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

Chapter 21: Who Is Yu With

This Claire Sutton certainly wasn't acting like a guest.

As soon as she saw Ashley Bowen walk in, she made herself right at home on the sofa.

Ashley Bowen looked her over and had to admit, the woman was stacked.

She had a great bust and butt, and even her legs were long and slender.

Then she looked at herself.

Flat as a board, not to mention her clothes weren't sexy at all.

Claire Sutton gave a faint smile, resting a long, slender hand on her pale thigh.

It was as if she were showing off not just her beautiful legs, but her elegant hands as well.

"You're Ashley Bowen, right?" Claire Sutton said with a condescending air, looking Ashley up and down before tutting.

"Why do you look like some uncivilized girl from the countryside?" Ashley Bowen couldn't stand the disdainful look in her eyes.

She lifted her chin.

"This is called being pure and innocent.

I'm nothing like you.

You're the one who looks like an escort straight out of a nightclub." "You!" Claire Sutton's face flushed with anger as she raised a finger and pointed it at Ashley Bowen's nose.

Ashley Bowen's unimpressed expression only made her even more furious.

Claire Sutton sat there, seething in silence.

After a moment, she suddenly looked up and glared at Ashley Bowen, sneering, "Forget it.

I won’t stoop to the level of an ill-mannered brat like you.

But before I go, I have to tell you something.” With that, Claire Sutton stood up and walked over to Ashley Bowen.

Ashley Bowen had no interest in hearing it, figuring it was just more bullshit.

But Claire Sutton insisted, leaning in until her mouth was right next to Ashley Bowen’s ear.

She smirked maliciously.

“Do you have any idea where Yuri has been this past month?” Ashley Bowen was about to say “on a business trip,” but Claire Sutton cut her off with a sharp voice.

“He’s been with me the entire time.” Ashley Bowen’s eyes widened in disbelief.

But Claire Sutton viciously groped her chest before turning away, swaying her full hips in satisfaction as she left.

“Look at how scrawny you are.

You should eat more.

Don’t want to lose your position in the Sinclair family just because you’re flat-chested with no ass.” “That’s bullshit.

So Yuri Sinclair is that kind of person?

Well, I don’t believe His Highness is,” Ashley muttered under her breath, spitting in the direction of the woman who had just left before turning away.

Ryan Osborne had been standing nearby the whole time without saying a word.

Ashley Bowen shot him a glare and gestured for him to leave.

A moment later, the sound of a car engine starting came from downstairs.

Ashley Bowen walked back to the balcony and glanced down.

Claire Sutton was being escorted into a car before it drove away from the villa.

She picked up the book from the coffee table, slipped it into her schoolbag, and was just about to head to her room when her phone rang.

“Hey, Shay, are you still coming to the study room this afternoon?” “Yeah, I’m getting ready now.

Wait for me, don’t leave without me!” After hanging up, Ashley Bowen ran to her closet, picked out a pretty, knee-length white dress, put on a bit of sunscreen, and left her room.

It was ten in the morning.

Ashley Bowen planned to head out early and go to the food street near campus to satisfy her cravings with a good meal.

Just as she was about to leave, Ryan Osborne stepped in from outside the door.

Startled, Ashley Bowen clutched her chest, then forced a bright smile onto her face.

“Butler Ryan, I’m heading out now.” “Aren’t you having lunch with His Highness?

It’s rare for him to be home all day.” “You can keep him company.

I have plans with a classmate.” Patting Ryan Osborne’s shoulder, Ashley Bowen tried to walk past him.

Ryan Osborne gave a smile that didn’t reach his eyes and fell into step behind Ashley Bowen.

“In that case, please allow me to accompany you, Imperial Concubine, to ensure your safety.” “Um, I’m meeting up with a bunch of girls.

It’d be a little weird for a guy like you to show up, don’t you think?” Ashley Bowen really didn’t like Ryan Osborne.

Besides, he’d be a total third wheel, not to mention how fussy he was.

If she brought him along, the get-together would probably be ruined.

Chapter 22: Fell into a Trap

“Since you’ve put it that way, Imperial Concubine, then I won’t impose.

I’ll have our driver, Walt, take you down the mountain,” Ryan Osborne said, doing his best to suppress his irritation while still smiling brightly.

“Thank you so much.” Ashley Bowen gave a small bow and walked out of the villa.

“Your Highness, your coffee.” Yuri Sinclair was looking through the briefing materials his assistant had sent over for an upcoming delegation.

A diplomat and their staff from Koryo were scheduled to visit soon.

He glanced up at the coffee Ryan Osborne was holding out.

Seeing that the man wasn’t leaving, Yuri Sinclair said coolly, “Is there something you want to say?” “I don’t understand.

The Second Prince already gave the Imperial Concubine three million to settle that incident and send her on her way.

