

Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle novel

Chapter 2 - Anissa Roy and Harding Snow -

Anissa stood in front of the carved wooden doors of the VIP suite. Her heart hammered against her ribs, but her hands were steady.

Two men in black suits stepped in front of the door, blocking her path.

"Mr. Harding Snow is in a closed-door meeting with Mr. Aurthur Snow," the guard said, his voice devoid of emotion. "No interruptions."

Anissa looked him dead in the eye. She recited a specific sub-clause number. It was a highly classified emergency loophole regarding the Snow family trust fund succession—a closely guarded secret she had overheard Connor drunkenly bragging about.

The guard's jaw tightened. He pressed two fingers to his earpiece and whispered into his hidden microphone.

Three seconds passed. A heavy mechanical click echoed from inside the wood. The door unlocked. The guards stepped aside.

Anissa walked into the dimly lit room. The air was thick with the sharp scent of black coffee and expensive cigar smoke.

Harding Snow sat in a single leather armchair. His long legs were crossed. He was casually flipping through a thick stack of merger documents.

Aurthur Snow sat opposite him. The old man's face was purple with rage. He already knew about his grandson's disgraceful exit.

Harding looked up. His deep, gray-blue eyes locked onto Anissa through his gold-rimmed glasses. His gaze was an abyss, giving absolutely nothing away.

Aurthur gripped his cane. "Are you here to cancel the ceremony, Anissa? I am deeply sorry for what Connor did."

Anissa straightened her spine. She looked at the two most powerful men on Wall Street and dropped the bomb.

"The wedding proceeds as planned," Anissa said clearly. "But the groom's name changes."

Aurthur gasped. His knuckles turned white around his cane. "Are you insane? Do you want to drag a random groomsman to the altar?"

Anissa shifted her gaze. She looked directly at the silent man in the armchair. "I am marrying Harding Snow."

The room fell into a dead, suffocating silence. Aurthur sucked in a sharp breath - the kind of silence that only lands when the unthinkable becomes real. Harding's fingers stopped turning the page.

Harding slowly closed the folder. He leaned forward. "Do you have any idea what you are saying right now?"

"Every word of it," Anissa said. "Connor walked out on me at the altar. His uncle can walk me down it instead."

The bluntness of it hung in the air like a detonation. Aurthur made a strangled sound. Harding's expression didn't shift by a single degree.

Anissa took a step closer. "The mutual benefit agreement we briefly discussed at the gala last year."

She looked at him with absolute, unwavering certainty. "You need a wife to pacify the board and handle the family's pressure regarding your succession. I need a fortress to survive the fallout of today. Your name is the only one strong enough to shield me, and I am the only woman in New York desperate enough to sign away my freedom without asking questions. It's a win-win."

A dark, imperceptible ripple crossed Harding's eyes. He stood up. His massive frame instantly swallowed the light in the room, radiating pure dominance.

He walked until he was inches from her face. He looked down, his voice a low rumble in his chest. "If you sign this contract, Anissa, there is no backing out. Ever."

She didn't flinch. She tilted her chin up. "I have nothing left to lose. I am not afraid of the dark."

Aurthur suddenly stood up, his cane trembling. "Do it, Harding! This saves the family face. And it completely cuts that ungrateful bastard Connor out of the trust fund succession!"

"If you agree, Harding," Aurthur breathed heavily, "I will have the lawyers alter the documents and the church screens immediately."

Harding stared into Anissa's unwavering eyes. The silence stretched for ten agonizing seconds. Finally, he gave a single, slow nod.

He turned to his executive assistant standing by the wall. "Initiate Plan B. You have five minutes to replace all physical and digital materials."

A sudden commotion erupted outside the door. Ashlee shoved past the guards, stumbling into the room.

She saw Anissa standing dangerously close to Harding. "What are you doing?" Ashlee shrieked. "Are you trying to seduce your elder? You are disgusting!"

Anissa didn't say a word. She closed the distance between them, raised her hand, and delivered a brutal backhand across Ashlee's face.

The sharp crack echoed off the walls. Ashlee crashed to the floor, clutching her stinging cheek, screaming in shock.

Harding didn't blink. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a silk handkerchief, and handed it to Anissa.

"Don't dirty your hands," Harding said softly.