Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 1

It was my boyfriend's birthday party.

His ex–girlfriend showed up wearing the exact same white chiffon dress as me.

One of his friends suggested playing a blindfolded game to liven up the atmosphere – the "find your wife" game.

With his eyes blindfolded, my boyfriend walked straight over to his ex–girlfriend, embracing her waist and kissing her passionately.

The atmosphere in the room became awkwardly silent.

Everyone stared in shock, not expecting the game to go so wrong.

To everyone's surprise, I started clapping and stepped off the stage, cuing up a nostalgic love song about missing an ex- "I Still Miss You."

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The speakers filled the room with a dreamy, intoxicating melody.

"I still love you, want to enter your heart, peel away the mist and grab hold of your voice…"

The two on stage kissed as if entranced.

The friend who suggested the game looked embarrassed, covering his eyes and reluctantly tapping Ethan.

Ethan pulled off the sheer scarf, his face flushed with passion.

He was quickly replaced by panic and awkwardness.

"I thought it was you, I was walking towards you…"

Before 1, the real girlfriend, could even ask, Ethan was already anxiously explaining himself.

He looked guiltily into my eyes.

"Emma, it was a mistake."

Sophie had been drinking and was wobbly on her feet from Ethan's kiss. She clung to him, looking at me provokingly.

Another friend quickly tried to cover for Ethan.

"It's all Bear's fault for suggesting such a dumb game. He should drink three shots as punishment to apologize to Emma."

Bear came over with a drink, apologizing profusely, but I ignored him and didn't respond. The atmosphere plummeted again.

Everyone thought I was bottling up my anger, ready to explode, and they shrank back a step. "Sophie can barely stand, why don't you two go to one of the private rooms and continue there?"

I said in a mocking tone, using the most disdainful words to strike at their deepest insecurities. Ethan's face darkened.

"I said it was a mistake, don't be so sarcastic."

"Sophie and I broke up years ago, we're just ordinary friends now. I've always treated her as a friend, and she has a boyfriend too. Don't go looking for trouble for her."

"Ethan, don't scare Emma. It was our fault to begin with."

Sophie finally pulled herself upright, looking sweetly at me.

"Emma, just treat what happened as a silly joke, okay? Ethan and I used to be the most intimate, you can't hold it against us forever, right?"

The friends all laughed it off, accepting Sophie's explanation and telling me to forget the incident. Seeing I didn't argue back, Ethan visibly relaxed, letting out a quiet sigh of relief.

If this had happened before, I would have cried, momentarily ripping off my weak facade to question and accuse him in front of everyone, making a scene just to defend my pitiful self–respect that they trampled on.

When Ethan and Sophie broke up, it wasn't long before he accepted my pursuit.

He came from a better family, had better relationships, and had an unparalleled good–looking appearance.

Everyone thought I had used some underhanded tricks to take advantage of the situation and climb up to Ethan's level.

Even though I was misunderstood, I never tried to explain myself.

Ethan chose me, which meant he liked me.

I loved him to the bone and was willing to give everything for him.

I almost had the responsibility of taking care of his diet and daily life engraved in my bones.

However, he took my whole–hearted dedication for granted, while I felt like I never entered his heart.

Until three years ago, when Sophie reappeared in his life, my nightmare began.

He started not coming home at night, getting dead drunk, and rushing to her call.

I had argued and fought with him."

He always stabbed me again when I was most broken, with Sophie.

"She needs me."

"She's having a hard time, only I can help her."

"She's sick, I can't ignore her."

"She's heartbroken, I have to accompany her."

"She's in love again… let me celebrate with her."

We had both collapsed in our hearts over and over again.

I can't even remember how many times we fought because of her.

Afterwards, he would patiently say a few conciliatory words.

I would seize the opportunity to retreat, it would be best to go with the flow.

If I didn't know my place and continued to throw a tantrum, what awaited me would be an endless cold war.

It was the worst time yet when I scolded Sophie for having ulterior motives towards him, for not knowing her place, and for trying to seduce him despite having a boyfriend.

He got angry and disappeared for half a month, and even when I apologized and admitted my mistake, he still wouldn't come home.

In the end, I panicked.

I couldn't eat or sleep, and I reached out to everyone I knew to get him back.

It wasn't until I wrote Sophie a thousand–word apology letter that he finally showed up.

Because I loved him and didn't want to lose him, I made sure that after every argument or cold war, things never dragged on overnight.

I would immediately apologize whenever he softened his tone.

The more I did this, the more I became anxious about losing him.

The tighter I held on, the more I suffered.

Now, I was dealing with severe insomnia.

Even with sleeping pills, I found it hard to fall asleep.

My love had sunk to the ground, nearly exhausted from endless quarrels.