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

Chapter 6: The Man Came to Find Her 2

"You're Ashley Bowen?" the man asked, his eyes sizing her up with a provocative stare.

Ashley Bowen instinctively hit the brakes, planting her foot on the ground for balance.

"Is there... a problem?" The man pulled a pair of sunglasses from his jacket pocket.

They were sleek and jet-black.

After putting them on, he leaned in, his lips almost brushing against her cheek.

Ashley Bowen scrambled to lean back.

"Excuse me, handsome, but can I help you?

I haven't taken out any loans from a shark, and I haven't sold any land deeds." "..." The man seemed speechless.

He finally just grabbed Ashley Bowen's elbow with one large hand and said in a low voice, "Don't tell anyone what happened at the Meridian Palace last night.

Here's a check for a million.

Take the money and get lost." 'What?' It suddenly dawned on Ashley Bowen what was happening.

She immediately yelled at the man, "So you were that damned bastard from last night?

Am I, Ashley Bowen, the kind of person you can just buy off?" "Yes," the man said flatly.

Ashley Bowen rolled her eyes.

"Fine, so maybe you can buy me off.

But that was my most precious thing!

Do you really think you can put a price on that?" she said, her voice cracking as she began to cry.

The thought that she was no longer a virgin sent a wave of grief through her.

It wasn't that she was old-fashioned, but she just couldn't accept living with someone or having sex before marriage.

"A million isn't enough?

Then how about more?

Three million.

That should be enough, right?" the man's impatient voice cut in.

'This is a total insult to my character!' Thinking of her family's financial situation, and of her mother's aged hands, Ashley Bowen finally bit her lip.

"Deal!" She quickly wiped her tears away.

'The wise adapt to the circumstances, as they say.

And I, Ashley Bowen, am nothing if not wise, right?' The man sneered, as if he'd expected this all along.

He shoved his hands into his pants pockets, turned, and got into his luxury car.

Just as the engine was starting, he rolled down the window and tossed something out.

Ashley Bowen picked the object up from the ground.

It was her employee ID card.

The photo on it showed a much more innocent-looking her, but the card itself was now crumpled and worn.

'There goes my job.' Looking at the check in her hand, an inexplicable sadness welled up inside her.

Back then, she had gone through the palace's rigorous selection process, overcoming every obstacle just to get a job there.

She did it all so she could be in the same place where the Crown Prince grew up.

She still remembered it clearly.

Three years ago, during a flag-raising ceremony at her school, the Crown Prince had come for an inspection.

He had gently patted her head and told her to study hard.

From that moment on, the Crown Prince became her idol, her pillar of support.

But now, it was all down the drain.

Her hard work, her dreams, everything... “What?

You’re quitting?

Why all of a sudden?

Why would you just quit out of the blue?” Jane Warren yelled in disbelief, cornering Ashley Bowen in the back of the restroom.

Ashley Bowen patted Jane Warren’s chest, helping her to calm down.

The truth was, she was reluctant to leave this job, and she was even more reluctant to leave a friend like Jane Warren.

But what could she do?

She had slept with that man in the Crown Prince’s own bridal suite.

Now that he had paid her off, she knew that if she didn’t take the hint and leave, she’d be asking for big trouble down the line.

“I’m preparing for a certification exam, so I need to go home and study,” Ashley Bowen said with an affable smile, pulling another lie out of thin air.

‘No one would ever believe that a college freshman like her was actually a pathological liar, would they?’ “But what about your tuition?

You’ve only been working here a short time,” Jane Warren asked.

Chapter 7: It Couldn't Be You

“My mom has already scraped together the tuition.

She wants me to focus on my studies.” Ashley Bowen lowered her head, afraid her expression would give her away.

Jane Warren didn’t say anything more.

She suddenly smiled and patted Ashley Bowen.

“It’s okay.

We still have WeChat and QQ.

We can still meet up on weekends for all-you-can-eat barbecue.” “Yeah.” Ashley Bowen looked up and nodded emphatically.

“Did you hear?

Last night, the Second Prince slept with some woman in the First Prince’s wedding suite!” “Huh?

No way.

I can’t believe the Second Prince would do something like that.” “It’s not strange at all that the Second Prince would do something like this.

He’s always been a playboy.

But destroying the hallway security cameras just to deliberately mess up someone’s wedding suite...

that’s just low.” After the SPLASH of water from someone washing their hands, the restroom fell silent again.

Suddenly, Jane Warren stared intently at Ashley Bowen.

“It wasn’t you, was it?” “Uh, how could that be possible...” Ashley Bowen averted her gaze guiltily.

“Why not?

Isn’t your big crush the First Prince?

