

## Slow Down Mister novel Chapter 9 online free

“Cough, cough, cough.”

Horace’s question had totally taken her aback. She was choked by water and coughed violently.

“Be careful.” Unlike the panicky Clara, Horace just calmly caressed her back.

Clara looked up in a fluster and met his eyes. He was just staring at her swollen chin.

That mark was so unpleasant to the eye.

He immediately took out the plaster from the medicine box on the bedside table, squeezed it on his hand and applied it to her red and swollen chin.

Feeling his cold touch, she still looked at him with some vigilance. She hesitated and finally said, “How do you know Darren?”

“You said his name when you were dreaming.”

Clara was stunned. Then she remembered that just now she was in a coma where she dreamed about what happened two years ago.

Her eyes darkened involuntarily. Before she had figured out how to answer, Horace spoke again at an appropriate speed.

“Clara, I don’t care what happened to you in the past. But I hope you understand that you are my wife now, and I don’t like my wife to call other people’s names in bed.”

When he said these words, there was no emotion in his tone. However, Clara felt an unspeakable hegemony.

Especially his black eyes which seemed calm but actually deep and dark, she can’t make out what kind of emotion in his eyes.

Horace then helped Clara finish coating the medicine. Clara drooped her head, “Thank you.”

“Not at all,” murmured Horace who put away the ointment. “I don’t like the traces of others on you.”

Clara’s body was stiff again.

Although she didn’t say anything, it seemed that he already knew.

Feeling the coolness on her chin, Clara felt his anger and shrunk her head.

“I see.” Unknowingly, Clara oozed sweat from the palms and only bowed her head.

“Take a break early,” Horace turned his wheelchair. “I’ll sleep in the guest room tonight.”

Then he left the room without waiting for Clara’s reply.

In the room, Clara back into the soft bedding alone, showing no sign of sleepiness.

Clara could finally let the tears in her eyes flow down wantonly.

She remembered that dream again.

After suffering shame, she had been endlessly humiliated by her relatives.

Misunderstood and ridiculed by friends and loved ones, and mislabeled by the world and nailed to the pillar of shame forever, she finally didn’t have to be strong. She finally could cry out when staying alone.

The next day, after Clara took a drip, she was much reinvigorated and she decided to go to work. But when she got up to pack up, she found her bag missing and a famous brand bag replaced her original bag.

“Martha,” At this time, Clara just saw her go upstairs to tidy and asked.  
“Where’s my bag?”

“Mrs. Selman, your bag was damaged in the rain yesterday. Mr. Kirkland prepared this bag for you.”

She recognized that the bag Horace bought for her was CHANEL which was worth tens of thousands of dollars. She couldn’t afford it with her own salary.

But her bag had been thrown away and she had no other bag. Therefore, she had to accept this bag.

Horace sat at the table reading the newspaper as usual.

But Clara was keenly aware that Horace seemed different today.

Was it his manner, sitting position, or his hands?

Her gaze rested on his well-defined hands and she suddenly froze.