to risk it. Staring at Clara suspiciously, she called the secretary's desk to confirm.

She received a reply shortly. The receptionist told Clara, "Miss, Mr. Colon asked you to go to the lounge on the 87th floor and wait for him." The receptionist's tone was more polite. Smiling awkwardly, she led Clara there respectfully.

Clara was indifferent to the change in attitude.

She took the elevator to the 87th floor.

The Colon Group building had 88 floors. The top floor was Walter's office, and a transparent winding staircase connected the 87th and 88th floors.

The lounge was spacious, with carpets covering it. It was furnished with elegant sofas.

Clara sat on the sofa and waited. She was surprised by the luxury. There was a private kitchen, a dining room, rooms, and a bathroom. The cityscape was visible from the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Clara waited until evening, but Walter did not show up.

The lounge was comfortable, and the sofa was soft. Gradually, fatigue set in. Clara leaned back to rest, and eventually, she lay down and fell asleep.

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Chapter 24

As the last rays of sunset faded away, Walter finally finished his work. Coming down the staircase, Walter saw her delicate figure curled up on the sofa. Her long hair partially covered her face.

It was so quiet he could hear her breathing.

Walter was furious. How dare she fall asleep? Crossing the room to wake her, he suddenly froze.

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Her exquisite profile, her petite and sharp nose, the distinct shape of her lips, the curve of her closed eyes, and her smooth neck made her even more alluring in the shadows.

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Chapter 25

Clara slept deeply, her brows furrowed, her exhaustion obvious.

Walter retracted his hand and sat down beside her.

Clara slept for a long time, but it was as though she was in a nightmare. Suddenly, as though she sensed someone beside her, she woke up abruptly and shot upright.

Moonlight streamed in through the windows, illuminating the man beside her. His face was sculpted and his eyes deep-set.

It took a moment for Clara to realize it was Walter. His sharp eyes, hidden in the dark, stared at her like a leopard.

Clara was startled. She broke into a cold sweat. Was Walter waiting for her to wake up? That was

impossible. He usually left after she fell asleep and never stayed overnight, let alone wait for her to wake up.

Clara shook her head to regain her composure. "Sorry about sleeping." She remembered why she came here. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

Clara got up to turn on the lights. The lounge was too dark, and she couldn't see Walter's expression. It made her anxious. However, she felt weak, and her legs gave out. She fell onto him.

Clara panicked. She clung instinctively to him.

Walter reached out and hugged her slender waist. It was still as narrow and smooth as he remembered.

Clara finally steadied herself when she was within an inch of his face, her arms around his shoulders. His scorching breath almost melted her. She flushed.

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It was the first time Clara was so close to Walter's face. She didn't dare to move, afraid their lips would meet. They had never kissed before, even though they had had sex.

Walter's presence was dominating. Her heart felt like it was in her throat. Walter must be able to hear her heartbeat.

Walter scrutinized Clara. She was trembling. She had sweated profusely from her nightmare. Her thin clothes clung to her, revealing her exquisite curves, delicate collarbones, full chest, slender waist, and long legs.

Her sweet fragrance filled his nostrils. Walter swallowed. He lowered his head and kissed her.

Clara was stunned. This was her first kiss.

His lips were hot and soft. Nothing was like this. She widened her eyes. His mesmerizing eyes were closed, and his lashes were long. Sensations spread in her body. Her mind went blank.

The kiss deepened. Walter's breath became more urgent. Desire rose. With a hand, he pulled down her

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zipper and reached inside.

The chill woke Clara up. She remembered how he had kissed Tamara passionately just now. What was he doing now?

She didn't want this. With a burst of strength, Clara pushed Walter away.

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