

## Chapter 12 The Socialite's Vicious Plot

Night fell over Long Island, and thick sea fog shrouded Garrison Manor tightly. The heavy air pressure weighed down on everything, making the air stuffy and hard to breathe. The whole manor was hidden in the fog, eerily quiet, with invisible undercurrents lurking.

Isidora huddled in her cold and cramped ground-floor guest room, far away from the warmth and luxury of the main mansion. The stone walls were piercingly cold. She sat on the edge of the bed, clutching a special medicated lotion in her palm, carefully removing the thick, allergy-inducing disguise makeup on her face. The makeup had left her skin red and itchy, and she could only relieve the discomfort secretly when no one was around.

Suddenly, a rapid knock broke the silence of the night, accompanied by a maid's flustered and urgent call coming through the door.

Isidora's heart tightened. She quickly screwed the cap back on the lotion bottle, hid it deep in the nightstand drawer, put on her black-rimmed glasses again to cover her eyes, and then slowly opened the door.

The maid lowered her head, not daring to look at her, and hurriedly relayed Stella's message, saying that Young Master Kevin was waiting for her in the North Wing library, with important documents to sign for terminating the engagement.

At the words "terminate the engagement", a flicker of doubt crossed Isidora's eyes. Kevin was in deep trouble himself, tangled in scandals and stripped of his family power. He had no right to handle the engagement at all, and something was clearly wrong.

But the desire to break free from the Garrison family and escape the humiliating engagement was too strong. Even though she knew it was a risk, she refused to give up this glimmer of hope, and finally made up her mind to go to the North Wing.

The North Wing was a strictly forbidden area of the manor. No one was allowed to enter without permission except Cedrick, the head of the family, and a few trusted stewards, and trespassers would be severely

punished Isidora stuck to the shadows of the corridor, carefully avoiding the patrolling guards, and sneaked up to the third floor of the North Wing along the spiral staircase covered with dark red carpet.

The air on the third floor was filled with a mix of crisp cedarwood and high-end tobacco, a unique cold masculine scent that made her flustered for no reason, and a sense of crisis spread quietly.

At the end of the corridor stood a heavy oak door, slightly ajar, with dim wall lamp light seeping through the crack. Isidora thought it was the library, softened her steps, walked forward, and slowly pushed the door open.

But what came into view was not a library at all, but an extremely luxurious, minimalist and cold masculine private living room. The floor-to-ceiling windows faced the Long Island coastline, and a black haute couture suit jacket that Cedrick often wore was casually draped over the wide leather sofa.

Isidora's face turned pale instantly, realizing she had made a terrible mistake. This was clearly Cedrick's private territory, the most forbidden place in the manor. A strong sense of crisis swept over her, and she turned around immediately, wanting to escape this dangerous place at once.

But as soon as she turned around, Stella's face flashed outside the door. The girl was full of malice and mockery in her eyes, with a triumphant sneer on her lips. Before Isidora could react, Stella grabbed the solid brass handle outside the door and pulled it hard. The heavy oak door slammed shut with a loud bang, echoing in the corridor.

Immediately after, two cold beeps came from the electronic lock, and the door was forcibly locked from the outside, completely sealed. Isidora rushed to the door in a panic, twisting the handle desperately, but the sophisticated lock did not move at all, and she was completely trapped.

She pressed her ear to the door, and clearly heard Stella's lowered vicious curse, scolding her for trespassing into the forbidden zone and waiting to see Cedrick punish her. After that, Stella's high-heeled footsteps faded away, leaving Isidora alone, trapped in this gorgeous cage, with no way to call for help.

Isidora forced herself to calm down and took out her phone to ask for help, only to find that the North Wing was equipped with military-grade signal jammers, and the phone had no signal at all, becoming a useless brick. She looked around anxiously, and the minimalist decoration hid all

communication equipment with no landline or emergency button in sight.

Just as despair spread, clear sounds of running water came from behind the frosted glass door at the back of the living room. Isidora stiffened all over, and her blood froze instantly — there was someone else in the suite, and that person was taking a shower.

The sound of water was amplified infinitely in the dead silence, like a doomsday countdown, making her heart pound wildly. She looked around desperately, the third-floor suite was fully enclosed, with no windows or balconies to escape from, and there was no way out except the locked door.

Suddenly, the sound of water stopped abruptly, and the dead silence was even more suffocating. Isidora's heart jumped into her throat instantly, like a prey driven into a desperate situation, trembling all over, staring at the frosted glass door that would open at any moment, not daring to breathe heavily.



"Help me, and I'll give you a special reward!"

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