

Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle novel Chapter 7 - Anissa Roy and Harding Snow -

The black Maybach pulled up to the massive wrought-iron gates of the Roy family's Long Island estate.

Anissa pushed the heavy car door open. She told Harding's bodyguards to stay in the vehicle. She walked up the marble steps alone, her heels clicking sharply against the stone.

The butler opened the front door. He couldn't meet her eyes. His usual arrogance was gone, replaced by nervous sweating. He had clearly seen the morning news.

Anissa walked into the grand living room. The entire Roy family was sitting on the sofas, arranged like a tribunal waiting to sentence a criminal.

Her father, Harold, sat in the center, puffing angrily on a cigar. Lorraine sat beside him, glaring daggers. Her three brothers flanked them.

Ashlee was curled up on the loveseat, wearing a pathetic white sweater. Her eyes were red and puffy. She leaned her head against Anissa's second brother, Brendan, looking like a shattered victim.

The moment Anissa stepped onto the rug, her eldest brother, Cameron, slammed his hand on the coffee table and stood up.

"You actually have the nerve to show your face!" Cameron roared. "To get back at Connor, you seduced a man old enough to be your uncle! You dragged our name through the mud!"

Anissa let out a dry, mocking laugh. "When Connor ran out of the church to go hold a D-list actress's hand, where was your concern for the family name, Cameron?"

Brendan immediately wrapped his arm around Ashlee. "Shut up! You didn't just ruin the wedding. You assaulted Ashlee in the church!"

Brendan grabbed Ashlee's hand and held it up. The red mark was completely gone, but he acted like her arm was broken. "You are a vicious, psychotic bitch!"

Ashlee squeezed her eyes shut, forcing two tears to fall. She grabbed Brendan's sleeve. "Don't yell at her, Brendan. She was just heartbroken. She needed someone to take it out on."

Her third brother, Dylan, sneered. "Ashlee stood in heels for hours apologizing to your guests, and you were busy whoring yourself out in the VIP room."

Hearing her three biological brothers viciously defend the adopted sister made Anissa's stomach churn. In her past life, this would have broken her heart. Now, it just made her want to vomit.

She walked over to a single armchair. She didn't wait for permission. She sat down, crossed her legs, and looked at them with pure boredom.

Harold took the cigar out of his mouth. He used his ultimate patriarch voice. "You will divorce Harding Snow today. You will release a statement saying it was a prank."

"I spoke to Connor," Harold continued, looking incredibly smug. "If you get on your knees and apologize, he is willing to take you back. We can redo the wedding next month."

Anissa stared at him. A laugh bubbled up in her throat. She threw her head back and laughed out loud.

The sound was sharp and grating in the tense room. Lorraine's face turned purple. "You ungrateful, classless brat!"

Lorraine pointed her finger at Anissa's nose. "If you don't do exactly as we say, we will disown you in the papers! I will cut off every single credit card in your name!"

In her past life, that threat was a death sentence. It was the leash they used to choke her into submission.

Anissa reached into her designer bag. She pulled out the heavy metal Centurion Card.

She flicked her wrist. The Black Card hit the glass coffee table with a loud, sharp clack.

The exclusive black metal gleamed under the chandelier. Harold's eyes bulged. The three brothers stared at the card, recognizing the ultimate symbol of limitless wealth.

Anissa looked dead into Lorraine's eyes. "I wouldn't wipe my shoes with your dirty money."

"I didn't come here to listen to your delusions," Anissa said, her voice echoing in the silent room. "I came to inform you that I am legally married to Harding Snow."

The room went dead silent. Harold's jaw dropped. His lit cigar slipped from his fingers and burned a hole straight through the Persian rug.

Cameron's eyes widened in horror. "That's impossible. Harding Snow doesn't marry cast-offs."

Ashlee's face drained of all color. The fragile victim mask cracked, revealing a flash of pure, venomous jealousy.

Anissa stood up. She looked down at the people who shared her blood. "I am no longer your puppet."

She ignored their sputtering gasps. She turned her back on them and walked toward the grand staircase, heading to the second floor to take back her life.

