

Desperation 149

Chapter 149

Valentin said casually, "Are you curious?"

Joseph chuckled, "I'm gossiping... I'm concerned about your relationship. I am very experienced in love and can teach you how

to deal with your love rival."

Valentin raised an eyebrow and didn't reply.

Joseph asked gossipily, "So, have you figured out that person?"

There was a hint of indifference in Valentin's deep-set eyes. He looked at the information he had investigated at hand. There was

a photo on it.

The photo only captured the man's side face in the darkness. In the picture, the man slightly lowered his head and lit a cigarette

with a lighter. The firelight illuminated the man's side face, and it could be seen that the man had a pair of beautiful eyes, but his

eyes were cold, revealing gloomy paranoia.

The man's surname was Banks, and he did have an intersection with Ashley...

After Ashley and Laura separated, she received a call from Miranda. They hadn't seen each other for a while, so they made an

appointment to have lunch together today.

She went to the appointed restaurant and booked a private room.

Miranda entered the private room, opened her arms, and hugged Ashley, smiling with two cute dimples on the corner of her lips.

"Long time no see, Ashley!"

Ashley also missed her so much. "Yeah, we haven't seen each other for a long time. Take a seat."

The two sat down at the dining table.

Miranda's eyes flashed with surprise. "I read the news a few days ago. It turns out that you are the famous designer Attelia,

Ashley, you are amazing. The clothes you designed are so beautiful!"

Ashley was slightly surprised. "Have you seen all?"

Miranda nodded. "Of course. I like Glory Youveile's clothes very much and watch every new season's clothes. And I bought two of them."

She said as she took out her mobile phone. There were several pictures in the album that she was in Glory Youveile's dresses.

"Look, I bought these

two."

Ashley looked at the screen and smiled softly, "They suit you very well and look good on you."

Miranda blushed. "Really? I was worried I couldn't pull off these beautiful dresses."

Ashley nodded. "Of course, it's true."

Miranda grabbed Ashley's hand excitedly. "The designer said so, and I'll be relieved."

"Glory Youveile's clothes are beautiful. I like a dress set very much but can't buy it, so I can only put the pictures on my phone

and look at them. daily. Every time I thought the person who designed these clothes was a good friend of mine, I felt so honored.

It was almost like a dream."

Ashley was amused by her and couldn't help but ask, "Which set? I'll give it to you."

Miranda waved her hands repeatedly upon hearing this. "No, thanks. It's not appropriate."

She couldn't buy it because the dress was too expensive. It would be too embarrassing if Ashley gave it to her for free.

Ashley raised an eyebrow slightly, with a charming smile in her beautiful eyes.

"It's just a piece of clothing. What's appropriation with giving it to a friend? Tell me which one you like, and I'll ask someone to

deliver it to your home."

Miranda's heart skipped a beat. She thought, 'Is this what it feels like to be loved? What kind of amazing friend she is?'

After dinner, Ashley and Miranda chatted for a while before they separated.

Then, Ashley came to Jaden.

Entering the villa, Ashley sat on the sofa and glanced at Jaden, who had just gotten out of bed with messy hair. She said speechlessly, "Are you just getting up?"

Jaden scratched his hair randomly, and there was a hint of sleepiness that had not yet dissipated in his blue eyes. "Dear, I just took a nap."

Ashley rolled her eyes at Jaden. "Well."

Jaden went to wash a plate of cherries, put it on the coffee table in front of Ashley, and asked casually, "What's up?"

Ashley said, "No big deal. I just want to ask you when you plan to return to Takydo."

"Huh, you are driving me away?" Jaden pressed his temples and said, "Let's talk about it later. I'm not in a hurry anyway. By the way, you met Lester before?"

Ashley ate the cherry and nodded.

Jaden thought for a while and sat on the sofa beside Ashley. "This matter is not that simple. How could Lester meet you

accidentally? He must be here for you."

Ashley nodded. "I knew. He also said he knew I was Attelia, so he visited me specifically."

Jaden touched his chin, still feeling that it was not that simple.

He was lost in thought for a while.

Jaden watched Ashley eating cherries, which made him want to eat them. too. He pinched one from the fruit plate and said

casually, "Lester is not a man to be trifled with."

Ashley was surprised. "Is it?"

Jaden nodded. "Yeah."

Ashley picked up the wet tissue on the side and wiped her fingers. "I think Lester is quite easy to get along with. When I met him,

he was sitting in at wheelchair. Except for pretending to be lame, he seemed to be very talkative, polite, and refined. He doesn't

seem like someone who's not to be trifled with."

Jaden raised an eyebrow in surprise. "He performed so well in front of you?"

Ashley frowned, "What do you mean?"

Jaden chuckled, "Lester did very gently in front of you. I heard that he is ruthless. He could smile at his opponent one second

and kill him the

next."

"Oh, that's it." Ashley didn't care. She leaned back on the sofa. "It doesn't matter. I probably won't see him very often in the

future."

Jaden looked at her. "But I think Lester is here for you."

Ashley said nothing.

At the hotel where Lester stayed, the butler put a pile of documents in front of Lester.

"Mr. Pliskin, this is the information we investigated about Ms. Ramos. However, we only found part of it. Some of it seems to

have been deliberately hidden."

"Deliberately hidden?" Lester's face was solemn.

The butler answered respectfully, "Yes, so some information has not been found yet."

Lester squinted, turned to the first page, and read the information line by line.

Ashley had returned to the Ramos family two years ago and had been abused and bullied by them. This year, she had publicly

cut all ties with her family.

She had repeatedly rejected Megan, a famous dancer, to be her student. She was the talented composer, Ash, the senior of

Eddy, the harp master. In addition, she was the founder and chief designer of Glory Youveile...

These were all pieces of information that could be easily found.

Lester turned to the next page and frowned when he saw the content on