Why are you, Your Highness, still so fixated on it?

Why insist on wading into this mess?” “Stick to your duties.

Don’t ask questions you shouldn’t.” Yuri Sinclair had just picked up his coffee cup, but he suddenly slammed it back down on the table.

The sharp THUD made Ryan Osborne flinch.

“Yes, Your Highness.

I’ve overstepped.” As he watched Ryan Osborne leave dejectedly, Yuri Sinclair’s expression turned chillingly dark.

‘My mind flashes back to a month ago.

When I learned the woman I loved was going to marry my older brother, I was heartbroken and drank heavily.

But a few drinks were nowhere near enough to make me pass out.’ ‘But I blacked out afterward, and I ended up sleeping with that girl!’ ‘Remembering the damaged surveillance cameras outside the room, I was certain it was all a setup.

Someone must have drugged me!’ ‘Even though my second brother immediately stepped up to take the fall, I couldn’t bear to see such an innocent, naive girl ruined by my actions under such murky circumstances.’ ‘That’s why I married her.

I plan to defy all opposition and give her the official status she deserves...’ The darkness in Yuri Sinclair’s eyes receded.

He resolved to do everything in his power to give that girl the best life possible.

“Shay, there’s a volunteer event at school tomorrow.

Want to go together?” Ashley Bowen was by the study hall window, chin in hand and lost in thought, when a hand waving in front of her face snapped her out of it.

She bit her lip.

‘I really want to go, but my status is different now.

I can’t be so conspicuous in public.’ “I can’t.

My mom wants me to study for my grad school entrance exams, so I have to stay home and review.” “Oh, come on!

I was planning on crashing at your place for dinner afterward.

Your mom’s cooking is amazing!

Shay, please?” whined Vivian Lee, Ashley Bowen’s college best friend and roommate.

Elise Tate, who was holding her book upside down, chimed in, “Shay, the campus heartthrob is going to be there tomorrow.

Are you sure you, of all people, aren’t going to show up?” Ashley Bowen bit her lower lip, considered it, but still shook her head.

“Nope.

I’m a changed woman.

No more fangirling for me.” “Hahaha, if you stop fangirling, pigs will fly!” Vivian Lee burst out laughing, her curly blonde hair tumbling onto Ashley Bowen’s shoulder.

“It’s settled then!

We’ll finish volunteering tomorrow and then head to your place for dinner.

You don’t have to come!” ‘So dragging me to the volunteer event was just an excuse to get a free meal,’ Ashley Bowen thought, pouting in resignation.

“I really can’t tomorrow, but...

I can treat you guys tonight.” “Really?” “Really!” Ashley Bowen said, gritting her teeth.

‘So much for my budget, but oh well!’ Jin Fu Shan was a barbecue joint the three of them frequented.

They picked their usual booth, and after they sat down, Vivian Lee and Elise Tate went to get the food.

In a coffee shop not far from the restaurant, a man sat with his phone out.

CLICK.

CLICK.

He snapped a few photos of the group across the way.

Chapter 23: Walked into the Wrong Bathroom

But Ashley Bowen and her friends didn't notice a thing...

A short while later, Vivian Lee and Elise Tate came over carrying a dozen or so boxes of barbecue.

They had also specifically brought a few bottles of beer.

"Should we really be drinking?" Ashley Bowen pouted.

'I'll reek of alcohol after this.

That stone-faced guy is going to catch me red-handed when I get back!' "Why not?

We drink every time we hang out.

Shay, you're acting so weird today!

Do you have a boyfriend?

Does he not let you drink?" Vivian Lee leaned in slyly.

"No way...

A pathetic loser like me?

Who'd be into that?" Ashley Bowen deflected awkwardly.

To keep her friends from getting suspicious, she grabbed a beer, popped the cap off with her teeth, and took a huge swig straight from the bottle.

“Haha, that’s more like it.

Otherwise, we really would have thought something was up with you,” Vivian Lee said with a laugh.

After finishing the barbecue, Ashley snuck out to the parking lot outside the school’s main building.

The driver, Walt, seemed to have been waiting for a long time; he was dozing off when she went to open the car door.

By the time she returned to the villa, Ashley Bowen was feeling dizzy.

She stumbled her way up to the second floor, stripped off her clothes without even turning on the lights, and stepped into the bathroom...

But she felt like something was off.

The walk to her room seemed shorter than usual, and when she pushed the door open, the air inside carried a clean, fresh scent.

Ashley squinted as she turned on the bathroom light, climbing straight into the bathtub without a glance at her surroundings.

The beer had made her a little tipsy; her mind was fuzzy and her vision blurred.

She fumbled for the warm water faucet, only finding it after several attempts.

As the warm water ran over her, Ashley closed her eyes in comfort and leaned back against the wall of the tub.

The Sinclair family’s bathtubs were fully automatic.

