

Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 5 online free

Clara said, "The same as yours." Then she urged her colleagues to go.

She received a message from Horace on the way back.

It was an address, a villa in the wealthiest community of Stratmont.

They were a couple now. They ought to live together.

But...

She wasn't prepared for living together, let alone other things...

Clara and her colleagues took several photos of Horace. But they dared not publish them without his permission.

The editor-in-chief asked tentatively if they were able to post the photos, given that Horace had long been low-profile.

To their surprise, Horace promptly said yes. It thrilled the whole office.

"Damn, It's the photo of Solrace's CEO! Our magazine is going to be snapped up!"

"Come on, let me see. Is he as handsome as they say?"

Then the photos were shown, all women were over the moon.

"OMG, he looks even cuter than those actors."

"Wait, the chair he sits on is weird. Is it... wheel chair?"

Someone noticed that Horace was on a wheelchair, the crowd became silent again.

"Yes, he was on a wheelchair. So what? He is handsome and rich. He's already a Prince Charming." The colleague who took part in the interview said.

Women around her agreed. But several male colleagues said jealously, "Though he's rich and handsome, don't you know, ten to one man on a wheelchair can't have sex?"

“Right, I heard he is newly married? I bet his wife is going to live in widowhood.”

Clara was drinking water. Having heard of this, she choked and started to cough violently.

The colleague who took part in the interview said adoringly, “Mr. Kirkland is perfect. If he isn’t disabled, he’s almost like a protagonist in the romantic fiction.”

Clearly, no one paid attention to the demeaning remarks. They were all captivated by Horace’s charm.

In the following days, everyone was occupied with Horace’s interview. They were all pumped up by motivation.

On weekend, Clara was exhausted. She went to the hospital to visit her mother first, then packed her stuff and moved to Horace’s place.

She was afraid that he might find her dishonest.

The villa was huge, and the decoration was classic. There weren’t many servants, only an old couple, named Donald and Martha.

Donald helped Clara to move her stuff to the master bedroom on the second floor. Half of the closet was vacant. The other half was occupied by men’s clothing.

Clara realized that she needed to share a room with Horace.

But it should be the case. She filled her stuff in the closet.

Clara ate the noodles cooked by Martha and then went to take a shower.

She suddenly found that she forgot to bring the towel with her.

She hesitated for a while, and cautiously opened the door.

Horace wasn’t back yet. Clara, drenched, hurriedly ran into the bedroom.

When she was rummaging in the closet, she heard a clack behind.

Clara was startled. She looked back and saw Horace coming in on the wheelchair.

Horace was also surprised. He didn't expect to see his newly-wedded wife in this way.

Obviously, Clara was even more startled.

Her brain went blank. When she caught on, she screamed and rushed to the bathroom.

But she slipped and fell forward.

"Watch out!"

Horace frowned. He moved the wheelchair forward to catch Clara. She finally fell on his lap.

He froze a bit after touching her soft and moist skin.

Clara wasn't an instant eye-catcher. But at the second sight, people couldn't take their eyes off her delicate face.

Especially now, she wore no make-up, with her wet hair gathered behind the ears. Water trickled down the wisp of hair, kissed her collarbone, and went all the way down her fair body.

Horace felt thirsty. His eyes dimmed.

Clara managed to compose herself. When she raised her head, she looked into his enchanting eyes.

She wasn't a teenager. She knew what it meant.

Gosh.

"I'm... I'm sorry." She hastened to stand up. But when she touched his crotch, she was dumbfounded.

After Horace helped her up, Clara popped to the bathroom and closed the door. But her heart kept fluttering.

They are couple now. Though something happened, it was normal. But she couldn't accept it yet.

By the way, she just saw the bulge. It was quite obvious. Clearly those male colleagues were just being jealous. Though Horace was disabled, he was perfectly fine.

Clara mocked herself.

What were you thinking, Clara? Did it have anything to do with you? You married him just for the residence registration! Why are you so horny?

She lost the strain of thought due to a sudden knock.

Clara was startled, "Wh, what?"

"Open the door." Horace said in a pleasant tone.

Her heart was beating fast.

Open the door?

Why did he ask her to open the door? What did he want?