

Chapter 8 Outside the Wardrobe Door

The sterile smell of bleach and rubbing alcohol hit Isidora's nose as she stepped out of the elevator at Lenox Hill Hospital.

It was past midnight. The VIP ward on the top floor was dead quiet.

She walked slowly down the hallway. Her legs felt like they were made of lead.

She stopped outside Room 402. The door was cracked open. There were no sounds of medical emergencies inside.

Instead, she heard a soft, giggling laugh.

Isidora stood in the shadows of the hallway and peered through the crack.

Chantelle, the woman who had supposedly fainted from trauma, was sitting up in the hospital bed, eating imported green grapes. Kevin sat on the edge of the mattress, gently holding her hand.

"Baby, don't worry," Kevin sneered, his voice filled with malice. "Once the wedding happens and I get control of the Wyatt trust fund, I'm throwing that ugly freak back into the sewer."

Chantelle pouted. "But the video... everyone saw it. Are you going to dump me?"

Kevin scoffed. "My dad is already paying off the media to kill the trending topics. As long as I don't agree to break the engagement, that mutant has to swallow this humiliation. She has no choice."

Outside the door, Isidora's stomach twisted into a violent knot.

She didn't kick the door open. She didn't scream. She had learned her lesson in the lounge. Anger without power was useless.

She pulled her phone out, opened the voice memo app, and hit record.

She stood in the freezing hallway for three full minutes, recording every

disgusting word that came out of their mouths.

She saved the file. A new weapon for her arsenal.

Heavy footsteps echoed from the other end of the corridor. The rhythmic tapping of a cane against the linoleum floor signaled danger.

Hyman Garrison marched down the hall, flanked by four massive bodyguards. His face was a mask of pure fury.

Isidora quickly shoved her phone into her pocket. She dropped her shoulders, lowered her head, and forced her face to look pathetic and terrified.

"Uncle Hyman," Isidora whispered, her voice shaking perfectly.

Hyman stopped in front of her. He looked at her like she was a piece of dog shit stuck to his shoe.

"You keep your mouth shut about that video," Hyman threatened, his voice a low growl. "If I find out you had anything to do with that hack, I will bury you."

Isidora shook her head rapidly, forcing her eyes to water. "I didn't! I swear, I don't know anything about it. I just came to see if Kevin was okay."

Hyman sneered. "Good. Go in there. Apologize to Kevin. Apologize to his guest. Learn your place, or your father will have your mother's grave dug up tomorrow."

Isidora bit the inside of her cheek so hard she tasted copper.

She nodded.

Hyman kicked the hospital door open. The giggling inside instantly stopped.

Kevin jumped up from the bed, his face pale. Hyman walked right up to his son and slapped him hard across the face.

"Idiot! You embarrass me in front of the board, you lose your mind over a whore!" Hyman roared.

He turned and pointed at Isidora. "Get in here! Apologize to them!"

Kevin held his red cheek and glared at Isidora, projecting all his humiliation onto her.



Isidora walked into the room. Every step felt like walking on broken glass.

She stood at the foot of the bed. She looked at Kevin, then at Chantelle.

She bent at the waist. She bowed her head.

"I am sorry, Kevin," Isidora said, her voice completely dead. "I am sorry for disturbing Miss Chantelle's rest."

The words tasted like ash. Her dignity shattered into a million pieces on the hospital floor.

Hyman looked at her broken posture with satisfaction.

"Pack your bags," Hyman ordered. "You are moving into the Long Island estate tomorrow to prepare for the wedding. I will have my people watch your every move."

Isidora stayed bowed. Hidden behind her hair, her eyes were as cold as a morgue.

The Long Island estate.

Fine. She would walk right into the belly of the beast.