

## Desperation 146

### Chapter 146

After helping to pick up the water bottle, Ashley was about to leave.

“Sorry, please wait a moment!” Lester called out to her, his tone tinged with urgency.

Ashley paused, looking at Lester curiously.

The rain had poured all night, and it was only in the afternoon that the sun had emerged. Her eyes looked even more bright and

clear under the sunshine.

A sense of warmth and familiarity bubbled up in Lester’s heart as he looked at Ashley.

“Hello, I’m Lester Pliskin.”

Lester looked at Ashley from his wheelchair, introducing himself.

Ashley nodded. “Hello.”

Lester smiled, his face stunning.

Ashley couldn’t help but feel a pang of sympathy. Lester was so handsome, yet he was disabled and needed to use a

wheelchair.

He is so strong despite being disabled. What a shame, she thought.

Lester didn’t know he had formed this kind of image in Ashley’s mind. He wheeled closer to her.

“Actually, I came here

specifically to see you.”

“Specifically?” Ashley asked.

Lester began to explain, his voice clear and pleasant, “I saw the news yesterday and learned that you’re Attelia, the lead

designer for Glory Youvelle Frankly, my mother is a huge fan of your work. She’s a supreme

member of Glory Youveile, and she really likes the gowns you design

Ashley jendered for a moment

The supreme members of Glory Youngile were very rare, limited to just ten globally

Bring wealthy wasn't enough to be a supreme member of Glory Yauvele Chur had to possess status and thence

Being a supreme member meant having a global ranking in status and influence.

The Pliskin... Ashley's eyes widened slightly, remembering.

Among the supreme members of Glory Youveile, there was one particularly distinguished and elegant customer, known as Mrs.

Pliskin.

'Is she the mother of this Lester?' she wondered.

So, this Lester came from the Pliskin family, an ancient and prestigious family that had lived for centuries and was regarded as

one of the top four elite conglomerates.

The Pliskin family's current influence was primarily centered in Takydo. Their wealth and power were so enormous that many

countries'

governments were backed by their support.

Ashley sized up Lester, sitting in the wheelchair, and felt weird.

She hadn't heard of any Pliskins needing a wheelchair,

Ashley couldn't help but wonder if he was an imposter.

Lester noticed Ashley's wariness but felt reassured by it. Ashley was indeed smart, not naively trusting strangers.

He pulled out a unique material membership card and showed it to Ashley. "This is my mother's membership card from Glory

Youveile."

Ashley couldn't be more familiar with the Glory Youveile membership cards. She had designed them herself, after all. There

were only ten cards in the world.

Even if someone tried to replicate them, it would be impossible due to the card's unique material. In sunlight, it shimmered with a

faint purple hue, and the texture could be clearly felt upon touch.

With just one look, Ashley knew the card in Lester's hand was truly a Glory Youveile membership card.

Lester continued, "My mother has always wanted to meet the chief designer of Glory Youveile, but you never came to public, so

she never got the chance.”

Ashley smiled politely, “Perhaps we’ll meet in one day.”

Lester stared at Ashley’s face and couldn’t help but ask, “I know you’re a celebrity with many fans, and I’ve seen some of your

personal

information online. Is the age listed there true?”

Ashley raised her eyebrow. “You’re curious about my age?”

This was the first time someone had asked her that.

Lester smiled, “Sorry, it might be a bit offensive to ask a lady her age.”

Ashley waved her hand, not minding this problem, her voice clear. “The age on my profile is real. There’s no fabrication.”

After all, age wasn’t something that needed to be kept secret.

Although she had been abandoned as a child and grew up in an orphanage, she knew her exact age because of an emerald

necklace she had engraved with her birth date.

Lester’s fingers tightened abruptly on the armrest of his wheelchair as he heard Ashley’s response.

It matched. The age was about the same.

Ashley was the same age as his long-lost sister.

Lester felt his heart skip a beat, his eyes red as he had stayed up all night. “Last night, I read a lot about you online. Have you

severed ties with the Ramos family? Did they treat you poorly?”

This wasn’t a secret, and Ashley nodded nonchalantly. “Yes, I’ve cut ties with them.”

Lester narrowed his eyes coldly.

Even though he hadn’t confirmed that Ashley was his biological sister, seeing how the Ramos family had treated her, a fierce and

angry emotion rose within him.

“The Ramos, those scum bags, how could they bully her...”

Lester closed his eyes, struggling to suppress the anger, his voice

trembling. "My sister also  
went missing when she was Her  
nickname is Ellis, and we haven't found her to this day..."

Ashley was a bit stunned, realizing that the Pliskin family had also experienced such a tragedy. Her  
nickname is Ellis...

A wave of bitter sadness welled up in Ashley, her eyelashes quivering.

She also had been lost as a child, but fortunately, she was adopted by her  
grandparents and raised healthily.

Later, she found her biological family and returned to the Ramos family, only to realize that no matter  
how much she tried to

please them, they never liked her.

Such a family might be worse than having none at all.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Ashley couldn't help but comfort Lester softly. "You'll find your sister  
eventually. Maybe she's

also hoping to reunite with your family soon."

Lester looked at her, his gaze holding a deeper meaning. "You're right. Maybe we'll find her soon."

While chatting, a stray dog suddenly ran over, sniffing around Lester's wheelchair.

Lester tried to roll his wheelchair away, but the gravel path made it difficult.

Today was the first time Ashley had met Lester, yet she felt she was getting along with him quite well, as  
though she had known

him for a long time as if there was some kind of bond between them.

Ashley guessed it might be because she found Lester's appearance. appealing.

She kindly moved behind Lester's wheelchair to push it.

"No need. Don't worry." Lester didn't want to bother her pushing his wheelchair for such a trivial task,  
so he quickly stood up.

Ashley was baffled. "What is going on here?"

She watched as someone who had been in a wheelchair suddenly stood up and effortlessly pushed it  
aside.

Blinking in surprise, Ashley asked, "You're not disabled?"