

Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle novel Chapter 8 - Anissa Roy and Harding Snow -

Anissa's heels sank into the thick Persian runner as she climbed the stairs. She headed straight for her old bedroom at the end of the hall.

Heavy footsteps pounded behind her. Lorraine chased her up the stairs, her face twisted in rage. Lorraine lunged forward and grabbed Anissa's wrist, her manicured nails digging painfully into the skin.

"Stop this act right now!" Lorraine hissed, her chest heaving. "A man like Harding Snow doesn't marry girls like you! This is just a PR stunt to punish Connor!"

Lorraine sneered, her breath hot on Anissa's face. "Once the news cycle dies, he will throw you out like the trash you are."

Anissa yanked her arm back with brutal force. She looked at the red crescent marks Lorraine's nails had left on her skin. The last microscopic shred of hope for a mother's love died in her chest.

She looked up, her eyes dead. "Is that what I am to you? Trash?"

Lorraine flinched, but her pride forced her to double down. "If you weren't so miserable and boring, Connor wouldn't have looked at another woman! You have half of Ashlee's warmth!"

Anissa didn't yell. She started clapping. The slow, sarcastic claps echoed in the hallway. "Your gaslighting really is a masterpiece, Mother. Twenty years, and you haven't lost your touch."

Anissa took a step forward, forcing Lorraine to back up against the wall. "When I was ten, I had a 104-degree fever. You left me with the maid so you could take Ashlee to Paris because she scraped her knee."

"When I was sixteen, I got early admission to the Ivy League. No one came to dinner. Because Ashlee failed her exams and was crying in her room."

Anissa's voice was low, but every word was a knife slicing through the family's perfect facade.

Lorraine's face went from red to a sickly pale green. Panic flashed in her eyes because she couldn't deny it. She resorted to her only weapon: authority.

"You hold grudges over petty nonsense!" Lorraine screamed. "You are a cold-blooded monster!"

Anissa turned away in disgust. She grabbed the brass handle of her bedroom door and pushed it open.

She stopped. The room was completely unrecognizable.

Her antique oak desk was gone. In its place was a massive, pink velvet clothing rack stuffed with Ashlee's overflow designer dresses. Her bookshelves had been ripped out to make room for shoe displays.

Anissa's blood turned to ice. She slowly turned her head to look at Lorraine. "What is this?"

Lorraine avoided her gaze, crossing her arms defensively. "Ashlee has too many clothes. You were moving out to marry Connor anyway. The room was empty."

Anissa let out a dark chuckle. They had erased her existence from this house before she even put on her wedding dress.

"Where is the Cartier sapphire necklace Grandmother left me?" Anissa demanded, her voice dropping an octave. "And where are my trust fund documents?"

Lorraine stammered, taking a step back. "The necklace... Ashlee is borrowing it for the Debutante Ball next week."

"And the trust?" Lorraine lifted her chin, trying to look brave. "I transferred it to Ashlee this morning. As compensation for the trauma you caused her yesterday."

Pure, unadulterated rage exploded in Anissa's chest. She pulled her phone from her pocket and hit speed dial.

Harding's assistant answered on the first ring. Anissa put it on speaker.

"Please send Mr. Snow's corporate legal team to the Long Island estate right now," Anissa commanded, her eyes locked dead on her mother. "I have reason to believe someone has tampered with my personal trust fund. Have the lawyers investigate every transaction. I want them to use whatever aggressive legal measures are necessary to recover what is mine and handle the perpetrators according to the law."

"Understood, Madam," the assistant's crisp voice replied. "A helicopter will land on the estate lawn in ten minutes."

Lorraine's knees buckled. She slammed her hand against the doorframe to keep from collapsing. The words federal prison echoed in her brain.

She stared at her daughter in absolute terror. She finally realized Anissa wasn't throwing a tantrum. Anissa was going to burn them to the ground.

Anissa didn't give her mother another glance. She turned and marched down the hall toward Ashlee's massive master suite.

She lifted her leg and kicked Ashlee's door open with a deafening crash.