Married to the Limped Prince, She Becomes the Billionaire's Sweet Wife

Chapter 1: This Is Not a Dream

A grand, European-style chandelier, crystal lampshades, a dim, hazy glow...

This was Ashley Bowen's last conscious thought amid her drunken stupor.

Through hazy eyes, she gazed at the ornate ceiling lights and giggled foolishly.

This wasn't her home, but she had dreamed countless times of living in a grand house just like this, waited on by an army of servants who would all call her "Miss." At the thought, Ashley Bowen couldn't help but snicker.

She wiped away a bit of drool as she laughed.

'So sleepy...

I just want a good, long sleep on this huge, soft bed...' "Hmm?

Don't bother me, I'm still dreaming." Feeling a touch on her face, Ashley Bowen impatiently pushed it away, mumbling in protest, still lost in her slumber.

A large, calloused hand continued to touch her face, then moved to her neck.

The hand was rough, and its touch was jarring.

A tickle spread over her entire body, which then turned into a tingling numbness.

Unable to resist the sensation, Ashley Bowen let out a soft moan.

'Chubby Kitty, stop it!

Don't wake me up!' She rolled over, trying to shake off whatever was so brazenly bothering her.

But as soon as she moved, a heavy weight pressed down on her—it was definitely not Chubby Kitty.

Her entire body was pinned down, and she could barely breathe.

Ashley Bowen's eyes flew open, and she screamed as if she had seen a ghost, "Help, a thief!" Shaken completely sober, she got a clear look at the behemoth lying on top of her and screamed again in fright, "Help, a thief!

A really handsome thief..." Under the golden light, a face carved as perfectly as an Asura's filled her vision.

The man's eyes were hazy, like a bottomless ocean with a faint, pale blue glimmer.

His thin lips were slightly parted.

The mellow aroma of liquor wafted from his body, a scent so rich it was an Intoxication in itself.

He gazed down at her with deep emotion, his upper body bare, revealing a firm, sun-kissed chest.

'How can there be such a handsome thief in this world?

I must be dreaming, right?' Ashley Bowen gulped and tried to push herself up, only to find the bed was unusually soft.

'This is definitely not my single, wooden-plank bed at home!' Tilting her head, she couldn't resist looking toward the side of the bed.

Through a European-style window, she saw vines crawling up the exterior, a few red roses even stretching inside.

The thick walls were inlaid with a layer of yellow glazed tiles that shimmered with flecks of gold.

The entire room looked like a palace, radiating an aura of opulence.

'Oh my god!

A mansion!

A hot guy!

I really hope I never wake up from this dream.' Ashley Bowen's eyes darted around, greedily taking in everything she could see.

She couldn't help but smack her lips in satisfaction.

'Yes, this is good.

Really good.’ Just as she was blissfully savoring the moment, a pair of hot lips suddenly pressed against hers.

She’d never had a boyfriend; her love life was a complete blank slate, and she still had her first kiss.

So when the Asura-like man forcibly kissed her, she started squawking like a scalded duck.

“My first kiss!

You... you... you...” Before Ashley Bowen could finish, the man leaned down again.

He seemed impatient as he parted his lips and said, “Don’t move.” Ashley Bowen responded clumsily.

As the man’s kiss grew gentler, her resistance faded, and she slowly closed her eyes.

‘Since this is a dream, it’s fine.

When I wake up, I’ll still be my same old single self anyway.

Sob. Oh, handsome man, let the storm of kisses rage even more fiercely!’