

Substitute Groom: Married To An Enemy Chapter 4

Chapter 4 – Be At Each Other’s Throats

Annoyance rose in her heart as he looked at her accusingly. Moriah felt her blood rushing up to her head, it should be her giving him that look because a woman was clinging to his arm like they were lovers. However, she maintained her composure.

Moriah briefly assessed the woman beside her husband and she seemed like a model, the likes of the women Ethan had always seen with. She wasn’t surprised in the least, models and celebrities are his types.

It puzzled Moriah why did Ethan marry her, a woman who wear a scrub suit almost every day, wherein she was the exact opposite of his type. Moriah deduced that Ethan must have an ulterior motive in marrying her. And that left her heart to become cold.

Moriah’s gaze swept from the woman to Ethan. She gave him an indifferent look that utterly irritated Ethan and looked back at Fang Wei.

Ethan was unsettled that Moriah’s cold and indifferent gaze instantly changed into a warm and tender look when she moved her attention back to Fang Wei.

Ethan and his lady companion sat on a table next to Moriah’s table.

“Fang Wei, can I hold the baby?” Moriah asked, her charming smile revealed the small dimple near her lips.

Ethan was rather agitated seeing her smile like that to the man.

Fang Wei took his baby and gave it to her, Moriah giggled when the baby smiled at her.

“Oh, you’re so beautiful,” Moriah cooed.

“Just like you,” Fang Wei said, and reached out to push a tendril of Moriah’s hair behind her ear.

The sight was an eyesore to Ethan. His wife allowed a man to flirt with her. His agitation was intensified by the next words of the man.

“If we weren’t separated, we would have been together,” Fang Wei winked at her.

Moriah chuckled. “You are joking again, order our food now,” she looked at the baby and touched the baby’s nose.

“What are you going to have for dinner?” asked Fang Wei.

“Don’t ask me, you already know what I like,” she said while she was making faces to make the baby smile.

Ethan’s sharp eyes never turned away from Moriah and Fang Wei, who were like husband and wife with their baby.

“Do you know the couple?” Hazel asked Ethan, she had observed that the time they sat, Ethan’s eyes were on them.

“No,” his answer was curt, which made Hazel shut her mouth.

“Alright, what do you like for lunch?” Hazel asked coquettishly after some time.

“You choose anything,” he answered her, but his eyes were still fixated on Moriah and Fang Wei.

Watching Moriah with another man made Ethan lose his appetite and he hardly touched his dinner.

Ethan was completely unaware of Hazel's presence while his eyes were drawn to Moriah. Hazel was livid and unknowingly grip the knife and fork like a vice grip. She looked at Moriah like she was stabbing her with the knife and fork.

After they ate their lunch, Fang Wei settled their bill and departed with Moriah. Moriah helped Fang Wei settle the baby in the car. After which, he hugged Moriah while Moriah patted his back.

"Bye, call me if you need me," Moriah said. They didn't bring up his divorce, but she knew he needed the comfort of a friend.

On her way to her car, she saw Ethan walking with Hazel latching her body onto his arm as if someone was going to snatch him away from her.

Smirking was all she could do in her situation now. When she was opening her car, she overheard Hazel.

"Ethan, are you coming back with me to the hotel?" Moriah wanted to gag as she heard her saccharin voice.

He looked at Moriah, but she spared him not a glance and replied, "Yes."

Moriah completely ignored him, then sat in the driver's seat and drove away.

The temperature inside Ethan's car dropped as he was emanating a cold aura.

His assistant sensed that Ethan was in a bad mood because his wife didn't even bother to look at his way. He dared not meet Ethan's eyes because

he was afraid of becoming the buffer. He silently sat in the passenger seat and prayed he wouldn't notice him.

Even the chauffeur didn't dare to look at the rear view mirror afraid that he would meet Ethan's bone chilling gaze.

Moriah reached the mansion and went to the master bedroom at once. She soaked in a warm bath to relax her aching muscles. She did two surgeries during her shift plus the check ups.