The temperature regulated itself, the water stopped filling at a set level, and the tub itself had excellent heat retention.

Out of habit, Ashley reached for the bag of dried flower petals, but her hand met only empty air where they should have been.

‘I wonder who put away my dried flower petals.’ Annoyed and exhausted, Ashley tilted her head back and slowly drifted off to sleep right there in the tub.

The sound of a car pulling up came from downstairs, and a beam of light from the ground floor swept into the room on the second floor.

Fast asleep, Ashley remained completely oblivious.

“Welcome back, Your Highness.” Ryan Osborne seemed somewhat surprised to see Yuri Sinclair today.

According to royal protocol, unmarried princes were required to live in the palace.

The sovereign would only permit them to move out after they married.

Only the heir, the Crown Prince, retained the right to reside in the Imperial Palace.

Yuri Sinclair, seated in his wheelchair, couldn’t be bothered to explain.

He simply glanced at Ryan Osborne and asked in a low voice, “Has the Imperial Concubine returned?” “Not yet, Your Highness,” Ryan Osborne replied deferentially.

In truth, he had been slacking off and dozing, and had simply missed Ashley’s arrival.

Yuri Sinclair’s brow furrowed at the answer.

‘As my wife, she shouldn’t be staying out this late.’ He glanced up at the quartz clock on the wall.

It was already 11:00 PM.

For some reason, an inexplicable sense of irritation washed over him.

“Aaron, take me upstairs to rest.” “All right, it’s getting late.

Everyone, go and get some rest.” Ryan Osborne turned to address the servants who were still waiting on standby.

“Sir, the Imperial Concubine is clearly back.

Why did you say she wasn’t?

Were you trying to make His Highness angry on purpose?” Holly Underwood whispered.

She kept her head down, afraid to move, terrified that she had just contradicted the head butler.

She didn’t realize how her blunt words drew the gazes of the other servants, all of whom looked at her with a mixture of sympathy and pity.

‘That foolish girl,’ they thought.

‘How dare she contradict the head butler?

It looks like her time in this house is over.’

Chapter 24: Yuri Sinclair Barged In

As expected, Ryan Osborne’s expression darkened.

He glanced at the surrounding servants, who all quickly lowered their heads.

He realized Ashley Bowen must have returned while he was taking a nap.

He had given a false report.

If His Highness were to hold him accountable, he would surely face a harsh punishment.

“Listen to me carefully.

If His Highness asks, you are all to say you didn’t see the Imperial Concubine enter.

Who knows, maybe she scaled the walls to get in.

It’s not like that’s impossible.

You hear me?!” Ryan Osborne snapped.

The terrified servants all nodded in unison.

Aaron pushed Yuri Sinclair into the room and flipped the switch for the chandelier.

He was about to help Yuri wash up for the night, as he always did, but was stopped short by the sight of women’s clothing scattered messily all over the floor.

From her coat, to her bra, to her panties...

A pair of panties lay right at the front of the trail of clothes, and on them, a cute SpongeBob SquarePants was flashing a peace sign and smiling up at them...

“Your Highness...

this...

I...

Perhaps I should take my leave first?” Aaron’s face was beet red.

‘What in the world is going on?’ ‘Didn’t the head butler say the Imperial Concubine hadn’t returned?

Then who does all this belong to?’ He didn’t dare look any closer.

With a respectful bow, he turned and left.

The heavy, European-style door clicked shut.

Only then did Yuri Sinclair’s brow furrow.

He wheeled himself forward.

The bathroom light was on, but it was completely silent inside.

Yuri Sinclair wheeled himself closer, his face as black as a thundercloud.

He grabbed the doorknob and gave it a gentle turn, but there was no sound from within.

The moment he pushed the door open, Yuri Sinclair’s face went deathly pale.

His bathroom was an absolute wreck!

Puddles of water covered the floor, and a pair of slippers had been thrown haphazardly about.

And in his bathtub...

lay a person.

The small figure had her eyes closed and her face was flushed.

She was leaning back against the edge of the tub, her head tilted to one side.

It was hard to tell if she was asleep or had fainted.

Unable to suppress his simmering rage, Yuri Sinclair growled, “Ashley Bowen!” “Present, teacher!” Ashley Bowen was dreaming that she had dozed off in class and her teacher was glaring daggers at her.

She shot to her feet, jolting awake.

“Ah!

Pervert!

You—you—you…” ‘How could this pervert just barge into my bathroom?

How could he see me completely naked?!’ Ashley Bowen’s shriek was loud enough to shatter glass throughout the entire villa.

The building seemed to shake three times before finally settling down.

She scrambled out of the tub, trying to grab a dry towel from the rack to cover herself.

But in her haste, her foot slipped on the wet floor, and she went down hard.

“AHH!” With another earth-shattering scream, the entire villa seemed to tremble again from the impact of her fall.

