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

Chapter 3: His Highness the Nation's Heartthrob

“Shay, why are you late again?” Ashley Bowen felt an arm nudging her.

She glanced at the person beside her, a chubby girl half a head shorter than her named Jane Warren, her best friend from work at the palace.

Jane Warren was just being concerned, but when Ashley Bowen thought of how she had gone into the wrong room earlier, she quickly cut her off.

“I had to use the restroom, and they were out of toilet paper.” “Fine, you big slob.” Jane Warren rolled her eyes.

“What’s all this chirping and chattering?

Anyone else caught whispering will be fined fifty!” Grace Sullivan’s voice boomed like thunder.

She tapped a pointer in her palm a few times, finally ready to get to the matter at hand.

“This emergency assembly was called for an urgent matter.

As you all know, the First Prince is returning to the country soon, and his wedding is on the fifteenth of this month.” Grace Sullivan glanced around at the crowd.

In this constitutional monarchy, the royal family still held a pivotal role.

Although all political power was in the hands of Parliament and judicial power was in the hands of the Supreme Court, the highest ceremonial representative was still the royal family.

As for the First Prince, Adam Sinclair, he was widely acknowledged as the nation’s foremost ceremonial figure.

Whenever he attended diplomatic functions, Emperor Sinclair always had the First Prince, Adam Sinclair, by his side.

Thus, it was widely speculated among the public that Adam Sinclair would inevitably inherit the title of Crown Prince!

The whole reason Ashley Bowen had chosen to become a maid in the palace was for the man she worshipped.

She wanted to be closer to him.

However, though she had been working here for over half a year, she hadn't had a single chance to even see the First Prince.

"The First Prince's wedding will be held here in the palace," Grace Sullivan continued.

Ashley Bowen snapped out of her thoughts, a wave of sadness washing over her.

She knew the woman the First Prince married would undoubtedly be the pride of the nation—either the daughter of a member of Parliament or the daughter of some provincial governor or city mayor...

A girl from an ordinary background like her couldn't even dream of it.

"However, we just received a report that someone has been in the First Prince's wedding suite!

Not only has it been entered, but someone slept in the bed!" The moment Grace Sullivan's words fell, the hall erupted in an uproar.

Everyone looked at each other, their eyes filled with sudden unease.

Who could be so brainless as to mess with the First Prince's wedding suite!

Now that the First Prince had finished his visit to Wesland and was about to return, if he found out about this, this whole group of lowest-ranking cleaning maids might all get fired!

Damn it!

How infuriating!

Everyone couldn't help but grumble, their hearts filled with a bone-deep hatred for the culprit who had put all their jobs at risk.

"Ms.

Sullivan, what exactly happened?" "Yeah, who on earth did it?" "Ms.

Sullivan called us all here...

Don’t tell me the culprit is one of us?” Listening to everyone’s chatter, Ashley Bowen’s heart leaped into her throat.

Her right eyelid began to twitch uncontrollably, and a terrible premonition suddenly washed over her.

‘Why am I suddenly feeling so guilty?

It’s not like I did it!’ Ashley Bowen comforted herself internally, forcing a wide smile onto her face.

“This incident is very serious.

The security team wanted to look for clues on the surveillance footage, but the camera in the hallway had been destroyed beforehand.

It’s clear this was premeditated!” Grace Sullivan raised her voice, the pointer smacking against her palm—WHAP!

WHAP!

Ashley Bowen grew inexplicably nervous.

‘It can’t be *that* much of a coincidence...’ “Who was on duty in the side rooms of the Meridian Palace today?” Grace Sullivan no longer bothered beating around the bush, her piercing gaze sweeping over everyone.