You found out he was getting married, you were heartbroken, so you deliberately got revenge by sleeping in his wedding suite.” Jane Warren leaned in and nudged Ashley Bowen with her elbow.

Ashley Bowen flinched away from the nudge, pouting as she quickly tried to deflect.

“Am I that kind of person?” “I know you’re not.

Just kidding.

But speaking of the Second Prince, his reputation is really terrible.

He’s a total womanizer.

Who knows which young model he was messing around with this time, doing it in the First Prince’s wedding suite.” Jane Warren pursed her lips, her expression a mixture of disgust and contempt.

Ashley Bowen couldn’t help but feel even more miserable.

‘The Second Prince’s reputation is so awful, and I just had to be the girl involved.

How unlucky can I be!’ “Can young models just come and go from the palace as they please?” Ashley Bowen muttered to herself, then forced a smile.

“Anyway, let’s not talk about it.

I’m going to go handle my resignation.

We’ll meet up this weekend.” “Okay.” Jane Warren nodded.

Ashley Bowen stood outside the head manager’s office and knocked.

Grace Sullivan’s voice immediately came from inside.

Just as she reached out to push the door, it opened from within.

Nina Sutton walked out and gave Ashley Bowen a slight smile.

Ashley Bowen also bowed politely and strode into the office.

Grace Sullivan was flipping through résumés with a serious, focused expression.

She pushed up the glasses on her nose and said, “A top student, hmm?

Working as a maid here was truly a waste of your talents.

I hope you find a job befitting your status in the future and have a brilliant career.” After speaking, she hastily signed and stamped the resignation form.

Ashley Bowen took the form and saw that HR had already signed it.

‘Of course.

Grace, the woman I despise, would never try to keep me here.

She was probably dying for me to quit, wasn’t she?’ “Thanks.

I’m sure I *will* have a brilliant career!” Ashley Bowen suddenly beamed with delight.

‘What a joke!

I’ve got three million stashed in my bag.

I don’t give a damn about this job where I had to suck up to everyone!’ Her steps were so light she felt like she was about to float away.

Ashley Bowen turned, patted her own butt at Grace Sullivan, and said one last thing, “Bye-bye!” Grace Sullivan’s face turned ashen with anger as she watched Ashley Bowen’s brazen departure.

Feeling light as a feather after quitting her job, Ashley Bowen got on her bicycle, ready to go home and explain everything to her mother.

But as for *how* to explain it, she didn’t have a clue.

‘I can’t just say I got three million in compensation for spending one night with the Second Prince, can I?

Mom would definitely look down on me for that.’ Ashley Bowen scratched her head.

She pushed down on the pedals, ready to ride off like the wind, when suddenly, a man in a black suit and sunglasses blocked her path.

Chapter 8: Registering the Marriage Tomorrow

‘What the hell, another guy in a suit!’ “Excuse me...” Ashley Bowen began slowly.

“His Highness says he will take responsibility.

He wants you to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau with him tomorrow to get your marriage license.

He’s been very busy this month; tomorrow is the only day he has free,” the man in the suit said, his expression sour.

“Huh?” Ashley Bowen bit her lip.

“Um, is it possible for me to refuse?” ‘Didn’t the Second Prince already give me three million this morning?

What's this about getting married all of a sudden?' "His Highness says you have no choice.

The betrothal gift has already been delivered, and your mother has accepted it," the man in the suit said, his face still expressionless.

"What?

That's impossible!" Ashley Bowen cried out, hopping on her bike and speeding past the man in the suit.

'Mom is dead set against marrying into a wealthy family, let alone the royal family!

How could she possibly have agreed to this marriage?

Besides, what I had with the Second Prince was just a one-night stand!' The run-down alleyway, the moss-covered walls...

Her old bicycle rattled over the stone-paved road, its parts sounding as if they might fall off at any second.

Ashley Bowen locked up her bicycle and rushed into the main house.

Her mother was clearing the table, looking as though a guest had just left.

"Mom, did we have a visitor?" "Shay, what are you doing back?" Shay's mom looked up, a surprised expression on her face, before smiling and nodding.

"Yes, we did.

Silly girl, why didn't you tell me you were dating such a promising young man?

He's a wonderful fellow.

I like him a lot." "You can't be serious.

Is he really that great?

I don't think so." Ashley Bowen's jaw dropped as she watched her mother praise him so animatedly, deeply skeptical.

"The Sinclair family won't mistreat you." Shay's mom's expression turned sad as she pulled Ashley Bowen into her arms.

For the first time, Ashley Bowen felt like she was about to leave the nest and fly out on her own.

She couldn’t bear to leave her mother, and she didn’t want to marry the Second Prince.

