

Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 6 online free

Clara thought of Horace's look just now. Did he want to...?

"You left something." Horace added, since Clara didn't reply.

She hesitated for a while, finally came to the door and crack opened it.

Soon, Horace stretched his hand in, with a soft and white towel.

"Weren't you looking for it?" Horace said with a grin. Clara blushed with shame.

"Thanks." Clara instantly took it and shut the door. She was shameful for her thought.

She dried off and dressed for bed. When she came out, Horace was ready sitting on bed in his navy-blue silk pajamas. He was busy typing on the laptop.

It suddenly struck her that what if he asked to have sex...

What should she do?

To her relief. Horace remained very indifferent. He seemed to show no interest in her.

Plus, the bed is big with two pillows and two quilts. Clara was almost half a meter away from Horace after lying down.

"Have you finished?" Horace asked, but his eyes still fixed on the screen.

"Yes." said Clara. She casted a curious look at Horace.

"Do you want to sleep?" Horace looked back.

"OK."

Horace soon turned off the light.

When it turned dark, Clara became a little nervous.

She didn't know why Horace married her, so she wasn't sure if he was going to have sex with her.

When she heard his steady breath, she started to relax a bit and fell into sleep.

Next morning.

When Clara got up, Horace wasn't there.

Martha greeted her when she walked downstairs.

"Morning, lady. Breakfast is ready."

"OK, thank you."

Horace was already at the table. He was holding a cup while reading the newspaper.

Clara said hi and sat down to eat.

After the breakfast, Horace folded the newspaper and said, "Let me drive you to work."

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll hail a taxi or take the subway."

"It's far from the subway station. And you won't see a taxi here."

She noticed it yesterday when she moved here. People lived in this community all drove themselves. They didn't need to take taxi nor subway.

Clara glanced at her watch. Since it wasn't early, she said, "Sorry to bother you. Can you give me a lift to the subway station on the way?"

Horace looked at her, which made her nervous. But he finally nodded yes.

There was already a black Bentley parking outside when they got to the door.

The young man standing by the car introduced himself as Isaac Duncan, Horace's special assistant.

Isaac opened the car door. When Clara was wondering how Horace should get in the car, she saw a metallic plate coming out of the car. Horace easily got in on the wheel chair.

When she got in, she found that the car had been modified. There was a special seat for Horace's wheelchair.

The car parked by the subway station. Horace frowned at the chaotic environment outside. "It was too inconvenient. If you don't want to take my car, I can prepare another one for you."

Clara was surprised for a bit. "No, no. It's not necessary." Added she immediately.

She knew it meant nothing to Horace, but she didn't want to owe him.

Horace looked sullen at Clara's decisive rejection. Soon he said, "I don't usually stay in the villa. How do you go to work on your own? "

Clara had thought about this. She took out her phone and shook it. "There's still Uber. It is very convenient. I'm going to be late. Bye."

Then she got out of the car.

Isaac finally said, "Sir... I think Ms. Selman is different from what is written in the investigation report."

Horace stared at Clara's back and pondered. "Indeed."

...

Arriving at the GLAM, Clara heard the news from the colleague.

"GLAM was taken over! All senior management were replaced!"

GLAM was not a big publishing company, but it has become an established magazine over the years. How come it was suddenly taken over?

Before she could react, the colleagues by the door started to clamor.

"He's coming! The new editor-in-chief is coming!"

Clara raised her head and saw a tall man surrounded by a group of people walking in.

After seeing his face, Clara was dumbfounded. She felt as if her blood had frozen.

His face was still familiar. But now he looked more angular and prudent than in the school.

What she wasn't familiar was the apathetic look on his face. His gentleness had disappeared.

He was listening to the reports from the subordinates. He nodded and gave simple comments from time to time.

He never threw a look at her. He just walked away, surrounded by people.

Darren Kirkland, why did he come back...

He left decidedly without saying goodbye. Why was he here now?

It has been two years. She thought she had moved on. But his presence easily overwhelmed her.

She wasn't sure that if he could recognize her when he passed her by.

Thinking of this, Clara laughed at herself.

If he didn't recognize her, so what? If he did, so what?

There was no going back.

Clara was anxious for the rest of the day. She was afraid that Darren would recognize her.

But it turned out that she was being paranoid.

Darren was busy all the time. It seemed that Clara didn't catch his attention at all.

Maybe he had already forgotten about her.

If she was that significant to him, he wouldn't leave without saying good bye two years ago, and she wouldn't hear nothing from him then.

Clara managed to make it till the closing time. She couldn't bear to stay for one more minute in the office. She immediately grabbed her bag and decided to leave.

Unfortunately, she was stopped and asked by the managing editor to brief Darren on the latest interview.

Clara froze and slowly turned around. “Miss Patterson, I have an emergency to do today. Can I...?”

Eileen Patterson was not in good mood today. “You start to think highly of yourself after covering a hot interview, huh?”

Clara turned pale. She knew she couldn’t resist. “Don’t make fun of me, Miss Patterson. I’ll do it straight away.”

Clara took several deep breaths after she went to the door of the editor-in-chief office with material. She finally plucked up the courage and knocked the door.

“Come in.”

Having heard Darren’s familiar voice, Clara opened the door and went in.

Darren was sitting behind the table and flipping through the magazine that published Horace’s interview.

“Sir.” Clara tried to make herself sound calm enough.

“Miss Patterson, the managing editor, asked me to brief you on the interview featured Solrace’s CEO.”

Darren only grunted a “hmm” without looking up. Clara had to go on with the report.

He didn’t give any response till the end. The office was so quiet that she could hear a pin drop. Clara was on the last nerve.

She tried to restrain her shaky voice. “Editor-in-chief, if there is nothing else, I’m leaving.

Then she hastened to leave.

Darren’s voice came from behind her.

“It’s been two years. Clara, do you have anything to say to me?”

