

# Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle novel Chapter 9 - Anissa Roy and Harding Snow -

The heavy French doors of Ashlee's suite slammed against the wall, the wood splintering around the hinges.

Inside, Ashlee was sitting at her vanity mirror, holding her phone to her mouth, recording a voice note. "...she's just a pathetic dumped bride, I'm sure Connor will-"

The explosion of the door made Ashlee scream. She dropped her phone. It bounced off the velvet rug.

Ashlee spun around in her chair. Her eyes widened in terror as she saw Anissa standing in the doorway, radiating the energy of a grim reaper.

Anissa's eyes swept the room. It was three times the size of her own. Her gaze locked onto the vanity table. Sitting right next to Ashlee's makeup brushes was a carved rosewood jewelry box.

It was her grandmother's box.

Anissa marched across the room. Ashlee jumped up, holding her hands out. "Anissa, what are you doing in here-"

Anissa didn't speak. She grabbed a fistful of Ashlee's expensive cashmere sweater and violently shoved her out of the way.

Ashlee tripped over her own feet and crashed to the floor. Her perfectly styled hair fell into her face as she shrieked in shock.

Anissa flipped the lid of the rosewood box open. The priceless Cartier sapphire necklace rested on the velvet. Right beneath it was a folded legal document.

Anissa pulled the paper out. It was the trust fund transfer agreement. At the bottom, on the signature line, was her name. It was a sloppy, blatant forgery.

Anissa gripped the necklace in her left hand. She held the forged document in her right. A murderous calm settled over her.

Heavy footsteps thundered into the room. Cameron, Brendan, and Dylan rushed in, having heard the crash. They saw Ashlee sobbing on the floor.

"Are you insane?!" Cameron roared. He lunged forward, reaching out to grab Anissa by the shoulders.

Anissa didn't flinch. She grabbed a heavy, crystal bottle of Chanel perfume from the vanity and smashed it directly onto the hardwood floor at Cameron's feet.

The glass shattered into a hundred pieces. The overpowering stench of alcohol and floral perfume exploded into the air, forcing Cameron to jump back, coughing.

Anissa turned to face her brothers. She held up the forged document.

"You're a lawyer, Cameron," Anissa said, her voice cutting through the fumes. "Tell me. What is the mandatory federal sentence for forging a signature to embezzle a multi-million dollar trust?"

Cameron's angry expression vanished. He stared at the paper in her hand. His eyes locked onto the fake signature. All the blood drained from his face, leaving him looking like a corpse.

He knew exactly what that piece of paper meant. It meant disbarment. It meant prison. It meant the end of the Roy family.

Brendan and Dylan froze. They were stupid, but they weren't blind. They looked at the paper, then down at Ashlee.

Ashlee scrambled backward on the floor. She pointed a shaking finger at the door where Lorraine had just appeared. "I didn't do it! Mom did it! Mom said she signed it!"

Lorraine gasped, clutching her chest as her precious adopted daughter threw her straight under the bus.

Before anyone could speak, a deafening roar shook the windows. The heavy curtains whipped wildly as the downdraft from a helicopter rotor battered the glass.

Harding's Blackwater security team and a squad of corporate lawyers had touched down on the lawn.

The lead attorney walked into the bedroom, flanked by two massive men in tactical suits. He completely ignored the Roy family. He walked straight to Anissa and bowed.

He turned to Harold, who had just dragged himself up the stairs. The lawyer held up a manila folder. "By order of the court, all assets belonging to the Roy family are officially frozen pending a federal fraud investigation."

Harold grabbed his chest. His eyes rolled back, and he collapsed against the hallway wall, gasping for air.

Anissa unclasped the Cartier necklace and fastened it around her own neck. The cold sapphire rested against her collarbone.

She picked up her small leather bag. Surrounded by a wall of black-suited guards, she walked out of the suffocating house, leaving her family drowning in the ruins they built.