

Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 5

Ethan sent me a photo of him and Sophie drinking together in the evening.

They were as close as they were the night before.

Sophie had her head resting on his shoulder, her hair cascading down to cover half her face, obscuring her expression.

I was surprised because he never shares these kinds of moments.

Usually, I have to pry details out of him, and even then, he reluctantly reveals just a hint.

I can't help but imagine various scenarios based on the little details he shares—what they talked about, what they did, whether there are signs of them rekindling their relationship.

Sometimes, these thoughts drive me to the brink of mental exhaustion.

While Ethan's distance from me grows, I feel trapped in a dead-end.

Yet now, my heart is as calm as a still pond.

[Enjoy your meal.]

I typed, but the chat with Ethan remained stuck on "typing..." without any response.

I didn't care what he wanted to say or what had happened to bring them so close. I was indifferent to how he might comfort Sophie, who had just gone through a breakup.

In fact, a strange sense of relief washed over me; I no longer had to stay up late waiting for him to come home or wake up early to prepare him a heartfelt breakfast.

Tonight, I didn't bombard him with calls like before.

Instead, I calmly went through my evening routine, took three sleeping pills, and quietly drifted off to sleep.

Miraculously, I fell asleep quickly.

It felt so peaceful, so comfortable.

It was a long-lost sense of relaxation.

Ethan returned early the next morning, his face bruised.

He rubbed his forehead and explained.

“I got drunk last night and fought with Sophie’s boyfriend. I spent the night in jail.”

I tilted my head and stared at his face for a couple of seconds, not concerned about his pain but asking the question a bystander would care about most.

“Oh, did you win?”

Ethan looked taken aback, frowning slightly.

The air felt thick and silent.

He probably expected me to rush to get ice for his injuries or run downstairs to buy him some ointment for bruises.

When I didn’t respond, he silently nodded, offering no further explanation.

It was the weekend, but I had to support an exhibition downtown as a key member of the operations team.

Before I even arrived at the exhibition, I received a message from Sophie.

Opening it revealed a photo of a red heart tattoo with special effects.

My heart sank; that was Ethan’s tattoo.

I had insisted he get that design.

I told him it represented my “heart,” one that would always beat for him.

“Emma, where did Ethan get that cool tattoo?” Sophie messaged.

“I love sunflowers and have always wanted to get a sunflower tattoo on my arm, but I haven’t found a reliable artist. Please tell me, Emma, haha.”

At that moment, my already numb heart felt a sharp pain.

It was so vivid and raw.

I was reminded that I had a golden sunflower tattoo on my chest.

Ethan once said, “Get a sunflower tattoo; I love sunflowers...”

Whenever he felt lost in passion, he would gently caress the sunflower, treating it with utmost care.

I mistakenly thought that in those moments, he genuinely cherished me.

But it turned out he was merely reminiscing about someone who loved sunflowers.

Ethan's tattoo was in a private area, on the left side of his groin.

Only the closest people could see it during intimate moments.

Clearly, they had spent the night together again.