

## Leave Him Become Myself Chapter 2

Professor Garrett sounded surprised by my sudden change of heart. Over the years, he had urged me countless times to study abroad, but I had always turned him down for Cassius.

“Amara, are you sure? Once you go, it could be at least three to five years, about me.

“I’m sure.” I replied, determined.

he asked, concerned

I used to think my marriage to Cassius was perfect, but I had no idea it was all just an illusion.

I had harbored feelings for Cassius since we were young, but he only had eyes for Maeve.

Together, they were the picture–perfect couple: talented, beautiful and seemingly made for each other. But Cassius was poor and Maeve was the daughter of a wealthy family, which led to constant fights and breakups.

Family vacation packages

Each time Maeve shattered his heart, I was the one who stayed by his side. I made him hangover soup and comforted him until he found his way back to her, only to be pushed away once again.

For three long years, I was Cassius’s backup.

Then, Maeve went abroad and not long after, she found a new boyfriend.

That day, Cassius drowned his sorrow, chugging bottle after bottle of beer. With bloodshot eyes, he looked at me and asked. “Why did she leave? Am I really not worthy of being loved?”

I hugged him tightly, my heart aching for his pain and whispered, “No, it’s not like that. You still have me. I will always be by your side.”

That day marked a turning point; Cassius embraced me for the first time, holding me close as if afraid to let go. He kissed me, a tender yet electrifying connection that ignited something deep within me. Perhaps it was the alcohol clouding his judgment, but that night, he shed not just my clothes but the

barriers we had built around our hearts.

When I awoke the next morning, I found him perched on the edge of the bed, a cigarette dangling from his fingers, smoke curling lazily around him.

He looked lost in thought, but as our eyes met, he spoke surprisingly. "Amara, let's be together from now on. I'll forget about Maeve," he declared.

At that moment, joy surged and I felt like all my dreams had finally come true. Without a second thought, I agreed to his proposal.

From then on, we embraced the life of a typical couple, dating, getting engaged and eventually tying

the knot.

Although Cassius didn't express fiery passion, he always treated me with deep respect, leading me to believe I had truly married for love.

That illusion shattered when, out of the blue, Maeve sent me a friend request on WhatsApp. As I scrolled through her posts, each one felt like a needle piercing my heart, dragging me into a chilling void of anguish. Her feed overflowed with photos of her and Cassius, laughing and sharing moments I longed to experience with him.

The reality of my marriage began to haunt me as the shadows of the past loomed larger than ever. Even after we were together, Cassius's connection with Maeve lingered.

Three years ago, on our wedding anniversary, he abruptly claimed he had an urgent matter to attend

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He had hurried abroad to accompany Maeve to a concert, leaving me alone to celebrate.

A year earlier, in the middle of a sleepless night, I was feverish and searching for him, only to hear him say he had a family emergency at a friend's place.

He was wrapped up in an international call with Maeve, blissfully unaware of my distress.

Six months ago, on the day I received my award, the host called Cassius, my husband, to join me on stage. But to my dismay, he vanished, leaving me standing awkwardly before the audience.

He had rushed off to comfort Maeve, feeling down during her trip abroad.

Over the years, the stack of plane tickets between them had amassed like a testament to their lingering

connection.

That moment made it painfully clear to me that this marriage had been a mistake from the beginning. Cassius had never truly moved on from Maeve.

Even when I suffered a car accident and lost our child, Cassius was preoccupied, watching the sunrise

with her.

At that moment, I realized it was time to end this shaky marriage.

“Cassius, if you love her so much, I’ll set you free to be with her for good.”

After the miscarriage, my body felt weak and soon a wave of drowsiness washed over me.

In a half-asleep haze, Cassius said, “Sorry, Amara, but I probably won’t be back tonight. I still have work to deal with at the company.”

In an instant, I jolted awake. In the past, I had never doubted his claims of being busy with work.

Yet, after seeing Maeve’s social media posts, I realized how often he had used work as an excuse to deceive me.

This time was likely no different. My heart felt numb, void of any emotion. “Okay, go ahead,” I replied, my voice steady.

Cassius hesitated and momentarily, I sensed uncertainty in his eyes.

I would have grilled him with questions if it had been any other day. But today was different; I simply nodded, agreeing without hesitation.

Suddenly, he leaned in, kissing my cheek with tender reassurance. “I won’t be long. I’ll come back soon to keep you company.”

“I know I’ve neglected your feelings these past few days, but Amara, we still have plenty of time,”

he added.

With that, he turned and left, not looking back. I watched his retreating figure, my heart heavy as I whispered, “Cassius, there is no more plenty of time.”

Because deep down, I knew we had no future left.

The following day, I awoke late, the sunlight streaming through the window, but Cassius was still

nowhere to be found.

Just then, my phone rang, jolting me from my thoughts. It was one of Cassius's colleagues. "Hey, why didn't Cassius come to work today?"

I paused, my heart racing as I replied, "He told me last night he was already at the office working overtime."

A heavy silence lingered on the other end before the caller hurriedly said goodbye and abruptly ended the call.

With a sinking feeling, I opened Maeve's social media.

Sure enough, the first post that greeted me with a caption, "My boyfriend is so sweet. I told him I was scared of being home alone, so he came to stay with me last night!"

Attached was a photo of Cassius holding Maeve, his face softly lit by the warm glow of the room. How he looked at her made it clear she was his most precious treasure.

I took a deep breath, my heart heavy and dialed Cassius's number.

The phone rang for what felt like an eternity before he finally answered.

"What's up, Amara?" His voice was hoarse as if he had just exerted himself.

"Are you coming home today?" I asked, hoping for reassurance.

"Cassius, that's too sensitive; we can't do it."

Suddenly, a soft, intimate voice drifted through the line, belonging to a woman. I froze, nausea crashing over me.

Cassius quickly pulled the phone away, mumbling, "I'll probably have to work overtime again today, so I won't be coming home."

He hung up abruptly.

I forced myself to take several sips of water before rushing to the bathroom, where I dry heaved for what felt like ages, battling the rising disgust.

Since our marriage, Cassius had rarely touched me; I had never seen him lose control around me like that.

Looking back, it hit me hard; he wasn't with me but with Maeve.

I was torturing my heart that day by endlessly scrolling through social media.

I watched Cassius blow-dry Maeve's hair, wash her clothes and cook her meals, tasks he had always seemed too much trouble for me.

I saw them kissing at the top of the Ferris wheel at an amusement park.

The caption read, They say couples who kiss when the Ferris wheel reaches its highest point will never part!]

I saved the photos, my heart heavy and whispered, "Cassius, fine. I wish you two a lifetime of happiness, never to part."