

## Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 2 online free

In the café.

“Bitch, who do you think you are? I’ve heard about your past. Damn it, that dating agency dared to match you with me.”

“If you were not pretty, no one would care for you. I’m just screwing around with you.”

He raised his voice. People around started to look at them strangely.

Clara’s face turned pale. She didn’t expect too much from him. But she didn’t expect that he was a pervert and knew about her past.

She opened her mouth and wanted to retort. But she was unable to refute.

She was engulfed by the nightmare two years ago. That night was full of darkness, pain and shame. She couldn’t escape from the abyss.

No one would believe her, no matter how hard she tried to explain.

When Clara zoned out, the security guard had already asked the pervert to leave politely but toughly. The café was silent again.

Clara awkwardly expressed her thanks to Horace Kirkland who was sitting not far from her. It was Horace who asked the security guard to drive that man away and removed her embarrassment.

“I just don’t like noises.” Horace’s voice was deep, velvety but cold.

“Mr. Kirkland, Miss Barnett said she was stuck in traffic. She might be five minutes late.” A young assistant hurriedly walked in and whispered to Horace.

“Tell her that don’t bother to come.” Horace’s eyes still fixed on Clara by the window. “I don’t like intractable women.” He said coldly.

“But...what about Mr. Russell Kirkland...” The assistant looked awkward.

Horace turned to Clara, as if he didn’t hear the young man.

“Miss, would you marry me?”

Clara came to her senses after hearing the deep and pleasant voice. She didn't see clearly Horace's face before. He was extremely handsome, with dark brows and bright eyes. He looked like an elaborately carved statue. No one could find any flaws on his face.

He was in plain white shirt. Perfectly tailored, the white shirt flattered his tall and graceful figure.

Though he was on a wheelchair, he looked elegant and imposing.

Clara was puzzled for a moment until he spoke again. "What?" she asked.

"Aren't you hurried to get married?"

Clara paused a bit. She was overwhelmed by embarrassment and shame again.

"Coincidentally, me too."

Before Clara could answer, Horace continued, "We just take what we need. Why shouldn't we?" The way he put it made it sound like a business deal, rather than a marriage.

The outstanding man before her really wanted to marry her.

But they just met each other. It was so ridiculous!

"Sir, we don't know each other. It's too hasty."

"You don't know your blind date either."

Horace answered coolly and directly. Clara didn't know what to say.

"Oh, I got it. Is it because I'm disabled?"

"Of course not." Clara said. But when she looked into his smiling eyes, she realized that she was led by nose.

"Miss, I think you need this marriage. If you miss this chance, when do you think you can get married?" With his hands crossed on the lap, Horace looked up at Clara.

Clara had to admit that her faith was shaken.

She really needed this marriage.

More specifically, she needed the residence registration.

Then she could register for health care. Then she could afford the huge expenses of her mother's treatment.

She stared at the man in the wheelchair for a while. "Do you have the residence registration of Stratmont?"

"Yes." Horace grinned.

Clara didn't immediately reply. Though he was disabled, he was way better than the men that she met before. He outdid them both in appearance and bearing.

Clara, what you had been doing in the past three months was to find a local, marry him and get the residence registration. Why were you still hesitating in face of the opportunity?

She bit her lips and finally made up her mind. "OK, I'll marry you." She raised her head and looked at him.

Horace looked away and said, "Do you have the ID card with you? Let's go to the registry office."