A full half hour of soaking helped her body relax. Finishing her skin care routine she donned a silk spaghetti strap chemise showing ample of her bosom. The length of the chemise was just below her buttocks.

A gasp broke out of her mouth when she saw Ethan's intense look. She turned and entered the walk in closet and put on a silk robe before re emerging from the closet.

"I've seen everything in your body, no need to cover," Ethan said mockingly.

He loosened his necktie and went to the bathroom. After a while he went out with just a towel wrapped around his waist, sporting his chiseled torso. He approached Moriah, who was consumed by reading a book.

Moriah smelled his scent, but didn't lift her head to look at him. It wasn't until Ethan took the book from her that she looked up to him.

A raging tempest started to build up in his chest when Moriah glared at him. Not even a faint hint of desire was seen in her eyes. She didn't even notice his body that women drool upon seeing it. Was he that unattractive to her? His ego was badly hurt.

"What are you doing? Give me my book!" Said Moriah angrily. Like a tigress she looked at him ready to tear him apart.

“Is that how you welcome your husband?” Ethan sneered as his eyes narrowed.

She chuckled inwardly, how dare he say that. He left her without a word and didn’t show his face for nearly four months. He never called and asked how she was faring. She pretty much forgot she had a husband.

“Who was the man in the cafe?” He couldn’t hide the swirling fury from his tone.

“A childhood friend,” she responded without turning her eyes away.

“A childhood friend or sweetheart?” A mockery in his tone could be heard.

Moriah’s forest green eyes narrowed, she looked away and said, “You’re suspecting of being cuckolded?” She couldn’t help but chuckle and added, “A woman was clinging to you and both of you spent time in a hotel. Who are you to ask me?”

“Are you jealous?” Ethan chuckled

“Me?” Moriah pointed at herself. “I’m jealous?” she laughed and then seriously looked at Ethan. “I don’t care how many women you bed. Just be discreet when you go out with your mistresses. I’m begging you, don’t let my dad learn about your affair with other women. I don’t want him to feel guilty for marrying me to you.” Moriah huffed and got up from the bed, but Ethan held her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

Moriah smacked his arms. “You, what are you doing? Get your hands off me.”

“You’re my wife, you have an obligation to me,” he whispered into her ear.

Her body stiffened upon hearing Ethan, her palm began to sweat and got weak kneed. She looked him in the eyes. “Aren’t you satisfied with your mistress? If she can’t satisfy you, call your other woman. I’m sure you don’t have a shortage of women.”

Ethan’s face darkened and responded between his gritted teeth. “You’re my wife and this is my marital right.”

“If you want me to give you your marital rights, prepare to have a monogamous relationship and that you have not contracted any sexually transmitted disease. I don’t want to die early,” Moriah was able to break free from his grip as Ethan was taken aback and she dashed to the bathroom.

Ethan went after her and banged the door, “Moriah, open the door!”

Like a racing horse her heart thumped wildly inside her ribcage. At the thought of Ethan and another woman doing the deed, she gagged. She can’t possibly yield her body to a man who has touched other women. Retching, she ran towards the sink and threw up.

Ethan heard her retching. He took the spare key and opened the door.

“What’s wrong, are you sick?” Ethan worriedly asked her and stroked her back.

“No, I’m not,” she pushed his arm away from her.

“Then, why are you vomiting? Are you pregnant?” He asked again.

Moriah shook her head negatively and she puked. After vomiting, she brushed her teeth.

“Tell me, are you ill?” Ethan felt uneasy seeing his wife vomiting.

“Do you really want to know why I threw up?” Moriah asked while she was wiping her face.

“Yes,” he answered.

“Just the thought of you touching other women and then touching me makes me puke.” Moriah said and turned away, leaving a dumbfounded Ethan.

Ethan walked into the closet and got dressed. The doors slammed with a bang as Ethan closed the doors behind him when he got out of the mansion.

Moriah couldn't be bothered by him leaving the house, rather she's glad that he left so could live her life peacefully. She wished he wouldn't come back.