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

Chapter 4: Just Who Is That Man

Her eyes looked like they could eat a person alive.

Ashley Bowen quickly lowered her head, biting her lip and silently chanting, 'It wasn't me, it wasn't me.' "It was her!

Ashley Bowen was the one on duty in the Meridian Palace!" everyone exclaimed in unison.

"Uh, Ms.

Sullivan...

that was me." Ashley Bowen raised her hand with a sheepish grin.

'Why do I have such a bad feeling about this?

Grace Sullivan's stare is so venomous, like she wants to eat me alive.' She took a few involuntary steps back.

Ashley Bowen hurriedly explained, "I finished cleaning the room and then went to the hallway to rest and chat with Jane.

I didn't see anyone go into the First Prince's wedding suite." She didn't even remember which room was the First Prince's suite, but she blurted out the lie anyway.

Grace Sullivan moved in front of Jane Warren and asked in a low voice, "Is that what happened?" Jane Warren, her head also lowered, nodded with a frown.

"Shay and I finished cleaning around 9:30 PM and went to a corner in the hallway to chat." Just as Grace Sullivan was about to continue her interrogation, the crisp sound of footsteps echoed—the distinct click of high heels.

"This matter doesn't need to be investigated.

Per the Second Prince's instructions, Han Shang-gong has already had the wedding suite re-cleaned under the Queen's orders.

From the look on the Queen's face, she doesn't wish for this matter to be blown out of proportion." 'No need to investigate?' Everyone's head snapped toward the newcomer, and Ashley Bowen looked over as well.

The woman was slender, dressed in a black business suit and stiletto heels.

She had the unmistakable air of a career woman.

This woman was none other than Nina Sutton, the Second Prince's personal manager.

'Why is the Second Prince's manager handling this?' The more Ashley Bowen thought about it, the more confused she became.

All she knew was that today was a disaster!

What she'd thought was a wet dream had nearly gotten her fired.

She was up to her eyeballs in debt; without this job, she wouldn't be able to afford next semester's tuition.

As she was grumbling to herself, Ashley Bowen saw Nina Sutton and Grace Sullivan whispering to each other.

Suddenly, all the color drained from Grace Sullivan's face.

She began nodding frantically.

"Yes, I'll be sure to keep this confidential.

None of them will know what really happened.

I'll inspect the room again myself, and the roses on the door—they'll all be replaced!" 'The roses on the door?' Ashley Bowen's ears perked up.

She was sure she hadn't misheard.

Grace Sullivan had just said those exact words.

There were only three rooms in that hallway, and only the one she had slept in had roses on the door!

Oh my god!

Ashley Bowen nearly fainted.

She had actually slept in the First Prince's wedding suite—and with a strange man!

‘Who on earth was that man?’ “Alright, it’s getting late.

Let’s call it a day.

You can all go now.

Thank you for your hard work today.

Your bonuses will be doubled and deposited to your accounts.” Grace Sullivan’s entire demeanor had changed.

She addressed the group with a broad smile, her voice exceptionally pleasant.

The nicer Grace Sullivan acted, the more uneasy everyone felt.

The maids began to trickle away.

Jane Warren, however, hurried after Ashley Bowen, calling out loudly, “Shay, wait up!

I need to ask you something…” The two of them went to the emergency exit in the basement.

Jane Warren deliberately pulled Ashley Bowen several steps up the staircase before demanding, “Alright, spill it.

Were you the one slacking off and sleeping in the First Prince’s wedding suite?” “Me?

Of course not!” Ashley Bowen said with a guilty smile, giving Jane Warren’s arm a wheedling shake.

“I really did have an upset stomach, but then—of all the bad luck—the bathroom was out of toilet paper!

Do you have any idea how I managed in the end?”