

Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried

Chapter 26

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Caught off guard, Walter hit the sofa. Clara also fell backward and landed on the ground.

The lounge's lights were voice-activated. Lights came on suddenly. Everything became visible, including their disarray.

Clara, breathless from the , choked. Having gone hungry the whole day, her stomach felt uncomfortable. She covered her mouth and heaved.

Walter turned livid. Did his disgust her that much? So Clara still couldn't forget that person. Her were reserved for that man.

Walter felt as though someone had doused him in ice water. "Get lost!" he roared, his eyes bloodshot.

"Sure." Clara quickly stood up from the floor and fled the lounge.

After being together for three years, Clara understood him well. Walter was going to explode. When she gave birth prematurely three years ago, he was the same. Clara still didn't understand why. She was the one who had fallen down the stairs and almost died, and Marlie was kept in an incubator. Walter threw a huge temper at her then and proceeded to ignore her. Now, Walter found someone new.

Nevermind. Since they were divorced, she shouldn't dwell on the past. Clara left hurriedly.

She returned to her hotel and lay on the large bed weakly. Calming down, she regretted her actions. She wanted to have a good chat, to understand what Walter wanted, and how she could get Marlie back. However, she messed things up. She felt anxious.

Her lips felt hot. Clara touched them. She could still taste him. She was confused. Why did Walter her? He had never done it before. Not even during . Why was today different? Did he mistake her for Tamara?

Clara felt disgusted. She ran into the bathroom and turned on the tap to rinse her mouth. As the water flowed, she hesitated. It was her first . Clara still loved Walter. She was reluctant to erase any trace of him.

‘What is wrong with me? He has someone else, but I can’t let go of him,’ Clara thought. Dejected, Clara returned to bed and wrapped herself in a blanket, but she couldn’t sleep. After tossing and turning, she dozed off briefly in the early morning.

The next day, Clara woke up even more anxious. She wandered around the hotel for most of the day, taking several showers to stay awake, but she still couldn’t think of any solution.

She picked up the phone several times to call Walter but chose not to. Even if the call went through, what would she say? Walter was undoubtedly still angry.

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However, Clara missed Marlie too much. She wanted to see her. She thought of where Walter would bring Marlie. Marlie wasn’t in the villa she used to live in. She had checked. His family refused to acknowledge Marlie’s existence, so they couldn’t have her. Walter had a luxurious top-floor apartment, but Walter liked his peace, so he would never allow a nanny to care for Marlie there.

Her eyes lit up suddenly. Walter had a villa on a mountain. It was secluded, situated along a mountainside, surrounded by a vast forest. One had to drive up a long path to it.

When they were just married, he had taken her there once. Their relationship wasn’t bad at first. It only worsened after Clara gave birth to Marlie.

Although it had been a long time, she vaguely remembered the location. Could Walter take Marlie there, where no one could find her? Clara decided to try her luck.

Clara checked the route. She needed to take a bus to the foot of the mountain and hike up. With her heart set, she left the hotel and headed to the bus stop.

Harry Zinn tailed Clara and boarded the bus with her, hiding in a corner at the back while calling discreetly. “I’ve got my eyes on the chick. I haven’t been able to catch her alone before now, but she seems to be heading to Ranary Hills now. I am on the bus with her, and this route’s got one final stop at the base of that mountain. I bet she’s going hiking. This is a golden chance.”

A cold and venomous female voice came. “She must die today. I’ll double the price. I’m transferring 200 thousand dollars to you now. Do you remember what to tell her before she kicks the bucket?”

“Yes, of course!” Harry’s face was sinister. “Relax. I’ll get it done. Wait for my good news.”

There was no one in the back with him to overhear them.

After hanging up, Tamara faced the mirror in the fitting room, smiling maliciously. She wouldn't let Clara get away with what happened last time.

Furthermore, when Tamara went to Colon Group to find Walter, he wasn't in the office. She went to the lounge and saw Walter and Clara. Although the lounge was dark, Tamara wouldn't mistake Walter's silhouette, and she heard Clara's moans.

Furious, Tamara left. They must have had after. She wasn't about to watch that.

Damn it. Tamara should have expected it. If Clara was alive, she would continue to seduce Walter. Clara was always a threat.

Luckily, Tamara had planned for this. Clara would disappear completely.

Tamara grinned coldly. She turned smugly, admiring her new dress. The skirt fluttered. Walter belonged to her, and no one could compete with her.

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When the bus arrived at the foot of Ranary Hills, it was dusk. Clara alighted and looked at the sky. The sun cast the mountains and forest in an orange glow. Unfortunately, the night was approaching.

Clara regretted coming too late. When she reached the villa, it would likely be pitch dark.

Clara glanced at her phone. It had only 20% battery left. She decided to turn it off, saving the battery for when she needed the phone's flashlight.

An older woman who alighted with her asked, "Going up the mountain, huh? There's no public transport going that way, you know. It's not some touristy spot. Only well-heeled folks with villas up there."

Clara looked at her. She was around sixty with graying hair, wrinkles, and a sun-worn complexion. She seemed to be a local farmer. Clara replied, "Yes, it's urgent. Do you know a shorter way? I want to reach halfway before it gets dark."

“You hit the jackpot asking me! See that fork up ahead? There’s this little path. It’s way closer. It’s a bit winding and all, with bushes and weeds on the sides. Just watch out not to scratch yourself. It’d be a shame if a young girl like you got injured.” The woman pointed at it.

“Thanks!” Clara laughed dryly. She was no longer young.

The path was as described. Clara picked up a long branch to clear her path. Ranary Hills, located in the suburbs of Zwingenrath, was a cliff peak formed by geological movement. It was just about 2000 feet.

