

## Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 4 online free

The sunlight fell on the man's angular face and flattered his perfect contour. His eyes were calm as always.

It was Horace.

Her newly-married husband, Horace, was the CEO of Solrace?!

Clara was baffled and froze there.

Horace smiled and said, "You are from GLAM? Please take a seat."

Being nudged by her colleagues, Clara managed to get it together and sat on the sofa.

Horace pushed the wheelchair up to them. Clara's colleague asked excitedly, "Can we start, Mr. Kirkland?"

"Please." Horace was being still lukewarm. His eyes didn't linger on her, as if they didn't know each other at all.

His attitude made Clara wonder if he just looked like her husband?

Two of her colleagues blushed and asked hesitantly, "Can we know your name?"

"My name is Horace." His words swept away Clara's remaining doubt.

Horace.

He was Horace Kirkland.

Her newly-married husband.

Clara's colleague put on an ingratiating smile. "We got several questions for you."

Then she looked at Clara who was still lost in thought. She got impatient and pinched Clara secretly.

"Ouch." Clara felt the pain and finally reacted.

According to the plan, Clara was responsible for the interview, and the other two colleagues took notes.

Clara tried to cool off and started the interview in a professional manner. “Mr. Kirkland, are you from Stratmont?”

“Maybe. Maybe not. I was born in Stratmont, but I went to America in an early age.” Unlike Clara, Horace remained calm all the time.

Clara found it rather hilarious. Her husband was sitting in front of her, but she didn’t know anything about him.

Clara tried not to be carried away by her thoughts and focused on the work. She threw the prepared questions one by one at Horace.

It went pretty well. Though Horace acted coolly, he did cooperate. It quelled the rumors that he was aloof.

Clara also came into her own and temporarily forgot that Horace was her husband. But when she saw the next question, she became silent. The whole office remained muted.

“Clara, what are you doing?” Clara was nudged. She smiled embarrassedly.

“Sorry, Mr. Kirkland, it is a rather private question, but I think many female readers will be interested in it.” Clara tried to scatter the strange feelings and read the question on the script out loud, “Are you married?”

Clara almost bit her tongue after asking this question.

Wasn’t it nonsense? She knew it more clearly than anyone that he was not single. But she had to ask it in front of others.

Clara looked nervously at Horace. She didn’t know if it was her illusion that Horace grinned a bit.

But it disappeared so fast that she started to question herself.

“What do you think...” Horace said in a gentle but mysterious tone, “Miss Journalist, on this question?”

Clara’s heart missed a beat.

What did she think?

What the hell?

But she had to answer the question, "I guess... You are already married, since you are so eminent."

It's Horace who obscured his identity and pretended not to know her since she entered the room. Why was she so guilty?

When her head were in the cloud, the man in the wheelchair had already seen through her.

Horace's lips curled up.

He knew she was going to interview him. More specifically, he agreed to be interviewed because of her.

She thought they met for the first time today. But he had seen her on a blind date and seen her crying...

He was sure that they didn't meet before, but he found her familiar. So he asked someone to probe into her background.

It was so coincidental that they had dates at the same place again. He could help but lend a helping hand.

Her stubborn look and familiar tears struck a chord and prompted him to blurt out the proposal.

He was just teasing her. But she was so nervous and shy. She was really different from what he read on the material.

Horace thought a bit. "Yes, I got married recently."

Intentionally, or unintentionally, Horace glanced at Clara. Her heart beat fast as a result.

"Mr. Kirkland, you are already married? Those female readers are going to be heartbroken," said her colleague disappointedly. "What kind of person is she?" she added curiously.

Clara gave her a pull. It was not on their script. Plus, it was too personal, even a little impolite.

Luckily, Horace was not angry. He smiled and dodged the question.

“Well, let’s focus on the questions related to work.” Clara didn’t want to be bogged down on the topic of his marriage.

The next several questions were very formal. The interview came to an end smoothly.

“I’m very happy to receive the interview.” Horace shook hands with them politely and said goodbye. Horace looked at Clara’s ring when he was shaking hands with her. “Very nice ring.” He smiled.

Clara blushed and pulled her hand.

She became less frayed as she walked out of Horace’s office.

Horace’s secretary walked up to them, with several delicate boxes in hands.

“Misses, there are little gifts from the boss. Please take it.”

The two colleagues were excited after taking over the boxes. “OMG, there is even a gift. Mr. Kirkland is too sweet!”

She couldn’t wait to open the box and saw a CHANEL’s scarf inside.

“Wow, Mr. Kirkland is so generous! No wonder he is the CEO of Solrace,” One of her colleagues exclaimed, “the pattern of my scarf is different from hers. Clara, what does yours look like?”

The moment Clara opened the box, she was stunned by the thing inside. She hurriedly put the lid on.