

Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 11

I asked Ethan to go home first, as I had a summary meeting to attend.

By the time I got home two hours later, Ethan was in the kitchen.

He was wearing my apron and enthusiastically cooking with a spatula.

Standing beside him was Sophie, gazing at him with infatuation, a smile lighting up her face.

After watching me clean up her mess with disdain, he had brought her home.

Quite the surprise.

The surprises didn't end there.

After five years, I was astonished to learn that Ethan could cook.

Hearing the noise, he rushed towards me, wiping his hands on the apron, and pulled out a chair for me at the dining table.

"Emma, you're back just in time; dinner will be ready soon. Sit down and take a break."

The table was set with a clean sunflower-patterned tablecloth.

It was glaringly ironic.

Sophie came over, sweetly calling out, "Emma."

"I'm sorry, Emma. That day, Ethan got into a fight with my boyfriend for me and got hurt. I couldn't let him go home alone, so I stayed with him," she explained.

"The tattoo photo was a misunderstanding. Please don't be mad at Ethan for that; I would feel terrible." "And about that night when we talked downstairs, just pretend you didn't hear it. I had just broken up, and it was a tough time for me. Ethan was only comforting me; he truly loves you."

Sophie was beautiful, dressed in a fitted, pastel floral dress, with her well-maintained, wavy shoulder-length hair making her look even more charming and endearing.

She was a stark contrast to my work attire.

In the past, I might have felt insecure and looked down, instinctively trying to hide.

Now, I confidently met her gaze and smiled.

“It’s fine; I’m really not angry.”

“If there’s no love left, there’s no point in holding grudges.”

The more nonchalant I acted, the more Ethan’s panic became evident, like a clear sky suddenly struck by lightning.

“Emma, please don’t say things out of anger.”

He pleaded, almost begging, as he froze in place.

I maintained my calm smile.

“Let’s eat; I’m hungry.”

I picked up my fork and took a bite of the fish–flavored shredded pork.

“Ethan, I didn’t know you could cook! This tastes really good.”

Sophie, sitting across from me, asked curiously, “He’s never cooked for you before? You really need to try his cooking.”

“In the past, I was picky about food, so Ethan started following online tutorials to learn how to cook. He’s quite talented; he picks things up quickly. This braised pork rib dish is his specialty, and it’s my favorite.”

Just as I picked up a piece of rib, it suddenly slipped from my fork and fell onto the table.

Looking at Sophie, I saw pride shining in her eyes.

Although it was unnecessary, I had to admit that I felt completely defeated in front of Sophie. There was no pain or anger, just a deep sadness over how ridiculous I had been.

So many times, he had waited for me to finish working late, even starving himself just to have me cook for him.

So many times, he had suddenly craved skewers in the middle of the night.

I would spend one or two hours preparing them, only for him to fall asleep before he could eat. Because I loved him, I deserved to be toyed with.

Ethan nudged Sophie with his elbow, and she seemed to realize her mistake, pretending to cover her mouth in guilt.

Seeing him so cautious made me smile again.

“Don’t be nervous; I’m really not angry. I just feel a bit sorry for myself.”

I picked up the fallen rib and popped it into my mouth.

“Mmm, it really is delicious.”

After dinner, Ethan stood up to clear the dishes.

I stopped him.

“Don’t bother; just throw them away. They’re dirty, and we won’t be using them again.”

Both of them froze in shock.

I continued, “It’s late; how about I book you a hotel room? I have a cleanliness obsession and can’t accept someone who sleeps around in my house.”

Sophie’s face flushed red, tears welling in her eyes.

“Emma, what do you mean? How can you say something so insulting?”

“Stop pretending, Sophie. You took a photo of his tattoo and still dare to say you two didn’t sleep together? You’re blatantly insulting my intelligence. Why can’t I just speak the truth?”

“Those feigning innocence skills of yours only fool Ethan, that silly boy. To me, you’re just a clown.”

This was the first time I confronted Sophie directly, yet my tone remained gentle and calm.

After holding back all night, Ethan immediately stepped in front of Sophie, shouting at me, “Emma, are you done? Haven’t we explained everything to you? Why are you acting crazy again?”

“If you’re upset, take it out on me. What did Sophie do wrong? Why are you targeting her?”

No matter what she did, whenever there was a conflict, it was always my fault.

I didn’t believe he couldn’t hear Sophie’s provocations hidden in her words.

He just habitually tolerated her, instinctively defended her, and directed his anger at me.

I had known this would happen, and inside, I felt completely calm, even more so than ever before.

As the restaurant fell silent, Ethan's last explosive shout echoed, and he seemed to realize something too late.

He walked Sophie to the door, then turned back to take my hand.

"Emma, tell me, what can I do to make you stop being angry and return to how things were before?"

I slightly turned away, avoiding his grasp.

"Which past are you talking about? Five years ago, when we just started dating, and I took care of you like a mother? Or three years ago, when Sophie barged back into your life, and we argued and went cold on each other every few days, caught in an endless cycle?"

"Whichever past it is, it seems to be against me. I don't want to go back, Ethan."

I looked at him with a smile.

"Ethan, let's break up!"