

Wrong Room: Sleeping With My Fiancé's Uncle

Chapter 2 The Wolf of Wall Street Descends

Isidora sat in the back of the Lincoln Navigator parked outside The Pierre hotel.

She stared into the sun visor mirror. Her fingers were numb as she applied the third layer of dark, cakey foundation to her cheeks.

She glued the fake freckles back onto her nose. She shoved the heavy, black-rimmed glasses onto her face.

The breathtaking woman from the hotel room was gone. The ugly, pathetic Wyatt heiress was back.

She pulled the collar of her Victorian-style dress higher. The fabric scratched her skin, but it was necessary to hide the dark, violent bruises the stranger had sucked into her neck last night.

Isidora pushed the car door open and stepped onto the red carpet.

Camera flashes exploded in her face. From the corner of her eye, she saw a group of socialites pointing at her.

"Look at her," one of them whispered loudly. "She looks like a moldy nun. How is Kevin Garrison marrying that?"

Isidora kept her head down. She let the insults bounce off her armor. She walked into the grand ballroom, her eyes fixed on the marble floor.

Her father, Arsenio Wyatt, marched up to her. He didn't say hello. He grabbed her arm, his fingers digging into her flesh.

"Keep your mouth shut tonight," Arsenio hissed in her ear. "If you ruin this trust fund merger with the Garrisons, I will make you regret being born."

Isidora nodded slowly, pulling her arm free.

She scanned the room, looking for Kevin. She needed to know if he had the nerve to bring Chantelle to their official engagement dinner.

Suddenly, the loud chatter in the ballroom died. The live orchestra stopped playing mid-note.

Hyman Garrison, Kevin's father and the current chairman, was practically sprinting toward the grand entrance. Sweat dripped down his forehead.

Heavy, deliberate footsteps echoed across the marble floor. Each step sounded like a gavel striking wood.

The crowd of Wall Street elites parted like the Red Sea. They pressed themselves against the tables, terrified to block the path.

Hyman grabbed the microphone, his hands shaking visibly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Hyman stammered. "Please welcome the true head of the Garrison family, returning from Los Angeles... Mr. Cedrick Garrison."

The name sent a physical shockwave through the room. People gasped. Cedrick was the exiled billionaire, the ruthless hedge fund predator who ate companies for breakfast.

Isidora slowly lifted her head. She pushed her ugly glasses up the bridge of her nose and looked toward the entrance.

The moment her eyes landed on the man surrounded by bodyguards, the blood drained from her face.

Her heart slammed against her ribs so hard she thought they would crack.

The razor-sharp jawline. The cold, dead eyes. The terrifying, suffocating aura of power.

It was him. The man from the hotel room. The man she had left a thousand dollars for on the nightstand.

Isidora couldn't breathe. Her lungs refused to expand. She took a frantic step backward, trying to hide behind a tall floral arrangement.

Her heel caught the edge of a socialite's silk gown.

"Watch it, you freak!" the woman shrieked, shoving Isidora hard in the chest.

Isidora stumbled backward. Her hip crashed into the corner of the champagne tower table.

Several crystal glasses tipped over, shattering against the marble floor. The sharp sound echoed like a gunshot in the dead-silent ballroom.

Cedrick stopped walking.

His head snapped toward the corner. His cold, predatory gaze locked onto the source of the noise.

Isidora immediately dropped her chin to her chest. She let her messy hair fall forward, praying the thick glasses and the ugly makeup would work.

Cedrick's eyes swept over her disastrous outfit. A flicker of deep disgust crossed his face. He began to turn his head away.

But then, a draft from the open ballroom doors swept through the room.

It carried a scent.

Cedrick's nostrils flared. His entire body went rigid.

It was a faint trace of iris. A scent that inexplicably smoothed the jagged edges of his chronic insomnia for a fleeting second. It was an anomaly that irritated his hyper-vigilant instincts. Why would this pathetic, heavily made-up creature carry a scent that demanded his attention?

Cedrick didn't walk toward the main table. He pivoted on his heel and walked straight toward the dark corner.

The crowd held their breath. Isidora's fingers dug into the fabric of her skirt. Her palms were sweating.

Cedrick stopped less than two feet away from her. His massive frame blocked out the light.

Hyman rushed over, laughing nervously. "Cedrick, please excuse the mess. This is Kevin's fiancée, Isidora Wyatt."

Cedrick's eyes darkened at the word fiancée.

He looked down at her. His gaze slowly dragged from her fake freckles down to the high collar of her dress.

Right at the edge of the collar, the thick layers of concealer were caked unevenly, a desperate attempt to hide her own natural pallor.

Cedrick let out a low, dark chuckle that made the hair on the back of Isidora's neck stand up.

He leaned in, his lips inches from her ear.

"Miss Wyatt," Cedrick whispered, his voice dripping with lethal intent. "The perfume you chose smells as good as the woman in the hotel room last night."