

Wrong Room: Sleeping With My Fiancé's Uncle

Chapter 3 Fatal Interrogation in the Closet

Isidora's fingernails bit so hard into her palms that the skin nearly broke. The physical pain was the only thing keeping her from collapsing under Cedrick's suffocating presence.

Isidora's breath hitched for a fraction of a second, but she instantly forced her racing heart to steady. She met his suffocating gaze, her eyes completely devoid of the terror he expected.

"It is a cheap, off-the-shelf brand, Mr. Garrison," Isidora replied, her voice eerily calm and laced with a subtle defiance. "I apologize if it offends your refined senses."

Cedrick stared down at her cakey, hideous face. His dark eyes narrowed, dissecting her lie. The scent wasn't just familiar; it was seared into his memory from a single, chaotic night. The same perfume that had clung to the skin of the woman in his hotel room. And now, this creature, his nephew's fiancée, was wearing it. He opened his mouth to tear her apart.

Before he could speak, the side doors of the ballroom burst open.

Kevin marched in. His face was flushed red with anger. He had just received a text that Chantelle was throwing a tantrum outside the hotel lobby.

Kevin ignored Isidora completely. He walked straight to his father, Hyman.

"Dad, I have an urgent email from the London office. I need to step out for twenty minutes," Kevin lied through his teeth.

Cedrick slowly turned his head. He looked at his nephew like he was looking at a cockroach.

"What email is more important than your own engagement party?" Cedrick's voice cut through the room like a blade. "Or is the stray cat you keep on the side meowing too loudly outside?"

Kevin's face drained of color. He opened his mouth, but no words came out. He didn't dare talk back to the man who held the family's purse strings.

Instead, Kevin shot a vicious, hateful glare at Isidora, silently blaming her for his humiliation.

While the crowd's attention shifted to the tension between the uncle and nephew, Isidora took a step back.

She needed to get out of Cedrick's line of sight. Now.

She turned and walked quickly down the side corridor. She pushed open the heavy walnut doors at the end of the hall and slipped into the VIP cloakroom.

The room was pitch black, smelling strongly of mothballs and expensive damp wool.

Isidora leaned her back against the door, pressing her hand to her chest. Her heart was beating so fast it hurt.

Before she could even take a full breath, the brass handle behind her turned.

A massive force shoved the door open, pushing Isidora forward.

Cedrick slipped into the dark room. He reached behind him and pushed the lock. The metal clicked with a terrifying finality.

Isidora scrambled backward, but her spine hit the wall of heavy winter coats.

Cedrick didn't hesitate. He stepped into her space, his large hands grabbing both of her wrists and pinning them against the wall above her head.

He pressed his body against hers. His knee forced its way between her thighs, completely trapping her.

Isidora gasped, her chest heaving against his hard chest.

Cedrick lowered his head. His nose brushed against the skin of her neck. He inhaled deeply, like a predator catching the scent of blood.

"A cheap, off-the-shelf brand?" Cedrick's voice was a rough, vibrating growl against her collarbone. "You wore this exact scent in my hotel room. Do you take me for a fucking idiot, Miss Wyatt?"

Isidora's body went rigid. She turned her face away. "Please show some respect. I am Kevin's fiancée!"

The word triggered something violent inside him.

"Fiancée?" Cedrick sneered, his voice dripping with contempt. His rough thumb pressed hard against her jawline, gripping her chin with bruising force. "Was sleeping with me part of the plan? Did you think one night in my bed was your audition, and when you didn't get a callback, you settled for my fool of a nephew?"

Isidora sucked in a sharp breath. She shoved her hands against his chest, trying to push him away. "This is none of your business!"

Cedrick's hand shot up, his fingers tightening their grip. He forced her to look at him.

"You reek of hidden agendas," Cedrick said, his eyes burning with a dark, calculating rage. "You play the frightened mouse, but you crawled into my bed without an invitation. Now you're set to marry into my family. Don't you dare tell me this is a coincidence."

He was certain of it. This hideous woman had seduced him, played him for a fool, and was now using this pathetic engagement to claw her way into the Garrison fortune. He believed her ugly

makeup and dowdy clothes were her true self, the same self he had inexplicably taken to his bed. The memory was a brand of shame on his pride.

Isidora let out a cold, mocking laugh. The fear vanished, replaced by pure defiance.

"You think too highly of your family's allure, Mr. Garrison," Isidora whispered, her eyes locking onto his without a shred of fear. "I am merely surviving a business arrangement. If I had any actual power in this game, I wouldn't be standing in a dark closet being threatened by a tyrant."

Cedrick's pupils dilated. The insult hit his ego like a sledgehammer.

A dark, dangerous heat radiated from his body. He lowered his head, his mouth crashing down toward hers. He needed to punish her for the insult, for the deception. He needed to taste the lie on her lips and remind her-and himself-of the night she had so clearly forgotten, a night he now saw as the first move in her disgusting, calculated game.

Just as his lips brushed against hers, heavy footsteps pounded down the hallway outside.

"Isidora! Where the hell are you hiding, you ugly bitch?!" Kevin's voice screamed through the wood.

The door handle rattled violently.

Isidora stopped breathing. Her eyes widened in absolute terror. She pressed her hands flat against Cedrick's chest, silently begging him to stop.

Cedrick paused. He looked at the rattling door handle, then down at Isidora's trembling lips.

A cruel, twisted smile spread across his face. Instead of stepping back, Cedrick pressed his hips harder against hers.