

Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 6

Sophie sent me another message after some time.

[Emma, don't misunderstand. I just went through a breakup and I'm feeling down. I want to get a tattoo to change my mood. Ethan just fought with my ex-boyfriend for me last night, and I didn't want to bother him again, so I'm asking you instead.]

I got it done at my friend's shop. The tattoo artist is a really beautiful girl. If you need it, I can send you the address.]

[But she has a phobia of clusters, so she can't handle people who are too calculating. She tends to have allergic reactions.]

Sophie didn't reply after that.

By the time I arrived at the venue, more guests had started to arrive.

I quickly put on my badge and immersed myself in work, not giving much thought to Ethan's tattoo. After some time, while I was introducing our company's products to potential clients, Ethan showed up.

He was out of breath, his chest heaving as he stared directly at me.

Sophie must have complained to Ethan again, crying about how I had scolded her.

This tactic always worked on him.

It perfectly illustrated the saying that when an ex cries, the current partner always loses.

Ignoring that I was in the middle of work, Ethan rushed over, snatched the brochure from my hand, and pulled me into a secluded corner of the exhibition.

I thought he was going to explode with anger, berating me for being cruel and petty.

But then, his fierce gaze softened, revealing a hint of guilt I had never seen before.

"Emma, I need to explain about the tattoo," he said.

After a brief moment of heartache, I had already come to terms with it, so I just looked at him calmly. "Last night, after we were released from the station, we went back to Sophie's place to grab some things. I didn't tell you the truth because I was afraid you would misunderstand."

"So, you spent the night at Sophie's?"

“We’re innocent; nothing happened. I just asked her to help me find a towel, and she happened to see the tattoo.”

Sophie could snap a photo with just a glance; her eyes must be like a camera.

It felt pointless to expose the truth; having been through so much, I preferred to watch others act out their dramas. In the exciting moments, I almost wanted to applaud him.

I nodded nonchalantly.

“Oh, got it.”

“You’re not mad at me?”

I smiled.

“Why would I be mad? It’s not me who was seen by her; as long as you think it’s fine, that’s all that matters. After all, you two are just ordinary friends, completely innocent.”

“You always said I was too possessive and didn’t give you freedom. I reflected on that, and I think you were right. So from now on, if you want to have dinner with someone, get into a fight, or sleep over at someone’s place, I won’t interfere. You’re free now, Ethan.”

Ethan was stunned, his expression changing instantly.

“Emma, what do you mean? I’ve explained everything to you. Is it fun for you to be sarcastic?”

He expected me to play along, to act as if nothing had happened, to continue treating him like royalty. Otherwise, I would come off as unreasonable and lacking perspective.

But I wouldn’t indulge him anymore.

“Is there anything else? If not, I need to get back to work.”

As I turned to leave, Ethan grabbed my arm, his tone urgent.

“I’ve told you so many times, I have no feelings for Sophie anymore. I see her as a friend. If she’s in trouble and I can help, I will because it’s not easy for her to be alone.”

“Can you please stop being angry? Show her a little kindness. I’m almost at my limit with you...”

I didn’t want to hear his accusations anymore and forcefully shook off his hand.

"I'm not angry, and I believe you're just friends. Didn't I give you the freedom you wanted? Why are you so frantic to prove something?"

"I have to work now. You should calm down."

I dragged my weary body back to the exhibition, and my colleague, Ms. Ward, patted my shoulder with concern.

"If you're tired, go rest. We can handle things here."

I forced a smile, trying to appear strong.

"I'm fine; it's just a small issue I can handle."

Ms. Ward, organizing the brochures on the desk, defended me.

"Emma, when you talked about your boyfriend before, your eyes sparkled, and you were full of

energy, like you were glowing. I was genuinely happy for you. How long has it been since you smiled?" "In a relationship, you must know your place. Simply accommodating and tolerating someone will only spoil them."

Yes, I used to be cheerful and lively, able to sleep soundly even when the sky was falling.

Ever since Ethan reconnected with Sophie after their breakup, I had become cautious, suspicious, and anxious about losing him.

I couldn't even complete my work as efficiently as before, leading to someone else snatching the coveted position of operations director from me.

I had transformed from a sunny little girl into a whiny woman everyone found annoying.

In an instant, I realized something.

I needed to return to being the happy, confident, and fighting spirit I once was.