

Daddy Mommy's Getting Remarried

Chapter 6

Clara faced a daunting duo a notorious womanizer and a cold-hearted magnate, each intimidating in their own right.

The club manager was already at the door, ready to welcome them personally.

with a determined push, Richard nudged Clara into the mix.

Caught off guard, she stumbled forward, landing straight into a familiar embrace. Why does this scent feel so familiar? she thought, puzzled and taken aback. Lifting her head, she locked eyes with Walter, who, as it turned out, was the evening's key investor Richard had alluded to.

Walter's brows furrowed, his distaste for the situation evident.

With a swift push, Clara found herself stumbling aside before another set of hands steadied her, the touch unwelcome,

"Easy there, beauty, Wouldn't want you to take a tumble," the man flirted, his hand sliding up her arm in a presumptuous attempt at familiarity.

Clara, uncomfortable with the stranger's touch, struggled to maintain her composure as Richard made introductions

She was introduced to Walter of Colon Group and Willard Hersey of IMC Group's Avalonia-Nirvana region leadership.

Forcing a smile. Clara greeted them, though her heart wasn't in it. She quickly seized the moment to distribute the prepared project proposals, eager to

shift focus

As everyone settled, Willard made a point to sit close to Clara.

Willard, known for his roving eye, made no secret of his appreciation, openly complimenting Clara's looks in front of everyone.

"Richard, where did you find such a stunner? She's quite the looker," he remarked, though mindful of Walter's presence.

However, the room's attention soon turned to Walter, the real power broker of the evening.

Attempting to gauge Walter's interest, Willard asked, "What do you think, Mr. Colon?"

Clara, stealing glances at Walter, found his indifference disheartening. What was I expecting? she mused, well aware of his character.

Walter glanced at Clara's appearance: the black dress that highlighted her curves, the subtle makeup enhancing her natural beauty. Yet, his response was dismissive. "Plain and unremarkable."

Clara's heart sank. Her makeup, meant for professionalism, now seemed a misguided attempt at allure, especially since she hadn't anticipated Walter's involvement.

Willard, seizing the moment, quipped, "Indeed, how could she compare to your fiancée, Ms. Moss? A lady of grace, education, and high standing."

Walter retorted, "She's not even in the same league."

Clara was white-faced, thinking bitterly, 'in his eyes, I'm just a schemer, unworthy of mention alongside his pristine Tamara.'

Biting back the pain, Clara presented the project proposal with feigned calm, hoping to steer the evening back to business, "Mr. Colon, Mr. Hersey, please, have a look at our project proposal."

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Before Clara could introduce the project, Willard cut in with a whistle, jokingly saying, "Hold up, beauty. Business can wait. First, we drink, then we get personal, and business comes last. That's how it's done."

Richard, eager to smooth things over, quickly added with a smile, "Mr. Colon, Mr. Hersey, allow me to pour the wine."

As he said this, Richard brought out a bottle of red wine from Romani Winery, worth tens of thousands of dollars. It was a major investment for him, and a failure to close the deal tonight would mean a huge loss.

"Let her do it," Walter remarked coldly, barely acknowledging Clara's presence. "She is here to serve drinks, isn't she?"

In an instant, Clara felt insulted. Her fingers clenched tightly behind her back, almost digging into her skin. Yet, she bit back her anger.

Her aim today was to seal the deal, secure her commission, and quit on the spot.

1 refuse to spend another day at a company that engages in such shameful practices to attract investments; Clara thought with disdain.

As she opened the wine bottle and stepped forward to pour, Walter coldly glanced at her and said, "Kneel to pour the wine. Don't you know the rules?"

Shocked, Clara shot back, "Mr. Colon, I'm a businesswoman, not a call girl."

Walter sneered. "To me,

it's all the

same."

Clara's anger surged, but she couldn't let it show.

Richard, sensing the rising tension, subtly kicked Clara's knee, forcing her to kneel.

