

Leave Him Become Myself Chapter 7

“Who told you to add Amara as a friend and send her those things?” Cassius roared, his voice cutting through the tension like a knife.

Maeve recoiled, stunned by the slap, her hand instinctively covering her face in disbelief.

But her shock quickly turned into outrage. “You hit me? Cassius, no one has ever dared to strike me in my entire life!”

“You claimed you loved me the most, that you couldn’t bear to lose me,” she shot back, her voice laced with bitterness. “And now you’re screaming about that cheap woman, Amara!” With those words, another slap landed across Maeve’s cheek, a stinging echo of his frustration. Cassius’ face had turned ashen as he spoke coldly, “What do you think you are?”

I spoiled you out of old affection, but do you honestly believe I would get back together with someone who abandoned me?

Maeve flushed with anger. “Don’t think I don’t know the truth. You left me because I was poor. But after your rich boyfriend dumped you and your family went bankrupt, you came crawling back to me.”

For a moment, Cassius was at a loss for words, unable to refute her claims.

Deep down, he recognized that he had wronged me.

Losing me had been his own doing, yet he couldn’t accept that reality. How could I, who had once loved him so fiercely, just walk away from everything we had?

He clenched his fists, determination igniting within him. He had to find me, to win me back.

Meanwhile, after arriving in England, I struggled to adjust at first, but within half a month, I began to feel at home. With no familiar faces, I embraced the solitude, diving headfirst into my art.

My instructors praised my talent and I even garnered awards in international competitions for my paintings.

But one day, while I was lost in my creative world, I glanced outside and was startled to see Cassius standing outside my building.

It had been three long months since I left. When I finally saw Cassius, he looked unshaven and disheveled, stripped of his former confidence.

I had no idea how he found me, but I stood frozen for a moment, hesitant to go out and face him. He, however, couldn't wait any longer. He remained outside my window, a figure of desperation. The day turned to night and he stood there twenty-four hours. Eventually, his legs began to tremble from exhaustion and I feared he might collapse right in front of my house.

With a reluctant sigh, I finally made my way downstairs.

"Cassius, why are you here?" I asked, my voice laced with confusion.

He rushed forward and enveloped me in a tight embrace. His grip so strong it felt like he wanted to merge me into his very being..

"Amara, I finally found you!" he exclaimed. "I'm so sorry! After you left, I realized how terrible I had been and how deeply I love you! I can't sleep peacefully without you by my side!"

"You promised you wouldn't leave me. Please give me another chance! I swear I'll never care about Maeve again!" His words tumbled out, desperate and pleading.

With a cold determination, I pushed Cassius away, feeling nothing but disgust and irony at his sudden realization of love.

"I did promise not to leave you," I began. "But you also promised to forget Maeve. What did you do instead?"

"You deceived me time and again for her, trampling on my true feelings. Did you ever stop to consider how I felt?"

"Regret is the most useless thing in the world," I continued, my heart hardening. "Especially your belated regret."

After saying this, I turned away from his pale-faced pleas and walked back upstairs, shutting the door firmly behind me. In the days that followed, I decided to escape his relentless harassment by moving to a new place.

But Cassius still haunted me, always managing to find my whereabouts. He rented an apartment near my new home and every time I stepped outside, he would cling to me, his eyes filled with a wounded look that twisted my heart.

I couldn't take it anymore. The tension and anxiety grew unbearable, so I called the police. That ended his harassment, but I knew he hadn't given up.

Three years later, the day I returned to the U.S., I walked through the airport, a sense of relief washing over me.

But as I turned a corner, Cassius was there, waiting for me as early as ever.