

## Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 8 online free

Just when Clara thought she was about to be left alone, she suddenly saw a wheelchair and two long legs.

Clara was sort of shocked and looked up with difficulty. Then she saw Horace standing in front of her and Isaac held an umbrella by his side.

The heavy rain formed a rain curtain which blurred Horace's handsome face. There was still a feeling of chilliness in the air around him. Although he sat in a wheelchair, he appeared at this moment like a god, dispersing sadness from the bottom of her heart.

Her eye sinkers quivered.

Horace?

"What are you doing here?" Horace looked down at Clara squatting on the ground. He did not know why his tone conveyed a hint of anger. "Were you caught in the rain?"

Clara finally came to her sense.

She tried to get up in a panic, but somehow, she suddenly had a blackout and lost consciousness.

Horace was stunned, but he reacted quickly and safely caught her.

Realizing her abnormally fevered body, he scowled slightly, staring at the sdred fingerprints on her chin. His nostrils narrowed in a perceptually invisible manner.

"Go back," whispered he. The change of his look was fleeting. An indifferent look resurfaced on his face. He held Clara, sliding the wheelchair toward the black Bentley.

His car was parked in a hidden corner next to the subway station. However, because of the weight of both of them, the wheelchair was unable to slide as it used to.

"Mr. Kirkland, let me do it." Isaac couldn't help speaking.

“That’s okay.” Unexpectedly, Horace refused and adjusted Clara’s position.

Then he stood up from the wheelchair and carried Clara into the car!

If other people saw this scene, they would definitely be shocked.

Seeing Clara constantly sweat in the bed, Horace frowned slightly and looked at the doctor who was preparing an intravenous drip next to him, “Is she really okay?”

“Mr. Kirkland, don’t worry. Mrs. Selman has a fever, but not serious. Now she was probably having a nightmare.”

Hearing this, Horace’s knitted eyebrows loosened a little.

After the doctor left the room, Horace looked at Clara who still looked pale. He was just about to want to reach out to touch her forehead when Clara suddenly trembled slightly.

“Clara?” Horace frowned again, “Are you okay?”

It was obvious that she didn’t wake up and her lip was slightly pale and cracked as if she seemed to mutter something.

Horace’s eyebrows were tighter and he leaned down slightly. Then he heard she whisper.

“Darren... help me... Where are you... Darren... Please believe me...”

Darren?

Horace straightened up and his face turned a bit gloomy.

This was clearly a man’s name.

Horace stared at Clara on the bed. Although her face was still pale and weak, she still couldn’t hide the softness in her eyebrows, especially her trembling eyelashes. She showed weakness and dependence which Horace had never seen before.

Horace pondered.

It seemed that since he met this woman from the beginning, she had always been cautious and detached. It seemed that she had never thought of relying on her husband.

But in her sleep, she revealed deep attachment and dependence towards the man called "Darren".

About her past, he had asked Isaac to investigate. But it's just a simple summary.

For example, he knew that she had an unforgettable first love. But two years ago, after that accident, she separated from her first love. But he didn't ask about the name and background of her first love. Now it seemed that this Darren should be her first love.

Thinking of this, Horace felt annoyed for no reason.

At this time, Clara suddenly opened her eyes slowly.

Horace quickly snapped out of it and looked down at her, "Are you okay?"

Clara blinked and realized that she was lying in the villa room with a drip on her hand.

"Did you send me back?" Clara opened his mouth and felt that she was almost parched.

"Yes," Horace gave a succinct reply, picked up a cup of hot water from the bedside table and handed it to her.

"Thank you," Clara took it and sipped.

Seeing Clara become detached and polite as usual, somehow, Horace was even more upset.

"Clara," said Horace all of a sudden. "Who is Darren?"