The moment she knelt, Walter, leaning back lazily on the couch, looked down at her with disdain as if she were trash.

Clara felt greatly distressed. 'He asked for the divorce, and I left without asking for anything. What more does he want from me? He hasn't cared for me at all in these three years. Discarded like an unwanted toy, she thought bitterly.

Clara tried to stand up. Richard quickly pressed down on her shoulders, whispering, "Here, the one pouring cannot stand taller than them. It's the rule. Till add 10% to your commission. Don't mess this

up

for me.

Seeing Clara's hesitation, he warned, "If you back out now, can you afford the breach of contract penalty?"

Realizing her predicament, Clara gripped the bottle even tighter. She couldn't afford to pay the penalty. For Marlie's sake, she had to bear it.

"Alright, I'll do it," she said, frustration evident in her tone.

After kneeling and pouring the wine, she offered the glass to Walter,

When Walter took the glass, his fingers brushed against hers. He paused, then suddenly, he flung the entire glass of wine in Clara's face.

Drenched and chilled, Clara looked at Walter in disbelief.

"Disgusting. Get a new glass, pour again," Walter stated, his revulsion clear,

"He actually finds me disgusting. It's no wonder he never kissed me! Clara thought, fighting back tears. It dawned on her, the disdain he showed even after their intimate moments, always rushing to power.

Even Willard couldn't watch silently anymore. He gently pulled Clara towards him and started wiping her face with a napkin, showering her with.

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compliments. "Absolutely Gorgeous! A figure carved from marble, a complexion like cream. Mr. Colon, what are you doing? Why get hung up on formalities? You're missing the ability to cherish beauty"

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Clara didn't shrink away from Willard's gestures, instead keeping her eyes locked on Walter, determined to see how far he would go to humiliate her.

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Sweetheart, let's get you into dry clothes. You must be so uncomfortable," Willard offered, pulling Clara up. "It's just a contract. Make me happy, and I'll sign it later.

Clara's heart skipped a beat, thinking, 'A man leading a woman to a changing room here? It's nothing but a playground for their pleasure!

She gave Walter a frosty look. 'Is he going to let this playboy whisk me away?"

Surprisingly, Walter said coolly, "I Mr. Hersey signs, I'll sign too."

The implication made Clara gasp. He was pushing her into another man's arms.

Richard was ecstatic, signaling Clara with his eyes. He thought for the sake of a big deal, a little sacrifice seemed trivial. He quickly opened the door for

them,

Clara settled into a terrifying calm. The anger from before had drenched her back. The blast of the air conditioning made her feel as if she was being

encased in ice.

She glared at Walter defiantly. Walter, however, didn't spare her a glance. Feeling cold to the bone, Clara finally said, "Fine, thank you, Mr. Colon."

Willard dragged Clara to the changing room. The manager brought a more sexy black dress, obviously aware of what was to come, and promptly left, closing the door firmly behind him.

As soon as the door closed, Willard pushed Clara, making her lose her footing and fall onto the sofa.

"Be good, let's have some fun first. I'll take you to a hotel later," he proposed, excitement evident as he forcefully tried to kiss her.

Clara dodged, causing his chin to hit her shoulder hard. She winced in pain but remained silent, likely bruised.

"Don't shy away, darling. You're just perfect. Right curves in all the right places. And those legs are so slim. You don't look inexperienced, so drop the act. Relax, let me enjoy," he teased.

Clara forcefully pushed Willard away and kicked him off the sofa with her long legs.

Willard hit the floor, shocked. "Kicking me? Don't you want the contract signed? Mr. Hunt brought you knowing my preferences. Weren't you aware?"

Clara cursed internally, "If I knew you were such an asshole, I wouldn't have bothered coming to this shit place."

"Mr. Hersey, playing games isn't my thing," she said, her voice laced with scorn.

Willard paused, then smirked mischievously. "A woman I can't handle? Are you fucking kidding me?"

"Got a wife, Mr. Hersey?" Clara asked.

