

Leave Him Become Myself Chapter 3

When Cassius finally rushed home, he first saw my blank expression and the cold food on the table. Guilt washed over him and he said, "Amara, didn't I tell you not to wait for me to eat? You're carrying our baby; you can't go hungry!"

Best restaurants near me

He reached out to embrace me, but I instinctively stepped back. Cassius, you still don't know. Our baby was long gone.

A wave of sadness washed over me.

As he noticed my reaction, Cassius felt a strange tightness in his chest, though he couldn't pinpoint why.

Even with me right beside him, a heavy gap separated us.

"Amara, I'm sorry for neglecting you these past few days because of work," he said, his voice filled with remorse. "The day after tomorrow is your birthday and I promise I'll make it up to you. Okay?"

I managed a weak smile. "Okay."

A sigh of relief escaped Cassius as he pushed his worries aside.

He seemed unusually upbeat on my birthday, trying to keep the conversation flowing during our drive. He took me to a charming French restaurant and just as we placed our orders, his phone buzzed. As he glanced at the caller ID, his brows knit together instinctively.

A few moments later, Cassius turned to me and said, "Amara, I need to step outside to take this call."

I nodded, already sensing what was about to unfold.

True to my instincts, he returned shortly, his expression conflicted. "Amara, I'm really sorry, but a supervisor from the company just arrived for an inspection. I have to go back and host them."

"Alright," I replied, cutting him off before he could finish.

Cassius froze, the excuses he had rehearsed caught in his throat.

"Work is important and you're doing it for our family. I understand," I added, my voice steady. His eyes softened with genuine appreciation.

Without hesitation, he left eagerly, saying, "Don't worry, Amara. I'll make it up to you with a proper birthday celebration next time!"

But there wouldn't be a next time, Cassius.

I sat silently, eating my birthday dinner alone, much like that little girl from ten years ago who always celebrated her special day alone.

An orphan with no parents, I remembered my first birthday with Cassius and the emptiness settled over me like a heavy blanket.

Back then, he had looked at me with sympathy and said, "Amara, it's so pitiful that you have to spend your birthday alone! Luckily, you met me. From now on, you'll never be alone again!" From that day forward, I fell deeply in love with Cassius, seeing him as my salvation.

But in the end, I realized the harsh truth. The only person who could save me was myself.

Tears shipped onto the cake on my plate, so I took a bite. It was bitter and salty, far from the sweetness I had hoped for.

Cassius, you lied to me. I was still alone.

To ease his guilt, Cassius showered me with gifts to compensate for his absence.

Yet that same day, I saw Maeve post again on her social media.

[Big clearance sale! My boyfriend gave me too many gifts, so I asked him to take some away to sell. I'm such a thrifty and responsible girlfriend! (P.S. He only took the ones I didn't like)]

I let out a bitter laugh at the post.

In frustration, I tossed Cassius gifts into the trash, feeling a surge of defiance.

The urge to take control grew stronger within me. So, when Cassius casually mentioned a dinner outing, I seized the moment and asked, "Who are you going with?"

At first, he maintained a calm facade, but his expression shifted when I insisted I wanted to join. Finally cornered, he sighed and confessed, "Maeve is back. Our old friends are throwing a welcome party for her. It's really just a get-together. There's nothing more to it!"

Cassius was eager to defend himself, but I interrupted him once more. "Of course, I understand. You and Maeve are just friends."

“So, wouldn’t it make sense for me to join you as your wife? To welcome her, right?” I pressed. For a moment, Cassius hesitated, unsure whether my tone was genuine or sarcastic. Yet, when our eyes met, he found no reason to refuse me. With a reluctant sigh, he agreed to take me along. As we arrived at the venue, I immediately spotted Maeve, her presence radiating warmth and

confidence.

“Cassius, you’re here!” she exclaimed, throwing her arms around him in an enthusiastic hug. Then, as if just noticing me, she waved at me apologetically, a flicker of surprise crossing her face.

“Oh, Amara, you’re here too?” Maeve exclaimed, her eyes lighting up with excitement. “I was just so thrilled to see Cassius that I didn’t even notice you! I hope you don’t mind?”

I offered a faint smile, shook my head and softly replied, “Not at all.”

“That’s a relief!” she said, a hint of pride in her voice. “I was worried my close relationship with Cassius might lead to misunderstandings.

As everyone settled in, I grew aware of how deeply Cassius cared for Maeve.

He knew all her preferences, serving her the dishes she adored and attending to her like a perfect gentleman, seemingly oblivious to my presence as his wife.

Maeve, you left Cassius years ago because he was poor and now that he’s successful, you’re back?” a voice mocked from across the table.

Maeve paled, tears welling in her eyes, making her look heartbreakingly vulnerable.

“I didn’t come back for his money, she stammered, trembling.

Her hurt expression tugged at Cassius’s heart and he quickly interjected, “Enough! This welcome Maeve. Anyone who speaks out of line can leave!”

The room fell silent, the earlier mocker now muted by Cassius’s outburst.

party

Watching him defend Maeve so passionately, I couldn’t help but feel a wave of irony wash over me. Cassius, who had always been the epitome of politeness and restraint, was now fiercely protecting his so-called true love.

At that moment, a server wheeled a lavish bouquet of 999 red roses.

“Mr. Cooper, here are the roses you ordered for Miss Miller,” he announced, his voice cutting through the gathering.

In an instant, the mood changed, becoming tense as everyone’s eyes turned toward the extravagant display.