

My Future Husband left me at the altar

Chapter 6

The photos revealed Emily partying in bars abroad, mingling with different men. Everything she'd told us about studying overseas and managing a long-distance relationship was a complete lie.

The truth was, she ran away with her first love, desperate for adventure and unwilling to accept an arranged marriage. She abandoned Steve, leaving him broken. When her plans didn't work out, she came crawling back, only to wreak havoc on my life.

But why? What did I ever do to her? And the most painful part—Steve knew all along! He knew the truth and still let her back into our lives. These photos were even found on Steve's computer.

But he didn't care because, in his heart, Emily was everything.

He was willing to hide the truth for her, even throwing me under the bus to protect her.

"Riley, you..." Steve stammered as everyone turned their attention to them.

Just like on the wedding day.

Emily trembled slightly, leaning into Steve's arms for comfort, while Steve looked at me, shocked.

Then, I pulled up another image on the screen behind me—a screenshot of Emily's private message to me the day before the wedding.

In the message, she asked if I thought Steve would choose her or me. At the time, I didn't understand what she meant.

Until Steve left me without hesitation, everything started to make

sense.

I scrolled down and showed everyone the photos I had saved of him and Emily together, taken every time he visited her.

They were from every angle—full of affection and too intimate to be innocent.

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I walked over and threw a heart exam report at Emily.

“Even your heart condition is fake. Emily, your acting is impressive.”

She immediately started crying, her lips trembling as she shook her head.

“Riley, I don’t know what you’re talking about. I know you don’t like me, but how can you make up such lies to frame me?”

Such a drama queen.

I didn’t waste any more words. “Whether it’s true or not, someone will find out,” I said calmly.

After all, the reporters here aren’t easy to fool.

Emily’s body weakened, and she fell toward Steve for support.

But, surprisingly, Steve didn’t catch her this time. Instead, he rushed toward me.

He had cheated, lied, and covered for a mistress, and now everyone saw through it.

His reputation was ruined, and the product launch was a disaster.

The Turner family was about to take a massive hit.

I thought he was coming to confront me.

But instead, Steve clutched two photos tightly in his hand.

In one, he's wrapped in a bath towel, holding Emily.

In the other, they're kissing with their eyes closed, a box visible in the background.

His lips trembled as he grabbed my arm, "Riley, how did you get these pictures? It's not what it looks like..."

I sneered and pushed his hand away. "Oh? Did someone force you to kiss her?"

I had always assumed Steve could see Emily's posts online, but now it was clear he had no clue.

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No wonder he felt so confident when he dismissed the wedding issue as 'no big deal.' The crowd shifted uneasily, whispers spreading like wildfire. I nodded, relishing the chaos unfolding around us.

Turning to Steve, I flashed a cruel smile and raised my voice, ensuring everyone was paying attention.

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'As for me,' I began, letting the words linger, knowing they were all the edge of their seats for what would come next. This was no longer just about their lies; it was about revealing their true selves to

everyone.

With a decisive move, I switched the display on the big screen to show a medical report. 'I've had a miscarriage. As of today, Mr. Turner and I are no longer husband and wife.'

Steve stood

frozen, his eyes glued to the report, shock etched on his face as he struggled to process the revelation. The reporters, who already had the photos I'd tossed earlier, now rushed to take pictures of the miscarriage diagnosis on the screen.

In an instant, the focus of the interviews shifted entirely to Steve and Emily.

While they were distracted, I slipped through the crowd and made a graceful exit.

As I walked out the door, I could still hear Emily's helpless sobs. Steve was surrounded by reporters, unable to break free, but I heard him calling my name in desperation.

He yelled, asking why I aborted the child, and why I did this to him.

I reached my car, ready to leave..

At that moment, Steve's parents arrived, furious. They demanded to know what I had done.

I flashed them a bright smile. "Just a small gift from me to you," I replied calmly.

Then, without another word, I got into the car and drove away, leaving them all to face the mess they had created.