

Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried by Janie Long

Chapter 31

Released on June 2, 2024

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Harry's eyelid twitched. Thankfully, he dealt with her before the call came in, or he would be in trouble.

The phone rang for a long time and finally disconnected. After a pause, the phone rang again.

Harry wanted to throw it away but thought it would give away where he kicked her. He decided to take the phone back and discard it when the battery was drained.

The phone kept ringing. Harry turned the phone to silent, dressed himself, and walked to the edge. He glanced down. It was high. Death was certain. Too bad he couldn't play with her. Harry remained there for a while leaving, feeling assured.

Walter called Clara three times but they went unanswered. Why wasn't she answering? What did she want?

Walter's heart skipped a beat. Uneasiness filled him. He frowned and returned to the private room.

Tamara noticed Walter had been restless. He even got up to make a call on the terrace. She eavesdropped but didn't hear him. She was nervous. 'Is it related to Clara? How did things go on Harry's side?'

Seeing Walter's frown, Tamara asked, "Walter, what's wrong? Who did you call?"

Walter glanced at her. "You ask too much. I'm leaving. I've got something on." He walked to the sofa and picked up his jacket.

Tamara hurriedly stopped him. "Sorry, Walter. I didn't mean anything by it." She had finally arranged for him to have dinner with her father. "Please don't leave. Dad will be here soon. He has always wanted to talk to you about the project. He's just caught in a bad jam."

Walter hesitated. He put down his jacket. A gleam flashed in his dark eyes. Since Clara didn't answer, it probably wasn't urgent. He couldn't delay his plan. "Fine." Walter sat down.

Tamara was relieved. If Walter left, she would be in trouble. Her family once dominated in Zwingenrath, but their finances weren't good lately. They desperately needed to cooperate with Walter, who would invest and secure a major project.

Tamara's phone vibrated then. It was a text message. Tamara spoke, "I need to use the washroom, Walter." With an innocent smile, Tamara got up.

Locking the bathroom door, Tamara took out her phone. Harry had sent, [Done.]

Tamara was delighted. Still, she called Harry. "What does it mean? Is she dead?"

Harry smiled. "Relax. No one could survive such a fall."

"You sure? The bitch seems to have called. Her phone is still on," Tamara asked, lowering her voice further.

"I've got the phone. It's been ringing but I didn't answer it. I'll dispose of it when the battery runs out.

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Transfer the rest of the money to me now," Harry told her.

"Sure." Tamara hung up and did the transaction.

Walter had indeed called Clara just now. Fortunately, Harry did his job.

Tamara sneered. The bitch was finally dead. She could finally relax.

Tamara checked herself in the mirror and walked out with the most gentle smile she could muster.

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Intense pain overwhelmed Clara. Her mind felt groggy as the waves of unbearable pain assailed her. She wanted to drift off but also wake up. Finally, she forced herself to open her eyes.

Above her was a white ceiling with two rows of bright LED lights. She lay there momentarily, not knowing where she was. Was she dead?

Suddenly, Clara recalled being kicked off the cliff. Terror surged within her. The feeling of being swallowed by darkness, the despair, and the fall came rushing back. She broke into a cold sweat, waking up

at once.

Walter had sent someone to kill her.

Breath rushed out of her. Clara held her hand to her chest and struggled to breathe. Gradually recovering from her fear, she sat up.

It smelled of disinfectant. She wasn't dead. Clara looked around. She was in a hospital. Someone had saved her. Who?

Sadness washed over her. Walter would be disappointed. Her eyes stung, but she held back the tears. It wasn't worth crying for him.

Just then, a nurse entered. She exclaimed, "You're awake! I'll get the doctor."

A young doctor entered shortly, visibly relieved. "You finally woke up. I was considering doing another head CT. How are you feeling? Any dizziness or nausea?" the doctor inquired.

Clara replied, "No. I'm fine. How long was I out for?"

The doctor answered, "A day."

Clara looked outside. It was pitch black again. She had thought only a few hours had passed.

"Miss, may I ask for your name? Sorry. We couldn't find any identification or a phone on you," the young doctor asked.

"My last name is Neal." Clara didn't give her full name. The thug had taken her phone.

"Miss Neal, do you need us to notify your family?" the doctor asked again.

"No, thank you." Clara's eyes were sad. "I have no family."

The doctor was taken aback and changed the topic. "You're lucky. You fell from the cliff but got caught on a tree branch. A passerby saved you. Otherwise, you'd have died. You only have some minor external injuries. They're treated and should be fine. We were concerned about a severe concussion and didn't know when you'd wake or if there

was any brain damage. Since you're awake, you should be fine. Before you leave, we'll do another head CT."

Clara nodded. "Who saved me? Is he still here? I would like to thank him."

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"Sure. I'll go call him. Hold on," the doctor said.

The doctor returned shortly. "I'm sorry. He just left. The nurse at the front desk said he got an urgent call just when he heard you woke up. Don't worry. He has already paid your medical expenses."

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Clara quickly got out of bed. If he just left, maybe she could catch up with him.

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"Hey, you can't leave yet. Rest. You can't be discharged until tomorrow morning at least." The nurse stopped Clara.

"I know. I'll be right back," Clara replied. She ran out. She took a while to find the front desk and approached the receptionist. "Which direction did the man who brought me here go?"

The receptionist recognized Clara. She pointed to the east. "You're a bit late. He probably left."

Clara rushed off. She followed the signs to the parking lot. She glimpsed the tail lights of a Maybach as it departed.

Though the parking lot had streetlights, it was dim. She didn't see the driver. She only knew the license plate was local. The man was probably from a wealthy family in Zwingenrath.

Clara felt dizzy. She braced herself on her knees, panting. Although she didn't see him, he felt strangely familiar.

Clara caught her breath and returned to the hospital. She asked the receptionist, "Did the man leave his name?"

The receptionist shook her head. "No."

"How did he pay my bill? If it's by credit card, there should be a name," Clara asked again.

"He paid in cash." The receptionist shrugged.

"What about the license plate? Since he parked here, can you find the plate number?" Clara pointed to the computer. "It's a black Maybach."

"Sure. Hold on." The receptionist turned on the computer and replied shortly, "I couldn't find it. There are two possibilities. Either he parked next to the parking lot, or the car was there to pick him up. I think the latter is more likely as I remember he arrived with the ambulance."

Clara was disappointed. "I see. Thanks anyway."

The receptionist smiled. "He's very handsome. Tall too, and gentle. The nurses on duty were curious to know who he was. It's too bad. But, you're lucky. They said you nearly died. Hopefully, you'll have better luck from now on."

Clara forced a smile. "Thanks."

Clara returned to the ward. She was wearing a hospital gown, had no phone, and couldn't contact anyone. She asked the nurse, "Where are my clothes?"

The nurse replied, "They were already in tatters. We cut them when we treated you. I threw them away. Oh, right." The nurse remembered something and took out a bag from the cabinet. "The man gave this to me before leaving. It's for you."

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Clara took it puzzledly. When she opened it, she was stunned. There was an elegant outfit, a pair of white sheepskin shoes, and ten thousand dollars in cash.

Clara was moved. The man was so thoughtful and generous. Unfortunately, she didn't know who he was.

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