

Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 18 online free

Go home?

Clara, who had wanted to struggle to get up, was suddenly stunned when he heard Horace's words.

Home?

Did she still have a home now?

Although she moved into Horace's villa, from beginning to end, she just regarded that place as a new house she rented, not a home.

Looking at Horace's handsome face in front of her, Clara suddenly felt that some part of her cold heart seemed to slowly soften.

Although her marriage with Horace was a little absurd at first, Clara suddenly felt that it might not be a bad thing to have a husband.

Thinking of this, her tensed body relaxed a little, and her hand also wrapped around Horace's neck.

Feeling the change in the body of the woman in his arms, although Horace's face was still cold, He had a smile deep in his eyes.

The two entered the car, and the driver soon started the car and left Merivia Bay.

As the car left, a figure under the street lamp in the distance slowly walked out.

Looking at the distant black Bentley, Darren's eyes were full of shock.

After Clara left the Middletons, although Darren did not chase her out directly, after all, it was already dark, and the villa was quite far away from the street. He was worried about Clara, so he found a random excuse to leave.

He soon found Clara but did not have the courage to ask to send her home, so he had to follow her until he saw the man in the wheelchair appeared.

Although there was still a distance between them, Darren recognized the man's car and the symbolic wheelchair.

He could not help but clench his hands.

He thought, "Why... Clara, why do you still have a relationship with another man when you are married?"

And why, why is the person you are looking for is him..."

"Darren."

When Darren was angry, he suddenly heard a careful call.

He was stunned and turned his head, only to see Ashlee standing behind her, glancing at him like a timid little bunny.

"Ashlee, why are you here?" Darren immediately walked over and took her cold hands. There was a bit upset and pity in his eyes. "You aren't wearing enough clothes. Go back."

Ashlee looked at Darren and did not ask why he was standing there. She just whispered, "I... I wanted to see you off, but when I saw your car in the garage, I was worried, so I came out to look for you..."

Looking at Ashlee's gentle and beautiful face, Darren was a little absent-minded.

They indeed looked like each other, especially in their eyebrows. Although they were not born of a mother, they were sisters after all.

But... compared with Ashlee's tenderness, maybe she was more stubborn?

"Darren?" Ashlee looked at Darren in a daze and called him softly.

Only then did Darren come to his senses. He quickly took off his coat and put it on Ashlee's shoulder. "It's so cold. I'll send you back."

After sending Ashlee back to the house, Darren quickly left. Ashlee watched him leave at the door, but her eyes became colder and colder.

In fact, she had seen everything that had happened just now.

From someone picking up Clara to Darren's expression of jealousy and collapse, she had seen everything.

Ashlee could not help but clench her small hands tightly, and resentment flashed in her eyes.

"Why! That woman should have been eliminated, but why does she still have such a big impact on Darren!"

She bit her red lips hard. Ashlee's face was vicious, and she hated her very much.

She thought, "Clara, if you are smart, you'd better stay away from Darren! Otherwise, your dirty little secrets I've got will definitely ruin your reputation!"

...

When Clara returned home, she sneezed several times. She thought that it was probably because she had blown the night wind just now, and her not-yet-cured illness had worsened.

Clara quickly took a hot shower. When coming out of the bathroom with wet hair, she saw Horace taking a shower in another bathroom and blowing his head.

Seeing Clara coming over, he turned off the hairdryer and said, "Come and blow dry your hair."

"No need." Clara waved her hand, "My hair will dry itself in a while."

As she spoke, she wanted to wash her clothes, but Horace grabbed her wrist.

"You have caught a cold. If you don't blow dry your hair, your condition will worsen."

Although Horace was sitting in a wheelchair, his wrist was very strong. With a push, Clara was pulled down to the stool in front of the dressing table. Horace's wheelchair stopped behind her. He picked up the hairdryer and began to blow Clara's hair.

Clara sat stiffly in the chair, feeling the warm wind above her head. There was also a big hand above her head. And her hair was blown over her cheeks from time to time. She felt itchy. She couldn't hold it back and sneeze. "The cold is

more serious?" Horace behind her frowned slightly. "You are a grownup. Why are you always like a child? You can't take care of yourself."

Clara was stunned.

She couldn't remember how long it had been since someone had spoken to her in such a tone.

Perhaps it was because she had suffered too much today, Clara felt that she had become a bit more sensitive now. Looking at Horace's handsome face in the mirror, she suddenly asked, "Horace, can I ask you a question?"

"Yes."

"If... I mean if you find out that I have done something very bad before." Clara bit her lip and said, "Will you hate me because of this?"

Horace's hand, which was combing Clara's hair, paused slightly and looked up at Clara in the mirror.

Her face was still pale, and her eyes were like those of a lost deer, hesitant and helpless.

Horace of course knew what the "bad thing" referred to. He had investigated it a little, but he has never thought that one day she would take the initiative to mention it.

Perhaps, this meant that she was more or less honest with him this time.

This idea made Horace feel a little better for no reason. He said, "No matter what happened in the past, you are my wife now. This won't change. No matter what happened in the past, you are still my wife now."

Although his tone was still indifferent, it seemed to weigh a thousand pounds, which pressed into Clara's heart. She felt heavy but also warm.

Her eyelashes trembled slightly, and she lowered her head. When she spoke again, her tone was already choked with sobs. "Thank you, Horace."

Thank you for marrying me when I was most desperate.

Thank you for coming to my rescue.

Thank you for giving me a home when I was all alone.

After that, Clara went to sleep. After a day of tiredness, she fell asleep as soon as she touched the pillow.

But Horace just sat beside the bed and watched her sleeping quietly.

For some reason, today in Merivia Bay, her helpless face was like a thorn in his heart, which made him very uncomfortable.

What was going on?

Was Clara not just a tool he used to deal with his grandfather? Why did he care so much?

The inexplicable feeling in his heart made Horace a little annoying. After a long time, he took out his mobile phone and dialed Isaac Duncan's number.

"Isaac, help me investigate Clara's past." He lowered his voice and could not hear his emotions. "Well, about her first love, this time, I want more detailed information." □□□□□□□□□□□□□□