

Leave Him Become Myself Chapter 1

I was three months pregnant when disaster struck, a car accident that turned my world upside down. As I lay in the emergency room, cold sweat trickled down my face and pain coursed through my body, leaving me pale and trembling.

I desperately called Cassius Cooper, my husband, but he remained unreachable no matter how many times I dialed. Right after I got a miscarriage, I felt my heart plummet when I accidentally came across a social media post

from Cassius's first love, [My boyfriend canceled all his work to watch the sunrise with me. He loves me so much!]

Best gifts for your loved ones

While I hovered between life and death, he watched the sunrise with her. I forced a bitter smile as I dialed my professor's number. "Professor Garrett, after careful consideration, I've decided to study abroad. I can leave soon.

Three days after my miscarriage, Cassius finally returned. Guilt flickered across his face, but beneath that, I saw the smug satisfaction of someone who had just enjoyed a good time.

I didn't rush at him, demanding to know why he had vanished for three days and ignored my calls. Instead, I offered him a calm, measured glance, silently holding the weight of my unspoken questions. "Amara, I took on a closed project for the company. Because of the confidentiality agreement, I couldn't tell anyone, which is why I couldn't respond to your messages for the past three days," he explained. "Don't be mad. I won't do it again, okay?"

I smiled faintly, feeling a twinge of disbelief. What a flimsy excuse. What kind of project would him from sparing even a moment to return my call?

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Despite the cold grip on my heart, I maintained my calm demeanor and replied simply, "Okay. Cassius blinked, clearly taken aback by my reaction. Normally, I would have been screaming and hurling accusations his way by now.

"Amara Brooks, are you still mad at me? Please don't be upset. I even bought you flowers." He pulled out a bouquet of wilted roses, the kind we could find at a roadside stand. Looking at his hopeful expression, I let out a bitter laugh.

“Ten years of marriage and you still don’t know I’m allergic to pollen?” I questioned, brows

raised.

“What?” He asked, confusion clouding his face.

Cassius paused, his eyes widened slightly. For a brief moment, a flicker of shame crossed his face before his usual indifferent mask slipped back into place.

Sorry, Amara, I’ve been working day and night these past few days and I was so tired I forgot about your allergy,” he said.

He then revealed a light pink scarf, the designer logo prominently displayed.

“This scarf, though, I bought just for you. Do you like it?” he asked.

I looked at the scarf; its beauty was evident, but tears filled my eyes.

That scarf was something Maeve Miller had rejected. I had just seen it on her social media, posted alongside a whole box of gifts. [My boyfriend is always randomly buying me things. Most are fine, but this scarf is just ugly! I’d rather tie it to the dog!] she had captioned.

The scarf Maeve deemed worthy only for a dog now lay in my hands. It was just like everything Cassius had given me over the past ten years: gifts that Maeve had discarded, passed on to me as if I were second best.

I had foolishly treasured all that junk, but with each post, I saw from Maeve, I finally awoke from my dream.

“What’s wrong, Amara? Don’t you like it?” he asked, a hint of confusion in his voice. I tucked the scarf away and forced a faint smile.

“I like it, I lied.

Cassius relaxed, believing I had let it go.

“By the way, Amara, you kept calling me these past three days. Was there something urgent?” he added.

“No,” I replied, concealing the coldness in my eyes.

It was nothing, just a car accident, my life hanging by a thread and the loss of our baby.

But in Cassius's heart, those events couldn't compare to watching the sunrise with Maeve.

He opened his mouth, ready to say something more, but his phone suddenly rang. Glancing at the caller ID, he quickly declared, "Amara, I need to take care of some work."

Without waiting for my response, he dashed off to his study.

Not once did he acknowledge my pale, sickly face or ask about my well-being.

As I stared at the heavy door of the study, I felt a surge of determination.

Weary, I dialed my professor's number once more.

"Professor Garrett," I said, my voice steady, "I've made up my mind. I'm going to study abroad to further my art education."