

My Future Husband left me at the altar

Chapter 2

The wedding was held at a resort hotel situated halfway up the mountain. Unfortunately, there was no phone signal when I needed to call a taxi. A kind waiter saw me struggling and gave me an umbrella, his eyes full of sympathy. After I thanked him, I tried to balance the umbrella in one hand while holding my heavy wedding dress with the other. I made my way down the mountain with great effort, soaked by the rain and shivering from the cold. My heels were painfully rubbed raw and bloody.

When my phone finally picked up a signal, a wave of messages appeared instantly, all from Steve. Every message was filled with questions and accusations. Despite my earlier explanation that I considered Emily just like a sister, Steve still seemed to think I was targeting her.

I chose to ignore him. Just then, I received a video from an unfamiliar number. In the video, Steve was holding Emily's hand tightly as he accompanied her to an examination. He kissed her fingertips and begged her with tearful eyes not to be in trouble.

I couldn't help but remember when I was first diagnosed with pregnancy and had a fall in the bathroom due to low blood sugar. At that time, I broke my leg and was in severe pain. Terrified, I called him for support, but he responded harshly, saying he wasn't a doctor and questioned why I was calling him. I ended up in the hospital for two weeks, and he never visited once.

Later, I found out that on the day I fell, Emily had cut her hand while cooking. The doctor had warned her that she might have a scar, which made her cry a lot. Steve ended up taking all his frustration and heartache out on me. I paused and let out a bitter laugh at myself. I finally understood, though it was too late, and that's why I'm in such a humiliating situation now. While I was in a taxi, Steve called me. After a loud outburst, he was out of breath and told me that Emily was so frightened she had a heart attack. He demanded that I come over and apologize to her immediately.

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Struggling to keep the flimsy umbrella steady, I replied calmly, "I'm still at the hotel." As soon as I finished speaking, a flash of lightning lit up the dark sky, followed by a loud rumble of thunder.

Steve's voice trembled with worry as he said, "It's raining outside. They didn't bring you back? Then I'm..." His sentence was cut off when Emily suddenly started crying and said, "Is Riley upset? It's all my fault. Maybe I should have died abroad..."

Steve quickly began to comfort her in a gentle voice.

He turned to me, visibly angry, and said, "This is your fault. Why are you feeling wronged? It's only been five minutes. If you had been more understanding earlier, I wouldn't have left you behind..." His words struck a nerve, and I cut him off with a defiant expression, saying, "Divorce. I won't apologize to Emily. I'm not in the wrong—it's you who are."

If they can't let go of each other, then why is Steve coming to provoke me? He was the one who confessed his feelings to me first and

promised to be with me for the rest of his life, which is why I chose him so firmly.

After ten years together, does their love still hold more value than mine? Overwhelmed by the thought, I hung up the phone and hastily called a taxi.

While I was in the car, Steve's text message came through.

'Riley, you need to own up to your mistakes. I've indulged your flaws for a decade. Do you think anyone else would want you, especially after you trapped me by getting pregnant?'

I stared at the text message.

I thought that after what I experienced today, there would be no more sad things, but it turned out that there were.

I opened the car window and let the cold wind blow on my face. My chaotic heart gradually became clear

I asked the driver to turn the car around and go directly to the

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