

Chapter 11 - Love Feud

He left the mansion, leaving a trail of scared bodyguards in his wake.

"Hey," Zachary patted his shoulder as soon as he entered the private room of the bar.

Zachary shook his head while he lifted his hands when Ethan gave him a cold look.

"Dude, don't joke around with a wounded lion," snickered Jerome and raised his glass to drink.

"She did it again," Jerome grinned.

Ethan never said anything but Jerome was certain of the source of their friend's sour mood.

They have been friends since young. Ethan wasn't someone who talked or showed his feelings.

Yet he had been observing him and he knew that only Moriah could have that effect on him.

"Why did you marry her in the first place, since you hated each other's guts?" Zachary was shocked when Ethan decided to marry her when they learned that Shaun left.

Despite their protest against the idea, Ethan was adamant to marry her. He couldn't think of a plausible explanation for Ethan's decision.

He knew he wasn't a person who decides on a whim.

What was he thinking when he married Moriah? He hated her, why did he save her from her predicament?

"You know, you can divorce her if you're not happy with her," Zachary said as he grabbed the glass and poured wine into it.

"Her dad made me promise that I won't divorce her no matter what," Ethan answered coldly.

He leaned his back on the couch, stretching, he crossed his legs.

Jerome smirked while listening to them and gulped the remaining wine in his glass.

"What would you do if Shaun showed up and wanted to claim her back?" Zachary asked the unexpected question which made Ethan's body hard as solid rock.

His jaws tightened as he clenched his teeth.

Shaun went to America that same day he left Moriah at the altar.

He secretly set up his own company in America while working at his father's company as vice president.

He wanted to be out of his old man's shadow.

Shaun hated his father for divorcing his mother when he was in high school. His father had a young lover and was pregnant.

After the divorce, he lost his mother to suicide, which devastated him.

Jerome watched Ethan's reaction towards the question thrown at him.

"Yeah, what would you do?" Jerome asked him and continued to goad him. "You know that they have loved each other for over a decade, one day Shaun will come to his senses and take her back."

"Will you let her go?"

"Let's not talk about that, I called you here to drink," Ethan said dismissively as though he wasn't unnerved by their questions.

Staggering, he reached their room and turned the knob to open the door after a moment of hesitation. He got closer to the bed and sat next to his sleeping wife.

He watched her peaceful countenance and caressed her face.

He froze when Moriah held his arm and said, smiling with her eyes still closed, "Shaun, you came back."

Ethan pulled his arm and saw her pout as he pulled his arm. In an instant, he sobered up and walked out of the room and went straight to the study.

His heart burned with anger, having the need to vent his anger, he punched the wall.

Given that his mother will hear the noise if he tosses things to vent his anger. He expressed his anger in silence as he struck the wall a number of times.

In the morning, Moriah was taken aback that she was in bed and wearing a nightie.

Other than recalling that Ethan was in the car when she got in the car and fell asleep, she has no memory of what happened after that.

She scolded herself for drinking knowing that she can't hold her alcohol.

She felt uneasy at the thought that he took advantage of her. She

examined herself if something happened to them last night.

She looked at her body, there were no new marks. Just the marks he left a day ago. And there were no weird feelings down there. She felt the tightening of her chest loosened learning that he didn't take advantage of her drunkenness.

She quickly got dressed after taking a shower and finishing her daytime skin care routine. 1

Then she went down to join her mother in law for breakfast. She was hoping that Ethan left so she wouldn't be seeing him.

But her hope was dashed to the ground upon seeing her husband's back.

"Good morning, mom," Moriah greeted Fiona and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"Good morning, dear. Did you enjoy the party last night?" Fiona asked as she placed the food on Moriah's plate.

Moriah was touched by her mother in law's action. If only her husband would be sweet like his mom, she would fall for him.

Moriah blinked several times and brushed away the thought. She can never love him, he is an arrogant man and a playboy.

"Thank you, mom. Yes, I did," she said and bowed over to begin digging into her food.

"Sir, Cameron is here," George informed Ethan.

"Have him come here," Ethan said.

Bowing, George left.

"Sir, this is the contract you need to sign," Cameron placed the contract on top of the table and gave a pen to Ethan.

Though autumn had begun and the air was rather chilly in the morning, Cameron had beads of sweat covering his forehead.

Ethan struggled to hold the pen and dropped it a few times, which attracted the attention of Moriah and Fiona.

"What happened to your hand?!" Fiona exclaimed, seeing the purple and green bruises on his knuckles.

Moriah frowned, this isn't an injury from fighting with a man because his face got no bruises.

There were some cuts on his knuckles and she was certain that he hit the wall. Oh, he and Hazel had a lover's quarrel.

"It's nothing," he grimaced as he took a grip on the pen and signed the contract.

Moriah felt a tug at her heartstrings looking at his pained expression.

Cameron picked up the papers on the table and immediately walked away, unwilling to spend a second with his intimidating boss.

"Let me check your hand," Moriah held his hand and examined it. She lifted her head and looked at him, "I'll take you to the hospital for x rays," she rose from her seat.

"No need," he shook his head negatively.

"Your injury might be serious, I need to see the x-ray result," Moriah's voice was laced with worry.

"Are you worried about me?" Ethan asked with a frown, Moriah bit her lower lip.

She isn't heartless, she treated her patients. He is her husband and why won't she treat him when he needs her.

Fiona chuckled and said, "Son, you're asking a funny question. Of course she does. She's your wife to begin with."

Ethan was kind of mad at his mother. He wanted to know how Moriah would respond.

Ethan overheard Moriah instruct George to tell the chauffeur to get the car ready when she went out of the dining room.

When Moriah came back, she grabbed his wrist and said, "Let's go." 1

Ethan followed her as she tugged his arm, walking towards the door. He felt like a child the way she pulled him.

Ethan studied her all through the twenty minutes ride to the hospital. She still has that serene aura in her.

Nurses and doctors gaze at them with a confused and weird look as Moriah pulls him toward the x-ray room.

They've never seen Moriah hold a male hand. They've never caught wind of her dating. Now they saw her pulling a man and that man was Ethan Miller.

After looking at the x-ray results, she took Ethan to her office. She tended to his injury and wrapped his hand with a bandage.

"Good thing, there were no fractures or no dislocated fingers according to the x-ray result," she explained and sighed in relief, she

Chapter 11 - Love Feud

continued while wrapping his hand. "The next time you and Hazel have a love feud don't hit the wall," she said, tying the ends of the bandage.

The warmth Ethan felt when he saw her worried about him dissipated in an instant.

"If you do that next time, you might break your bone or your fingers dislocate. And you might have permanent swelling or disfigurement of the injured joint. There is an increased risk of developing arthritis in the joint later," she said and looked into his blue eyes. 1

Receiving no response from him, she continued to talk as though she was talking to a patient rather than her enemy.

"Take a pain reliever if you can't tolerate the pain," she always tells her patients not to take a pain reliever with just a mild pain and they only take pain relievers when they can't stand the pain.



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