

Sorry My Love Affects Your Love For Others Chapter 9

Seeing me regain my previous momentum at work, my boss decided to give me another chance and entrusted me with the development and operation of today's new product from the exhibition. I felt incredibly grateful and excited.

If I broke up tonight, it would surely cause a scene that would disturb everyone's rest and indirectly affect my work progress.

It would be better to wait until the sales of this batch of products stabilized before addressing that matter.

As I opened the door, a cloud of smoke rushed into my nostrils from the living room.

Ethan was still awake, sitting on the sofa and smoking, with a full ashtray beside him.

He shot me a dissatisfied glance.

"Emma, you're becoming increasingly indifferent to me. Do you have someone else outside?"

I paused while changing into my slippers and turned my head.

"What's your basis for that accusation? Just because I didn't come back to make you duck soup?" Other than blaming me, he didn't mention anything about tonight's events.

"Emma, you've changed. You weren't like this before. You've become so cold that I can hardly recognize you."

I didn't have the energy to argue with him and tiredly replied.

"Of course, it's hard to notice a grown man right under your nose. By the way, trash has its own classification; next time, remember to sort it out so you don't make extra work for the cleaners." His face turned pale at my words.

"You... you were downstairs? What did you hear?"

Walking to the dining table, I saw my carefully chosen white lace tablecloth stained with a large patch of soup. Without hesitation, I tore it off and calmly tossed it into the trash.

"I heard everything I was supposed to and not supposed to hear."

"I don't know anything, yet I'm good at being jealous. I have no taste, I'm cheap, and I don't need coaxing. The only thing I'm good at is cooking and taking care of people," I said, as I packed up the clay pot Sophie used to make soup, the bowls, and the used

chopsticks, throwing them all into the trash. I silently cleaned up the mess they left behind.

Ethan, however, couldn't sit still. The ash from his cigarette piled up long and high on his fingertips. The panic on his face was hard to conceal, as if he had just been poisoned and was about to succumb. "Emma, I was just talking nonsense. You're not really angry with me, right?"

Another silence fell between us, the only sound being the water running over my fingers.

After drying my hands, I went to the bathroom to wash up. By the time I returned with a clean blanket to the guest room, we hadn't exchanged another word.

Ethan still sat on the sofa, staring blankly, lost in his thoughts.

But that didn't concern me.

After a brief moment of heartache, I felt numb.

I had already divided my heart into pieces for Ethan, like paying reparations.

Now, I was just slowly reclaiming those pieces, and it didn't hurt as much anymore.

Tonight, I planned to take two sleeping pills to see how it went.

Lying in bed, my mind was filled with work-related thoughts, and before I knew it, sleepiness washed over me.

I ended up sleeping soundly until ten o'clock the next morning.