

Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 4

Ethan stumbled home at three in the morning, completely drunk, calling my name incoherently at the entrance.

In the past, no matter how late he returned from socializing, I would always wait for him.

I'd help him take off his shoes, ask if he felt okay, prepare his favorite hangover remedy fruit tea, and give him a massage to help him relax.

But tonight, I did nothing.

Even after he called my name three times, I continued to lie in bed pretending to be asleep.

"Emma!"

He shouted again, his voice laced with evident anger.

I remained unmoved.

Outside, I heard the sound of hurried, unsteady footsteps.

The next moment, Ethan was in the bathroom, throwing up noisily.

The next day, he fell asleep on the bathroom floor, still in his clothes, without even changing his shoes.

I took a deep breath and kicked him hard twice.

Ethan groggily lifted his head and glanced at his watch.

"Why are you just getting up now?" he asked, bewildered.

Usually, I would wake up at five to make him a heartfelt breakfast.

Today, I had the rare luxury of sleeping in until six-thirty. Even though I had only managed a couple of hours of sleep, it was still better than staying awake all night.

He clumsily got up from the floor, ripped off his dirty clothes, and confronted me.

“Why didn’t you wait for me to come home? Where’s the kudzu tea? Why did you let me sleep in the bathroom all night?”

He was still drunk, and I couldn’t be bothered to engage with him.

“Emma, I’m hungry.”

“There’s a breakfast shop downstairs. You can grab something on your way to work.”

I quickly washed up and cleaned the toilet since I would need to use it too.

Ethan frowned in disbelief.

“Emma, are you still mad about last night?”

“I’m really not angry. You said it was a ‘mistake,’ and I believe you.”

Ethan pressed his lips together, suddenly turning on the shower and drenching me with water. I instinctively gasped.

He showered with me, humming the love song he had sung with Sophie the night before. How childish!

The entire day, I threw myself into work, not sending Ethan a single message or making a call. Instead, it was Ethan who took the initiative to text me.

He said he was going to have dinner with Sophie because she had just gone through a breakup. When you don’t love someone, you really can become as tough as iron, with no soft spots. I replied casually.

[Okay.]

My indifferent attitude shocked him again.

He immediately called me on video.

His brow was furrowed, and he seemed to be in a low–pressure state, ready to explode at any moment. “Aren’t you going to say something? You used to stop me from going out with her.”

I smiled gently.

“You and Sophie are just ordinary friends, engaging in normal social activities. What’s there to stop?” His dark expression instantly froze, his face filled with disbelief.