

Chapter 53

Two days later, Anissa walked into the main boardroom of Snow Capital. It was the first time she had set foot on the executive floor. The room was a monument to power, a long slab of polished obsidian surrounded by twenty high-backed leather chairs, all overlooking a panoramic view of Central Park.

Harding's entire executive board was present. They were old-money titans, ruthless corporate raiders, and sharp-witted financial analysts—men who ate lesser companies for breakfast. They stood as she entered, their expressions a mixture of curiosity and cautious respect. They knew who she was, but they didn't know what she was.

Anissa didn't wait for an introduction. She walked to the head of the table, the spot opposite Harding, and placed her tablet on the polished surface.

"Good morning gentlemen," she said, her voice calm and clear, echoing slightly in the vast room. "Thank you for meeting with me. I won't take much of your time."

She tapped her tablet, and the massive screen at the end of the room lit up. It displayed the logo she had designed herself: a stylized phoenix rising from flames, its wings forming a protective circle.

"This is the Phoenix Foundation," she announced. "Its charter has two primary directives. First, it will provide comprehensive legal and financial aid to victims of corporate and domestic abuse, specifically targeting cases where wealth and influence are used as weapons of coercion."

A murmur went through the room. This was not the charity project of a bored billionaire's wife. This was a declaration of war against their own kind.

"Second," Anissa continued, her gaze sweeping across their faces, "it will actively fund investigative journalism and legal challenges aimed at exposing and dismantling the corrupt financial structures that enable such abuse. Shell corporations, illegal tax shelters, embezzled funds... we will hunt them down and burn them out."

She let that sink in. The room was utterly silent.

"The foundation's initial endowment," she said, delivering the final blow, "will be the entirety of the former Roy Group's assets and the Connor Snow trust fund, totaling just over nine hundred million dollars."

The collective intake of breath was audible.

Anissa looked directly at Harding, who was watching her from the other end of the table, his face a mask of profound pride.

"The Phoenix Foundation will operate as an independent entity, but I am asking for the strategic support of Snow Capital's legal and financial intelligence divisions," she said, her tone shifting from an announcement to a command. "I am not asking for your permission. I am informing you of how my assets will be leveraged. You will provide the best people for the job. This is not negotiable."

She stood there for a moment, letting the weight of her words settle. She had just walked into the most powerful room on Wall Street and dictated terms. She had used their language, their tactics, and their own power against the system they represented.

Then, she turned and walked out of the room, leaving a stunned and silent boardroom in her wake. The Snow Matriarch had made her first official move.

