

Leave Him Become Myself Chapter 6

After I safely arrived in the UK, Cassius finally thought of me.

He lay in bed, exhausted from a night of racing cars, with Maeve nestled contentedly in his arms. As the adrenaline wore off, a flicker of guilt washed over him when he remembered I was still waiting. He glanced at Maeve and murmured, "I need to check on Amara tonight."

Maeve let out a soft hum, a playful smile on her lips.

"But you promised me tonight! If you can't let go of her, why not just call?" She began to flirt with him, her hand trailing over his sensitive spots.

A spark of desire ignited in Cassius's eyes and in that moment, all thoughts of me faded away. Without hesitation, he reached for his phone and dialed my number.

But as he listened to the ringing, he realized I had blocked him.

A wave of confusion washed over him; this had never occurred in our ten years together. I had always been gentle and understanding, never raising my voice or cutting him off like this.

Panic surged within him as he tried to message me on WhatsApp, only to discover I had blocked him there, too.

His heart raced as he checked my other media accounts, which were deactivated.

The calm he had been holding onto for so long broke apart, replaced by a pressing need to act. If he didn't move quickly, it might be too late.

"Cassius! You promised to stay with me tonight!" Maeve pouted, attempting to cling to him, but he brushed her aside.

"Stop it! Something must have happened to Amara. She would never block me otherwise!" He exclaimed, his voice filled with rising panic.

Maeve stumbled to the ground, staring up at him in disbelief.

"You pushed me? You're choosing her over me?!" she questioned, confusion etched on her face. Cassius remembered how indifferent I had seemed whenever he got close to Maeve and that thought only intensified the panic in his chest. Ignoring Maeve's protests, he dashed to the hospital. When he arrived, the medical staff informed him that I had been discharged long ago.

His heart sank as he immediately hurried home, only to find the apartment empty and silent. Everything that had once belonged to me was gone.

The wedding photo that had hung on the wall now bore a gaping hole where my figure had been torn

out.

Once brimming with my clothes, the wardrobe now stood half-empty and my makeup had vanished from the dresser. Even my slippers were nowhere to be found.

Cassius collapsed onto the sofa, dazed, his voice barely a whisper as he mumbled, "Amara, where have you gone?"

Stumbling forward, he finally noticed the papers scattered across the coffee table.

A wave of dread washed over him as his gaze fell on the stack of photos featuring him and Maeve. Each image drained the color from his face and after glancing at five or six, he could no longer bear to look. But I had printed over a hundred.

How hopeless had I felt to gather them all?

That wasn't the worst of it. His eyes fell upon a report tucked beneath the photos: my miscarriage report.

"This is..." he murmured, his voice cracking as he read and tears brimmed in his eyes. A painful wail escaped his lips as the weight of the loss hit him hard. The child he had eagerly awaited was gone. Then he saw the date on the report and froze. It was the day he had gone to watch the sunrise with Maeve.

He remembered that day vividly. I had called him countless times, calls ringing out into the void as he chose to silence his phone, determined not to let anything disturb his time with Maeve. Three days had passed before he finally returned.

Amara, I'm so sorry," Cassius broke down, sobbing uncontrollably.

At that moment, the weight of his foolishness crashed down on him like a tidal wave. Suddenly, a notification chimed on his phone, breaking through his despair.

It was a scheduled email. With trembling hands, he opened it and his heart raced as he read the

contents:

[Cassius, I will already be gone by the time you read this email. It's a shame I couldn't be salvation; instead, I became the obstacle between you and Maeve.]

your

[Cassius, we were together for seven years, but I loved you for ten. I thought you would gradually forget Maeve, but I was wrong. I could never compare myself to her. With just one call from her, no matter what I was going through, you would leave me without a second thought.], [Now, I admit defeat. I'm ready to give you back to her and disappear from your life forever.]

"No! Amara, don't go!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with desperation.

A sharp, stinging pain pierced his heart as if someone were carving into his flesh with a blade, slow and agonizing,

The thought of losing me forever felt like the sky was collapsing around him.

Overcome with regret, he sank to his knees, pounding the floor with his fists, each strike echoing his despair.

"I was wrong, Amara! I truly know I was wrong!" Cassius cried, his voice raw with anguish. He lost track of time as tears streamed down his face, but suddenly a wave of rage washed over him, igniting a fierce determination.

Without a second thought, he stormed toward Maeve's house, his heart pounding with each step. "Cassius! You're back! I knew you'd choose me again!" Maeve exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with delight as she flung herself at him. But in an instant, Cassius pushed her away, his anger boiling. In a moment of unrestrained emotion, he slapped her hard across the face, the sound reverberating through the air, leaving both of them in stunned silence.