

Desperation 156

Chapter 156

Evan attended the charity dinner not only to seize the opportunity to meet Valentin but also for another reason.

Just a few minutes later, the auctioneer on stage announced. "Next up for auction is a famous painting prepared by Jessica.

Unfortunately, Jessica couldn't make it to our charity event due to illness. However, the painting she prepared is quite exquisite,

with a starting bid of two thousand dollars."

As soon as Jessica's name was mentioned, the large venue fell silent, followed by an outburst of chatter.

"Damn, Jessica? Such a disgraceful woman still has the nerve to show up. She should just get out of showbiz."

"Exactly. Who would want her stuff? It's just bad luck."

Amidst the arguing, a man fond of landscape oil paintings spoke up. "Hold on. Don't curse just yet. Look at the stage. The

painting Jessica prepared is a rare authentic piece. Besides, Jessica is doing this for charity. Let's not be too harsh."

Joseph scoffed at this, thinking to himself that charity was just her pretense.

He considered Jessica a despicable person, trying to whitewash her image. Under the guise of charity.

All those excuses about being sick and unable to attend were just a cover. Everyone despised Jessica now. She didn't dare to

show up.

Frustrated, Joseph nudged Ashley's arm and whispered, "No wonder Evan and Charlie came to the charity dinner. It's all for

Jessica."

Ashley could tell at a glance that the painting on stage was indeed a rare masterpiece.

She knew Charlie likely prepared it for Jessica.

Charlie, a cultural relic restorer fond of paintings, had collected many famous paintings.

Now, he was willing to offer his cherished collection to Jessica. Ashley thought Charlie was really a good brother.

Meanwhile, at the banquet hall entrance, Jessica sneaked in, wearing a hat and mask, covered up except for her eyes.

After much deliberation, Jessica couldn't bear to not see for herself and decided to come.

But given her tarnished reputation, she had to dress like this to avoid being recognized and insulted in public.

Watching Ashley look radiant and attend such an event while she had to stay hidden, Jessica was filled with twisted resentment.

She decided to get a female dog when she got back, naming it Ashley.

She would beat and scold it every day.

Thinking this way, Jessica felt some of her hatred subside. Looking at the painting on the stage, she was determined to succeed.

It was a genuine painting worth at least four million dollars.

She thought that with a starting bid of two thousand dollars, anyone would fiercely bid for it.

She thought, 'So what if I have a bad reputation? You all still want to bid for my stuff.'

She believed that once the reporters covered this, showing Jessica offering her genuine painting for charity and how selflessly

generous she was, she could earn a good reputation and leave the netizens with no reason to criticize her.

The auctioneer had already announced the start of the bidding.

Those not interested in paintings, especially those who loathed Jessica's character, were not keen.

"Pah, who would want that trash's stuff? I don't even want to see it."

"I think someone like Jessica has no right to be at a charity event. They shouldn't have brought her stuff up on stage."

"Exactly! Whoever bids for Jessica's painting, I'll despise them too."

However, this was an opportunity not to be missed for those who love art. The starting bid of two thousand dollars was incredibly

tempting.

But, listening to the crowd's scorn and insults towards Jessica, people were hesitant to raise their paddles to bid.

After all, the attendees at tonight's dinner were all distinguished figures. They felt that it would be a humiliation to be despised by

these elites for bidding on that painting.

Thus, a rare and strange scene unfolded in the banquet hall. A painting worth four million dollars had a starting bid of just two

thousand dollars, yet no one made an offer.

Jessica was dumbfounded.

She thought to herself, 'Are these people fools? Such a great deal is being ignored.'

Evan frowned deeply while Charlie's expression remained unchanged, as if the events unfolding had nothing to do with him.

Finally, an elderly gentleman sitting in the front row seemed ready to raise his paddle.

Jessica was overjoyed and recognized him as Ross Foster, the CEO of Foster Real Estate.

Being seated in the front row, Ross was a significant figure. If he bid, others in the hall, no matter how angry, wouldn't dare to

object.

She believed her painting would be sold.

Jessica even thought about having her online supporters comment: [Jessica's painting bought by the wealthy Ross Foster shows

her kind heart. Turns out Jessica is so wonderful and generous. Hope everyone stops criticizing her. Am I the only one who feels

for Jessica?]

At that moment, in the front row, Ross, a man of superficial elegance who didn't really understand art, thought the painting

looked good and considered bidding for it.

The auctioneer, noticing his intent to bid, eagerly looked towards him.

Just as Ross was trying to raise his paddle, a chilling gaze suddenly fell upon him.

Ross felt a surge of fear, and as he turned his head, he met a pair of cold and indifferent eyes.

Seeing Valentin staring at him, he panicked.

Ross, seasoned in the business world and shrewd, could sense that Valentin's look, though not overtly threatening, carried an

intimidating and chilling demeanor. He quickly understood.

No matter how powerful Foster Real Estate was, it couldn't compare to the Kingsley Group. Ross had hoped to collaborate with

the Kingsley Group on several of his recent projects.

Meeting Valentin's icy stare, Ross felt a chill down his spine and instantly understood the message.

Still earnestly looking at Ross, the auctioneer asked, "Mr. Foster, are you going to bid on Jessica's painting?"

Ross laughed awkwardly, pretending to scratch his head. "I'm just scratching an itch!"

The crowd didn't buy his excuse of just raising his hand to scratch an itch.

They burst into laughter, finding it amusing.

The auctioneer joked, "I thought you were about to bid."

Ross' expression quickly turned serious. He adopted a righteous demeanor. Jessica, a person known for her many

wrongdoings, selfishness, and deceit, who would want the painting she prepared."

Ross said all this in one breath as if eager to distance himself.

After speaking, Ross turned to Valentin with a flattering look.

But Valentin had already looked away, no longer paying attention to him.

Ross' words were quite harsh. In front of everyone, he used three negative descriptions, making the surrounding crowd gasp in

shock.

Jessica's face turned pale, her nails digging into her palms.

She thought Ross wanted to bid, but she was puzzled as to why he suddenly changed his mind.

Even worse, Ross openly criticized her in front of everyone.