

## Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 13

Ethan refused to leave, so I packed his belongings and threw them outside, changing the locks on the door.

He spent night after night waiting at my doorstep, refusing to eat or drink. Within just a few days, he looked completely worn down.

I had no choice but to call his parents to come and take him home.

He agreed to leave but stubbornly left the engagement ring behind.

Otherwise, he would come back again.

After that, my phone was inundated with hundreds of messages from him saying “I’m sorry.”

I had neither the time nor the energy, and certainly no reason, to respond to him.

On the tenth day after our breakup, Ethan showed up at my workplace.

He had lost a lot of weight and had abandoned his usual trendy style, opting instead for a standard dress shirt and slacks, with the engagement ring still on his finger.

He came to the office looking for a job, but he wasn’t hired due to a mismatch in qualifications. From that day on, he showed up every day at noon with a lunchbox.

He said he had rented a place nearby and urged me not to order take out anymore, promising to bring me lunch every day.

This time, he kept his word, even though I never ate any of it.

Sometimes I got so busy that I forgot to eat, and he would follow me around reminding me to take a break.

When the security guard tried to escort him out, he would lose control and go wild.

Ignoring the stares of others, he would cry uncontrollably in the office, slap himself, and list all the things he had done to hurt me in the past.

It turned out he understood everything deep down.

After a few episodes like this, sometimes coinciding with visits from partner companies, it started to reflect poorly on the company, and my boss had no choice but to talk to me.

If he didn't leave. I would have to.

When he barged into the office again, forcefully placing the lunchbox on my desk, I could no longer hold back.

I dragged him outside and pinned him against the wall, unleashing all my frustrations and grievances from these past few days.

"Ethan, please stop clinging to me!",

"You've ruined my hope for love and taken away my courage to be with someone. Now you want me to sacrifice my only job for you?!"

"Why, Ethan, why?!"

"Just because I loved you, does that mean I deserve to be tormented by you?"

"After I've given you five years of my youth, can you let me go and let yourself go too, please?!"

Exhausted, I leaned against the wall, sliding down to the floor, covering my face and crying loudly. [Emma, I'm sorry. I will spend my whole life making it up to you.]

This was the last message I received from Ethan.