

# My Future Husband left me at the altar

## Chapter 5

I picked up my pace, almost breaking into a run. I flagged down a taxi and left without a second glance. Through the rearview mirror, I saw Steve standing at the gate, watching me leave for what felt like an eternity. His calls kept coming, but I couldn't bring myself to answer. I just let them ring.

Then, he sent a text telling me about the press conference.

He knew I had been wronged and promised to fix it once everything was over.

See? He even admits I was wronged. But his words don't matter anymore.

Ever since I met Emily, it became clear that I was the one who had to be sacrificed.

Without thinking twice, I blocked him.

When I got back to the hotel, I collapsed onto the bed, covering my eyes with my arm, trying to block everything out.

But my parents wouldn't stop calling.

My mom asked if I was trying to send her to an early grave. She complained about her constant headaches, saying she'd die from the pain if I didn't make up with Steve.

Then came the guilt trip—how they raised me with so much love, and yet here I was, ungrateful.

Their attitudes changed the moment they found out about Steve's family.

I still don't understand why children are born loving their parents, but some parents don't love their children back.

I replied to my mom: "Your body is your own. If you really want to hurt yourself, I won't stop you."

Then I stopped replying to her messages.

Afterward, I called my client and told them I was ready to work

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abroad.

The press conference was set for Wednesday—the same day as Turner’s new product launch.

Business is business, and even during times like these, companies never miss a chance to make the most of the attention.

I arrived at the venue, wearing a black trench coat.

Reporters from all the major media outlets Turner had invited were already crowding the entrance.

Steve and Emily stood not far away.

As I struggled to move through the crowd, Steve rushed over and pulled me into his arms. I tried to push him away, but he held me tighter.

“There are so many people, be careful not to hurt the baby,” he said.

Blinded by the camera flashes, I stopped struggling.

The reporters seemed much more controlled inside the venue.

Emily smiled at me with a look of triumph.

I smirked, indifferent.

Let’s see if you can still laugh later.

“Miss Moore, after Miss Wilson left the country, you couldn’t wait to drug Mr. Turner and crawl into his bed. What were you thinking back then?”

“I also heard the baby you’re carrying was made by stealing Mr. Turner’s DNA through a test tube. Where did you learn that trick?” Two reporters stood up, their words cutting through the room.

Steve’s face grew darker with each word. He snapped, “Who told you to ask these questions?!”

I glanced at him. The only thing in my mind was how fake he was. As the head of a major group, did he really not consider what I would

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face at this press conference?

I ignored his confused, regretful look and turned away.

He addressed the reporters again, "Since you're friends with Emily, I understand why you're acting this way."

For a moment, guilt flickered in their eyes.

One of them muttered, "Don't twist the truth."

Steve had set this up, and now, he was playing the hero. Typical.

I curled my lips again, knowing there was more to come.

In response to my steady gaze, they bit their lips and fell silent. After all, if I wanted to expose them, their identities couldn't be hidden—especially with so many cameras around today.

Seeing Steve by my side, Emily wobbled slightly.

Steve immediately rushed to her, wrapping his arms around her. "Are you okay? Is your heart acting up again?"

Once he left, I stood alone on the stage.

Noticing my stare, he hesitated but tried to pull away from Emily.

She clung to his arm, saying, "Brother Steve, my chest feels tight."

Steve looked conflicted but stayed with her.

I calmly turned away.

The questions that followed were just as unpleasant—words like "mistress," "homewrecker," and "gold digger" kept coming up.

Once everyone had finished, I stood up, grabbed the microphone, and smiled as I opened my bag.

With a swift motion, I pulled out hundreds of photos and waved them in the air.

I spoke slowly and clearly, "Who's the real mistress here? I believe you all can judge for yourselves."

Some photos landed near Emily, and the moment she glanced at them, her fragile, innocent act shattered completely.