

Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle novel Chapter 6 - Anissa Roy and Harding Snow -

The morning sun poured through the massive windows, hitting Anissa's face. She woke up in the center of the king-size bed.

She reached her hand out. The sheets on the left side were perfectly smooth and completely cold. Harding had been up for hours.

She washed her face and walked into the closet. She pulled on a soft, cream-colored Loro Piana cashmere lounge set that fit her perfectly.

She walked out to the dining room. Harding sat at the head of the long marble table. He wore a crisp white dress shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his forearms. He was drinking black coffee while his assistant read the morning stock reports.

Harding saw her. He raised a finger, silencing his assistant. He pointed to the chair across from him.

A massive New York-style breakfast covered the table, but Anissa's eyes locked onto a thick stack of legal documents resting near her plate.

An older man in a tailored suit stood quietly in the corner, holding a briefcase. Harding gestured to him. "This is a senior Private Judge who handles confidential legal matters for top-tier estates. His seal carries the full weight of the state."

The judge smiled warmly. He slid the marriage registration papers across the marble. "Just your signature here, Madam. Everything else has been expedited."

Anissa stared at the dotted line. If she signed this, she was no longer the punching bag of the Roy family. She was the matriarch of the Snow empire.

She picked up the Montblanc pen. Without a single tremor in her hand, she signed her name.

Harding watched the smooth, aggressive stroke of her pen. A flash of deep approval sparked in his eyes.

The judge stamped the paper with a heavy metal seal. "By the power vested in me, you are legally husband and wife."

Harding reached into his shirt pocket. He pulled out a black Centurion Card and slid it across the table to her. "The pin is your birthday."

Anissa picked up the heavy metal card. Her fingertips tingled. In her past life, she had to beg her mother for coffee money. Now, she held the ultimate key to Wall Street.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated violently against the marble table.

The screen lit up. Lorraine Roy.

The buzzing sound cut through the quiet room like a siren. Anissa stared at it. It rang again, and again, a relentless psychological assault.

Harding looked at the screen. He took a slow sip of his coffee. "Do you want me to have the telecom company permanently sever the Roy estate's cellular lines?"

Anissa took a deep breath. She shook her head. "Some tumors have to be cut out by hand."

She swiped the screen and hit the speaker button.

Lorraine's hysterical screaming instantly filled the penthouse. "You shameless little bitch! How dare you crawl into an old man's bed! You made us a laughingstock!"

"You get your ass back to the Long Island estate right now!" Lorraine shrieked. "You will explain this to the family, and you will sign over your trust fund shares to Ashlee to compensate for the trauma you caused her!"

Anissa listened to the venom. Her eyes were colder than the ice in Harding's glass.

"I'm coming back," Anissa said, her voice dead flat. "But not to explain. I'm coming to take what belongs to me."

She tapped the screen, ending the call. She immediately blocked the number.

Harding put his coffee cup down. He stood up, walked around the table, and stopped right behind her chair. He placed both hands on the back of her seat, leaning down.

His face was inches from her ear. His voice was a dark, violent whisper. "Do you want me to send a tactical team to level the estate?"

Anissa's breath hitched at the sheer brutality in his tone. But a rush of absolute power flooded her veins. Someone was finally standing behind her.

She turned her head, looking up into his eyes. "Using a sledgehammer to kill a roach is a waste of energy. I want to rip their masks off myself."

Harding stood up straight. He looked at his assistant. "Get the car ready."

He looked back down at Anissa. "Tear the house down if you want. No matter what mess you make, I will bury it."