Ashley Bowen landed flat on her back, spread-eagled on the floor for Yuri Sinclair’s viewing pleasure.

She had been trying to cover up, but now, he had gotten a complete and total eyeful.

Sob… Crying her eyes out wouldn’t do any good now.

“You pervert!

Are you still looking?

Don’t look!” “I’m the pervert?” Yuri Sinclair was momentarily speechless.

A flicker of exasperation crossed his handsome face.

“If you’re not a pervert, then why did you sneak into my room to watch me bathe?” Ashley Bowen tried to struggle to her feet, only to make the tragic discovery that her back had seized up.

She couldn’t move!

“Take a good look,” Yuri Sinclair said, his voice quiet.

“Whose room do you think this is?” His voice was low and carried a magnetic, masculine quality that was incredibly appealing.

And yet, his frigid expression was enough to send a shiver down one’s spine.

Chapter 25: Your Highness Save Me

Ashley Bowen looked around, dazed.

The bathroom was clean and tidy, with almost nothing out of place.

Toiletries were set before the mirror, and a pristine white towel hung on a rack.

She thought about her own bathroom, which was always cluttered with either dirty clothes hanging everywhere or piles of cosmetics and bath products...

'How could I have walked into the wrong bathroom?' A realization dawned on Ashley Bowen.

She must have made a mistake earlier when she was drunk and her head was fuzzy.

She'd gotten drunk before and mistakenly slept in someone else's bridal suite, and now she'd gotten drunk again and barged into someone else's bathroom...

"I..." Ashley Bowen bit her lip, looking aggrieved.

"It looks like I really am in the wrong place.

I'm sorry." "Get your clothes on and get out." Yuri Sinclair averted his gaze, tearing his eyes from Ashley Bowen's flawless white skin as he turned his wheelchair.

Seeing Yuri Sinclair about to leave, Ashley Bowen threw caution to the wind and shouted, "Your Highness, help!" "Hm?" Yuri Sinclair glanced back impatiently, the sound a cold hum from his nose.

"Um, uh, I twisted my back...

Can you call a woman to help me up?" 'Since he's already seen everything, I might as well go for broke.' Ashley Bowen forced a smile, but in her head, she was cursing Yuri Sinclair for not helping someone in distress.

Without another word, Yuri Sinclair turned his wheelchair around and extended a hand toward Ashley Bowen.

"Uh, Your Highness, I'm a little heavy.

I'm afraid if I pull too hard, I'll pull you out of your wheelchair..." What Ashley Bowen was really trying to say was that she was worried his legs weren't strong enough and that he should get someone with fully functional legs to help her.

"Keep whining and you can stay on the floor." Yuri Sinclair's expression was frosty as he abruptly retracted his hand.

‘This guy’s mood changes faster than you can flip a page.’ Ashley Bowen remembered Grace Sullivan having a similar temperament, but she never expected this Third Highness to be even worse.

‘Fine, fine.’ Ashley Bowen gritted her teeth and reached out to Yuri Sinclair.

Yuri Sinclair reached out and pulled Ashley Bowen up with one strong tug.

Ashley Bowen hadn’t expected him to be so strong.

Throughout the entire process, his wheelchair didn’t move an inch, while she, on the other hand, winced in pain.

As she was pulled like that, the muscles and tendons in her back were stretched straight, and it felt like a thousand ants were biting her spine.

But just as she was about to get to her feet, she suddenly cried out again.

She could see that if she got any closer, Yuri Sinclair’s hand was about to brush against her chest.

NO!

Ashley Bowen immediately tried to change direction, but instead, she stumbled right into Yuri Sinclair, her lips pressing directly against his.

They were cool, with a faint, fresh scent of mint.

Ashley Bowen shot upright, covering her chest with her hands.

“Your...

Highness, I didn’t do it on purpose...” “Not on purpose?

Running into the wrong room, kissing the wrong person?” Yuri Sinclair stared at Ashley Bowen’s face, a hint of mockery in his expression.

Ashley Bowen was noncommittal but nodded frantically.

“Right!” “And why do I get the feeling you’re deliberately trying to seduce me?” Yuri Sinclair reached out a finger and tilted up Ashley Bowen’s chin.

‘Oh god, right now all she wanted to do was get dressed and say, “Mister, who do you think you are?

Get over yourself!”‘ However, she could only think such audacious words in her head.

Out loud, Ashley Bowen just smiled meekly and said, “I really did just go to the wrong room.” “Heh.” Yuri Sinclair scoffed, pulling the bath towel from the rack and draping it over Ashley Bowen.

Then he rolled his wheelchair back and turned away from her.

Chapter 26: He's Not So Bad

Seeing Yuri Sinclair’s cold attitude, Ashley Bowen hugged herself, shot him a look, and scurried out of the room.

