

## Desperation 23

### Chapter 23

Ashley raised her phone, showing it to Valentin with a puzzled expression. "What's going on here?"

Valentin glanced at it and lied calmly. "You got drunk and insisted on taking a photo with me. Then, you set it as your wallpaper."

Ashley found his explanation hard to believe.

She wasn't about to fall for it. "That can't be possible!"

Valentin turned his head, showcasing the handprint on his cheek. "Well, I didn't believe you'd slap me at first."

Ashley suddenly felt guilty.

Apparently, Valentin wouldn't have slapped himself.

So, the handprint on his face must be her doing.

And...she probably had changed the wallpaper herself.

Ashley licked her rosy lips, her voice soft and gentle. "I'm sorry for the slap. As for the wallpaper...I must have done it while I was

drunk. My mind was such a mess back then. I'll change it back right now."

As she spoke, Valentin remained speechless.

Ashley swiftly changed the wallpaper back to the original one.

Valentin squinted and looked at her meaningfully, his eyes carrying something else.

After breakfast, Valentin went to the study to deal with his work.

Ashley remembered slapping him the night before. She pondered for a while and went to the kitchen to prepare a fruit plate.

Then, she carried it upstairs to the study and knocked on the door.

However, the door wasn't shut and swung open immediately.

Ashley blinked and looked inside, asking, "Are you busy?"

Valentin sat behind the desk, closing the contract he was reviewing on the computer. "Not really. What's up?"

Ashley smiled, walking over and placing the fruit plate on the table. "I brought you some fruits. I just prepared them myself. They're really SweetS

Valentin glanced at the fruits and then looked up at her. "Go ahead. What crime did you' commit this time?"

Ashley's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

Valentin leaned back, looking at her with a sly smile, his voice low and careless. "Since we were kids, you've only been this nice

to me when you've done something wrong."

Ashley was shocked and started to recall whether what he had said was true.

After a brief recollection, Ashley figured out that Valentin wasn't lying.

"You're

Ashley cleared her throat, ignoring her sense of guilt. overthinking it. It's just because I accidentally slapped you yesterday when

I was drunk, and I wanted to apologize."

Valentin grunted, lowering his eyes to the fruits on the table. "I won't accept this apology."

Ashley was stunned for a moment and asked warily, "What else do you want, then?"

Valentin smiled, his tone indifferent. "I don't mind you slapping me, so there's no need to apologize."

Ashley was stunned again.

She thought this wicked man would take advantage of the situation, but he didn't seem to care.

Now, it seemed that Ashley had wronged Valentin and misunderstood his intentions.

He indeed appeared like an upright person. Ashley now believed that it was her who insisted on taking the photo last night and

making it her wallpaper.

But now that the fruits were already prepared, they shouldn't go to waste. So, Ashley left them on Valentin's desk.

As she turned to leave, she noticed a brush and some paint on the nearby bookshelf. A sudden idea popped into her head.

Ashley exclaimed, her eyes glittering, "Valentin, I've figured out what wedding gift to give you!"

12:30

Valentin raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

Ashley took over the paint and brush. Let me try this out. If you don't like it, I'll get you something else."

Seeing that she was about to paint something, Valentin cleared a space on the desk for her and helped her put the paint into a

palette.

He rolled up his sleeves, revealing the muscular outline of his forearms. Blue veins popped up on his tanned skin, emitting an

inexplicable allure..

Since childhood, Ashley had excelled at painting.

Valentin often assisted her with these preparations, making the process appear effortless.

To be fair, Ashley's painting was more like an artwork that could be sold for money.

Valentin wondered what she would paint for him.

After preparing the paint, Ashley dipped the brush again and, with a flourish, began to paint. The style of her painting was

elegant and extremely vivid.

Valentin looked down and saw what she had painted.

It was his portrait.

Valentin was speechless.

This portrait somehow made him seem like a hundred years old.

Ashley, satisfied with what she had painted, put the brush down. "I had an exceptional feeling today. Look at this portrait. It'sPlease bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read lightnovel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

compact in structure, creating a great effect. Besides, this is my sincere blessing for you."

