

My Future Husband left me at the altar

Chapter 4

When I returned to work at the company, I immediately understood what he meant by his earlier words. All the projects I had been handling were now transferred to Emily's name. She had become our new team leader, always wearing a bright smile and asking me to take care of various tasks and chores.

Steve would come to take her to lunch every day. Whenever he saw me, his eyes were icy cold, as if I were a stranger.

The scandal surrounding the Turner family on the internet was escalating, gaining more attention by the day. He then asked me to accompany him to a press conference being held by the Turner family on Monday.

At the press conference, I was supposed to help clarify that Emily was not a mistress at all. Instead, he wanted me to say that I had taken advantage of her time abroad to interfere in her relationship with him and had forced him to marry her because of pregnancy.

He presented it so nicely, saying I would still be the envied Mrs. Turner, but I would just have to endure a little bad reputation. This way, the turmoil within the Turner family would settle, and Emily wouldn't be affected.

He insisted that all of this was due to my impulsiveness at the wedding, so I should accept the consequences. Naturally, I refused to go along with it and immediately blocked him.

Steve's parents approached me again, warning me that it would be wise to follow their plans and not to think I could do whatever I wanted just because I was carrying a child from the Turner family.

I treated them the same way I treated Steve and decided to resign from the company right then and there.

My skills are quite good, and many companies have tried to recruit me before. But now, as I contacted them one by one, everyone was very evasive. I realized this was the work of the Turner family, trying to force me into agreeing to the press conference.

Chapter 4

However, I refused to compromise this time. After yet another unsuccessful application, a previous client reached out and mentioned that their newly developed overseas indus

trial chain needed people. The salary would be just as good as Turner's, but the work would be abroad. I asked if I should consider it.

After all, I am an only child, and thinking of my parents made me hesitate. I agreed to think it over for now.

When I returned to the hotel, my dad called to say that my mom was having another headache. I quickly took a taxi home.

As soon as I opened the door, I found Steve waiting inside. My mother took the bag from my hand, looking surprisingly lively. I looked at her seriously and felt a wave of realization—I had been betrayed by my biological parents once again.

At the dinner table, Steve sat beside me, continuously placing food on my plate. The three of them acted so cheerful, like they were the perfect family. My mother kept singing Steve's praises, saying,

"Steve is such a rare and wonderful son-in-law. Not only does he come from a good family, but he's also so considerate toward Riley."

Even my dad, despite being an elder, poured wine for Steve with a smile that reeked of flattery.

As the conversation continued, I found myself saying how I had been too impulsive at the wedding and thanked Steve for being so forgiving. Their fawning attitude shattered all the strength I had been holding onto. I felt my eyes turning red with frustration, but I clung awkwardly to the glass of milk my mother had just handed me.

Steve, still smiling, said, "It's okay, After all, we're going to be husband and wife. Even if Riley makes mistakes, I'll try to be understanding. It's just a press conference..."

His eyes lingered on me, filled with scorn and the confidence of someone who thought they had already won.

I gripped the glass tightly, and the milk spilled over, dripping down the

274

Chapter 4

table and pooling on the floor. Unable to contain my frustration, I looked at my parents and asked, "Am I really your biological daughter? Why have you never stood by me through any problems. since I was a child? I've already told you—I will never be with Steve again!"

Steve frowned, clearly puzzled as to why I was being so stubborn this time after I had compromised so many times before.

My mother paused her frantic wiping of the table, and the rag soaked in milk fell onto my head. Sticky milk mixed with dirt dripped down my face.

She turned to Steve, smiling apologetically, and said, "Steve! It's all Auntie's fault. She didn't raise Riley properly, and now she wants a divorce over something so trivial."

Then, without hesitation, she slapped me and angrily exclaimed, "Riley, do you think you're still a twenty-year-old girl? You're thirty! A woman in her thirties is seen as a failure. Steve doesn't despise you for being older, but I certainly do for being so willful! You should be grateful he even puts up with you, and yet you still want a divorce! How poorly educated can you be?"

"How long are you going to make a fuss over something so trivial from the wedding? If you can't think about yourself, at least think about the child and the parents in your belly!"

My face was turned to the side, and it stung painfully. Steve seemed taken aback by his mother's sudden aggression. He quickly stood up and reached out to support me, but my mother's next slap landed on his shoulder instead.

With a sympathetic tone, he asked, "Are you okay? I'll take you to the hospital."

Then he turned to his mother, his expression serious. "Auntie, she is my woman, and she's pregnant with a child from the Turner family. If this happens again, even if you are her mother, I won't hold back."

My mother looked stunned, momentarily at a loss for words. I

Chapter +

sneered, feeling disgusted. "Steve, why are you pretending to be a good person now? Isn't this what you wanted to see?"

He seemed flustered by my gaze, and the aloof man I once knew looked genuinely lost. "Riley, you..."

"Oh, so you really want me to take on Emily's reputation as a mistress, do you? Fine, I'll go to the press conference! Just don't come crying to me later!"

With that, I slammed the door of my house behind me, the sound echoing my frustration

.