Back in her own room, she was still a little shaken.

But then, a thought struck her, and she scratched her head in confusion.

‘Aren’t the rumors that the Third Prince has a violent temper?

I feel like I’ve already driven him up the wall, but he hasn’t been that cruel to me, has he?’ ‘It just means the rumors are false.

The Third Prince’s temper is “not so bad.”‘ That night, Ashley Bowen slept soundly, as if she didn’t have a care in the world.

The next morning, she washed up and went downstairs, but Yuri Sinclair was nowhere to be seen at the dining table.

‘Yuri Sinclair must have official business,’ Ashley Bowen thought.

‘He probably left early to take care of it.’ But then Ryan Osborne walked over with a wide smile, ordering a servant to bring out breakfast.

“Today is the day the Sinclair family is holding their press conference,” he said.

“His Majesty is going to introduce the Imperial Concubine to the entire world.

His Highness left early this morning to attend.

It’s just a shame he couldn’t take you with him.

But don’t you be sad.

What’s yours will be yours, and what’s not...

really isn’t.” Hearing the hidden barb in his words, Ashley Bowen just pursed her lips.

‘You can’t get ivory from a dog’s mouth, so why bother with what comes out of it?’ She went back to slowly nibbling on her bread, ignoring him completely.

Rebuffed, Ryan Osborne gave a sheepish smile and turned to leave.

Just as he reached the main entrance, he cried out, “Second Prince!

Y-You, what are you doing here?” He sounded so surprised that Ashley Bowen couldn’t help but look up.

A man was indeed walking in through the main entrance.

It was the Second Prince, Morgan Sinclair, whom Ashley Bowen had met before.

He wore a gray suit, his collar unbuttoned to reveal a sharp collarbone, no tie in sight.

A roguish smile played on his lips, and his charming, almond-shaped eyes crinkled in a way that gave him a distinctly frivolous air.

Ashley Bowen stopped chewing mid-bite.

‘If it weren’t for this man,’ she thought, ‘I probably wouldn’t even be here, having to put up with the steward’s snide remarks, would I?’ Morgan Sinclair strode to the table, pulled out a chair, and sat down in front of Ashley Bowen.

He propped one leg on the rung of an adjacent chair and draped an arm over the backrest of his own.

His slouching, devil-may-care posture made it clear he was up to no good.

“Well, I am surprised.

Yuri actually let you stay,” Morgan Sinclair said, frowning.

“What kind of charm do you possibly have?” He suddenly stood and leaned in close to Ashley Bowen.

He suddenly grabbed her chin, examining her from side to side as if she were some strange creature.

Then, he roughly shoved her face away.

“Plain looks, small chest, short...

absolutely nothing going for you!” With that, Morgan Sinclair crossed his arms, sat back down, and continued to stare at Ashley Bowen with contempt.

‘So much for a peaceful breakfast!’ Ashley Bowen slammed her chopsticks on the table, shot to her feet, and leaned across the table with both hands planted firmly on its surface, staring daggers at Morgan Sinclair.

“Monolids, no pecs, and a punk face.

If you were on the street, you’d be just another nobody.” “You!” Morgan Sinclair was so furious he shot to his feet, glaring at Ashley Bowen.

They were nose-to-nose, their eyes locked, and you could practically see the angry sparks flying between them.

Ashley Bowen, of course, refused to back down, and Morgan Sinclair was a spoiled brat.

And so, they remained locked in a stalemate.

“You’ve got some nerve!” Morgan Sinclair finally caved, pointing a finger at Ashley Bowen’s nose.

“Why thank you for the blessing, Second Brother,” Ashley Bowen said shamelessly, deliberately trying to gross out the Second Prince.

“If I do get pregnant, it’ll be with a Sinclair.

Then I’d have to call you ‘Second Daddy,’ wouldn’t I?”

Chapter 27: It Wasn't Me Who Slept with You

Morgan Sinclair was so furious his face and neck were beet red.

In his entire life, no one had ever dared to make him this angry.

Ashley Bowen was, without a doubt, a special case.

His large hand shot out, mercilessly grabbing Ashley’s elbow.

Fuming, Morgan began dragging her toward the courtyard exit.

Ryan Osborne watched it all happen without intervening.

It seemed the Second Prince really despised his third sister-in-law.

“Let go of me!” Ashley roared at Morgan.

Morgan was so incensed he felt his whole body flush with heat.

He planted a hand on his hip, spun on his heel, and rubbed his forehead before turning back to advance on Ashley, one step at a time.

Ashley kept backing away until she was trapped in a corner with no escape.

Only then did she weakly ask, “What...

what do you want?” She looked up at the man pinning her against the wall.

His face was flushed crimson, and his eyes, a mixture of impatience and fury, radiated danger.

“Let me tell you something, Ashley Bowen!

