

Wrong Room: Sleeping With My Fiancé's Uncle

Chapter 5 The Ruler's Twisted Game

The security guards aggressively herded the whispering guests back to their assigned seats in the grand ballroom. The circus in the lounge was temporarily swept under the rug.

On the second floor, behind a wall of one-way glass, Cedrick sat in the private cigar lounge.

His assistant, Jarvis, clipped a Cuban cigar and lit it for him.

Cedrick took a slow drag. The thick, blue-gray smoke curled around his face. His eyes were locked onto the floor below, tracking Isidora as she stood alone in the shadows near the back of the room.

He remembered his childhood in the Garrison estate. The cold floors. The hunger. The way these same hypocritical family members had driven his mother to her grave.

The heavy oak door opened. Hyman Garrison walked in, wiping his forehead with a silk handkerchief.

Hyman walked over and placed a leather folder on the table. "Cedrick, this is the final merger agreement. Once the toast is done, the Wyatt shipping lines will officially merge with our portfolio."

Cedrick didn't even glance at the folder. He tapped his ash into the crystal tray.

"You're willing to let the heir of this family marry the laughingstock of New York for a few rusty cargo ships?" Cedrick asked, his voice flat.

Hyman swallowed hard. "Isidora is... plain. Yes. But she is obedient. She is easy to control. Kevin will have his fun and settle down eventually."

Obedient.

Cedrick thought of the sharp claws she had bared in the cloakroom. He thought of the burning heat of her skin last night. A dark, mocking smile touched his lips.

"Obedient," Cedrick repeated. He stood up and walked to the glass. "Hyman, your biggest failure in life is that you can never tell the difference between the prey and the predator."

Hyman looked confused. "The PR team has bought off the press. The scandal won't leak. But we need you to lead the toast to calm the Wall Street investors."

Cedrick crushed the cigar into the ashtray.

"I didn't come back to New York to clean up your shit," Cedrick said coldly. He walked toward the door. "But this party is getting interesting. I'll do the toast."

Downstairs, Isidora was locked inside a bathroom stall.

Her fingers flew across her phone screen. Using a hidden VPN node, she bypassed the hotel's firewall. She hacked directly into The Pierre's central Audio-Visual control system.

It took her less than two minutes.

She uploaded the high-definition video file she had recorded in the Plaza suite. She set it as the primary, un-skippable source for the main LED screen.

Isidora looked at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. The ugly glasses. The fake freckles.

She smiled. It was a terrifying, destructive smile.

She walked out of the bathroom, grabbed a glass of champagne from a passing waiter, and walked to the very front row of the ballroom.

On stage, the MC tapped the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the head of the Garrison family, Mr. Cedrick Garrison, for the toast!"

The room erupted into applause.

Cedrick walked onto the stage. He took the microphone.

His eyes scanned the crowd and immediately locked onto Isidora in the front row.

Isidora raised her champagne glass. She looked right at him, her eyes completely devoid of fear. There was only the manic energy of someone about to burn the house down.

Cedrick's instincts flared. Her eyes were too bright. She looked like a woman holding a lit match over a barrel of gasoline.

He looked at the teleprompter, then ignored it.

A slow smirk spread across his face. He leaned into the microphone.

"Tonight," Cedrick said, his voice echoing through the massive room, "isgoing to be a night no one forgets."

The second the words left his mouth, Isidora's thumb pressed the "Execute" button on her phone screen.

The massive LED screen behind Cedrick, which had been displaying the Garrison family crest, suddenly went pitch black.

A second of dead silence passed.

Then, the screen violently flashed back to life.

A deafening, high-pitched moan blasted through the Dolby surround sound speakers.

The entire ballroom was hit with the crystal-clear, ten-foot-tall image of Kevin's naked body thrusting into Chantelle on the hotel bed.