‘The one she liked had always been the First Prince.’ At this thought, Ashley Bowen felt a dull ache in her chest.

That night, Ashley Bowen sat alone in her room, trying to figure out how to run away.

To escape the marriage, she would have to drop out of her university and leave the city with her mother.

‘But all the land was the king’s domain.

Where could they possibly escape to?’ Ashley Bowen couldn’t help but feel terribly frustrated.

She propped her chin in her hands and stared at the path illuminated by the streetlight outside.

‘Even if I can’t escape for good, I at least have to get past tomorrow!’ She made up her mind.

She would sneak out in the middle of the night, after her mother was sound asleep.

It was dead silent outside.

Even the dogs in the alley weren’t barking.

The entire world seemed to have fallen into a deep slumber.

Dressed in a tight-fitting black outfit, a black face mask, and a baseball cap, Ashley Bowen crept to the front door and stealthily pushed it open.

‘Mom, I’ll come back after I get through tomorrow.’ She gave the house a reluctant wave and stepped tentatively into the yard.

But just as she pushed open the wooden yard gate, a black cloth was thrown over her head.

Her world went dark; she couldn’t see a thing.

Ashley Bowen instinctively tried to scream, but someone struck her hard on the back of the neck.

An intense wave of dizziness washed over her, and in the final moment before passing out, she rolled her eyes.

‘Damn it!

I’ve been ambushed!’ COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

WOOF!

WOOF!

A chorus of crowing roosters and barking dogs startled Ashley Bowen awake.

She reached up to touch the back of her head and slowly pried open one eye.

‘I had such a strange dream last night.

I dreamed I was trying to run away and got ambushed…’

Chapter 9: The Makings of a Kidnapping

Ashley Bowen shot up like a spring.

Taking a look around, she realized she was trapped in a luxury car, flanked on her left and right by several burly men in black.

The hulking men all had their faces hidden behind sunglasses, but Ashley Bowen could still feel the murderous aura radiating from them.

“Good morning, Miss Bowen.

Please get yourself ready as soon as possible.

His Highness is waiting for you at the Civil Affairs Bureau, and he needs to catch a noon flight,” the stone-faced man said, his expression blank.

Ashley Bowen looked toward the voice and saw it was the same stone-faced man from yesterday.

Her heart sank.

‘Now that I’m in his clutches, it looks like I have no choice but to be forced into getting a marriage license at the Civil Affairs Bureau.’ “And how am I supposed to get ready?

My hands and feet are tied up!” Ashley Bowen cried out, her mind already scheming.

The stone-faced man, however, remained completely unperturbed.

He beckoned lightly with his hand and ordered, “Go to Miss Bowen’s home and bring back a basin of water for her to wash her face.” His strangely detached tone grated on Ashley Bowen’s nerves.

“Hey, uh, wouldn’t it be easier if you just untied me and let me get ready myself?

No need to trouble these...

strapping gentlemen,” Ashley Bowen said with a sycophantic chuckle.

But when her eyes met the stone-faced man’s, she lost some of her nerve.

“We wouldn’t dare untie you on our own authority, Miss Bowen.

We’re afraid you might, shall we say, ‘accidentally’ run off,” the stone-faced man replied in that same sarcastic tone.

Ashley Bowen rolled her eyes repeatedly.

“Am I that kind of person?” Ashley Bowen asked, tilting her head up and glancing at the burly men beside her.

The two men nodded in unison.

Ashley Bowen gritted her teeth.

‘Fine, they saw right through me!’ “Then you can just help me get ready!” It was Ashley Bowen’s first time in a luxury car, but she was far from happy.

Watching the forest of high-rises flash past the window, she couldn’t help but sigh.

‘Oh, what the hell.

If I have to marry him, I’ll marry him.

So what if His Highness is a bit of a player?

I’ll just have fun spending his money, right?’ At that thought, her mood suddenly brightened.

A wide grin spread across Ashley Bowen’s face, and she began to jiggle her leg and whistle a tune.

The stone-faced man turned back, clearly displeased, but his reminder was polite.

“Miss Bowen, His Highness dislikes whistling and any sort of flippant behavior.” “Er...” Ashley Bowen’s lips twitched.

She frowned.

‘This Morgan Sinclair is way too controlling, isn’t he?

Does he want to micromanage how people use the bathroom, too?’ “Got it.” Giving an “OK” sign, Ashley Bowen straightened her posture, sitting as still as a statue.

‘There.

Surely no one can find fault with this, right?’ The car finally came to a stop.

The large words “Civil Affairs Bureau” loomed into view.

The stone-faced man opened the car door for Ashley Bowen.