I’m only going to say this once, so you better listen carefully.

The one who slept with you that night wasn’t me!

It was Yuri!

I covered for him by taking the blame for destroying the surveillance footage, but I draw the line at taking the blame for *you*!” Morgan roared, his voice nearly cracking.

Ashley wiped the spittle from her face and looked at him, her expression a mask of pure innocence and doubt.

“You’re saying...

the one who slept with me that night was the Third...

the Third Prince?” “What else would it be?

Did you think you hit the jackpot?

That the Third Prince of the entire country would fall for a nobody like you?” Morgan dropped his arm from the wall, adopting the weary expression of someone forced to speak with an idiot.

“Second Prince, you’re not lying, are you?

It was really the Third Prince?

Oh, that’s fantastic!

I honestly thought it was you who slept with me, and I've been crying my eyes out every single day!" Ashley grabbed Morgan's arms and shook them for all she was worth, her face an open book of excitement and delight.

"..." Morgan looked as if he'd just eaten shit.

His tone suddenly turned vicious.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?

You were ready to die when you thought it was me, but now that you know it was Yuri, you're this ecstatic?" "Mhm," Ashley chirped, bobbing her head like a woodpecker.

Suddenly, she flashed Morgan a dazzling smile.

"Oh, Brother-in-law, thank you so much!

You're such a great guy!" Ashley's words were completely insincere.

When it came to anyone who was about to start a war of words with her, she would stop at nothing to utterly disgust them.

Watching the myriad of expressions flash across Ashley's face, Morgan suddenly found his anger toward this wild girl dissipating.

In fact, he was starting to find her rather interesting.

'She called me a great guy?

In the entire world, she's the only one who's ever called me a good person.

She really is one of a kind!' "So, you think I'm a good person?" Morgan asked, an amused smile playing on his lips and a cunning glint suddenly appearing in his eyes.

Ashley couldn't understand why this playboy prince had such a sudden change of personality and was now smiling at her so cheerfully.

Before she could react, he grabbed her hand again.

"Come on, I'm taking you somewhere!" "Where are we going...?" Ashley asked softly.

Morgan glanced back at her with a mysterious smile.

"You'll know when we get there." He pulled Ashley along and practically shoved her into the passenger seat.

Morgan hopped into his convertible.

Seeing Ashley's dazed and confused look, he leaned toward her.

"Buckle up." "Oh, okay," Ashley stammered, nodding frantically.

Her small hands fumbled with the seatbelt, but she just couldn't get it to buckle.

'The more I rush, the worse it gets!

This is so humiliating!

I may have never been in a convertible, but I've ridden in plenty of other cars.

Why does it feel like this seatbelt has a personal vendetta against me right now?'

Chapter 28: Pinned Against the Wall by the Second Prince

"Silly, let me." Suddenly, Morgan Sinclair leaned over, a mischievous smile on his face that sent a shiver down Ashley Bowen's spine.

'The way he's looking at me...

is he planning to sell me out?' His large hands reached around in front of her and quickly buckled her seatbelt.

Just as Ashley Bowen was about to relax, she suddenly held her breath again.

After buckling the seatbelt, Morgan Sinclair suddenly braced one hand against the car door, pinning Ashley Bowen under his arm.

His eyes held a peculiar, mocking glint.

"We're going to go test your husband.

Let's see if he's just playing around with you, or if he actually wants to marry you." With that, Morgan Sinclair burst out laughing, sat back in his seat, and stomped on the gas.

The sports car shot off like an arrow.

The car sped wildly down the road.

Ashley Bowen clung to the door, her face deathly pale.

The moment the car stopped, she scrambled out and crouched in an empty space, vomiting violently.

Morgan Sinclair didn't come over to check on her.

After she finished vomiting and wiped her mouth, Ashley Bowen looked behind her and was stunned.

The view was astonishing.

Before her, a skyscraper soared into the clouds, glittering as if it were plated in gold.

A dozen men in sharp suits stood outside the entrance, and a luxury car was driving up the ramp.

When the two large words "Royal Hotel" came into view, Ashley Bowen shot to her feet.

This was...

the Royal Hotel...

'Why did Morgan Sinclair bring me here?' Morgan Sinclair tossed the car keys to the valet and walked toward Ashley Bowen.

Seeing her pale face, he chuckled and pulled a handkerchief from his pocket.

"Wipe your mouth.

Look at you, what a mess.

I can tell this is your first time in a sports car, huh?" "So what if it's my first time?

I bet you've never been in a three-wheeler, have you?

The feeling is pretty much the same as your driving." Ashley Bowen snatched Morgan's handkerchief and scrubbed her mouth furiously, glaring at him venomously the whole time.

Morgan Sinclair raised his hands in surrender.

"Alright, I won't argue.

You win.

My dear sister-in-law, take my arm.

