

Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried

Chapter 36

Clara looked up but decided not to comment. She struggled to steady her breathing and responded, "Understood." She wanted to see Marlie and would endure.

Her unusual obedience made Walter wonder if she understood what he actually meant. He bent and grasped her chin, repeating firmly, "Stay away from Tamara, understand? If you mess with her, you'll regret it big time." Some people were dangerous.

Clara's jaw ached. Her eyes teared up. She bit her lips so hard they were white. Of course, she knew. There was no need to emphasize.

Clara only wanted to survive. "I understand. Thanks for the reminder." She even smiled.

The answer was satisfactory but Walter felt something was off. He couldn't figure it out. He released Clara and straightened. "Vernon will bring you a new

phone later. Use the new number and add me on WhatsApp. Call if something comes up."

Clara grabbed his shirt before he left. "About that agreement, can I..." She thought about how to phrase it without offending him. "Can I stay here?"

Walter thought momentarily. Given the current situation, it was better. Moreover, it was close to the company and there were people around and

surveillance. "Sure."

Clara felt relieved. She didn't want to move back to the villa. It was suffocating and lonely there and felt like jail. She began cautiously, "When Marlie? I really-"

Walter interrupted, "Clara, don't push it. If I'm not pleased, you won't see her. Report punctually tomorrow."

Walter left, slamming the door shut.

I see

Clara tightened her arms around her. It felt colder since his departure. She had bumped into the wall earlier and her wounds had reopened. It hurt. Her legs were weak.

Clara managed to get up. She glanced at the clothes Walter threw away and picked them up. She would dry clean them tomorrow. She hadn't managed to thank the man for it. She should keep them in case she needed to return them.

Clara would never allow herself to be disgraced. She must leave Zwingenrath with Marlie.

Clara leaned weakly against the wall. The more it hurt, the more awake she was. The agreement had stated she mistress now? Would he use her just like before? Why wouldn't he let her go?

Clara took a shower. She hadn't showered in two days and she felt uncomfortable. As the warm water cascaded over her, it and traces of his touch but also worsened the pain in her wounds.

not

only washed away fatigue

was

to

be

his beck.

Released on June 7, 2024

Chapter 37

+5

Clara woke up the next day and got ready for work, changing into work attire. When Vernon came, he brought her a set of uniform, which included a white shirt, black jacket, black skirt, and a pair of black leather shoes. It was the standard outfit for Colon Group's administrative staff.

When Clara arrived at Colon Group earlier than expected. She had not eaten, so she bought a piece of bread and milk.

It wasn't appropriate to eat at the entrance so Clara planned to find a lounge where she could eat. Unexpectedly, Clara bumped into Tamara.

Tamara was dressed exceptionally radiantly. She wore a blue evening gown with a fashionable cape made of ultra-thin cashmere. She had a wide-brimmed high-end

lady's hat in the Same color. Her lips were carefully painted, and her eye makeup was well done. With her head held high, Tamara was quite eye-catching.

Clara didn't want to see Tamara, but they always crossed paths. Tamara came here to find Walter and Walter wanted Clara to work here but avoid Tamara. How was it possible?

Frowning, Clara moved to avoid Tamara. However, Tamara had noticed her. She screamed, covering her mouth. Her eyes were wide as if she had seen a ghost.

The scream caused everyone to stop and look at them. Clara was stunned. 'Why is Tamara so terrified? Is there something on my face?' Clara touched her cheek. There was nothing.

Tamara stared at Clara in disbelief, trembling. 'She was supposed to be dead. How could she be here?' Tamara stumbled back, almost falling. She looked around and realized everyone was staring at them.

Tamara pointed at Clara and shouted, "Why won't you leave me alone?"

Scram! I don't want to see you again."

Clara frowned even more. Leave her alone? She had only met Tamara several times. "Miss Moss, you can pretend you didn't see me."

