

Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 21 online free

Of course, she didn't like him.

Clara wanted to curse so bad, but when she thought of her work, she held back the impulsion. "Mr. Muller, you're drunk."

"Even if I'm drunk, it's still very easy to deal with you." He laughed. It seemed that Mr. Muller didn't want to hide his motive anymore. He pressed his fat body toward Clara. "Do you want to try me?"

Clara couldn't stand it anymore. She struggled violently. "Mr. Muller, please behave yourself!"

Clara's resistance was so obvious that Mr. Muller was also a little unhappy. He said, "Clara if you turned down my request now, I'll make you submit in the hard way. Darren has already given you to me, and you are still pretending to be a pure-hearted girl."

"What?" Clara only felt a loud noise in her head. She stared at Mr. Muller in disbelief. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you understand what I mean?" Mr. Muller's fat face was close to hers. "What I have done to you now is approved by your Mr. Kirkland. You are the gift that your company gave me. Stop pretending like you're innocent, whore. Be a good girl!"

Clara only felt that her mind was blank. Shock, anger, and sadness made her forget to struggle for a while.

She knew that Darren had misunderstood her and knew that he hated her because of what had happened two years ago. However, she had never expected that he would really give her to a Lovelace like Mr. Muller.

In his heart, was she really no different from a whore?

In that instant of absent-mindedness, Clara suddenly raised her eyes and saw a familiar figure at the end of the corridor.

It was Darren.

Darren had come out because he was worried about Clara.

At the table, Mr. Muller's covetous look at Clara was too obvious. Not long after Clara went out to go to the bathroom, Mr. Muller followed her out. He was a little worried, so he came out.

But he didn't expect to see such a scene as soon as he came out.

Clara's petite and slim body was pressed against the wall by Mr. Muller's fat body. More importantly, Clara didn't seem to have any intention of struggling at all. It seemed that she acquiesced that Mr. Muller's body was on top of her.

At that moment, Darren felt a raging fire burning in his chest!

He was angry that Mr. Muller really dared to hurt Clara, but what made him angrier was that Clara did not resist at all!

Was she really so short of money? She could even stand Mr. Muller, such a disgusting old man?

The scene in front of him stung Darren's eyes. He wanted to pull Mr. Muller away, but Clara's reaction made him feel even colder.

Since she didn't love herself, why should he worry about her?

Perhaps from the beginning to the end, it was she who wanted to seduce Mr. Muller. If he went up now, wouldn't it ruin her plan?

Thinking of this, Darren felt that he could no longer stay here for another second and immediately turned to leave.

On the other side, the moment Clara saw Darren, the last glimmer of hope appeared in her heart.

She still didn't want to believe it. No matter how much Darren hated her, given his character, she didn't believe that he would give his female subordinate away as a gift.

Therefore, she was about to call him for help. But Darren turned around and left.

Clara only felt that the last glimmer of fluke and hope in his heart had all collapsed.

She thought, "It was Darren. Didn't he see everything just now?"

“He clearly saw that I was molested by Mr. Muller, but he just turned around and left?”

“So what this man said is true? Is it really Darren who acquiesced and even suggested all of this?”

She trembled all over.

“Darren, Darren, how could you... do this to me?”

When she was shell-shocked, Clara suddenly smelled a disgusting stench. When she looked up, he saw that Mr. Muller was already pressing his mouth against hers.

“What are you doing!” Clara screamed and slapped him directly. Mr. Muller immediately had a red palm print on his face.

This slap completely irritated Mr. Muller.

“Clara Selman!” He grabbed Clara’s hair and roared, “I have said that if you refused my request, then I will make you submit under my pressure. Don’t you want to stay in the magazine circle anymore?”

Clara’s whole face was twisted in pain. Mr. Muller was so angry that he raised his hand and wanted to slap her. She was so scared that she quickly closed her eyes.

However, the pain that she had imagined did not fall. On the contrary, she heard Mr. Muller’s panicked voice—

“Mr... Mr. Kirkland, why are you here?”

Mr. Kirkland?

Clara was stunned. She quickly opened her eyes and saw the wheelchair in front of her and the cold-faced man in it.

In an instant, her eyes widened.

“Horace?” She opened her mouth in disbelief. For a moment, she almost thought that she was dreaming.

Horace looked at Clara. She was drunk and her face was flushed. Her eyes were so charming. The slim suit on her body outlined her exquisite figure, which was particularly attractive.

But this charm made him even more annoyed!

Was this what she usually wore in her work? This was what made other men salivate over her?

Horace's handsome face was tense. He ignored Clara and only looked at Mr. Muller.

Mr. Muller wanted to slap Clara in the face, but he didn't expect Horace to suddenly appear and grabbed his wrist.

Although Horace was sitting in a wheelchair, he was already tall enough to easily catch Mr. Muller.

After all, Mr. Muller was in this social circle. How could he not recognize Horace whose magazine sold so well in the last period? At that moment, his whole fat face was trembling, but he still managed to squeeze out a flattering smile, "Mr. Kirkland, you... you... why are you here?"

At this moment, Horace's eyes were as cold as ice and carried with them an indescribable sense of oppression. Even though Mr. Muller admitted that he had seen a lot of ups and downs, he was still frightened to the point of breaking out in cold sweat.

Horace shook off the man's hand, took out a tissue to wipe his hand in disgust, and said in a deep voice.

"Get out."

At this time, Mr. Muller was so scared that he had already sobered. He didn't dare to say anything more and immediately went away.

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Darren walked out of the restaurant. The fire in his chest seemed to be still burning, but his phone suddenly rang.

"Hey! Darren, are you trying to make me dead?" When the call was connected, Mr. Muller's angry voice rang out.

Darren was stunned.

“Why didn’t you tell me earlier that Clara is the woman of the president of the Solrace!”

“What?”

“I almost succeeded just now, but Horace suddenly came! Why didn’t you tell me earlier that this woman has such a background? Otherwise, I wouldn’t have dared to touch her no matter how bold I am!”

Darren was stunned.

He thought, “Horace is here?”

“He came to Queensvale?”

“Hey! Darren, are you fucking listening to me —”

Mr. Muller was still roaring on the phone, but Darren ignored him and hung up the phone.

In order to be independent of his family, he had never announced in the magazine circle that he was a member of the Kirkland family. Therefore, even Mr. Muller dared to shout at him.

He was stunned for a long time, but in the end, he couldn’t help but pick up his phone and dialed Clara’s number.

After a few long beeps, the phone was finally connected. A low male voice sounded on the phone—

“Hello.”