I’m taking you inside to see a good show.” Ashley Bowen looked at his offered arm, hesitating.

Morgan Sinclair grabbed Ashley Bowen’s hand impatiently.

“Stop dawdling, we don’t have all day!

Let’s go!” When they reached the main entrance, Morgan Sinclair showed his ID and, pointing at Ashley Bowen with a smile, said, “My plus-one.” The doorman seemed unfazed and let them in.

This was Ashley Bowen’s first time at the Royal Hotel.

She had heard it was the most luxurious hotel in the country, primarily used by the royal family for major events or for hosting foreign dignitaries.

The hotel was magnificent.

The building was over 100 stories high, so tall it seemed to block out the clouds and moon.

‘And now, she’d gotten in so easily?

It was unbelievable!’ Upon entering the lobby, they immediately went through a security check.

After passing through the checkpoint, an infrared scanner, and a full pat-down, the two of them finally entered an elevator.

Seeing the dozen or so armed police officers in the first-floor lobby, Ashley Bowen clutched her chest, her heart still pounding with fear.

It was so quiet here.

Aside from the words spoken at the entrance, not a single person had said anything on their way in.

Morgan Sinclair made a gesture as if tearing a seal off Ashley Bowen’s lips, his almond-shaped eyes curving as he smiled.

“Look how scared you are.

These are all just routine checks.

This place is such a hassle, which is why I hate coming here.” “What are we doing here...?” Ashley Bowen asked weakly.

She glanced at the fortress-like elevator, thinking, ‘If someone caused trouble in here, escaping would be pretty much impossible, right?’

Chapter 29: Second Sister-in-law How Could You Not Come

“Today is the day the old man announces your sister-in-law’s identity to the world.

As a member of the Sinclair family, how could you be absent?” Morgan Sinclair said with a smirk.

‘Oh my God, this Second Prince is deliberately trying to screw me over!’ Ashley Bowen frantically pressed the “1” button.

Ryan Osborne had told her that she couldn’t reveal her identity yet.

The world couldn’t find out she was Yuri Sinclair’s wife, or there would be big trouble!

“I want out!” “You can’t leave.

The security guards put a tracker on you when you came in.

If you dare to run, I’ll sound the alarm immediately!” Morgan Sinclair said with a cunning smile, revealing a set of perfectly straight, gleaming white teeth.

He crossed his arms and stared at the terrified expression on Ashley’s face.

‘Fuck!’ Ashley Bowen felt another stampede of ten thousand alpacas galloping through her mind.

She glared up at Morgan Sinclair and snapped, “You’re doing this on purpose!

You want to ruin me and get me kicked out of the Sinclair family, don’t you?” “Not at all.

I just care a lot about my little brother.

If he really loves you, then I’ll definitely do everything I can to help him keep you.” Ashley Bowen gritted her teeth.

‘Yuri Sinclair loves me?

Pfft!

He’s obviously in love with his sister-in-law, Claire Sutton, isn’t he?’ The elevator stopped on the 108th floor with a DING, pulling Ashley Bowen from her thoughts.

Two rows of hotel staff stood facing them, bowing respectfully.

After Morgan Sinclair presented his credentials and completed the routine check, he tugged on Ashley Bowen.

“There’ll be plenty of time to look around once we’re inside.” “It’s so high up here.” Ashley Bowen was reminded of her trip to the Oriental Pearl Tower with her roommate last summer.

The view overlooking all of Aethelburg from that height had been absolutely incredible.

Now, standing on the top floor of the Royal Hotel and looking out through the floor-to-ceiling glass windows, the entire city of Jadenberg seemed so small.

It was truly breathtaking.

Morgan Sinclair pulled Ashley Bowen into the banquet hall.

The European-style decor was incredibly opulent.

Bathed in golden light, everything seemed to glitter.

Among the guests milling about, the women were all in high-end gowns, and the men were in sharp suits.

Everyone was talking and laughing.

Her gaze was irresistibly drawn to a giant champagne tower.

There must have been at least a thousand bottles!

Ashley stared in a daze, letting Morgan Sinclair pull her through the crowd.

Occasionally, someone would greet Morgan, but he would just offer a faint smile and hurry on.

He didn’t stop until they reached the very front of the room, near the stage.

Just then, the lights dimmed.

The once-glittering hall fell dark, the curtains were drawn, and a single white spotlight hit the stage.

An elderly man with a salt-and-pepper beard and features that suggested a mixed heritage walked onto the stage.

He stood before the microphone and raised his glass of champagne to the crowd.

Everyone cheered and raised their glasses.

With her hands empty, Ashley Bowen looked around awkwardly.

Then, at the side of the stage, she saw a familiar figure.

Yuri Sinclair!

To his right stood a man and a woman.

The man, dressed in a white suit, looked like a Prince Charming.

