

Desperation 134

Chapter 134

Jaden returned to the villa he was temporarily staying at.

Sitting in Joseph's flashy pink sports car, Ashley returned with him to Kingsley Villa.

On the way back, Joseph, who was driving, casually asked, "Ashley, you and Valentin aren't still sleeping in separate rooms, are

you?"

Ashley, somewhat speechless, replied, "No."

After her last chat with Joseph about accidentally revealing too much, she started sharing a room with Valentin.

Suddenly remembering something, Ashley curiously asked, "You said Valentin mentioned me to you before?"

Joseph laughed. "Yes, he did."

Ashley inquired, "What did Valentin say about me?"

Joseph chuckled, "Guess?"

Ashley said, "Okay, did he mention how I used to bully him when we were kids? How I bit him once?"

At a red traffic light, Joseph stopped the car, laughing uncontrollably. "Why would you think that way?"

Holding her head in one hand, Ashley replied, "Then what did he mention about me?"

Joseph turned to look at her, surprised. "Ashley, you said you used to bully Valentin as a kid? I don't believe it. I think no one can

bully Valentin."

Ashley blinked. As a child, she did boss Valentin around quite often, demanding him to do her homework, tell her stories, or give

her a shoulder massage.

Joseph said with a meaningful smile, "Ashley, Valentin must have willingly let you boss him around. Otherwise, you couldn't have

done it."

Ashley's heart skipped a beat.

She thought, "Valentin willingly let me boss him around? Really?"

They returned to Kingsley Villa, and Valentin hadn't come back from his company yet.

Joseph hung around for a while, then left in his car to have fun.

Ashley took a bath, dried her hair, and looked at the time. It was almost seven in the evening, and Valentin still hadn't returned.

She figured he

be busy at the company.

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Ashley had dinner alone.

After dinner, wandering into the kitchen, she remembered Joseph's words about Valentin willingly being bossed around by her.

She decided to cook dinner for Valentin.

Her cooking skills weren't great, but she was enthusiastic. She even had Kingsley Villa's chef teach her.

Unfortunately, she didn't quite get the hang of it, and the food was slightly burnt. She realized cooking was indeed an art.

Around nine in the evening, Valentin returned from work, carrying the innate authority and nobility that naturally befitted a leader.

His handsome, youthful face carried a sense of detachment.

Entering the living room, he casually loosened his tie with a seductive charm.

Noticing her on the sofa, Valentin paused slightly. Then Ashley's gaze

met his.

His indifferent look softened with a gentle smile. He asked in a deep, attractive tone, "Ashley, are you waiting for me to come

home?"

Ashley turned away, pretending to be indifferent. "I wasn't waiting for you. I was watching TV"

Valentin glanced at the TV and then back at Ashley, his eyebrows slightly raised.

The TV was showing commercials. Ashley's ears turned red. "I just like watching commercials."

He chuckled and said slowly, "Yes, Ashley, you love commercials."

Ashley, like a cat whose tail was stepped on, suddenly flared up, angrily turning off the TV with the remote and complaining in a

futile attempt to cover her embarrassment, "Unbelievable! Why are there so many

commercials on TV?"

With a sudden change of topic, she asked playfully, "By the way, did you eat tonight? Are you hungry after working so late? How

about a midnight snack?"

Valentin loosened his tie and unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt. with one hand. "Midnight snack?"

Ashley stood up excitedly, pulling him to the dining room and serving the food she had kept warm for him. "Look! I made it all by

myself, just for you.

Valentin glanced at the food, his brows rising subtly. "Who asked you to cook?"

Ashley was taken aback. "What's wrong?"

He looked up at her with an intense gaze. "You don't need to do these trivial things. It could hurt your hands."

Ashley was initially moved but then realized and glared. "Are you disliking my cooking?"

He laughed, and Adam's apple bobbed as he chuckled softly, "Baby, I like it so much."

"I can tell you don't like it." Ashley pulled out a chair. "If you like it, sit down and eat."

Valentin looked at Ashley, then at the slightly burnt and unappetizing food. He calmly sat down, picked up a fork, and tasted.

"How is it?" Ashley eagerly asked, "Is it better than the cupcakes I made last time? It might not look great, but it tastes okay,

right?"

He nodded. "It's much better."

Ashley smiled, sitting down at the table and resting her chin on her hands. "I find cooking quite fun. Maybe I should cook for you

every day to practice my skills."

When he heard this, Valentin's eyelids twitched slightly.

He set down his fork, reaching out to pinch her cheek. "From now on, tell me what you want to eat, and I'll cook. Don't cook

again, okay?"

Ashley was speechless.

She wondered if her cooking was so bad that he felt the need to pamper her like this.

Though the food didn't look great, Valentin ate quite a bit, nearly finishing everything Ashley had made.

Seeing him put down his fork, Ashley blinked and leaned in. "What have you told Joseph about me before?"

Valentin immediately understood, raising an eyebrow slightly. "You cooked for me just to find this out?"

Ashley explained, "No, I just wanted to cook for you."

He smiled slightly, noncommittal.

Valentin stood up to go upstairs. The maid began cleaning up the table.

Ashley followed Valentin, curious. "Tell me, what did you say to Joseph about me? You didn't mention any embarrassing stories

from my childhood, did you?"

Valentin asked, "Like what?"

Ashley replied, "Like the time I accidentally bumped my head when I was little."

on a dog

He chuckled, pushed open the bedroom door, and walked into the bedroom.

Ashley, clingy, followed him. "Don't laugh. Just tell me."

Valentin stopped, turned to look at her, and finally spoke, smiling, his tone casual yet sexy, "I'm going to take a shower, Ashley.

Do you want to join me?"

Ashley looked up, only then realizing she had followed him to the bathroom. Her eyes widened in surprise. "I'm not showering

with you."

After saying that, she turned and left the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Valentin came out of the shower, drying his hair with a white towel, his damp hair falling casually on his forehead, adding a touch

of wildness. He then glanced at Ashley, who was sitting on the bed and looking down at some documents.

"What are you looking at?" he asked casually.