

Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 7

After finishing the exhibition, I didn't go home but returned to the office to sort through my chaotic work logs.

I wanted to regain my confidence through work and make up for the emotional void I felt.

The satisfying flow of work grounded me.

It was not until eight in the evening that I picked up my phone, and the screen was filled with missed calls from Ethan.

Just as I unlocked it, his call came through again. After hesitating, I answered.

"Emma, I'm hungry. Come back and make dinner for me," he said.

"I still have work to finish. You can order takeout," I replied.

"You always say takeout is bad for your health. I want to drink your duck soup."

"It's already eight. If I rush back to make the soup, it'll take at least three hours. Ethan, I'm exhausted." Ethan raised his voice unconsciously.

"Aren't you always restless at night? You used to get up at two in the morning just to make it for me whenever I wanted. What's going on with you? What do you want?"

"Are you still mad at me for lying to you? I didn't tell you because I was afraid you'd be angry, and look where we are now!"

The last sentence he almost shouted.

After that, there was a long silence.

In the past, when arguments reached this point, I would have bowed my head and admitted my mistakes, even if I had urgent reports to handle. I would have quickly returned to make him a pot of fragrant duck soup.

Time ticked by, and I remained unmoved.

Ethan issued a final ultimatum.

“Are you coming back to make dinner or not?”

“I said I’m not angry. I still have work to…” Then the line went dead.

He was angry, and knowing his personality, this cold war would last at least ten days.

However, to my surprise, less than two hours later, Ethan sent me a photo.

On a beautifully arranged dining table sat a pot of perfectly brewed duck soup with tea tree mushrooms and cordyceps flowers.

There were no extra words, just a silent intimidation.

The edge of the photo revealed a delicate, snowy white hand holding a ladle to serve the soup.

I recognized those hands too well; they belonged to Sophie.

Ethan had brought Sophie to my home and used my things to cook him a pot of duck soup.

After they had gone to bed, Sophie sent me a picture of his private tattoo. Less than a day after he insisted they were innocent, he brought her to my home!

He was deliberately trying to provoke me, forcing me to apologize.

A wave of nausea surged through me.

I could no longer hold it in and rushed to the bathroom, gagging until my whole body trembled.