

Wrong Room: Sleeping With My Fiancé's Uncle

Chapter 4 Public Execution in the Arena of Fame

Kevin kicked the heavy walnut door. The wood groaned under his expensive leather shoe.

"Useless freak," Kevin muttered loudly outside. His footsteps finally echoed down the hallway as he walked away to answer his ringing phone.

Inside the dark cloakroom, Isidora shoved Cedrick's chest with all her strength.

This time, he let her push him.

Her fingers shook violently as she fumbled to button the collar of her dress that had twisted in his grip.

"Psychopath," Isidora hissed under her breath.

She didn't wait for his reaction. She grabbed the door handle, unlocked it, and practically ran out into the brightly lit corridor.

Cedrick remained standing in the dark. He slowly raised his hand, his thumb rubbing the lingering scent of iris off his skin. His eyes were pitch black, calculating and lethal. He adjusted his cuffs and stepped out of the room.

Isidora power-walked toward the side lounge, trying to calm her racing pulse.

As she turned the corner, she froze.

Chantelle, wearing a scandalous red silk dress, was standing in the middle of the lounge. Two security guards were trying to block her from entering the main ballroom.

A crowd of socialites had already gathered, their eyes wide with gossip.

Kevin pushed through the crowd. He shoved one of the guards hard in the chest and wrapped his arms protectively around Chantelle.

Chantelle buried her face in Kevin's chest. She pointed a manicured finger directly at Isidora, who had just walked in.

"Kevin, she threatened me!" Chantelle sobbed loudly. "She sent me a text saying if I didn't leave you, she would hire someone to throw acid on my face!"

It was a blatant, ridiculous lie. But the crowd gasped. Whispers of "vicious" and "psycho" rippled through the socialites.

Kevin's face twisted into pure rage. He let go of Chantelle and marched straight toward Isidora.

He raised his hand high, fully intending to slap her across the face in front of everyone.

Isidora didn't flinch. She didn't blink. She stared directly into Kevin's eyes with a look so cold and dead that Kevin's hand froze mid-air.

"You disgusting, ugly bitch," Kevin spat, lowering his hand but raising his voice. "You think your cheap threats will make Chantelle leave? Look at yourself! You look like a rotting corpse. If it wasn't for the trust fund, the thought of touching you would make me vomit!"

The socialites laughed out loud. The humiliation was absolute.

Isidora looked past Kevin. Her father, Arsenio, was standing at the back of the crowd. He didn't step forward to defend his daughter. He just looked at her with deep disgust, his eyes filled with absolute fury. He was violently embarrassed that her inability to control the situation was publicly jeopardizing the Wyatt-Garrison merger and threatening millions in corporate assets.

Isidora stood alone under the chandelier. Her spine was perfectly straight. Behind her thick glasses, there were no tears.

She slowly slipped her hand into her clutch purse. Her thumb found the home button of her phone. She unlocked it blindly.

Just as she was about to press the screen, a cold, mocking laugh echoed from the marble pillars.

Cedrick stepped out of the shadows. He had one hand in his pocket. The sheer weight of his presence instantly silenced the laughing crowd.

He walked slowly toward Kevin. His eyes flicked to Chantelle, stripping her down to nothing with a single look.

"Since when do the men of the Garrison family behave like dogs in heat in public?" Cedrick's voice was quiet, but it carried a lethal threat.

Kevin swallowed hard, his face turning pale. "Uncle Cedrick, this woman, she-"

"Shut your mouth," Cedrick cut him off. "You turn a private family engagement into a public circus over a woman you can buy for ten dollars on Hollywood Boulevard?" Cedrick's gaze didn't even flicker toward Isidora. His wrath was entirely focused on his nephew's incompetence. "You are bleeding the Garrison name dry in front of Wall Street."

Chantelle gasped, her face turning bright red. She opened her mouth to scream, but one look at Cedrick's dead eyes made her snap her mouth shut.

Isidora looked at Cedrick in shock. Why was the man who had just assaulted her in a closet stepping in now?

Cedrick caught her looking. He tilted his head slightly. A dark, amused glint flashed in his eyes.

He wasn't helping her. He was enjoying the show. He wanted to see what the "ugly, scheming woman" would do next.

Cedrick turned to Hyman, who had just arrived, sweating profusely.

"End this circus," Cedrick ordered. "I want the official toast to begin in the main ballroom in exactly ten minutes. Do not make me wait."