

## Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 20 online free

The plane that to Queensvale, the commercial cabin.

Clara sat beside Darren, feeling uncomfortable all over. The lunch prepared on the plane was seafood paella which she hated very much. She almost didn't eat anything.

"What's wrong?" Noticing that Clara didn't eat at all, Darren smiled sarcastically. "Do you still hate seafood?"

At this moment, Clara was already tired of being fooled by Darren. It made her like a fool. He simply said coldly, "Mr. Kirkland, you remember it very clearly."

"Of course." Darren slowly took a sip of his coffee. "After all, you are my first love. You always left a deep impression in my heart."

Clara grabbed the fork in her hand and couldn't help but clench it.

"What's more." Darren didn't seem to notice Clara's reaction and continued, "I was fooled by you from beginning to end. I can't forget this feeling."

Clara's face turned slightly pale. "Mr. Kirkland, who did that? At least I didn't hide my identity."

Darren's expression changed, and then he smiled sarcastically. "Yes, if I had told you my identity earlier, you wouldn't have betrayed me, wouldn't you? After all, a sixty-year-old old man, Clara, how could you sleep with him either?"

When Darren said this, he didn't lower his voice at all. Originally, it was quiet in the cabin. The passengers and stewardesses beside him cast a strange look at him.

Clara finally couldn't take it anymore. "Darren, what on earth do you want?"

Looking at Clara's pale face, Darren's heart could not help but twitch.

But when he thought of the scene he saw last night, his anger rose again.

"What do I want?" Darren sneered. "Clara, you've done so many dirty things yourself. And you forbid anyone to talk about these?"

“Darren, whatever I did is none of your business!”

“Whether it’s my business or not. It’s up to me, not you!” Darren’s tone suddenly became sharp. “Clara, Listen, I won’t forgive you!”

Clara’s lips trembled.

She finally understood why Darren had brought her on a business trip.

He was trying his best to humiliate her and torture her.

After arriving in Queensvale, Darren asked Clara to accompany him to the party with the magazine, the other party of this coordination.

Clara had always hated this kind of place, but after all, Darren was her superior. She couldn’t refuse him, so she could only force herself to go.

As the only woman on the table, Clara inevitably became the focus of attention. They all wanted to toast Clara, but Darren didn’t stop them, as if Clara was supposed to accompany them and drink. In less than an hour, Clara didn’t know how many cups she had drunk. All the beer and liquor were mixed together in her stomach.

“Wow, Mr. Kirkland, your secretary is really beautiful.” The other party’s editor-in-chief was an old man in his forties. He was very fast, and when he saw Clara, his eyes were fixed.

“Is that so?” Darren did not reveal Clara’s identity. He only revealed a faint smile on his face. “Mr. Muller, if you like her, I’ll give her to you.”

Clara was not used to this kind of place where people engaged in social activities. She had always lowered her head. When she heard Darren’s words, she could not help but tremble. She looked at Darren in shock and realized that he was looking at her with a mocking expression.

When Mr. Muller heard this, he laughed and became even more excited. “Mr. Kirkland, you always like making jokes!”

“It’s not a joke. This is my sincerity to cooperate with you.” Darren’s words were extremely likable. “Clara, why are you still standing there like a fool? Hurry up and pour some wine for Mr. Muller.”

Clara really couldn't believe that the slick man in front of her was the young man she had once loved.

She clearly remembered that Darren was a boy who would blush whenever he talked to strangers. How could he become like this today?

Could it be that two years was enough to change a person, or that she had never truly known him from the beginning to the end?

"Clara." Seeing that Clara did not move, Darren's expression turned cold. "Didn't you hear what I said? Hurry up and pour some wine for Mr. Muller!"

Clara looked at Mr. Muller, who was sitting on the other side of her. His lustful eyes were sizing her up and down. She felt disgusted, but she knew that she couldn't refuse Darren and make him embarrassed. She could only stand up reluctantly.

"Mr. Muller." She forced a smile. "Thank you for choosing to collaborate with us."

"Oh, what are you talking about, Miss Selman?" As soon as Clara handed over the wine, Mr. Muller took the opportunity to grab her little hands. "Miss Selman, you are so polite. Actually, I want to thank you."

Feeling the greasy hand holding hers, Clara almost wanted to vomit. She wanted to pull her hand back, but he wouldn't let go.

Standing to one side, Darren couldn't help but burst into anger when he saw Mr. Muller's hands rubbing against Clara's fair hands.

"Mr. Muller." He immediately picked up his glass and said, "I propose a toast to you."

Only then did Mr. Muller reluctantly let go of Clara and turn to Darren. Seeing this opportunity, Clara quickly stood up and said that she wanted to go to the ladies' room.

Clara didn't feel drunk at first, but when she stood up, she found that she was so dizzy that she almost couldn't standstill.

After washing her face in the bathroom, she didn't feel sober. Instead, she felt even worse. Her stomach was churning and her fever seemed to be more serious.

Damn it.

Clara cursed in her heart.

She didn't know what was going on with Darren. Although he had clearly hated her before, it was as if he had taken the wrong medicine today and was making things worse. What exactly had happened?

Clara rubbed her painful temples, barely supported himself against the wall, and walked out of the ladies' room.

This time, it was too dangerous. Darren seemed to be crazy and impulsive enough to do anything. Clara had a bad feeling when she thought of Muller's lustful eyes. To be on the safe side, she should send a message to Darren and go back to the hotel by herself.

She thought that she didn't want to hear a greasy sound behind her as soon as she get out of the toilet.

"Oh, Miss Selman, why did you go to the toilet for so long? I've been waiting outside for a long time."

Clara's heart thumped. When she turned around, she saw Mr. Muller leaning against the door of the toilet in a drunken state. It was obvious that he was waiting for her.

Clara was a little flustered, but she pretended to be calm and said, "Mr. Muller, you want to go to the toilet as well?"

"I'm not going to the bathroom." Mr. Muller came over and sniffed Clara's face. "I, your darling, I'm waiting for you."

Clara was about to throw up.

Darling?

Mr. Muller could almost be her father. It was really a shame that he was so shameless to say it.

“Mr. Muller really likes to make jokes.” She struggled to pull up the corners of her mouth. She leaned against the wall and wanted to go into the women’s restroom again.

She didn’t want Mr. Muller to grab her wrist. “Oh, Miss Selman, why are you dodging? Don’t you like me?”