

# Marrying My Ex's Powerful Billionaire Uncle novel

## Chapter 10 - Anissa Roy and Harding Snow -

The heavy blackout curtains in the Tribeca penthouse were drawn tight. The air inside the luxury duplex was stale, reeking of sour bourbon and regret.

Connor Snow groaned. He lay face down on the Italian leather sofa. A blinding headache pounded behind his eyes.

He had spent the entire night at Mount Sinai Hospital holding Seraphina's hand while she cried about her broken leg. He hadn't gotten back to the apartment he shared with Anissa until dawn.

"Anissa," Connor croaked, his throat dry. "Get me some ice water. And the aspirin."

Silence. The only sound in the massive apartment was the faint humming of the Roomba vacuum sweeping the far corner of the living room.

Connor frowned. He pushed himself up, rubbing his temples. A spark of irritation flared in his chest. She was taking this tantrum way too far.

In his mind, Anissa was a dog on a leash. No matter how badly he treated her, if he ignored her for a day, she would always break first. She would make him breakfast and beg for his attention.

He dragged his feet to the kitchen. The marble island was spotless. There was no glass of water. No pills.

"Fine. Play hard to get," Connor muttered to himself, tugging at his wrinkled shirt collar.

He walked down the hall and pushed open the door to their massive walk-in closet to get a clean shirt.

He stopped dead.

The left side of the closet-Anissa's side-was completely empty.

The hangers were bare. Her shoes were gone. Her bags were gone. Even the faint, lingering scent of her cedarwood perfume had been scrubbed from the air.

Connor's heart skipped a beat. A cold, creeping sense of panic started to wrap around his lungs. He quickly pushed it down with his massive ego.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket. The screen lit up with thirty missed calls. They were all from his grandfather Aurthur and his frat brothers.

There wasn't a single text from Anissa. Not even a call from the Roy family begging him to come back.

He assumed the Roys were playing hardball, trying to pressure him. He scoffed, dialed Anissa's number, and held the phone to his ear. He was ready to offer her a fake apology and tell her they could reschedule the wedding.

A robotic female voice answered. "We're sorry. The number you have reached is disconnected or no longer in service."

Connor pulled the phone away and stared at the screen in disbelief. She canceled the number she had used for ten years?

Suddenly, the smart lock on the front door beeped. The heavy door swung open.

Connor's chest flooded with relief. A smug smile spread across his face. He walked toward the foyer. "I knew you wouldn't actually leave me-"

He froze.

Standing in the doorway was not Anissa. It was his personal wealth manager, flanked by two stone-faced corporate lawyers from the Snow family's legal department.

The wealth manager was sweating profusely. He looked at Connor with a mix of pity and absolute terror.

The lead lawyer stepped forward. He handed Connor a thick document stamped with the red seal of the Snow empire.

"Mr. Snow," the lawyer said, his voice devoid of any warmth. "Due to your unilateral breach of the marriage contract, your grandfather has officially revoked your status as a beneficiary of the family trust."

"Furthermore," the lawyer continued, "all credit cards in your name have been deactivated. This property is owned by the trust. You have twenty-four hours to vacate."

Connor felt like he had been hit by a freight train. He snatched the document, his eyes tearing through the legal jargon. "This is bullshit! My grandfather wouldn't cut me off over a stupid woman!"

The lawyer adjusted his glasses, his expression remaining a mask of absolute, chilling professionalism. He looked at Connor without a shred of emotion. "Mr. Snow, the revocation of your beneficiary status is based strictly on your failure to fulfill the marriage contract with Ms. Roy, and the subsequent, severe damage to the Snow family's public reputation. Furthermore, Harding Snow's marriage to Anissa Roy was legally executed today. She is the matriarch, her interests are now directly tied to the family, rendering your previous actions a direct conflict of interest."

Connor's brain short-circuited. He stared at the lawyer, his mouth opening and closing. "What matriarch? What the fuck does Anissa have to do with a matriarch?"

The wealth manager couldn't take it anymore. He pulled out his iPad, tapped the screen, and shoved it into Connor's chest. "Look at the front page of the Wall Street Journal, Connor."

Connor looked down.

It was a high-definition photo taken inside Trinity Church.

His uncle, Harding Snow, was sliding the legendary blue diamond matriarch ring onto Anissa's finger. And in the center of the frame, Harding was kissing her.

Connor's legs gave out. He collapsed onto his knees, staring at the screen as his entire world burned to ashes.

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