

My Future Husband left me at the altar

Chapter 7

The press conference created a whirlwind of controversy. My parents bombarded me with calls, incredulous that I could have possibly lost my mind by choosing to abort my child. They urged me to cooperate with Turner's emergency public relations team, as if managing the fallout was more important than my well-being.

I was in disbelief. Over the years, as their only child, I sacrificed countless opportunities just to be by their side. I once thought that all parents loved their children unconditionally, but now I see the painful truth: some parents simply lack that love.

They raised me, but I never felt the kind of selfless love I expected from them.

From now on, I'll only fulfill my financial obligations to them. After that, I'll be free to explore the world—the wind, the sea, the mountains.

This public relations crisis is massive.

Turner's stock has fallen to its lowest point for several days in a row. I can't say if I'm happy about it, but I do feel a sense of relief. I've set my departure date for half a month from now.

It's time for me to finally live for myself, to leave behind the weight of others' expectations, and find my own path.

I signed up for an English-speaking class, hoping it would keep me busy and help me move on. I thought that with everything going on, Steve wouldn't come to see me again. But just a week later, as I left the class, I was surprised to find him waiting at the door.

He looked noticeably thinner, and I couldn't help but notice the brown scarf wrapped around his neck. It was the same one I had knitted for his birthday last year. In the past, I used to spend half my salary on gifts like watches and belts, thinking they were special. But I eventually realized that those gifts, which felt so significant to me, were often the cheapest items in his wardrobe.

Chapter 7

So last

ear. I saved for three months and dedicated time to learn how to knit, believing a handmade scarf would show him how much I cared. However, when I gave it to him, he barely glanced at it and tossed it in the corner of his closet. I wanted him to wear it, to appreciate my effort, but he just frowned at my calloused hands and said, "You didn't actually knit this, did you? That seems so boring. for you, Riley."

Hearing those words stung. It felt like my efforts went unnoticed, and I wondered if he truly understood how much he meant to me.

I quickly pulled my hands back into my sleeves, lowering my head as I muttered, "Of course not."

Noticing where I was looking, Steve lifted the scarf to show the white crane embroidery with his name on it.

"Riley, doesn't it look good?" he asked, a hopeful tone in his voice. I replied coolly, "I thought you'd thrown it away long ago. With that, I turned and walked toward the hotel where I was staying. He followed me inside the narrow lobby, hesitating before speaking.

"You just had a miscarriage. How can you stay here? If you need money, I can help..."

I cut him off, irritation bubbling up. "Have you forgotten? I aborted. your child, ruined Turner's product launch, and messed things up for you and Emily."

"Riley, I've thought this through. It was my fault. None of this is on you. Just come back with me and apologize to my parents. I promise you'll be my only wife, and we can have another child."

I almost laughed at his words. I had just ended a pregnancy, and he still thought I wanted to be his wife?

"You're missing the point," I said firmly. "The truth is, I don't want you anymore."

"I can't go back and apologize with you," I said firmly.

He gritted his teeth, his eyes turning red with emotion. He wanted to

Chapter 7

come closer and hug me, but my cold gaze stopped him in his tracks. "Riley, you've never said such hurtful things to me before. You're just angry, right? I can explain," he pleaded.

As he spoke, he pulled out a stack of photos from his jacket.

I ignored him, focusing instead on boiling water for tea and removing my makeup.

He followed me, still talking. "This kissing photo was taken by Emily. She took a big risk, and it was a mistake. There were too many people around, and I couldn't bear to see her taken advantage of."

"This one is from a rainy day when my clothes got soaked. In the hotel, there was a sudden thunderstorm. She got scared and jumped into my arms, so we hugged each other tightly..."

He kept going, showing me more photos as if they would change my mind.

The water in the kettle went from boiling hot to ice cold, yet he still had more stories to tell.

His voice grew softer, strained with emotion, and I could tell he was losing hope.

I looked up at him and asked, "Do you really want to keep talking?"

He clenched the photo tightly, pain visible in his eyes. "The marriage between our families was never what I wanted. I fell in love with you, and when Emily confessed her feelings, I turned her down. That made her angry. When I left the country, everything spiraled out of control."

"Riley, we owe her something from the past, but I promise I won't let you suffer any injustice from now on. You understand, right? His words took me by surprise.

I remembered the first time I met Steve back in college during a literary performance. My parents were strict about money, and as a freshman, they cut off my living expenses. Despite working every possible hour, I struggled to even eat, let alone afford the costume

Chapter 7

fees. Just when I was feeling hopeless, Steve stepped in and offered me his performance clothes, saying he didn't want my situation to affect the whole class.

That was when I first started to notice him. But Emily was always by

his side, so I kept my feelings to myself. I never thought he might have liked me back then.

Now, a wave of mixed emotions washed over me, and all I felt was disgust.