Tamara was even more shocked. Her jaw dropped. Could the dead talk? Then she realized something was wrong. Everyone could see Clara. Tamara wasn't hallucinating. The bitch Clara wasn't dead. Harry had deceived her. Not only had Clara not died, but she dared to work here. Clara must have come to seduce Walter. Tamara breathed in deeply, forcing herself to stay calm. Fortunately, she hadn't revealed anything just now.

Clara couldn't be bothered with Tamara. Tamara seemed like a lunatic. Clara headed to the elevator.

"Stop! Why are you here?" Tamara shouted.

Clara ignored her.

Tamara grabbed her. "I'm talking to you! Didn't you hear me?"

Clara turned. "Sorry, I didn't catch you. I did hear a bitch barking. What about you?"

Clara wanted to avoid Tamara but it seemed Tamara was determined to cause trouble today.

Released on June 7, 2024

Chapter 38

After being repeatedly provoked by Clara, Tamara turned red and veins bulged: acted like a shrew, lunging at Clara and yanking her long hair.

on her neck. She suddenly abandoned her elegant socialite image and

When Tamara touched Clara, she finally confirmed Clara was alive. How dare Harry take double the payment when he had failed?

Only low-class women without manners would pull each other's hair. Clara was taken aback by Tamara's actions. Her scalp hurt so much that she couldn't defend herself.

Tamara shouted, "You shameless t. Don't you know I'm about to marry Walter?" When she raised her hand to slap Clara, someone seized her wrist.

"Ouch!" Tamara felt as though her wrist was about to break. Tears welled up in her eyes. She had to release Clara. "Who's the busybody?" Annoyed, Tamara turned and froze.

Clara also looked at the newcomer.

The man looked gentle and handsome. His eyes were kind. His fringe was short and he wore an elegant suit. He looked like a refined gentleman and was attractive.

Clara was shocked. How could it be him? Mike. It had been three years since they last parted ways. Why was he here? Why did he stop Tamara and help her?

The man looked at Clara in surprise. His voice was gentle. "Is your back healed?"

Clara was startled. How could he know? Her heart raced. The only person who would know was the one who saved her. Was he the one? Was he the one who also paid for her bills, her clothes and give her cash? Trembling, Clara asked uncertainly, "Is it you? Did you save me?"

The man smiled but remained silent.

Tamara protested unhappily, "Mike, why are you meddling? You don't even know who this slut is."

Clara was dumbfounded. He was Tamara's brother? How could that be? She clearly remembered he had said his name was Mike Smith.

“Sorry for the trouble, miss. My sister lost it today and hurt you. I am Mike Moss. You can have my business card,” Mike Moss said, taking out a business card and handing it to Clara.

Then, Mike turned and threw Tamara aside before speaking to her sternly, “I’m not interested in your affairs. But please don’t disgrace our family in public.”

Clara was taken aback. Disappointment and pain flashed in her eyes. Mike did not seem to remember what happened three years ago. Moreover, he was the oldest son of the affluent Moss family.

1/1

Released on June 7, 2024

Chapter 39

“By the way, I don’t know who you are,” Mike asked softly. His voice was pleasant, just like before.

“Clara Neal.” Clara took a deep breath and explained with a smile. Let bygones be bygones. Today could be the first day they met.

“Sounds nice.” Mike’s lips were curved. He looked at her uniform. “Do you work here?”

“Kind of,” Clara replied vaguely.

Mike saw Clara’s dropped breakfast and picked it up. “Sorry. Tamara is spoiled. Since these are dirty, let me buy you something new. Where do you work? I’ll bring it to you.”

“No need.” Clara’s voice was indifferent. She looked up at him. “Thanks for saving me. When I woke up, you had already left. I didn’t know who you were, so I was worried I couldn’t thank you.” Without waiting for his response, she continued coldly, “Thanks for the clothes and money. I’ve packed them up for you. if you give me an address, I can send them to you.”

Tamara listened to their conversation. Because of Mike, she didn’t dare to make trouble. However, she realized Mike had saved Clara at Ranary Hills. That was why Harry failed.

