

My Future Husband left me at the altar

Chapter 1

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As we stood at the altar, about to exchange rings, my husband, Steve. Turner, unexpectedly asked for a five-minute break. Confused, I watched as he turned around, knelt down on one knee, and faced his

first love.

“Emily,” he said gently, “I once promised you I’d propose to you in front of everyone. So, if there’s an afterlife, will you marry me?”

Tears filled Emily Wilson’s eyes as she nodded, crying, and threw herself into his arms. Then she looked at me and said, “Riley, I couldn’t marry Steve in this life, but please take good care of him for me.”

I could hear the guests whispering around me, the tension building. In front of me was my groom, kissing someone else. And all eyes were on me, waiting for the bride to fall apart.

Instead of breaking down, I calmly walked over to Emily, smiling as I placed the bridal bouquet in her hands. “Why wait for another life?” I said. “If you can’t let go of this rotten cucumber, I’ll give him to you now.”

For ten years, I had bent over backward, trying to win the approval of Steve’s family. I thought that by marrying him and carrying his child, he would finally settle down. But this wedding wasn’t about love—it only happened because of the baby inside me.

And now, the man who should've made a lifelong promise to me was kissing someone else in front of everyone.

Even as I dug my nails into my palms, the pain in my heart was suffocating.

But suddenly, I realized I didn't want to take it anymore.

Emily clutched her chest and collapsed into Steve's arms after I spoke. Without hesitation, he picked her up and rushed her to the hospital.

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Chapter I

Before leaving, he didn't forget to turn back and call me "vicious" and "small-minded."

I realized that something that could've been settled in five minutes had turned into a huge mess, leaving everyone embarrassed. Neither my parents nor my in-laws could stop Steve, so all their anger was aimed at me instead.

My mother, feeling ashamed, cried and hit me, begging me to chase after Steve. My father just sighed coldly, telling me to take care of myself as he pulled her away.

My mother-in-law, who never truly accepted me, took this chance to insult me. She called me an "ignorant country girl" and told me that if I wanted to be part of their family, I needed to learn to swallow my pride and never embarrass my husband in public.

For the first time in ten years, I realized that no amount of effort or love could make them accept me. And at that moment, I no longer wanted to be part of the Turner family.

They left with the rest of the guests, telling me to go home and think about what I had done.

I stood at the hotel door, clutching the hem of my white wedding dress, watching everyone leave. Behind me, the hotel was silent and empty.

In front of me, a sudden rainstorm started, matching the turmoil inside me. After the Turner family and all the guests had left, my parents' car pulled up. My mother rolled down the window, and seeing them, all my bottled-up emotions exploded. My lashes fluttered as tears streamed down my face, and I shouted, "Mom," my voice breaking.

I tried to open the car door, but before I could, I heard the lock click from inside. I stared at them, stunned.

With a disappointed look, my mother said, "I warned you not to go against me. Now you must listen to your in laws, reflect on yourself, and find a way to win Steve back. You're carrying their child, and

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Emily can't change that."

"Mom, how can you say that..." I shouted, but my words were lost in the rain.

Without another word, my mother rolled up the window and drove off.

I bit my lip, watching the car's taillights disappear. I couldn't stop- the tears from falling.