

Desperation 152

Chapter 152

Ashley's beautiful eyes widened in surprise. She looked at Valentin beneath her. "I've tied you up, and you're still so

unscrupulous?"

Valentin didn't look like a tied-up person at all. His posture was leisurely and comfortable, and he seemed to be looking forward

to her next move. "You tied me up and straddled my waist. What is next?"

Ashley gritted her teeth angrily and decided to beat him at his own game, making him itch.

She wanted to see his calm demeanor broken and then let him beg for

mercy.

But when Ashley scratched him, Valentin was just stunned for a moment and showed no further reaction, not even avoiding her.

Ashley's tender cheeks bulged in frustration.

Sure enough, Valentin had not been ticklish since childhood, as he was

now.

He lay beneath Ashley with his clothes disheveled, and his hands were raised above his head and tied up. His hair was a mess,

looking like he had been bullied. It seemed that he wouldn't resist no matter what Ashley wanted.

However, Valentin's eyes were calm, and he said casually with a teasing smile, "Go ahead. Don't stop."

Ashley didn't know what to do for a while.

She suddenly came up with an idea. She picked up the birthday gift box that Joseph had given before and rummaged through it.

The pink handcuffs were useless. Valentin's wrists were already tied up with a rope.

The small leather whip was useless. Ashley was not a sadist.

She rummaged through the box but didn't find any suitable prop.

Ashley put down the gift box disappointedly. Suddenly, she saw a cute pink bunny-eared headband.

Her eyes lit up with a hint of mischief flashing in them. Swiftly, she took

out the headband and put it on Valentin's head before he could react.

Valentin was stunned.

Ashley immediately took photos with her mobile phone to record his unusual appearance.

After taking photos, she smiled and exclaimed, "Wow, you are so cute in this pink bunny-eared headband!"

Valentin squinted at Ashley. However, his look seemed increasingly dangerous. He casually flipped his wrist, beginning to

leisurely untie the

rope.

Ashley admired the photos on her phone and nodded with satisfaction. "Valentin is so cute. Should I print these photos..."

As she talked about printing, she found that Valentin had already untied the rope that bound his wrists.

Ashley's heart skipped a beat, and she wanted to run away.

Before she could run away, Valentin held her waist with one hand, pressed her back with the other, and suddenly pulled her into

his arms.

Ashley was caught off guard and fell on top of him.

Then, she saw his dangerous and ambiguous smile. "I can be cuter than. Do you want to see it?"

Ashley had a strange feeling, thinking what he said was weird. She immediately shook her head. "No."

Valentin coaxed her in a low voice, "Are you sure you don't want to see it?"

Ashley actually wanted to see it and was particularly curious about what he meant.

But she thought it was not something good for her.

Ashley was still falling on top of Valentin, and their bodies clung to each

other.

Her heart skipped a beat. "Yeah. I don't want to see it."

Valentin put his hands on her back and moved down her spine inch by inch. The warmth of his palms spread to her body through

the thin

fabric of her pajama, and the atmosphere gradually became erogenous.

That thrilling, tingling sensation washed over her body like a tidal wave. Ashley blinked and said softly. "Let me get up first."

Valentin said casually, "Call my honey"

Ashley paused for a moment. Just as she was about to speak, her mobile. phone rang.

The caller ID showed an unknown number. Please bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read light novel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

"Who is calling me late at night?"

Ashley wanted to get out of Valentin's arms, but he didn't let her go.

She didn't bother struggling, so she just answered the phone in his arms.

However, no one spoke after she answered it.

Ashley thought the connection was terrible and asked suspiciously, "Hello, who is this?"

But there was still no one to speak.

Ashley glanced at the screen. They were still in the call, so she brought the phone back to her ear and asked, "Hello?"

The people on the other end of the call didn't speak, but Ashley could hear the faint breathing sound.

Ashley thought, 'Is this a mischief?'

She frowned and looked at Valentin confusedly.

Valentin hooked a strand of her long hair around his fingers. When he saw Ashley looking at him, he took her phone and hung

up.

"Who is that? A harassing call?" Ashley glanced at the number and found. that she had never seen it before.

Valentin still hooked her hair. It seemed that he liked her hair very much. He guessed and said, "Maybe it's Frankie."

When Ashley heard the name, her eyes turned cold.

She didn't know if that call was from the missing Frankie.

But she was not even bothering to call back, so she put down her phone and ignored it.

There was a charity dinner recently, and both Ashley and Bryce were invited to attend.

Before the dinner started, Laura led them to the guest lounge prepared. by the organizer.

Ashley and Bryce were relatively famous, so the organizer prepared a private lounge for them.

Ashley saw the attendance list and knew that Miranda was also invited to attend the charity dinner, but Miranda had not arrived

yet.

She texted Miranda, asking her to go straight to this separate lounge when she arrived.

Bryce had been a little busy recently and had hardly rested well. There were faint dark circles under his eyes.

With a strand of silver hair hanging on his forehead, he looked as rebellious as ever. "Ashley, I recently wanted to shoot an MV

for my new song and invite you to play the female lead. Do you?"

Ashley smiled, "No."

Bryce felt embarrassed. "Can you not refuse me so quickly?"

Ashley said, "No."

Laura shook her head helplessly. "Bryce, it seems that you are no enough lately. You are still in the mood to quarrel with Ashley."

Bryce snorted, rolled his eyes at Ashley fiercely, and sat on the sofa without saying a word.

After more than ten minutes, Miranda finally came up, gulping for air.

"What's wrong?" Ashley asked.

Miranda patted her chest and said with lingering fear in her heart, "Something happened to me on the road, and I almost had a

car accident. Fortunately, the other party didn't care and didn't ask for compensation."

Ashley comforted her. "It's great you are fine."

Miranda thought of the person she had almost smashed into his car and

smiled, "Ashley, that man wears a black jacket and is handsome with an angular face."

Ashley couldn't help but chuckle, "You are still in the mood to think about this."

Miranda's eyes were full of affection. "It's not that I'm a nymphomaniac. The man gave me his contact information and asked me

to call him if I found something wrong with the car. In fact, this car accident is not his fault."

Ashley raised an eyebrow knowingly. It seemed that the man was nice.

He took responsibility proactively and left his contact information.

Miranda suddenly clapped excitedly. "By the way, that man is also a racing driver."

When Laura heard this, her intuition told her she might know that man. He had angular features, wore a black jacket, and was a

racing driver. These characteristics were so much like Ryan's.