He shook his head, clearly not ready to settle down.

Twirling her hair, Clara smiled. "You don't know me, Mr. Horsey, I'm persistent. If you get involved with me, I'll make sure you end up marrying me. I have countless tactics. I can disrupt your affairs, wreck your dates, create scandals, and even secretly have your child. Think about it. Do you wanna try it? Don't underestimate me. After all, where there's a will, there's a way."

Willard's heart skipped a beat as anxiety crept in, This sounds like a recipe for disaster. A casual fling is one thing, but getting tangled up with her? That's asking for a lifetime of drama. And she's not joking around."

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Clara couldn't help but smirk when she saw Willard's hesitation. "Really, Willard, happy playing second fiddle to Mr. Colon?"

Willard's brows knitted in confusion. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Clara kept it straight. "Look, the project I'm proposing hasn't even caught your eye yet. It's a small investment with massive potential, Why share the bounty with Mr. Colon when you could have it all? Isn't it obvious who'd come out on top?"

"You're stirring the pot." Willard narrowed his eyes, suspicious. "What's your game?"

Clara shrugged, unfazed. "No game. I've already rubbed Mr. Colon the wrong way. Without his signature, my deal is dead in the water. But if you're in for the whole ride, my goal is still within reach."

"And what's in it for me?" Willard pulled Clara closer, a teasing lilt in his voice. "The promise of future gains doesn't quite thrill me as much as the pleasure of your company right now, especially when you're this enticing

"Look at the bigger picture, Mr. Hersey," Clara pushed him away, her tone icy. "Give it some thought."

Willard pondered, his gaze intensifying. "Walter's reach is far and wide, a tough act to follow, A project like this, maybe it's time I took the lead."

"All right, sweetheart, I'm in. Lost the appetite for anything else tonight," he conceded

Yet, he couldn't resist tightening his grip on her chin, adding, "But next time, consider yourself warned."

Clara breathed a sigh of relief. ‘Close call. Any closer and I would’ve been in real trouble tonight.’

When they returned to the VIP room, Walter hadn’t left. Richard was diligently tending to him-

Richard, noticing Clara’s lighter attire and flushed cheeks, jumped to conclusions.

Eagerly rising to greet them, Richard beamed at Willard. “Mr. Hersey, shall we finalize the contract?”

Pen in hand, Willard declared. “I’m all in. Full investment. Pleasure doing business, Mr. Hunt.”

As Richard’s grin widened, the tension in the room spiked.

Walter’s gaze was stormy, his stare cold as he fixated on Clara.

Walter then stood, his towering figure casting a shadow over Clara, prompting her to instinctively step back.

“You’re so cheap.” he sneered before storming out.

Numb to the humiliation, Clara thought bitterly, ‘Cheap or not, what does it matter to him? The deal’s done, I get my share, and that’s the last we see of

each other!

With Walter gone, Clara laid out the project in detail.

Willard, now serious, was thoroughly impressed after reviewing the proposal.

After some further discussion on the details with Richard, Clara excused herself.

Leaving the room, she headed straight for the restroom, obsessively washing her hands to rid herself of Willard’s touch. The clothes she had changed into there, not in some lounge, were already dumped in the trash, and she planned to discard her now more revealing outfit as soon as she got home.

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Chapters

Suddenly, the restroom door burst open.

Stunned, Clara found herself face to face with Walter.

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Instinctively, she was to check her surroundings, confirming it was the women's restroom. "Mr. Colon, this is the ladies' room. You seem to be lost," she stated, attempting to keep her voice even.

With a click, Walter locked the door behind him.

Clara's heart raced, shouting, "What the hell are you doing?"

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Chapter 10

Feeling his icy glare, Clara instinctively shrank back.

In no time. Walter had her pinned.

Without a word, Walter brutally ripped her dress, a flimsy piece provided by the club that couldn't withstand such rough handling

Chilled to the bone as her dress gave way, Clara hastily covered herself, her voice a mix of panic and fury. "Stop it!"

