

Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 12

Ethan's eyes widened, filled with a mix of disbelief, anxiety, confusion, and regret that flashed across his face.

He couldn't help but tremble slightly.

We looked at each other, our eyes meeting.

I calmly repeated.

"Ethan, we're breaking up, and you're moving out of my place tomorrow. I'm giving you the freedom you've been longing for.

Ethan's rigid cheeks twitched.

"Emma, you're not serious. I, I made a mistake that all men make, but I promise it won't happen again."

I let out a bitter laugh, but before I could speak, Ethan interrupted me.

He pulled out a gift box from behind his back, like a magician.

"Emma, I told you I had a surprise. Open it up and see."

I stared at the box but made no move to open it.

"Let me do it then."

Ethan sat across from me, fumbling to unwrap the box, forcing a smile while his gaze kept shifting between me and the gift.

After struggling to open it, inside was a photo album and a jewelry box.

Ethan grabbed the album, excitedly flipping it open in front of me.

"Emma, look. I compiled all our photos into an album. Imagine, when we're eighty or ninety years old, what will we feel when we look at these again?"

There wasn't a single photo he willingly took, except for some candid shots. A small portion was taken when I begged him to take them with me.

Seeing my lack of reaction, Ethan immediately put down the album and opened the velvet red box, revealing a pair of diamond rings.

He knelt on one knee in front of me, solemnly saying, “Emma, I love you. Let’s get married.”

My heart fluttered. We had been together for five years, and this was the first time he said “I love you.” As for “I like you,” he only said it politely in response when I confessed to him.

“I like you too.”

Back then, I naively took it as true, smiling happily, thinking it was the most beautiful love confession in the world.

“I originally wanted to set up a proposal scene right outside your company, but you’re so low-key and easily shy, I was afraid of scaring you, so I gave up on that idea. Emma, starting today, I won’t let you worry and be afraid anymore. Please marry me!”

“I know I’ve done many despicable things in the past, said many unreasonable words that hurt you and made you sad. Your anger is justified, you can even hit me or scold me.”

“I’ll work hard to get rid of all my bad habits. If you don’t want to see Sophie, I’ll cut off contact with her. I won’t go drinking anymore, and I’ll take care of the meals and household chores from now on. Don’t worry, flearn quickly.”

“Emma, will you marry me?”

He gently caressed my fingertips.

“Emma, let me put the ring on your finger, okay?”

I tried to withdraw my hand, but he gripped it tightly.

I could only twist with all my strength to fight him.

Ethan had never been so anxious before, his eyes red and moist.

“Emma, don’t do this, don’t give up on me, please...”

“Just let me put the ring on your finger, okay? Isn’t this what you’ve always wanted, to marry me?”

I gritted my teeth and suddenly yanked my hand away, my knuckles aching from his grip.

“Ethan, I’m tired. I don’t want to play house anymore. I used to love you so much, and I can let that go. You can too. Let’s part ways amicably.”

Ethan's stiff back suddenly slumped, and he tightly hugged my knees, painfully saying.

"Just now, just now, I was wrong. I shouldn't have yelled at you because of Sophie. I'm sorry, I'm really sorry."

"Give me one more chance to redeem myself, please Emma, just one more chance. I'll definitely improve, I promise."

I let him hug me.

"Ethan, I've given you chances before. When disappointment accumulates enough, hope will no longer exist."

I broke free from Ethan's embrace, closing the door amidst his increasingly uncontrolled pleas. If only he had said these words sooner.

But alas, it was too late now.