

## Chapter 10 - Calling Shaun



At that moment the master of ceremonies announced to the guest to dance while the orchestra was playing music.

"Would you do me the honor of a dance tonight?" Denver smiled charmingly and lifted his hand.

Moriah took his hand, and Denver brought her to the dance floor.

Ethan quietly seethed in anger when he saw Moriah's gown was backless. He specifically told the stylist what he wants for Moriah's gown, how dare they disobey his order.

"I love to dance Ethan, can we dance?" Hazel fondly stroked Ethan's arm.

Ethan steered her towards the dance floor near Moriah.

As Moriah was swirled by Denver, she caught sight of Ethan dancing with Hazel.

A strange emotion pricked her heart. She frowned as she couldn't tell what she felt seeing her husband dance with another woman.

Their bodies were too close to each other like they were stuck together.

She looked away and focused on Denver. She could feel the warmth of his hand at her back when he brought her closer to him with his hand over her back.

"You look so beautiful," Denver said as she looked intently at her, his eyes full of adoration.

"Thank you, you're not so bad yourself," Moriah blushed, lots of people told her that she's beautiful, however she can't get used to it.

She was bashful whenever she heard people compliment her beauty.

"You look more beautiful when you're shy," Denver said, chuckling.

Ethan heard what Denver told as they were close to Moriah and Denver.

Ethan pulled Hazel a little closer, leaning Hazel's head over his chest. Moriah saw it, but disregarded it. Ethan was livid looking at his unfazed wife.

Denver held Moriah's hand as they moved away from the dance floor when the song ended.

Several men requested a dance from Moriah, but politely refused each one.

Looking for her best friend, Moriah, scanned the crowd but she was nowhere to be found.

Moriah walked towards the bar to get a drink when Denver excused himself to speak to someone. Moriah halted when she heard Hazel call her.

"Hi doctor," she greeted and smiled, but her smile didn't reach her eyes. Moriah knew that her smile was fake.

"Hi," she gave her a faint smile.

"I'm surprised that you also have a colorful life apart from the four walls of the boring hospital you work at. I'm impressed that you can carry a gown well apart from the scrub suit you wear everyday," Hazel complimented her but her tone dripped with sarcasm.

"Thank you and please excuse me, I have to get a drink," Moriah said and went to the bar, not wanting to waste her time with a person like her.

Hazel followed Moriah. "Speaking of which, doctor, are you stalking my boyfriend?" Stop stalking him, you're just wasting your time. You're not his type," Hazel said with startling frankness.

"Haha," Moriah chuckled softly. "Mr Miller was not even my type," Moriah left at once after finishing her sentence, giving Hazel no room to speak.

Little did Moriah know that Ethan overheard what she said, which caused the latter to clench his jaw.

Moriah felt the hatred hidden within every word Hazel uttered.

As always, she never caved in and fought back. Especially where men are involved.

All the more, she won't fight for Ethan. It's not worth the trouble.

Taking the wine glass from the bar counter, Moriah stayed in a corner and phoned Cindy.

"Hello, where are you? " Moriah asked.

"I'm in my apartment, I've got a fever and a cold," Cindy sneezed.

"I'll go there," Moriah was concerned about her friend's well being.

When they were still in that apartment, Cindy would take care of her every time she got sick.

This is her time to look after her.

"No, you can't, I won't let you get sick," she said, coughing.

"Do you need me to get you something to eat or something you need?" Moriah anxiously asked.

"No need, I'll call you if I need something," Cindy said in bouts of coughing.

'Alright, get well soon. Goodnight,"

"Goodnight," She turned around and took another glass of champagne. Denver returned after Moriah drank the glass of champagne.

"I'm sorry, I was caught up in a conversation," he apologized for making her wait.

"Oh, nothing to apologize," she totally understood him, she wasn't his date in the first place, so there's no need to make a fuss.

Chuckling as they were having a chat, enjoying Denver's company, Moriah utterly forgot Ethan's presence. She giggled as Denver cracked a few jokes.

"Dr. Chen," Moriah looked around and saw Dr. Houston was closing in on them with Ethan and Hazel.

"Dr. Houston, is there anything I can help you with sir? " Moriah politely asked the hospital director.

"Mr Miller, this is our most brilliant trauma and orthopedic surgeon, Dr Chen. She is one of the youngest surgeons in the United Kingdom,' Dr Houston proudly presented Moriah to Ethan.

"I've told Mr Miller that our hospital is fortunate to have such a brilliant doctor like you. Dr Chen, Mr Miller is one of the shareholders of the hospital," Dr. Houston said smiling.

"Nice to meet you, Dr Chen," Ethan offered his hand for a handshake like they never knew each other.

Moriah took his hand for a handshake, albeit reluctantly.

"Nice meeting you too, sir," she gave him a fake smile.

After a small talk, Dr Houston left them when someone whispered something to him, "Please excuse me, I'll be back in a while."

There was an awkward silence after Dr Houston left, which made Moriah like running away from them, however, she held back so as not to give Hazel and Denver a clue about her relationship with Ethan.

"Moriah, would you like another drink?" Denver asked to break the awkwardness.

"Yes, thank you," she smiled at Denver.

"Dr Chen, how old are you? " Hazel was curious when Dr Houston mentioned that she's one of the youngest surgeons in the UK.

"25 years old," she answered.

"How could you be a surgeon at such a young age?" She couldn't believe that at 25 Moriah was already a surgeon.

"I had academic acceleration and made me finish medicine 6 years earlier. But that came with a high price, I was called a nerd and was ostracized," Moriah looked at Ethan, for she remembered Ethan called her a nerd and no one except Shaun had accepted her.

As for Cindy, she met her when the two of them were in medical school.

"So you never had a boyfriend," said Hazel, her eyes dancing with derision.

Her face turned hot and her eyes were teary as she remembered Shaun. Her chest tightened and felt suffocated.

"I had a boyfriend," she replied, smothering her tears. "Excuse me," she turned around and walked away from them.

Ethan clenched his hand as he watched her walk away and approached Denver. He saw the pain in her eyes while she was being interrogated about her boyfriend. Shaun still has her heart after all that he did to her.

The night was still young, even if she wished to return home, Moriah could not. Her low alcohol tolerance told her to slow down with her drinks. She only took a sip of the second glass of champagne Denver gave her, every now and then as they chatted.

Feeling tipsy after she finished her drink. "Excuse me, I need to go to the powder room," she whispered to Denver and he nodded.

After she finished her business in the powder room she exited the hall right away.

Denver will surely offer her a drink if she comes back and she knew she couldn't refuse.

The best way for her is to leave without him knowing it. She doesn't want to be exposed to an incriminating situation.

"Get the car ready, we're leaving," Moriah told the chauffeur and entered the elevator after the call.

Emerging from the elevator, Moriah saw the chauffeur standing beside the car. He opened the door when she was near.

She gasped in surprise at the sight of Ethan seated in the car. She sat far from Ethan.

Feeling her surroundings spun, she leaned her head on the window and slept.

Ethan couldn't stand seeing her sleep in an uncomfortable position so he took her in his arms and cuddled her.

Ethan's blue eyes darkened when Moriah snaked her arms around his waist.

He didn't wake her up when they arrived at the mansion and carried her bridal style.

After he changed her into her pajamas, he heard her mumbling.

"Shaun," she called in a whisper.

Hearing her whisper her ex- fiancé's name, his body became stiff as a board and his expression was colder and harsher than Antarctica.

## Comments (1)