Walter's gaze, now cold and bloodshot, fixed on a mark on her shoulder. His demeanor shifted from icy to vicious as he mocked. "Found yourself a new target already?"

And then, another rip. He savagely tore through her skirt, his movements brash.

Clara, overwhelmed and voiceless, felt a mix of anger and helplessness as the words stuck in her throat.

Reduced to her underwear, with her long hair cascading messily over her chest, she stood exposed, her face flushed with intense shame.

Walter, with a pack of wet wipes in hand, scrubbed away at her makeup and the mark on her neck as if cleansing her of filth.

Trapped and almost naked, Clara couldn't resist, nor did she dare to

"Did you sleep with him?" Walter's grip tightened on her skull, forcing her to meet his fierce gaze as he interrogated her.

He then added, "So, you refuse my money to whore yourself out? Planning to use the same filthy tricks on Willard that you used on me?"

His accusation struck Clara like a dagger, leaving her trembling the light fading from her once-vibrant eyes.

In his view, Clara was always the manipulator, the one who used pregnancy as a trap for wealth. Now, seemingly eager to latch onto her next victim post-divorce.

With a scoff, Clara retorted, "Yes, Mr. Hersey and I were alone in the lounge for a solid half hour. Just the two of us. What do you think happened? We did everything imaginable."

Walter's expression instantly turned stormy.

In an instant, he hoisted her up, seating her on the vanity's icy marble.

Her mind racing with alarm, Clara protested, "Have you lost your mind? What are you trying to do in here?" She pushed against him. "Let go of me! We're divorced, remember? We're nothing to each other now."

But her efforts were futile against his domineering force, his hands unforgiving as they roamed.

Pissed off, Clara couldn't help but lash out, "Walter, don't I disgust you? Just been with someone else. You really wanna go after that? You into that kinda shit?"

That brought Walter to a halt.

The ice in his stare could've turned blood to frost. But then, he was on her again, even rougher than before.

Clara had never been treated like this. Her eyes widened, the fight draining out of her.

Just then, someone outside jiggled the doorknob, unable to get in.

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Chapter 10.3.

Clara struggled, shaking her head in terror, desperately covering her mouth to muffle any sound..

Outside, someone kept knocking, louder how. "Who's in there? Theard noises! Open up, I gotta pes."

Clara was freaking out, body tensed, terrified of being seen like this.

Walter, his eyes red with rage, remained relentless.

Eventually, the woman outside left, cursing under her breath,

With a look of pure disgust, Walter shoved Clara aside. She collapsed from the vanity, every part of her hurting.

Typical slut.” he spat out disdainfully.

His words crushed her. She curled up on the floor, her face burning with shame, clutching at the scraps of her dress, but it couldn't cover her humiliation.

Walter washed his hands, then coldly tossed a long T-shirt and a check her way.

“Take the cash and fuck off. Never wanna see your face again,” he ordered.

Clara scrambled into the T-shirt, covering up her mess. Shaking, she managed to stand, eyeing the check. Ten figures, huh? Fucking generous, she thought, bitter as hell.

Thinking back on his insults, she ripped the check upright in front of him, scattering the pieces.

She mocked. “Sorry, your cash can't cut it for me. Why settle for crumbs when I can have the whole feast? Money, power, and status. I'm after it all.”

Those were the most self-degrading words Clara had ever spoken.

Truth was, she didn't want any of it. She had thought she could stay with Walter forever.

But it was all just a dream. Three years gone. Time to wake the fuck up,” said Clara inwardly.

Walter looked like he might explode.

“Clara, with a trashy

y mom like y

you, you want Marlie to turn out just like you?” His words were cut off by a loud slap.

Walter, the hand on his cheek, stared in disbelief as Clara stormed out.

Fuming, he thought, “This woman, always so meek around me, barely raising her voice. She fucking hit me!!.

SEND GIFT

