

My Future Husband left me at the altar

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

I walked into the hospital lobby, my wedding dress was covered in mud. A nurse saw me and quickly came over, asking if I needed help.

"I'm here for an abortion," I said, staying calm.

Her face showed surprise for a second, but then she looked at me with sympathy. She quietly led me to the third floor.

As I lay on the operating table, I listened to the baby's heartbeat through the ultrasound. Even then, I decided to call Steve.

When the call connected, I heard Emily crying and apologizing to me.. Before I could speak, Steve grabbed the phone. His voice was cold as he said, "Riley, it's too late to feel sorry now. You've made Emily suffer enough. Unless you come and beg for her forgiveness on your knees, I will never forgive you."

The words I wanted to say never left my lips. Instead, I turned to the doctor and said, "Please go ahead."

"The baby is very healthy. Are you sure you don't want to discuss this with the father again?" the doctor asked.

"No, there's no need," I replied.

When I got home, everything in the house looked the same. Nothing had changed. It was clear Steve had been spending his time with Emily.

I opened Emily's social media account and saw her recent posts. She had shared a lot of new updates.

People were fawning over how the once untouchable Steve was now rolling up his sleeves, making soup out of love, drawing the envy of

many.

I saved all the posts one by one, then turned off my phone.

After quickly packing a few things, I moved into a hotel. A hot bath helped warm up my cold, tired body.

Chapter 3

I took a few days off from work to recuperate. Once I felt better, I returned to the office.

During this time, my mother kept calling, asking if I had made up with Steve. I told her I wasn't going to be with him anymore. Her constant crying upset me, so I eventually stopped answering her calls.

When I arrived at the company, I noticed the strange looks of everyone. My colleague, Jessie Howard, pulled me aside to my desk, and that's when I saw the headlines all over the websites—it had blown up everywhere.

She grabbed my hand with a mix of surprise and envy. "I can't believe. I've been sitting next to a rich woman this whole time! I always thought Emily was the real lady of the Turner family, but it turns out it's you, Riley."

I gave an awkward smile and skimmed through the post.

Someone with bad intentions had taken photos of the wedding and shared them online. The headlines were full of drama, calling it a "bloody scandal of a wealthy family spoiling a mistress and ruining the wife."

Steve's strange behavior at the wedding had caused a huge stir, even dragging the Turner family into the mess.

In the past, I would've rushed to help Steve clean up the scandal. But now, with the divorce in my mind, I couldn't be bothered to care.

It was time to leave work.

For the first time, Steve was waiting for me outside the office. I tried to turn away and avoid him, but he caught up with me in just a few steps, pushing me into the car.

"Are you still mad? Don't you get what's more important—a wedding or someone's life?" he said harshly.

"You're **not** young anymore, yet you're talking about divorce and running away. Isn't that childish?"

Then he changed his tone. "Alright, haven't you always wanted to go to that starry sky restaurant in the north of the city? I'll take you

Chapter 3

there now."

He pulled out a gift box from the glove compartment and threw it at me. It opened, and a diamond ring rolled out.

It was clearly much more expensive than the one from the wedding day.

Steve gave me a look that said, "You should be happy now," and added, "Emily has a heart condition, so since she's already wearing that ring, I let her keep it. This one costs way more, so stop worrying about

it."

I fiddled with the diamond ring in my hand, noticing the price tag of 999,999 was still attached. It seemed like a rushed purchase from a jewelry store.

In the past, when I was upset, he would cook for me, sit through movies with me to cheer me up, and spend the whole day helping me choose the perfect gift.

Now, he's become just like his family—putting a price on my feelings and expecting me to accept it with a smile.

I put the ring back in the glove compartment and shook my head. "It's too expensive. Let's give it to Emily instead."

"And I'm not making a big deal about it. Since you and Emily can't let go of each other, why don't I just step aside and let her take the title of Mrs. Turner? We can get the divorce sorted out later."

Steve and I had already signed our marriage certificate before the wedding. Now, we needed to go through the process of separating and filing for divorce.

I also heard that at a dinner with Emily and some friends, someone asked him why someone like Steve would choose an ordinary woman like me.