Tamara was enraged. It was so close. How could the bi t c h be so lucky?

Mike frowned. “I was going to see you but I had to leave. As for those stuff, they’re because you need it. No need for niceties.”

Clara was about to reply when Walter’s tall and dashing figure appeared. His cold and sharp gaze swept across them. Clara stiffened and shivered.

Walter strode toward them. His gaze fell on Clara. Her long hair was disheveled, her clothes in disarray, and she had been talking with Mike. "What are you doing?" His voice was cold.

Clara stammered, "1..."

Tamara went up to Walter affectionately. "Walter, I came to find you."

Walter brushed off Tamara's hand. "I didn't ask you."

Tamara stood awkwardly to the side.

"Walter, it's been a long time." Mike greeted.

Walter's face was tense. "When did you return?"

"A few days ago." Mike smiled. "I haven't been back in three years. Zwingenrath has changed a lot. I almost didn't recognize it."

Walter glanced at Mike. "Your vision is restored?"

"Yeah," Mike looked around. "I could see back much earlier but underwent some repair surgeries and professional eye lens recovery training. I've regained my sight."

Clara looked down in silence. That was right. When she saved Mike three years ago, he was blind. It was understandable that Mike didn't recognize her.

11

Released on June 7, 2024

Chapter 40

"Walter, is she your employee?" Mike pointed at Clara. "Which department is she in? I accidentally knocked over her breakfast. I wanted to replace it." Clara was surprised. She didn't expect Mike to hide Tamara's unruly behavior nor repeat the question she hadn't answered.

"It's only breakfast." Walter's tone was stiff. "Or do you think we can't feed our staff?"

Mike grinned. "I didn't mean that."

Walter stared at Clara coldly. "Haven't you got a watch? Why are you late on your first day?"

Clara could only mutter, "I'm sorry, Mr. Colon. Mr. Moss, goodbye." She quickly left, taking the next elevator.

Mike's eyes followed Clara until she vanished. Walter's expression worsened.

"I delayed her just now. Don't blame her," Mike explained. He didn't press when Walter didn't answer where Clara worked. It was apparent Walter didn't want to tell him. Something was going on between them or Tamara wouldn't publicly assault Clara. Walter had been unfriendly since he appeared.

"I'm here for the collaboration." Mike changed the topic. "Shall we discuss it?"

"Walter, I'm here for that too." Tamara quickly put on an innocent and charming appearance. "Since you agreed, he was happy and kept asking how it's going."

Tamara also wanted to get closer to Walter and see his reaction to Clara's death. She couldn't meet Walter in the last few days, so she had to come in today.

However, Clara was alive.

Tamara cared about the project too. The sooner it was established, the more secure she would be. Not wanting to seem overeager, Tamara changed her tune. "Walter, I'm not rushing you. I missed you and came to see you too." She pretended to be shy and lowered her head, twisting her fingers.

Walter glanced at them. "You can go back. When the proposal is ready, I'll contact you." The last part was directed at Mike.

Walter left.

"Hold on, Walter..." Tamara wanted to chase him. She hadn't even talked to Walter. How could she leave? It was unacceptable.

Mike wrenched Tamara back, dragging her out of the Colon Group. "Explain yourself." Mike's tone was cold. He knew Tamara. Tamara pretended to be gentle and virtuous but was arrogant and ruthless. When she was abroad, she was harsh on the servants, often scolding and hitting them, causing a lot of

resentment.

"Explain what?" Tamara revealed her true colors. "Are you talking about that bitch Clara? She's Walter's mistress. She's a vixen. Why can't I hit her?"

Mike was shocked. No wonder. However, Clara didn't feel like someone who depended on a man. When Mike saved her, her frail and pale appearance made his heart ache.

Although Mike only exchanged a few words with her, his heart clenched. For some reason, Clara gave him a sense of déjà vu.

1/1