Darkness fell. Shadows grew long. Clara sensed something was amiss. There were always faint rustling sounds behind her, but when she turned, she saw nothing. She thought it might be small animals, or wild cats at first.

As Clara climbed, her uneasiness increased. Finally, she sensed movement and turned abruptly, seeing a man in a black hooded sweatshirt and a hat standing, looking sinisterly.

Clara was startled. She had seen him on the bus. He had followed her.

Realizing he was discovered, Harry leaped out of the bushes.

Clara narrowed her eyes vigilantly. “Who are you? Why are you following me?”

Harry’s greedy eyes roamed over Clara. “You’ve got some curves and a pretty face. Sweetheart, someone’s paid me to take you out. Such a pity. How about we spend some time together first? If you pleased me, I might just do it a tad quicker.”

Clara’s face paled. Someone wanted her dead? Although she could fight, it might not be enough to deal with this thug.

Harry licked his lips. His Adam’s apple bobbed. He approached, his hand outstretched.

“Stay away!” Clara growled when he was about to touch her.

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Harry grinned wickedly. “You’re squealing already? Save your energy. Don’t worry. No one will come even if you scream your lungs out here.”

Clara’s face paled further. It was true. It was desolate and far from the cluster of villas. It was getting dark. Who could come to her rescue?

Harry unbuttoned his shirt and advanced toward Clara. He grinned lewdly and pounced.

Clara dodged and, with a spinning motion, kicked out. Her foot hit Harry on the back of his head. It was a classic combat move.

Harry cried out painfully. He fell forward, thorns scratching his forehead. He bled.

“Fuck!” Harry struggled to get up, but he was dizzy.

Clara didn’t expect to defeat Harry with a single move. She turned and dashed into the forest.

The sky darkened. The sun was setting soon.

Harry caught up before Clara ran far. “You bitch. Don’t think you can escape today.” Harry pounced at Clara.

There was a loud ripping sound. Harry had torn Clara’s top, revealing her shoulder.

Harry’s eyes widened. His excitement grew. She felt great.

Harry’s touch made Clara feel nauseated. She was at a disadvantage. She had no strength to run. She couldn’t hide. She couldn’t call anyone for help. Clara backed away slowly.

Night fell rapidly.

Suddenly, Clara’s foot slipped, and she swayed. She heard the sound of stones falling and was startled. She realized she was standing on a cliff. The falling stones made no sound. She didn’t know how deep it was below.

Harry leered at her. “Where can you go now, bitch? How dare you hurt me? You have to die today.”

“Who sent you?” Clara, on the brink of terror, asked. She almost fell into despair. She wanted to die at the thought of being raped.

“You’ve offended a big shot.” Harry’s eyes were bloodthirsty as he closed in.

A big shot? Clara was stunned. How many people did she know in Zwingenrath? Could it be Willard? Just because Willard didn’t get to call the shots on the project?

“Who?” Clara’s voice shook. Her fingers trembling.

“Come here and please me, and I’ll make it pleasant for you.” Harry had already unbuckled his belt and

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dropped his pants. He rubbed his hands, then remembered what Tamara had told him. “Tsk. Since you’re dying, I’ll spill the beans. You offended someone called Colon. You shouldn’t have gotten in his way.”

Clara was dumbfounded. The name cut through her heart like a dagger. It hurt. She never dreamt that Walter would want her dead.

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Clara’s body trembled. Her lips quivered. She refused to believe it. She had already signed the divorce papers, so how was she getting in his way? Even if she pushed Walter away last night, he wouldn’t want her dead. He had already forced her into a corner. Why kill her? She was Marlie’s mother. Why was he so ruthless? Clara clutched her phone tightly behind her. No, Walter couldn’t be this cruel.

Clara turned on her phone. Trembling, she pressed the number 1 from memory and intuition. It was a shortcut to Walter’s number, even though she had seldom contacted him.

However, Clara’s heart clenched. What was she doing? Was she still harboring fantasies about him? She hoped Walter would answer but feared it might be true.

Danger permeated the night. The phone vibrated and was hung up.

Something in Clara broke. Walter had hung up. That meant Harry was telling the truth. A man who wished her dead wouldn’t answer the phone.

Clara felt like she had fallen into an icy lake. She went numb. She hadn’t felt such despair when she was divorced, but now, her heart died.

Clara wanted to leave quietly with Marlie. She didn’t want his money and didn’t want to trouble him. She couldn’t understand why Walter wouldn’t let her go. He was so malicious.

But then, Walter could give her to other men, so he certainly didn’t care about her. Perhaps he was furious because she hadn’t agreed to the additional agreement he proposed.

Walter was about to remarry. Perhaps she annoyed him, or he wanted to get the blot in his life entirely. Or perhaps, he wanted revenge when she exposed Tamara's tricks and embarrassed her. Maybe he knew Clara wanted to find Marlie and leave the city with her.

Clara didn't want to die. She had to survive for Marlie. Otherwise, who would protect Marlie?

Marlie had suffered too much since birth. Her father paid no attention to her and her stepmother would not treat her well. Clara could imagine what would happen. If Walter could abandon Clara heartlessly, he could easily abandon Marlie too.

As Harry approached Clara, Clara shut her eyes in despair. Could she only wait for death now?

Suddenly, Harry noticed a light coming from behind Clara. It was her phone. His gaze turned terrifying. 'Damn it. She's calling for help,' he swore. Money was more important to Harry. With money, Harry could get plenty of women. He couldn't ruin things now.

Harry rushed forward, snatched Clara's phone, and kicked her off the cliff. "Bitch, die!"

As Clara fell, the phone vibrated. Harry looked down and saw an incoming call. It was from Walter.