He fed Emily peeled grapes and casually said, "I can't say I love her, but Riley has been with me for ten years, and now she's pregnant with my child. It would be sad not to marry her. But the title of Mrs. Turner belongs to someone else."

Chapter 3

To him, marriage feels like just a charity case and a pity. But for

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me, it has always been filled with love and sincerity, even when things got tough.

Now, I no longer love him, and the title of Mrs. Turner means very little to me. I thought he would appreciate my attempt to help him and Emily find happiness together.

Instead, he suddenly became furious, his eyes flashing with anger, and he slammed his hand hard on the steering wheel, making the car shake slightly.

“Riley! Do you really think it’s funny to say these things? You’ve been trying to please my parents like a pet for all these years, bending over backward to make them happy, and you’ve done everything you could to get pregnant just to become Mrs. Turner. And now you have the nerve to ask for my help? Isn’t that completely absurd?”

“It’s just that the wedding didn’t go as planned. Can’t I at least try to make it up to you later? Besides, who can I blame for this situation? I had already agreed to marry you, but when I asked Emily to marry me, you insisted on acting like a shrew and making a scene.”

He always insisted that I got pregnant on purpose. But he clearly told me he wanted his parents to recognize me and wanted to have a child with me. Now, after Emily returned, he regretted everything and placed all the blame on me.

In frustration, he pressed the horn sharply, the sound echoing in the car. If this had happened before, I would have cried and begged him to forgive me. But now, I didn’t feel like arguing at all.

Instead, I turned my head to look out at the scenery passing by outside the window, trying to find some peace in the moment.

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After a long silence, as if he was expecting me to make a humble request for peace, he finally turned to look at me and called out, “Riley.”

I closed my eyes and didn’t say a word. The navigation system kept announcing the road conditions, its monotone voice filling the silence. When there was just 0.2 kilometers left to our destination, his

10:38

Chapter 3

phone suddenly rang.

On the other end was Emily, crying and saying her heart was starting to feel uncomfortable again and asking if she was going to die. To be honest, I was tired of hearing this, even though she never seemed to tire of saying it.

Since returning to Canada, she had complained about her heart on every significant holiday. Anyone who wasn’t blind could see she was pretending, but sadly, Steve couldn’t see through it.

I decided to speak first, cutting through the tension. “Just drop me off at the intersection ahead.”

Steve looked at me in surprise, clearly not expecting my response. “Aren’t you angry? Weren’t you just insisting on coming with me?”

I simply shook my head.

I used to dislike him being alone with Emily, so I suggested that I go with him to take care of her. At that time, he had jumped up and down, scolding me for being petty and dirty-minded, telling me that both Emily and I should learn to be simple and kind.

He pursed his lips, his phone still vibrating in his hand. The car quickly approached the intersection. I grabbed my bag and prepared to get out, but he suddenly grabbed my wrist, looking at me with a mix of emotions in his eyes.

“I’ll go and check on her,” he said softly. “I’ll come back later to take you to dinner. Don’t worry, the position of Mrs. Turner will definitely be yours. Just don’t be angry.”

“Okay, I’m not angry,” I replied, trying to sound casual as I attempted to push his hand away gently. I wanted to believe his words, but it all felt so hollow.

But he held my wrist tighter. “Riley, why are you so different from before? Why don’t you ...”

“Not jealous anymore, right? What’s there to be jealous about? The girl thinks of you as her brother. Isn’t it normal for her to come to you first when she needs something? Now, go on,” I replied, forcing a

10-38

Chapter 3

smile as I broke free from his grip and got out of the car.

I then took a taxi back to the hotel, enjoyed the buffet, and quickly fell asleep on the bed, feeling exhausted.

In that half-asleep state, Steve called me. He explained that Emily couldn’t be left alone right now and that he wouldn’t be able to take me to dinner, asking me not to wait for him.

“I’ve already eaten,” I replied casually.

He fell silent for a moment, then gritted his teeth and asked, “Do you really have to do this?”

I simply said, “Hmm,” and hung up the phone, drifting back into a deep sleep.

It wasn't until the next day that I saw the text message he sent, warning me not to play with fire or risk getting burned.

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