

# Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle

## Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle Chapter 1

The heavy oak doors of the bridal suite could not keep out the sound. The grand organ of Trinity Church echoed through the thick wood, the wedding march vibrating against the floorboards.

Anissa Roy stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling mirror. She stared at the woman reflected in the glass. The custom Vera Wang gown swallowed her in layers of pristine white tulle.

Her eyes, usually soft and compliant, shifted. The fog of confusion evaporated, replaced by a clarity so cold it made her chest ache.

She dug her manicured nails into the center of her palm. The sharp, biting pain pierced her skin. Her breath hitched.

She wasn't dead. The freezing New York blizzard that had stopped her heart in her past life was gone. She was really back. Back to today.

The suite door burst open. It slammed against the wall with a violent crack.

Connor Snow rushed in. His phone was gripped tightly in his hand, his face pale and frantic.

He didn't even look at her. He yanked at his black bowtie, his signature tell when he was cornered or lying.

"I have to go," Connor blurted out, his voice tight. "Seraphina was on set. The wire snapped. She broke her leg. They just rushed her to Mount Sinai."

In her past life, Anissa had begged him not to go to her adopted sister's place. She had cried until her throat bled, clinging to his tuxedo jacket.

Now, she just looked at him. Her face was a mask of ice. She watched him panic like a pathetic clown performing a cheap trick.

Connor paused. Her silence felt wrong. He frowned, a flicker of confusion crossing his eyes, but his panic quickly buried it.

"You need to go out there," he ordered, pointing toward the door. "Handle the reporters from Page Six and Vanity Fair. Keep my grandfather Aurthur calm. Make up an excuse."

"I'll make it up to you later," he threw the empty promise over his shoulder, already turning away. He sprinted toward the church's rear exit without a single ounce of hesitation.

Gasps erupted from the hallway. The groomsmen shouted his name. Connor's escape was already causing a scene.

Anissa walked slowly to the window. She looked down at the alley. Connor's silver Aston Martin tore out of the parking lot, leaving a trail of exhaust.

A cold, mocking smirk pulled at the corner of her lips.

The sharp click of heels echoed from the open doorway. Ashlee Roy walked in. She wore an ivory bridesmaid dress, but the custom tailoring and the excessive spray of diamond accents along the bodice made it far more luxurious than a standard attendant's gown, subtly designed to outshine the bride without crossing the line into obvious sabotage.

Ashlee's face was twisted into a mask of deep concern, but the malicious gleam in her eyes gave her away.

"Oh, Anissa," Ashlee sighed loudly, making sure the bridesmaids in the hall could hear. "Connor is just too loyal to his friends. You can't blame him for leaving."

Anissa turned around. She dragged her heavy skirt across the carpet. Her eyes locked onto her adopted sister, sharp as broken glass.

Ashlee took a step back. A sudden, unexplainable chill crawled up her spine.

She forced a smile and reached out, trying to grab Anissa's arm. "Come on. Let's go out there and bow to the guests. You need to apologize."

Anissa didn't hesitate. She swung her hand and slapped Ashlee's wrist away.

The smack was loud and crisp.

Ashlee gasped. She cradled her hand against her chest. The skin on the back of her hand turned bright red. Tears instantly pooled in her eyes.

Lorraine Roy, Anissa's mom, pushed through the crowd at the door. She saw Ashlee crying and rushed forward.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Lorraine screamed, pulling Ashlee behind her.

Lorraine pointed a shaking finger at Anissa's face. "The Roy family stock cannot crash just because you are too pathetic to keep a man in your bed!"

"Fix your makeup," Lorraine commanded, her breathing heavy. "Go out to the main hall. Announce that the wedding is postponed. Tell them it's your fault."

The suffocating weight of her past life pressed down on Anissa's chest. But the reborn Anissa only felt a deep, hollow sense of absurdity.

"The wedding is not being postponed," Anissa said. Her voice was flat, cutting through her mother's rant.

Lorraine and Ashlee froze. They stared at her, convinced the humiliation had finally snapped her mind.

Anissa didn't explain. She grabbed handfuls of her heavy tulle skirt, lifted it, and walked straight past the two women.

"Where are you going?" Ashlee yelled from behind. "The entire elite of New York is out there waiting to laugh at you!"

Anissa didn't look back. "I'm going to get a new groom."

She reached out and pushed open the heavy double doors leading to the Snow family's VIP corridor.