The woman wore a form-fitting, blue-and-white patterned qipao that perfectly accentuated her incredible figure.

Even from behind, Ashley Bowen recognized the woman as Claire Sutton.

And the man in the white suit—wasn't he the First Prince she had been dreaming of?

Although she could only see the back of the man she loved, Ashley Bowen was instantly content.

The smile on her lips froze a few seconds later.

Her gaze fell upon the enchanting Claire Sutton, and her own expression grew desolate.

'Tonight, the star of the show is Claire Sutton!' The elderly man on stage elegantly finished his champagne and began his speech.

Ashley Bowen paid no attention, until he suddenly said the name "Claire Sutton," at which point she snapped her head up.

Chapter 30: Who Is This Ninth-Rate Model

Several hostesses escorted an elegant Claire Sutton onto the stage.

Looking regal in a cheongsam, she was on the arm of the eldest prince, Adam Sinclair.

The two of them were a picture-perfect couple.

“I now declare to the world,” the elder announced with a smile, “that Claire Sutton will soon marry my eldest son and officially join our royal family, becoming one of its members!” The entire hall immediately erupted in applause, and Ashley Bowen also clapped along.

Morgan Sinclair produced a glass of red wine from out of nowhere and handed it to Ashley Bowen.

“Come toast them with me!” he said with a grin.

“Hey!

Wai—” Before Ashley could finish the word, she felt a force tugging her along.

Her feet scrambled to keep up as she was pulled through the cheering crowd, heading straight for the couple now descending from the stage.

Claire Sutton had an elegant smile on her face, but it suddenly froze.

“Claire, what’s wrong?” Adam Sinclair asked with concern, squeezing her hand a little tighter.

Claire Sutton forced a smile.

“It’s nothing.” “Big Brother, Sister-in-law-to-be, I am so sorry.

You haven’t even officially joined the family, and I’ve already gone and dirtied your bridal suite.

I really didn’t mean to; I was totally wasted that day.” Morgan Sinclair sauntered up to them, a roguish grin on his face.

He raised his wine glass.

“I’m here specifically to apologize!” “Apologize?

You have the gall to apologize?” Claire Sutton sneered.

Still clinging to Adam Sinclair’s arm, she forcefully shoved Morgan Sinclair aside with her shoulder.

“Second Brother, if you’re sincere about your apology, then take *this woman* up on stage, grab the microphone, and announce to everyone that you were wrong.

That you’ll never act so recklessly again, and that you’ll stop messing around with third-rate models like her.

Perhaps then, Father and I might consider forgiving you." Claire finished, pointing a finger right in Ashley Bowen's face.

Ashley Bowen froze, stunned.

She almost wanted to laugh.

'What game is Claire Sutton playing?

Is she pretending not to recognize me?

And what's with this "third-rate model" business?' "Sister-in-law-to-be, she's Third Brother's wife," Morgan Sinclair said with a laugh, giving Ashley Bowen a little tug.

"Not the 'third-rate model' you're talking about." Pulled forward like a marionette, Ashley Bowen found herself standing before Adam Sinclair and Claire Sutton.

She forced her lips into a strained, awkward smile.

"Big Brother...

Sister-in-law." As she uttered the words "Big Brother," her lips trembled.

Memories of the past came rushing back like a tidal wave, making her want to burst into tears.

'This man...

I have to call him Big Brother now...' 'I fell in love with this man when I was seventeen, but now...

but now...' All traces of her usual cheerfulness were gone; Ashley Bowen's face was now a mask of pure heartache.

"Yuri's girlfriend?" Adam Sinclair frowned, sizing Ashley Bowen up.

She was wearing designer clothes, but something about her still felt...

common.

His gentle gaze happened to meet Ashley Bowen's luminous eyes.

For some reason, he felt a strange sense of familiarity with this girl.

"Shay, go on, give your Big Brother and Sister-in-law a toast," Morgan Sinclair said, grabbing Ashley Bowen's hand.

Ashley Bowen quickly pulled her hand away.

Awkwardly, she raised her glass.

“Big Brother...

Sister-in-law...

here’s to you both.” “Oh?

I’m not even through the door yet, and you’re already calling me ‘Sister-in-law’?” Claire Sutton said with a smug smile.

“Look at you, such a sweet talker.

No wonder you managed to wrap Yuri around your finger.

Tell me, Miss Shay, which university in America did you study at?

And what’s your family’s business?” She stretched out a slender hand, blocking Ashley’s glass.

“Someone of your station isn’t worthy of toasting us.” If it weren’t for the setting—and for Yuri Sinclair’s sake—Ashley Bowen would have thrown the wine in her hand right in this disgusting woman’s face.

But she thought better of it and restrained herself.

Instead, she shifted her glass and offered it to Adam Sinclair.

“Big Brother, it’s a pleasure to see you.”