

Leave Him Become Myself Chapter 8

The moment I spotted him, it felt like I had encountered a ghost from my past, a specter I never wanted to see again.

“Amara, you’re finally back!” Cassius exclaimed, his voice filled with hope and desperation as he reached to grab my hand. But before he could touch me, a tall figure stepped in front of him, blocking his view.

I turned to Cassius with a smile, my heart steady. “Let me introduce you to my new boyfriend, Draven Riley.”

Draven casually draped his arm around my shoulder, an eyebrow raised in challenge as he regarded Cassius. “You must be the ex-husband Amara mentioned?”

Cassius’s expression shifted dramatically, his face pale as a sheet. He stared at how Draven held me, disbelief written all over his features.

“This isn’t real, Amara,” he stammered. “You must have found a man just to spite me, right? You love me too much to truly love someone else!”

Underneath his anxious gaze, I coldly shook my head. “Cassius, we’ve been apart for three years. What makes you think I still love you?”

years.

“How much clearer do I need to make it?” I pressed on. “I stopped loving you a long time ago, ever since the day you chose to watch the sunrise with Maeve.”

“Or perhaps even earlier, from the moment I first realized you couldn’t cut ties with her.”

Cassius staggered back, his body swaying as if he might collapse at any moment. In a hoarse whisper, he asked, “Is there no chance for me?”

“No,” I replied firmly, feeling a weight lift from my shoulders.

With that finality, I took Draven’s hand. I left Cassius behind, trapped in a past that no longer belonged to me.

I thought Cassius would finally give up after our confrontation. Still, to my surprise, he took his desperation to the city’s heart.

A massive billboard displayed his message, blaring repeatedly, “Amara, I was wrong. Please forgive me.”

The words were twice the size of the heartfelt plea he had once crafted for Maeve. I could only imagine the fortune he spent on it.

Soon, the entire city buzzed with news of Cassius's grand gesture.

People who didn't know the truth began to discuss whether I should forgive him. Draven was furious, but I held up a calming hand.

"Leave it to me," I said, steeling myself for what I had to do.

When I approached Cassius, I didn't mince words. "Cassius, you keep pestering me because you think I still love you, right?"

He pleaded with reddened eyes and a hoarse voice, "Isn't that true? You loved me so much back then that everyone knew. I can't believe you could just stop loving me!"

I let out a soft, derisive chuckle. "Do you know why I fell in love with you in the first place? It was because I had always been alone and no one ever promised they would stay with me forever. You were the first to say it, so I believed you."

"But really, that person didn't have to be you. It could have been anyone. In other words, whoever could meet my needs and stay by my side could have won my heart. You were never special." His pupils constricted as if my words had shattered his long-held beliefs instantly.

I continued, "I was just someone who had never experienced love. I got trapped in a cage, mistaking it for affection and I wrongfully gave my heart to you. But now I understand, Cassius. You can believe me when I say I truly don't love you anymore."

As I spoke those final words, I felt a sense of freedom wash over me, liberating me from the weight of our past.

After delivering my final words, I turned and walked away, leaving whatever reaction Cassius had behind me. I never saw him again after that day. The next time I heard his name, it was splashed

across the news.

Cassius had sunk into a deep depression, isolating himself in his room for days on end.

When someone finally found him, they discovered he had swallowed hundreds of silver needles, a shocking act of self-harm that left everyone reeling,

As people began to dig into his past, they uncovered the story between him and Maeve, transforming them into public enemies almost overnight.

Maeve faced a wave of online harassment that hit her hard. She lost her job and had to flee abroad. However, even in a new place, she struggled to find work; the shadows of her past followed her. In the end, she found herself living on the streets alongside beggars,

Cassius barely escaped death, but his fate was harsh. He was left in a comatose condition, bedridden for the rest of his life, a reminder of his past choices.

As for me, I found comfort in Draven's arms, thinking about my next piece of art. I silently thanked myself, 26-year-old Amara, for breaking free from the chains of love and choosing the life I truly wanted. In this fresh start, I felt peace, knowing I would never look back.

(The End)