

Substitute Groom: Married To An Enemy Chapter 5

Chapter 5 – She’s Denver’s Favorite Person

Moriah was surprised to see Ethan was having breakfast in the dining room when she came down after getting ready for her duty in the hospital.

‘Didn’t he leave the house last night? When did he come back?’ She asked herself while she sat.

They had their breakfast in complete silence, ignoring each other’s presence. Moriah’s phone rang when she was just leaving the dining room. She pulled her phone and responded to the call immediately.

“Denver, is anything wrong?” she said.

“We need you here right now, there was a road accident and many victims needed an urgent surgery and we lack doctors,” Denver was panting when he spoke from the other end of the line.

“Alright, I’ll be there in thirty minutes,” she put her phone in her bag and walked out of the mansion in such a haste that she didn’t notice the servant greeting her.

Opening her car door, she felt a hand hold her wrist. She turned with a tinge of annoyance in her face.

“What do you want? I’m in a hurry and need to perform a surgery,” she said to Ethan with a frown and extricated her arm from his hold.

“I’ll give you a ride to the hospital,” he said, dragging her to his car.

“No, thank you, I can get there,” she refused and withdrew her hand. She just can’t stomach him touching her.

“With your car, you can’t reach the hospital in twenty minutes. If you want to help the victims, then let me drive you to the hospital,” he pulled her again toward his car, Moriah let him be as she didn’t want to have a tug of war and that she was in a hurry.

They boarded Ethan’s sports car and effortlessly Ethan drove his car.

“From this point on, you’re not going to drive your car. You’ll use one of my cars and a chauffeur will drive for you wherever you go,” Ethan bossily said while his eyes were focused on the road.

“No need,” Moriah refused him mercilessly. Though her car wasn’t that expensive, it was still quite okay and functions well.

Ethan held the steering wheel tightly so that his knuckles turned white, he spoke coldly, “Your work requires you to arrive as quickly as possible whenever there’s an emergency and you need a fast and efficient car. And a chauffeur will be helpful for you too. That’s final,” he said high handedly, and she sneered in his autocratic statement.

“Alright,” she agreed just to stop the argument. She knew better than to let this argument unsettle her. She needs a clear mind to be able to perform a surgery.

“Call me when you’re going home and I’ll pick you up,” Ethan said when they were at the hospital entrance.

“I don’t have your phone number,” she answered and got out of the car.

Ethan watched her dart to the hospital. His wife didn’t even bother to get his phone number. It seems that his wife’s hatred towards him was deep in the bones. His face darkened at the thought of her deep hatred for him.

“You’re fast,” Denver said when she saw Moriah, it only took her nearly twenty minutes to reach the hospital.

She grunted her reply and went to wash her hands. “What’s the patient’s condition?”

“Fractured arm and legs and a dislocated bone,” Denver said.

They both went into the operating theater and started to do the surgery after looking at the x-ray result. After an hour and half the surgery was finished and Moriah went to her office. Patients already lined up for their check up.

“Dr. Chen, what time am I going to call the patient in?” She knew that Moriah had been to the operating theater and done a surgery and that she needed some rest.

“We can start now,” they were already sick and she didn’t have the heart to make them wait.

She grew up seeing her parents’ kind heartedness and admired them for it. Hence, she also developed a kind heart.

It was almost 2pm when her last patient left her office. Her door flung open, Cindy came in with a grin.

“Let’s have lunch together,” her ears were itching to hear about Moriah’s marriage with her sworn enemy. Moriah sent her a message that Ethan had arrived.

“Alright,” she took her bag.

“Let’s go,” Cindy said excitedly.

“Dr. Westland, you have a patient,” a nurse announced while they were walking in the lobby, halting their steps.

Moriah couldn't help but chuckle seeing the annoyed look on her friend's face.

“I'll check on my patient quickly. Surely, the other general practitioners are out. Come with me to my office,” she pulled Moriah's hand and they went to her office.

“I'm excited to hear from you about your jerk of a husband,” she told Moriah while they entered her office.

Moriah chuckled and said, “You're really my best friend, hating my husband's gut as well.”

