

## Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 11 online free

He sent Isaac to investigate Clara's past. According to Isaac's reports, she should be a superficial money worshipper who could pursue a little money at any cost.

It was precisely because of this reason that he chose her.

A woman who could be sent away with a little money was much better and tamer than those so-called debutantes who coveted all his money.

Of course, he also admitted that another reason for choosing her was that she didn't vex him. And her stubborn look implied that there might be something unknown about her.

But unexpectedly, after these two days, she seemed to have no desire for his money.

She refused him to buy a car for her before.

Was she actually more brilliant than he thought or did she know how to play hard-to-get?

Being silent for a while, Horace finally took back his gaze.

"Let's go."

On the top floor of Solrace Corporation, Horace was at his desk with his fingers tapping on the keyboard, and the figures and charts on the screen changed accordingly.

The phone on the desk suddenly rang. Horace answered the phone, and Isaac's voice was heard.

"Mr. Kirkland, your friend is here."

"Let him in."

The office door opened quickly, and a handsome showman in a pink shirt flashed in.

“Horace, are you still working?” seeing Horace, the man exaggerated and shouted. “I thought that since you finally got married, at least, you should go on a honeymoon trip even if you didn’t hold a wedding.”

Horace still stared at the computer screen, and he briefly said, “No time.”

The visitor had already sat down at Horace’s table. He was not angry about Horace’s indifference. He just narrowed his amorous eyes and laughed again. “Your wife was really unlucky to marry a man who knows nothing about romance.”

Horace finally settled his eyes on the man, but still poker-faced. “What are you trying to say?”

The man smiled so much that his eyes became crescent moon. “I’m just bored. I want to see your wife.”

“Forget it,” Horace refused without hesitation. “You should also know why I married her.”

“Of course, I know,” The man curled his lips, and the smile at the corners of his mouth slowly disappeared. “But anyway, you finally got married. You can let go of what happened back then.”

Hearing this, Horace’s hand on the keyboard paused.

“It’s not a matter of letting it go nor not,” replied Horace. After a moment of silence, he slowly said, “The deceased cannot come back to life.”

The man looked at Horace and intended to open his mouth to say something, but he bit the words back.

“What about the little girl?” The man could not help asking. “Are there any clues?”

“There are already some clues,” Horace said simply.

“That’s great,” The man laughed again. “I’ve been thinking about how you would repay her. I was expecting you to pledge to marry her, but I didn’t expect you had sold yourself.”

Horace ignored the man’s brazen teasing.

Bringing contempt upon himself, the man looked embarrassed. But when his eyes fell on Horace's wheelchair, he couldn't help asking, "Well... Horace, did you tell your wife about your leg?"

Horace had already started browsing the statements just submitted by the finance department. Hearing this problem, his hand sliding the mouse paused.

"No," A moment later, he whispered.

The man frowned slightly, "Horace, I didn't mean to blame you. No matter what the purpose of your marriage is, since you two are married now, are you going to hide it all the time? Maybe..."

Speaking of this, this man paused, but still he gritted his teeth and continued, "Maybe you should also try to see if you can accept this new wife. You can't live in the shadow of the past all your life."

He knew Horace's personality too well. Although Horace said that his marriage was to give his grandfather an answer, however, if Horace didn't really like the girl, he wouldn't agree to marry and live with her.

In silence, Horace didn't answer. After browsing the financial statements at full speed, he whispered something.

"My love died already."

The man was stunned.

He looked at Horace's impassive face, and sympathy flashed across his eyes.

The car accident ten years ago was a nightmare for all of them.

Everyone thought it was his legs that Horace lost in the car accident.

But they were all wrong.

In the car accident, Horace lost his heart, not his legs.































