

My Future Husband left me at the altar

Chapter 8

I curled my lips in disdain, locking eyes with him. 'Do you really think I'll be swayed by what you just said?'

'Honestly, I'm just disgusted. This is all your choice. You can try to make things right with her, but you've chosen to trample all over me.' 'We have no relationship anymore, and I will never forgive you.'

I pulled the divorce certificate from my bag, watching his eyes widen in disbelief. Just three days after the press conference, Steve's parents came to see me, calling me a ruthless woman willing to do anything for my own gain. They used their influence to end my marriage with

him.

He leaned against the door, frustration written all over his face. "So, you really won't come back, right?"

"Yes," I replied firmly.

I hadn't told anyone about my departure, but as I was about to board the plane, I spotted Emily rushing toward me.

"Bitch!" she yelled, brandishing a sharp knife in her hand.

She accused me of stealing Steve away and screamed that I had clearly pushed him to separate from her. Yet, she wondered why he still refused to accept her back.

The chaos of that moment left me feeling both shocked and oddly empowered.

I couldn't dodge her. Just as the moment came, I felt a familiar embrace around me. The sharp knife sank into Steve's lower abdomen, and blood quickly soaked through his white shirt, turning it

crimson.

Emily was quickly restrained by airport security, and someone in the crowd called the police. I watched in horror as Steve collapsed in front of me, yet strangely, I felt a sense of peace wash over me. The boarding announcement blared, and I held my ticket tightly, but my other wrist was held in a firm grip.

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His face was pale as he pleaded, "Riley, I know I was wrong. Please don't leave me." The pressure he put on the wound made the blood flow faster. Despite the fact that my feelings for him had faded, I didn't want him to die.

I quickly removed the scarf I had knitted for him, pressing it against his wound to stop the bleeding, and calmly called for help. "Stay with me, Steve. I'm really frustrated with you right now." I pried his fingers off my wrist one by one.

After handing him over to the airport staff for care, I walked away without looking back.

Even during my second year abroad, I still sent money to my parents every month, trying to find a balance between my new life and the past I left behind.

My parents no longer scolded me for being heartless, nor did they pressure me to come home for the holidays. Instead, they often asked with hope in their voices if I would return for the New Year.

Meanwhile, the Turner family faced ruin. Rumors circulated that Emily's pregnancy had triggered the downfall. After Steve's violent outburst, she lost the baby and could no longer become a mother. Not only did she leak Turner's scandals online, but she also sold their core secrets to rival companies. In a tragic turn of events, both Emily and Steve jumped from the Turner building in a moment of madness, ending their lives.

I found myself at the stunning Iguazu Falls with my colleagues, listening to my current boss chat about the past and the people

involved. Yet, I felt nothing in my heart.

As the New Year approached, I replied to my parents, [No reply]. My colleagues urged me to take photos, and in front of the camera, I managed to show a bright smile I hadn't felt in a long time.

I realized then that my new life had truly begun, free from the shadows of my past.