

Desperation 135

Chapter 135

Ashley, absorbed, didn't look up. "Divorce papers."

Valentin was shocked and puzzled.

Without bothering to dry his hair, Valentin walked over with a deep breath, only to see Ashley looking down, seemingly

engrossed in something.

His eyes narrowed threateningly as he reached out his hand.

Ashley, absorbed in the papers in her hand, was startled by his approach. and looked up.

He gestured to her with his hand. His eyes, clear and bright, seemed even more attractive from a recent shower. Give it to me."

"Do you want to see it too?" Ashley, sitting on the bedside, patted the space beside her. "Sit down. Let's look at it together."

Valentin was speechless. He had hoped Ashley would invite him to look at something else.

Valentin didn't sit down. Instead, he took the divorce agreement from her hand. She had only just seen the first page.

"Why are you suddenly looking at this?" Valentin asked.

Ashley replied, "I'm checking the terms. I never really read them closely before."

When she signed the divorce agreement, she had only glanced over it before swiftly signing.

She had an irrational trust in Valentin, believing he wouldn't hurt her, so she had signed after only a brief look.

Although they had reunited less than a day ago and claimed they were incompatible, for some reason, her inexplicable trust

toward Valentin remained unshaken.

"Looking at the terms?" Valentin asked curiously.

Ashley nodded vigorously. "Yeah."

She amused Valentin. He flipped a few pages and then handed it back to her, pointing to a specific clause. "Look at this one.

Read it carefully."

He was so serious that Ashley immediately looked.

She was shocked to see it was about fulfilling marital duties.

In fact, Ashley had noticed this clause when she first signed the agreement, but she hadn't thought deeply about it.

Ashley coughed lightly, pretending to be calm as she looked away and shoved the agreement into the drawer of her nightstand.

"I'm tired. I don't want to read anymore. I'm going to sleep," after saying this, she lay down, but Valentin grabbed her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Ashley looked at him warily.

He smiled charmingly, his seductive demeanor enveloping her, "Now you saw it. Why not fulfill our marital duties together?"

Ashley glared at him.

Still holding her wrist, he gently caressed her delicate skin. "You don't have to do anything else. Just help me dry my hair. That's

not too much, right?"

Ashley felt a strange sensation on her skin where he touched.

"Why can't you do it yourself? You're too tall. It's tiring for me to keep my arms raised to dry your hair," she said, clenching her

fingers and protesting.

"Then I'll sit down so it won't be tiring for you, Ashley."

Ashley was speechless. He kept staring at her as if he would continue holding her wrist unless she agreed.

His gaze was particularly captivating, especially when he looked at someone with such a focused and tender gaze, tempting one

to indulge.

Two minutes later, Valentin sat casually on the sofa, and Ashley, with a stern face, reluctantly dried his hair with a towel..

She couldn't understand why she had agreed to dry his hair. She felt like his charm had bewitched her. She thought he was just

too handsome.

Valentin sat while Ashley, regretfully holding a towel, stood wiping his hair.

Suddenly, she felt a tight grip around her waist. Valentin had embraced her, his arms around her waist, his forehead resting

against her belly.

Ashley stopped drying his hair. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Valentin, smelling the faint fragrance on her, spoke casually. "My hair is dry now. You can stop."

Ashley asked again, "What are you doing with your hands?"

He chuckled softly, holding her slender waist while pinching it teasingly, his voice low and seductive, "I'm just holding my babe."

Ashley felt a strange sensation sweeping over her at that moment, like a tide washing over her. Her eyelashes fluttered lightly as

she protested, "Stop calling me that. Let go of me."

He didn't let go, casually saying, "Don't move. Let me hold you for a while."

After two seconds, he made up an excuse. "I'm a bit tired today."

Ashley stopped pushing him away and looked down at him. From this angle, she could see his prominent nose and long

eyelashes. His jawline was sharp, and his features impeccably delicate.

Ashley played with his hair a bit. "You're tired? Then you should go to bed and rest. Holding me won't help you relax."

Valentin was speechless. He looked up at her, then slowly stood up.

Ashley felt a sense of weightlessness the next second as she was suddenly held in his arms in a princess carry.

Surprised, she cried out, instinctively clutching his clothes, "Valentin!"

He looked down at her with a muffled laugh. "Ashley, why are you holding on so tight?"

Ashley flushed, and she glared at him bashfully.

But her eyes were enchanting, and her blushing face made even her glare adorable and irresistibly charming.

Valentin swallowed hard, gazing at her flushed face, his voice low and seductive. "Who says I can't relax while holding you? I'll

try it tonight."

Before Ashley could react, he carried her to the bed. She immediately rolled away, wrapping herself in her blanket, determined

not to sleep cuddled up with him.

Although they had been sleeping in the same bed these past few days, they kept to their sides. She had no intention of cuddling

up with him.

But Valentin pulled her back, causing her to fall back into his embrace.

His teasing voice sounded in her ears, making her heart flutter. "Why are you rolling into my arms?"

Ashley was speechless, feeling he was being unreasonable.

Annoyed, she puffed her cheeks and kicked at him. "You pulled me back!"

Before she could kick him, he caught her ankle.

Valentin's eyes darkened.

He locked her slender ankle effortlessly. He gently caressed her ankle

with his thumb, his voice husky and incredibly attract