

Wrong Room: Sleeping With My Fiancé's Uncle

Chapter 1 Manhattan Top Floor

The heavy mahogany door of the Plaza Hotel's presidential suite stood before Isidora.

She gripped the universal keycard so tightly that the sharp plastic edges bit into her palm. The pain was grounding.

She swiped the card. The green light blinked, followed by a soft click.

Isidora pushed the door open. The air inside hit her like a physical blow, thick with the smell of expensive champagne and cheap lust.

She stepped onto the Persian rug. Her eyes immediately locked onto a custom Armani suit jacket discarded on the floor. It belonged to Kevin.

A black lace bra hung from the edge of the crystal chandelier in the hallway. It was Chantelle's, her former good friend.

Isidora's stomach violently contracted, acid burned the back of her throat. This was the man she was supposed to marry in a few months.

From the half-open bedroom door, the unmistakable sounds of wet skin slapping against skin and heavy, uninhibited moans echoed through the quiet suite.

She didn't cry. Instead, a freezing calm washed over her veins.

Isidora pulled her phone from her pocket. She opened the camera, switched to video mode, and made sure the flash was off.

She walked toward the bedroom and kicked the door wide open with her heel.

The screen of her phone illuminated the tangled limbs on the king-sized bed. Kevin was on top, his face buried in the blonde model's neck.

The sudden light made Kevin freeze. He snapped his head around, his eyes wide with sheer panic.

"What the hell!" Kevin roared, grabbing a pillow and hurling it at the door. "You creepy, ugly freak! Get out!"

Isidora didn't flinch. She simply tilted her head, letting the pillow hit the doorframe.

Her thumb pressed the red stop button. The video was saved.

She looked at Kevin's pale, sweaty face. There was no jealousy in her chest, only the cold satisfaction of a hunter bagging a kill.

Chantelle let out a piercing scream, pulling the silk sheets up to cover her chest.

Isidora turned her back on them. She walked out of the suite, her heels clicking against the hardwood floor in a steady, ruthless rhythm.

By the time she reached the elevator, her lungs felt like they were collapsing. She slammed her hand against the button for the rooftop bar.

She needed alcohol. She needed it to burn away the filth she had just witnessed.

The elevator doors opened directly into the dim, purple ambient lighting of the rooftop bar. The heavy bass of a jazz band vibrated against her ribcage, but it couldn't drown out the churning in her stomach. She forced the nausea down, her face still a mask of thick, uneven foundation and fake freckles, her eyes hidden behind hideous, thick-rimmed black glasses. She was a walking, breathing joke, and tonight, she would lean into it.

She walked to the most isolated corner of the bar, ignoring the sideways glances her strange appearance attracted.

"Dry martini. Make it your strongest," Isidora told the bartender.

When the glass arrived, she didn't sip it. She threw her head back and swallowed the burning liquid in one go.

The alcohol hit her bloodstream like a match dropped in gasoline. Her head spun.

Suddenly, the barstool next to her was pulled back. A tall, broad shadow sat down.

Before she even looked at him, a scent invaded her lungs. Crisp cedarwood mixed with a dark, dangerous male pheromone. It completely overpowered the cheap cologne of the men around them.

"Whiskey. Neat," the man ordered.

His voice was a low, gravelly rumble. It sounded exhausted, like a man who hadn't slept in a week.

Isidora turned her head. The lighting was terrible, but she could make out a razor-sharp jawline and a black dress shirt with the top two buttons undone.

Cedrick gripped his glass, his knuckles white. His chronic insomnia had been tearing his nerves to shreds for days.

But then, a scent drifted across the space between them.

It was faint. Iris. A very specific, custom blend of iris that hit his brain like a heavy dose of tranquilizers. The constant buzzing in his skull instantly quieted.

Cedrick snapped his head toward the woman sitting next to him.

His dark, bottomless eyes locked onto her. He saw the hideous, thick-rimmed glasses, the cakey, uneven foundation, and the tightly pulled, severe bun. The woman's appearance was a jarring contradiction to the ethereal, calming fragrance she wore. But in that moment, as the crushing pressure in his skull finally receded, he found he didn't care. He didn't care at all. All that mattered was the source of that scent.

Isidora felt the heat of his stare. It was predatory. It made the hair on her arms stand up. It was also deeply confusing. No one had ever looked at her this way while she wore her disguise.

She tried to stand up and walk away, but the martini betrayed her. Her knees buckled.

She fell sideways.

A thick, muscular forearm caught her waist. Cedrick's hand was burning hot, the heat searing right through the thin silk of her dress.

The urge to destroy Kevin, combined with the heavy alcohol in her brain, reached a boiling point.

Isidora looked up at the stranger. She didn't pull away. Instead, she reached up and wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders.

The morning sun sliced through the gap in the heavy curtains, stabbing Isidora directly in the eyes.

She gasped, her eyes flying open. Every muscle in her body ached with a deep, throbbing soreness.

She turned her head. A massive, scarred back faced her on the other side of the king-sized bed.

The memories of last night crashed into her skull like a freight train. The rough hands, the biting, the absolute loss of control.

Panic seized her throat. She couldn't breathe.

Isidora threw the duvet off her naked body. She scrambled across the carpet, grabbing her scattered clothes and pulling them on with shaking hands.

She needed to leave. She needed to make sure this never happened again.

She dug into her purse and pulled out ten crisp hundred-dollar bills.

She grabbed a hotel pen and scribbled on a notepad: Standard service fee. We're even. She stared at the harsh letters for a split second, her expression hardening into absolute, cold detachment. There was no room for lingering sentiment or regret in the life she was forced to lead.

She slammed the cash and the note onto the nightstand, right next to his heavy, expensive-looking watch and her own pair of ugly, thick-rimmed glasses.

Isidora didn't look back. She yanked the suite door open and ran down the hallway like a fugitive.