Moriah almost jumped when the man turned his face toward her, but recomposed herself at once. She looked at him coldly and Hazel, then sat on the couch. She picked up a magazine and read it.

Cindy sneered and chuckled with mockery in her eyes. She looked at Ethan and Hazel and said, “What happened?”

“Doctor, I feel nauseous and dizzy,” Hazel answered.

Moriah's hand froze and wasn't able to turn the page for a while. What she heard made her inexplicably unsettled.

“When was your last period? And did you have sex after your period,” Cindy spoke coldly, she was hurt for her best friend. She wanted to strangle Ethan and Hazel right there and then.

“5 weeks ago,” Hazel answered, her face suffused with color.

“Did you have sex after that?” The irritation in Cindy’s voice was beginning to manifest. And her eyes crossed Ethan, she sneered seeing him looking innocent. There’s no trace of guilt on his face.

Moriah didn’t dare to look at them, she pretended to be busy reading the magazine. But she couldn’t understand a single thing about what she was reading as her ears were attuned to their conversation.

“Yes,” Hazel answered softly and bowed her head.

“Why are you ashamed? Sexual contact with your husband is a normal thing. Unless he isn’t your husband,” Cindy couldn’t hide the mockery in her tone no matter how hard she concealed it.

She took Hazel inside to check on her. Moriah and Ethan were left in the office. The place was shrouded with a thick silence as no one took the initiative to speak. After a while Hazel and Cindy emerge from the room.

“A nurse will collect your blood and urine sample, you can come back tomorrow for the result,” Cindy spoke blandly, devoid of warmth which was opposite to the warm doctor she was. Just like Moriah, Cindy has always been kind to her patients. However, she felt sorry for her best friend being betrayed by her husband. All she could feel was anger.

“Can we wait for it?” It was Ethan who spoke.

Moriah felt uncomfortable to hear Ethan’s voice. There were myriads of emotion swimming in her chest. She can’t determine or give a name to the emotions that filled her heart.

“I’m sorry, Mr...?” Cindy pretended not to know Ethan.

“Ethan Miller,” Ethan got along, pretending that they were not acquainted.

“Mr. Miller, I was supposed to have lunch with my friend Dr. Chen when I was called to check on your wife?” Cindy raised one of her eyebrows and continued, “You can come back tomorrow,” she said dismissively, she doesn’t care if he is the high and mighty Ethan Miller.

Ethan was about to reply, but someone came in. Moriah looked at the man who came and smiled at him.

“Hey, what are you doing here?” Moriah asked while she put down the magazine back on the magazine rack beside the coffee table.

“I came to check on you in your office and your secretary told me you’re with Dr. Westland. And I found out that she has a patient so I ordered both of you your lunch. I ordered your favorite,” Denver placed the box in front of Moriah.

Ethan watched his wife smile brightly at Denver while saying thank you. He was mad. She didn’t even say thank you nor smiled at him when he drove her to the hospital.

“Hey, you’re always biased, you didn’t forget Moriah’s favorite and never remembered my favorite,” Cindy pouted her lips.

“Of course, Moriah is my favorite person in the world,” Denver said half jokingly, his eyes looking tenderly at Moriah.

Ethan emanated a cold aura that made Hazel shudder. She followed Ethan’s line of gaze and found out that he was staring at Denver and Moriah. She remembered seeing Moriah at the cafe yesterday.

“Isn’t she the woman we saw in the cafe yesterday? Are you sure you don’t know her?” She was doubting Ethan as he was looking at Moriah intently.

“Yes,” Ethan answered icily.

“She is really something, she’s got a drop dead gorgeous husband and a child and now a handsome doctor is flirting with her,” she remarked with a sneer.

Cindy heard her comment and replied, “My friend is a noble woman, she doesn’t flirt with men especially with a married man.”

“Mr. Miller, excuse me. We are going to have lunch. You can take your wife out first,” she checked her watch and continued, “You come back after two hours, we’ll have our lunch first.”

Ethan stood up, his gaze trained at Moriah for an unknown time before he spoke. “Let’s go.”

He left the room with Hazel hot on his heels.