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

Chapter 2: Went into the Wrong Room

With her hands spread wide, Ashley Bowen puckered her lips, savoring every movement of the man's kiss.

'So this is what a first kiss is like.' The man's large hands slowly slid down, undoing the buttons of her clothes one by one.

'No way, is he going to the next step?

I was saving my first time for my husband on our wedding night!' Ashley Bowen's eyes flew open.

She began to struggle in protest.

He could take her first kiss, but not her first time!

"No, handsome.

I know this is a dream, and maybe I've desperately wanted this myself, but we really can't..." Ashley Bowen's rambling words were smothered by the man's kiss.

She let out a muffled "Mmph," and saw him frown impatiently before parting his lips slightly.

"Claire, be good.

I'll be very, very gentle." 'Claire?

What the hell?

How can the main character of my wet dream be with another woman?

This makes no sense!' Puzzled, Ashley Bowen tried to argue, "That's not right, handsome.

How can you say someone else's name?

My name is Ashley Bowen.

You should be saying my name.” “Ashley Bowen?” The man suddenly stopped, propping himself up on his hands.

Ashley could clearly see the man’s thick eyelashes tremble, followed by a quiver of his thin, sexy lips.

“Got it.” With that, the man unceremoniously ripped off Ashley Bowen’s pants.

Caught completely off guard, with almost no warning, Ashley Bowen cried out in pain.

‘What the hell!

It hurts so much!’ She had never imagined her first time would be this painful.

‘Damn it, I don’t want this!’ Viciously shoving the man off her, Ashley Bowen leaped out of bed.

In a daze, she snatched her clothes from the floor and threw them on.

She didn’t dare look at the man on the bed as she fled the presidential suite like a dog running for its life.

When she reached the luxurious hallway and saw the familiar decor, she froze in disbelief.

‘Isn’t this the Royal Court Hotel?’ She looked down at the maid’s uniform she was wearing and scratched her head in a panic.

She only remembered being drawn to this room by a pleasant fragrance while cleaning the corridor a short while ago.

After that, she remembered nothing...

‘Huh?’ Ashley Bowen was practically stunned by this realization.

With lingering fear, she glanced back at the room she had fled.

It had lavish, gilded double doors, the frame adorned with vibrant roses.

It was as if her feet were greased; she ran faster than a rabbit.

If the head supervisor found out about this, she wouldn’t just be fired on the spot; she’d probably be severely punished as well.

‘Ugh, this is all my curiosity’s fault!’ But she really couldn’t remember why she had entered the room as if possessed, or how she had inexplicably ended up with that man...

‘What in the world just happened?’ “Attention all departments, attention all departments.

Assemble in the basement hall at 22:00.” Just as Ashley Bowen was racking her brain trying to piece together what had just happened, the walkie-talkie on her hip crackled to life with the voice of the Head Supervisor, Grace Sullivan.

Ashley Bowen slowly raised her wrist and glanced at her watch: 9:59 PM.

‘Holy crap!’ She instantly jumped in panic, bolting for the elevator without a second thought.

“Ashley Bowen, you’re one minute late again.

That’s a fifty-dollar deduction!” Grace Sullivan stood before Ashley, a pointer in her hand and a stern expression on her face.

Ashley Bowen nodded, muttering, “Yes, ma’am.” She was always late by a minute or two, and this Grace Sullivan was a real tyrant.

The woman was exceptionally harsh.

Although young and beautiful, she had absolutely no warmth.

All the maids here were afraid of her, and none of them liked her.

But Ashley Bowen disliked her the most.