

Desperation 145

Chapter 145

“Jeremy! How can you say that?” Bertha interrupted sternly, “Jessica is crying. She knows she was wrong!”

Jessica curled up in Bertha’s arms, crying pitifully, her voice soft and weak. “Mom, I do realize my mistake this time...

Jeremy was so angry that his vein throbbed. Jessica is just so good at playing the victim!’

Matthew looked around the living room. Besides Evan, Bertha, and Jessica, Charlie and Ryan were also here. Only Frankie was

missing.

Where had Frankie gone?

Charlie looked at Jessica and frowned. He wanted to lecture her since he knew Jessica had stolen Ashley’s design draft.

But seeing Bertha so protective of Jessica, unwilling to let her face even a word of rebuke, Charlie hesitated and eventually

chose to stay out of it.

Still looking rugged as ever, Ryan glanced at Jeremy and Matthew, inquiring, “You two finally decided to come home?”

At the mention of this, Evan slammed on the table in anger. “When was the last time you two even came home, huh?”

Jeremy took a deep breath, suppressing his rage and disgust towards his family. He got straight to the point. “Mom, Dad, if you

both don’t like Ashley, then why did you bring her back to our family in the first place?”

Bertha was taken aback and frowned. Her words came out somewhat awkwardly. “Ashley is my daughter. What’s wrong with

bringing her back to the Ramos family after finding her lost?”

Matthew stared at Bertha’s eyes. “Is it true?”

Bertha turned to Evan. “Evan, you tell them.”

Evan was silent for a moment, then nodded calmly

“Indeed, that’s the

case. Why are you suddenly asking this?”

Jeremy and Matthew exchanged a glance and didn't believe it.

Bertha didn't continue this topic. Glancing at the darkening sky outside and hearing the patter of rain, she asked worriedly. "It's

getting late, and

it's raining outside. Why hasn't Frankie come back yet?"

Jessica replied softly, "After the design exchange dinner ended, Frankie rushed after Ashley. I haven't seen him since then."

"He chased Ashley?" Bertha pondered for a moment, then looked at Charlie. "Charlie, could you call Frankie and ask him to

come back soon?"

Charlie nodded and called Frankie.

But the call went unanswered until it disconnected automatically.

Bertha's worry deepened. "What's with Frankie? Why isn't he answering his phone?"

Evan sighed. Frankie had always been ambitious, determined to grow the Ramos Group into a more significant enterprise at all

costs. He wanted to make the Ramos Group a powerhouse.

The Ramos family had now fallen from grace, and Frankie had pinned his hopes on Attelia, who was Ashley, the sister he had

always looked down upon. He must be at a loss now.

Bertha urged, "Ryan, please call Frankie."

"Sure." Ryan took out his phone and dialed Frankie.

This time, however, the call went straight to voicemail.

Bertha grew worried, tears welling up in her eyes.

She knew Frankie was hit hard, but where could he be? He was not coming home and answering the phone. Bertha feared for

the worst, hoping nothing else had gone wrong.

Meanwhile, Joseph dropped Ashley off at Kingsley Villa, but he didn't get out of the car. There we go, mission accomplished!

Valentin entrusted me to bring you home safely. Now, my job's done. Enjoy your lovely night

Ashley's eyes narrowed. "Just go if you're going to leave. Stop talking."

Joseph raised his hands in surrender Alright, alright, no more talk. Ashley, say hi to Valentin for me Oh, wait, you don't have to.

He is coming out to take you."

Ashley turned around to see Valentin coming out from the living room.

The warm light from the living room highlighted his figure from behind, casting his tall figure.

"Wow, looks like your husband came out just for you. I guess that's my cue to leave!" Joseph chuckled, quickly driving off in his

pink sports car.

Ashley was speechless.

Joseph sure had a way with words..

Turning back. Ashley saw Valentin standing on the steps in front of the living room, his legs long in his suit pants, exuding a mix

of restraint and allure.

As she approached, she heard his deep, casual voice. "Why haven't you gotten the signature from Attelia for me yet?"

Ashley was speechless again.

So, Valentin knew she was Attelia when he asked for the autograph.

He was messing around with her.

Valentin raised an eyebrow. "How many days do you owe me now? Huh?"

Puffing her cheeks, Ashley huffed and climbed the stairs. "What's the rush? I'll give you soon."

Reaching the top step, Ashley suddenly tripped over something, her body tilting forward uncontrollably.

Valentin's eyes darkened, and he quickly caught her.

Ashley fell into his arms, her forehead bumping against his chest, her nose feeling sore.

Tears almost spilled from Ashley's eyes as she rubbed her nose and muttered softly. "What did I trip over just now..."

While she was muttering, Ashley's gaze suddenly froze, her eyelashes fluttering

Valentin followed her gaze and saw a faint red lipstick mark on his white

shirt.

Seeing this, Valentin raised his eyebrow and hummed, realizing it was a lipstick mark

She had just returned from the dinner party and hadn't wiped off her lipstick, so it must have been smudged when she fell.

Ashley's cheeks burned hot, and she didn't even bother to rub her nose, hastily wiping it off. "Let me get that for you!"

Valentin, however, stepped back. His Adam's apple moved slightly as he chuckled flirtatiously, "Let's consider it a signature from

Attelia."

Ashley was puzzled.

He raised an eyebrow. "A signature that's exclusively mine. What do you think?"

Ashley was at a loss for words.

Valentin leaned in, his breath warm and alluring by her ear. His voice was husky and teasing as he said slowly, "I really like this

signature."

Ashley felt her whole body go weak, her heart suddenly tightening.

Gazing at his strikingly handsome face, Ashley swallowed hard, then she smiled somewhat mischievously, "Do you want another

exclusive signature?"

Valentin slowly straightened up. "What is it?"

Ashley suddenly pinched the flesh on his arm, giving it a gentle twist. His skin immediately reddened.

"See, this is your very own exclusive signature!"

Ashley smiled slyly, like a little fox that had just gotten away with mischief.

Valentin raised his eyebrows, looking at the red mark on his arm. He called her by her full name in a serious tone, "Ashley Ramos, are

you trying to murder your beloved husband?"

Ashley was speechless. She reached out and twisted his arm again. "Shut up!"

Valentin chuckled, not moving away from crying out in pain, his eyes filled with fondness:

The next afternoon, Ashley went to Royal Entertainment.

She discussed some work-related matters with Laura.

After leaving the company, Ashley encountered a man sitting in a wheelchair at the main entrance.

He had handsome features, but unfortunately, he was sitting in a wheelchair, seemingly having a condition with his legs.

Next to his wheelchair lay a bottle of mineral water, which had fallen to the ground.

Seeing his difficulty, Ashley kindly picked up the water bottle for him. "Here you go."

"Thank you." Lester took it, his eyes fixed on Ashley's face.

'It seems even more alike in person, he thought.

He realized that Ashley didn't just look a bit like his mother.

Lester was overwhelmed with emotion, unable to express his excitement. He had rushed overnight to Zyrrinthia and without rest

upon arrival. And now, seeing Ashley in person, Lester felt a sense of familiarity.

He couldn't help but wonder if Ashley was his sister, who had lost since she was a child.

The quickest and most accurate way to know would be a DNA test.