

Leave Him Become Myself Chapter 4

The first to shift his expression was Cassius.

After all, 999 red roses, a symbol of passionate love, could easily spark misunderstandings..

Best gifts for your loved ones

He shot a cautious glance my way, only to find me calm.

“Amara, don‘ t get the wrong idea. This is just to welcome Maeve back to the country,” he hurriedly explained.

“I know. You don‘ t need to explain,” I replied, my voice calm and steady, I gave a calm smile that left Cassius looking stunned and uncertain. My peace of mind felt so deep that it seemed as if I didn‘ t care at all.

I turned my gaze to the massive bouquet of roses, recalling the flowers Cassius had bought me from a roadside vendor just days earlier.

One arrangement was elegant and grand, while the other felt careless and rushed, just like how he viewed Maeve and me.

I had once stumbled upon a handwritten letter from Cassius to Maeve on social media.

In it, he confessed that he was glad she hadn‘ t chosen him, claiming he had nothing to offer but a life filled with hardships.

But what about me? Was I simply meant to endure the same struggles?

I stood by Cassius‘ s side as he built his life from the ground up, yet he never gifted me anything special.

Each present he handed me was merely something Maeve had discarded.

Deep down, I knew I was just a placeholder, someone to keep him company while she was away. Suddenly, the building outside lit up, casting giant letters across its facade. When Cassius read the message, his face went pale.

The message read, [Cassius and Maeve, be each other‘ s light.]

“I can explain.” Cassius said, hastily grabbing my wrist.

“Oh, Amara! Please don‘ t overthink this,” Maeve added sweetly. “Cassius and I are just very good friends!

But my chest ached and I struggled to find a smile.

They were each other's light—what did that make me? Just an unwanted obstacle?

I thought I had grown numb to the pain, but it still cut deep.

Cassius had never been a romantic, not even a little.

Once, when I had simply wanted to hold his hand while we walked, he had said, "There are too many people around: it wouldn't look good."

Yet he was willing to spend a fortune to declare his love for Maeve on a billboard in the city's heart. In this love story between them, I felt like an extra, a third wheel.

"Excuse me," I said, grabbing my bag and turning away.

But Cassius hurried after me, desperate to explain that nothing inappropriate happened between him

and Maeve.

"I know. It's fine," I replied, my calm demeanor again leaving him speechless.

There it was again, that strange sense of distance, close yet unreachable. Cassius frowned, a deep furrow forming between his brows.

Even after we returned home, he seemed restless, like something precious was slipping away.

He came up behind me, wrapping his arms around me and whispering, "Amara, I know I haven't been perfect lately, but you have to believe me; I love you."

"Not a day goes by that I don't imagine our future together, picturing our baby being born. What name should we give him?"

The mention of the baby sent another wave of pain crashing over me.

Cassius, our baby is long gone and you still don't know. How could you not have noticed if you cared for me even half as much as you do for Maeve?

Before I realized it, tears filled my eyes. Cassius panicked.

"Amara, it's my fault. Don't cry!" he exclaimed.

In a desperate attempt to make amends, Cassius turned down work. He stayed by my side, something I had never imagined he would do.

He looked at me sincerely and asked, "Is there anywhere you want to go?"

After a moment's pause, I replied, "I want to go hiking. You promised me a proposal."

When we first got together, Cassius had promised me a proper proposal.

He envisioned declaring his love for me at the highest point in the city.

But after our wedding, he kept postponing it, always using work as an excuse.

alone.

t that he didn't want to propose; it was just that he reserved those words for Maeve

I only wanted to hear that long overdue proposal before I walked away for good.

It would fulfill a dream that twenty-year-old Amara Brooks had once cherished, which felt increasingly

distant daily.

Cassius readily agreed, packed his things and drove us to the mountain's base. But just as we were about to embark on our hike, his phone rang.

After answering it, his expression shifted, hesitation clouding his features.

"I'm sorry, Amara, he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Can't go again, right?" I interrupted, maintaining an air of calm.

He suppressed the unease gnawing at him and nodded, avoiding my gaze. Then, without a backward glance, he turned to leave."

"Cassius, do you have to go?" I called out, my voice rising with desperation and disbelief.

He paused momentarily but didn't stop, as if he were eager to dive back into the arms of a grand love affair.

Watching his retreating figure, I felt an overwhelming exhaustion wave over me.

The man who had once made a promise had long since changed his heart, while I, the foolish one who had dared to believe, remained there, waiting.

I climbed the mountain alone, the scorching sun beating down on me as sweat soaked my skin. Each step felt heavy, but I pressed on until I finally reached the peak.

Standing at the summit, I gazed down at the world below, a rush of emotions swelling within me.

With all my might, I shouted at the top of my lungs, "Amara, you must love yourself! You must learn

to love yourself even if no one else does!"