

## Desperation 22

### Chapter 22

Valentin licked his teeth, turning to look at her. "You bit me when we were kids. And now, you even slapped me. Ashley, you're quite something."

This was the first time someone had slapped him across the face since he was born.

Valentin wasn't angry, though.

After all, it was Ashley who slapped him.

In fact, Valentin was rarely angry with her.

In a drunken stupor, Ashley was oblivious to the fact that she had just slapped someone. She found it amusing and laughed

charmingly with her eyes squinted. She even reached up and patted her own face.

Valentin quickly caught Ashley's hand, preventing her from hurting herself.

Luckily, he stopped her in time, and her face was spared from a red mark.

Observing Ashley's adorable and clueless expression, Valentin couldn't help but chuckle, shaking his head in resignation.

He truly had no way to deal with this little drunkard.

Gavyn brought in hangover medicine.

Valentin instructed him to leave it on the table, planning to give it to Ashley later.

Gavyn set the medicine down and left.

"It seems that Mr. Kingsley is going to stay here and take care of Ms. Ramos all night, he thought.

Valentin sat on the edge of the bed, helping Ashley to lean against his shoulder. He then picked up the hangover medicine and a

glass of water.

"Here, take this."

Ashley looked at the pills with disdain, wrinkling her nose. Her speech was a bit slurred. "What's this...what is it?"

Valentin smiled slightly, teasing her without any sense of guilt. He whispered, "This is your favorite candy. Want to try it?"

Saying that, he fed the pill to her lips.

Ashley, upon hearing it was candy, took it willingly and put it in her mouth. It was indeed a bit sweet.

She giggled, her eyes squinted in joy. "It's sweet!"

"Really? Then have another one," Valentin said.

"You should have one as well!" Ashley, like a three-year-old, pushed the pills towards Valentin, sharing the delightful treat with

him.

Valentin lowered his eyes, glancing at the hangover medicine for a moment.

After a pause, he took one and put it in his mouth. Please bookmark site [novelxo.org](http://novelxo.org) to read latest content. If you want to read lightnovel please visit [allnovelnext.com](http://allnovelnext.com) to read fastest content.

Both of them took the same medicine, sipping from the same cup

of

water.

"I've taken it. These are all yours now." Valentin once again fed Ashley a pill.

Ashley obediently took the medicine and swallowed it.

Valentin took the cup and placed it aside, still letting her lean against his shoulder. "Headache?"

"Not at all!" To prove that she really wasn't in pain, Ashley even shook her head.

The girl's soft hair brushed against his neck, tickling his skin and evoking a subtle itch that seemed to crawl into his heart along

his nerves.

Valentin's eyes suddenly darkened. Just as he was about to speak, Ashley's phone rang.

She picked it up and saw a spam message.

Ashley couldn't think properly now. She pondered for a moment, unable to comprehend the message. She returned to the home

screen, where she saw her wallpaper. Like a precious treasure, Ashley brought the phone to her face, rubbing against it and

murmuring something softly.

Valentin leaned in to identify her words. And to his surprise, he heard

12:30

her saying something like, "Babe, you're so handsome!"

Valentin frowned, took her phone, and saw the wallpaper. It was a character from a manga.

Almost amused, he licked his upper teeth.

Ashley used to call Valentin with all kinds of wicked nicknames she could ever think of, and now she was calling a manga character "babe" and saying he was handsome.

Valentin squinted in displeasure. He placed her phone on the bed, then suddenly called her by her full name. "Ashley Ramos."

Ashley, in her dazed state, looked at him.

Valentin lowered his eyes, his gaze unusually profound. He asked, "Who did you grow up with?"

Ashley blinked her eyes, too drunk to come up with an answer.

He continued, "Who used to tell you stories every night when you were a child?"

Ashley blinked her eyes again, struggling to find something in her muddled mind.

Valentin went on. "Who helped you with your homework and skipped class with you when you were in school?"

Ashley's curled eyelashes trembled, and her clear eyes became moist with gentle ripples of emotions swirling inside.

After a while, she finally remembered, excitedly raising her hand. "It's you!"

Valentin grabbed her hand, his slightly calloused fingertips gently swept over the delicate skin of her wrist. "And what did you

consider me when you were little?"

With pride, Ashley puffed her chest and said, "Dear Valentin!"

Valentin found her adorable, and a low, sexy laugh escaped his throat. He picked up Ashley's phone, which had a lock screen

password.

Raising an eyebrow, he entered Ashley's birthday, which successfully unlocked it.

Valentin opened the camera, holding it in front of their faces. "Then shall we take a photo together?"

Ashley immediately tilted her head and leaned in. She raised her lips slightly, her eyes full of leisure and charming smiles.

Valentin's head leaned against hers. They both looked into the camera, and he pressed the capture button.

After taking the photo, Valentin tapped the screen, shamelessly changing Ashley's wallpaper to the picture of the two of them.

He only changed the wallpaper, not delving into the contents of her phone.

Placing Ashley's phone on the table, Valentin helped her lie down. "Do you want to sleep?"

Ashley rubbed her temples, feeling a bit tired. She nodded and murmured, "Mmm.."

"Go ahead, then. You'll wake up sober tomorrow."

Ashley puffed her cheeks and muttered something softly, then closed her eyes, clutching the quilt.

Valentin remained sitting by the bed, listening to her gradually shallow and rhythmic breathing, knowing that she had fallen

asleep.

He lifted a strand of her hair near her temple and put it behind her ear, his voice low, attractive, and affectionate. "Goodnight."

Early the next morning,

sunlight streamed through the curtains, revealing fine dust particles floating in the air.

As the light slipped in from different angles, the bright sun rays landed on Ashley's face. Her smooth skin, like the wheat in

autumn, was full of vitality and beauty.

Ashley's eyes flickered as she awakened from her sleep. She reached out, shielding her face from the sunlight.

After a moment of dazed staring at the ceiling, she suddenly remembered something. Last night, she went to have some

midnight

snacks with Valentin and got drunk, but she couldn't remember how she got back.

Drinking tended to make Ashley's memory hazy, and she couldn't recall, no matter how hard she tried.

She got up, puzzled, and started to freshen up.

Ashley descended the stairs and spotted Valentin in the living room. He held a set of documents, focused on reading while

flipping through the pages, producing a faint rustle.

Hearing her footsteps, Valentin raised his head to look at her. "You're awake?"

"Mmm," Ashley lazily responded, still a bit drowsy. While looking away from him, she suddenly halted, her eyes widening. "What

happened to your face? Why is there a red handprint? Did someone slap you?"

Valentin set aside the documents, silently observing her.

Ashley urged, "Speak up."

Valentin remained silent.

Ashley suddenly noticed that his gaze was full of grievances, as if she had just cheated and abandoned him overnight.

Perplexed, Ashley scratched her head. A bold idea emerged in her mind. "The handprint on your face... It wouldn't be from me, would it?"

Valentin gazed at her, his tone faintly pitiful. "There's no need to doubt. yourself."

Ashley was speechless.

"Oh, dear. Did I slap him when I was drunk? What was it, then? Domestic violence?" She thought.

While feeling awkward, Ashley's phone alarm went off. She casually turned it off, but the next moment, she discovered her new

wallpaper.

"What the hell? Why is it a photo of me and Valentin?"

Most importantly, she was giggling like an idiot in that photo!