

## Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 17 online free

Clara didn't want to refute or explain anything, because she knew that no matter how much she explained to those who never trusted her, it was wrong.

"I'm sorry." She apologized expressionlessly, but there was no apology in her tone.

In response to her insincere apology, Darren's expression became even paler. Just as he was about to say something, Ashlee, who was beside him, suddenly reached out and grabbed his sleeve. She said in a pitiful voice, "Darren, forget it. My sister has already apologized. You don't have to argue with my sister."

It had to be said that Ashlee knew men very well.

Although she hated Clara very much, she knew that no matter what, Clara was Darren's first love. Moreover, men didn't like aggressive women. They only liked sensible and generous women. Therefore, her words made her seem gentler and more considerate, which in turn let Clara become the ungrateful one.

How could Clara not understand? She only felt stuffy in her chest and couldn't help coughing softly.

"Ouch." As soon as hearing this cough, Valerie, who was originally angry, quickly pulled Ashlee away a little. "Clara, you still have a cold? Since you're still sick, why did you come to eat with us? Did you deliberately want to infect us?"

These absurd words only made Clara feel ridiculous, but when she looked up, she saw the three people in front of her looking at her with vigilance.

She suddenly felt that her heart became colder.

They were a family. They loved each other and faced the common enemy.

She was just an outsider, a complete outsider.

Why did she have to make a fool of herself here?

“Aunt Valerie, you are right.” She said lightly, “I have caught a cold. I am not suitable to have dinner with you. I’ll leave now.”

After she finished speaking, she no longer looked at the three people in front of her and walked out of the wine cellar.

When she passed by Ashlee, she stopped and turned her head, and she caught Ashlee’s victory-like posture. She smiled faintly.

“Sister.” Clara opened her mouth and called her sister Ashlee, which was rare. “I wish you and Mr. Kirkland a happy life forever.”

After that, she turned around and left without looking back.

When she walked out of the villa, she found that it was completely dark.

The Middleton villa was the same as Horace’s villa. There was no taxi or bus station around. Clara had to turn on her mobile phone. As soon as she was about to use the Uber, it suddenly rang.

Seeing it was Horace, Clara was stunned and quickly picked up the phone.

“Hello.”

“Hey, it’s me.” Horace’s fruity voice sounded on the phone. “Are you eating at your father’s house?”

For some reason, when she heard Horace’s voice, Clara felt like crying. “It seems that I can’t eat here.” She said, trying to make her voice sound casual. “Because I caught a cold, I don’t want it to affect others.”

Horace paused for a moment on the phone, and then asked, “Where are you now?”

“I’m at Merivia Bay. Well... you eat first. Let Martha leave me a bowl of porridge. I’ll go back soon.”

After Clara finished speaking, there was dead silence on the phone. She couldn’t help frowning. She took a look at her mobile phone, only to find that it was automatically turned off.

Damn it. Why did it turn off at this time?

Clara was a little annoyed and pressed her mobile phone several times, but there was still no response at this moment.

How did she go back if her mobile phone was out of power?

Clara struggled to recall the nearest bus station to this villa and walked forward.

Coincidentally, she was wearing high heels today. After she took a few steps, she was worn out.

Merivia Bay's community was extremely large. She felt as if she had walked for a long time, but she still hadn't reached the gate.

The cold winds were a bit bone-chilling. Clara's clothes were light, and as such, she couldn't help but wrap herself tightly around her coat. Gritting her teeth, she continued forward.

After walking a few more steps, she suddenly saw a car light flashing in front of her.

Clara was a bit excited, thinking about whether it was a taxi or not, but soon after, she was disappointed; it was a private vehicle.

She thought it made sense. How could there be a taxi in this community? The people living here weren't from the same world as her.

However...

Why did this car seem a bit familiar?

Before Clara had time to think about it, she suddenly saw the car slowly moving in front of her, and then stopped.

The door opened, the iron ramp laid down, and a man's wheelchair that he was sitting on slowly slid downwards.

Clara's body went rigid.

The light of the car light landed on the man's back. Even though his face couldn't be seen clearly through the light, his vague figure still outlined the perfect profile of his face.

This man was Horace.

At this moment, Clara was so surprised that she couldn't say a word.

Horace's wheelchair stopped in front of Clara. When he saw that she was staring at him blankly, he didn't know why, but he found it quite adorable.

The corners of his lips curled up slightly as he said, "Why? Are you unhappy seeing me?"

Only then did Clara snap out of her daze. She shook her head instinctively and said, "How can I be unhappy..."

To be exact, she should be very happy.

When she was feeling helpless and exhausted, it was Horace who appeared in front of her again, as if he could pull her out of the abyss of despair.

"Really?" Hearing Clara's words, Horace's smile. "Then let's go."

Clara nodded. However, just as she was about to get into the car, the inside of her high heels had scraped the blisters. She couldn't help but gasped and winced.

"What's wrong?" Horace keenly noticed that Clara was acting strangely. He saw her frowning as she looked at her feet.

Horace frowned slightly. His gaze also landed on Clara's ankle, and he immediately saw her bleeding heels.

"It's fine. Many girls are like this. Just put a band-aid on tomorrow. Hey! What are you doing? Horace..."

Clara's face suddenly turned red, because Horace actually bent down and reached out to grab her ankle.

Horace was sitting in the wheelchair, which was lower than Clara's. Therefore, after he bent down, he naturally lifted Clara's broken left foot.

His bony fingers slid across the wound on Clara's foot, and Horace's good-looking eyebrows furrowed more tightly. "You're bleeding?"

Horace's hand was rough. Clara's wound was very sensitive. At this time, it was touched, and a strange feeling spread from her ankle to her whole body like an electric current. "It's just a small injury." For some reason, Clara only felt her heart beat faster and she opened her mouth in a panic. However, Horace directly took off her shoes as if he didn't hear what she said.

"Eh?" Clara was even more dumbfounded now. She was still a short distance away from the car. Horace did this. Was he going to let her jump over or walk without shoes?

But it was obvious that the two answers were wrong. After taking off Clara's shoes, Horace held Clara's hand. He exerted force, and the unprepared Clara fell into Horace's arms.

Horace was sitting in a wheelchair, and Clara was sitting on his legs. The two of them were suddenly facing each other nose to nose.

"Horace, what are you..."

Such intimate contact made Clara even more flustered. However, Horace did not say anything. He just turned the wheelchair casually to the car and whispered, "Let's go home."□