Valentin could tell that her painting was decent, and her blessing was indeed sincere. However...

He glanced at Ashley with a helpless smile. "Is this your wedding gift to me?"

Ashley, holding up the portrait, looked at him in bewilderment. "Don't you like it? I can paint you something else. Just name it."

Valentin raised an eyebrow. "I can name whatever I want?"

Ashley patted her chest confidently. "Of course."

12:30

Valentin playfully tapped the desktop, his eyes fixed on her Then, he said calmly, "Since it's a wedding gift, how about painting

ad's portrait?"

Ashley, thinking it was a simple request, began, "Ok, that's easy. Just a kid's..."

"Wait a minute." Ashley looked at Valentin, her eyes widening in surprise, filling with astonishment. "A kid? What kid?"

Valentin chuckled, "Our kid, of course!"

Ashley's eyes widened even more. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Valentin raised an eyebrow, whispering in a low, magnetic voice, "You're my wife. Who else can carry my child except you?"

Hmm?"

"Wife? Kid? What on earth is he talking about?" Ashley thought.

Her earlobes turned even redder than a cooked lobster. Angrily, she glared at Valentin. "Stop talking nonsense!"

She put down the pen, turned around, and walked out, not wanting to deal with him anymore.

Watching her leave, Valentin put his hands into his pants pockets, swallowing slightly as he chuckled in a low, alluring voice.

"Why are you leaving? You haven't finished the painting I asked for."

Ashley halted, turned around with a stern glare, and slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

"This wicked man is just as annoying as he was in childhood!" She thought.

Back in her room, Ashley's earlobes were like a ball of fire. After a long while, the heart-fluttering hotness finally dissipated.

Her phone chimed. Ashley checked the message and saw the theme for the final round of the "Show Your Dance" program: Red.

"Red?"

Ashley pondered, beginning to brainstorm her performance for the final round, which would be held a week later.

Once Ashley had her performance outlined, it was time for rigorous rehearsals.

This afternoon. Ashley went to the program venue for a rehearsal. After changing her clothes, she walked out of the dressing

room and saw a familiar figure in the corridor. It was Jeremy.

"He isn't a contestant. Why is he here now? Ashley thought.

Ashley glanced around, and next to her was the judges' resting room.

She wondered if Jeremy had come here to meet the judges.

Trying to avoid getting involved in matters related to the Ramos family, Ashley turned to leave. However, she overheard

discussions from the judges' resting room.

It was the four judges from the show, excitedly talking without even closing the door properly.

"Haha! Ten hundred thousand dollars for each of us! Another big profit!"

"Mr. Jeremy Ramos is quite generous. In order to ensure Jessica gets first place in the finals, he just handed us 40 hundred

thousand dollars!"

"Who gets first place depends on how we score. Just give high scores to Jessica and low scores to Ashley when the time

comes!"

Upon hearing this, Ashley's eyes flashed with disdain.

It turned out that Jeremy had bribed the judges.

He was indeed protective of Jessica. To secure her victory, he was actually resorting to such cliché and unethical methods to favor

his sister.

At this moment, the judges in the room continued their excited discussion.

Ashley took out her phone from her pocket and started recording their conversation.

She decided to send this audio file to the director's email.

The director of this show was known for being fair and upright, and Ashley believed that upon hearing the audio, he would

ensure justice.

After the rehearsal, Ashley returned to the Kingsley Villa.

As she entered the living room, she noticed a man in a pink shirt sitting on the sofa.

He had his back against her, so Ashley couldn't see his face, but she could tell he had a good physique, giving off a debonair

vibe in that pink shirt. Valentin was sitting across from him, facing Ashley's direction.

When he saw Ashley coming in, the aloofness in his eyes instantly softened into a gentle affection.

"You're back," he said.

The next second, the man in the pink shirt stood up and turned to Ashley. His lips curled into a charming smile as he greeted.

“Hello, Mrs. Kingsley!”

Ashley was shocked by how he addressed her.