He shielded her head as she got out.

The first thing she saw was a tall man in a sharp black suit standing at the main entrance, his back to her.

‘From the back, he looks pretty handsome.’ Ashley Bowen smacked her lips.

‘So Morgan Sinclair is a bit of a player, but he’s certainly got the looks.

I guess I can reluctantly make do with that.’ “Your Highness.” The stone-faced man strode up the stairs.

Ashley Bowen put on a coy act and followed behind him.

‘I fought it for so long, but things have already come to this.

Might as well just roll with it.

Sob.’ But then, the man in the suit turned around.

He was pushing a wheelchair, and the man sitting in it turned around at the same time to face them.

“Your Highness, I’ve brought her,” the stone-faced man said with the utmost respect to the man in the wheelchair.

‘Your Highness?’ Ashley Bowen froze on the spot.

Her eyes went wide as she stared at the man before her.

“A crip...

cripple?” Ashley Bowen blurted out.

Chapter 10: The Marriage Partner is This Cripple

The moment she spoke, both the stoic-faced man and the man in the suit turned to her.

Their gazes were venomous, as if they wanted to eat her alive.

A chill ran down Ashley Bowen’s spine.

She shivered and shuffled closer to the stoic-faced man.

“Wh-which Prince is this?” The empire had only three Princes.

The First Prince was gentle and refined, while the Second Prince was a playboy.

She had met both of them once before.

As for the Third Prince... Rumor had it that the Third Prince was cold and heartless, and sadistically strict with his subordinates.

Rumor also had it that there were three things he disliked: women, money, and power.

Everyone trembled in fear at the mere mention of his name, let alone trying to get close to him.

But the rumors never said the Third Prince was a cripple, did they?

Ashley Bowen’s elegant brows furrowed.

She nudged the stoic-faced man with her elbow.

The stoic-faced man looked extremely awkward, but he remained bowed respectfully.

“This is the Third Prince.” It really was the Third Prince!

Ashley Bowen’s jaw dropped.

She instinctively stuffed her clenched fist into her mouth and bit down hard.

Only when she felt the pain did she release her fist with a look of utter despair.

‘It’s over, it’s over!

Don’t tell me my marriage partner is this cripple?’ ‘No way, it can’t be!’ Ashley Bowen secretly looked up, squinting one eye to peek at the man in the wheelchair.

His face was as chiseled as a demigod’s, without a trace of excess flesh.

His features were remarkably sharp, as if meticulously carved by the Creator himself.

His deep-set eyes held a soft, brown glimmer, making them look profound and mysterious.

He had a high-bridged nose and thin lips, giving him an air of unapproachability.

Beautiful things often become unapproachable when they possess a certain coldness.

Ashley Bowen had always believed this, so when she saw this incredibly handsome man with his cool demeanor, she froze in her tracks.

‘This Third Prince is even better-looking than the Second Prince!’ Ashley Bowen felt her heart begin to race, but a moment later she sighed.

‘Sigh, what a shame.

He’s disabled.’ Yuri Sinclair’s expression was cold.

He glanced at Ashley Bowen’s face, which had shifted from infatuated to sympathetic, and frowned.

‘This girl actually dares to look at me with pity?’ “I’m in a hurry.

Aaron, push me inside,” Yuri Sinclair said, his voice frigid and deep.

The man in the suit, called Aaron, didn’t dare to delay.

He nodded, turned the wheelchair around, and pushed Yuri Sinclair inside.

The stoic-faced man also hurried in after them, leaving Ashley Bowen standing there, utterly confused.

“Wait!” Something occurred to her, and she quickly chased after them, blocking the wheelchair’s path.

“Um...

isn’t the person I’m registering my marriage with the Second Prince?

Why are you here…?” Ashley Bowen lowered her head as she spoke, her eyes darting back and forth.

‘Please, heavens, please.

This cripple must just be here to register the marriage on the Second Prince’s behalf, right?

My future husband can’t be him, can he?’ she prayed silently.

“I’m the one registering the marriage with you today.” Yuri Sinclair looked up, his thin lips parting slightly.

Although he was in a wheelchair and half a head shorter than Ashley Bowen, the murderous aura radiating from him still made her retreat two steps.

Her eyes met Yuri Sinclair’s—impassive yet grim and piercing.

She stammered, “Is the Third Prince here to register the marriage on behalf of the Second Prince?” After saying this, she quickly looked away.

‘If I meet his gaze for a few more seconds, I’ll probably be killed by his stare.’ “I am your husband.

Remember that.” Suddenly, Yuri Sinclair propelled his wheelchair closer to Ashley Bowen.

He reached out and grabbed her hand.