



Chapter 7 - Is She Your Mistress?

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A knock on the door took Moriah back to the present time. She sighed before telling the person to come in.

Her heart almost jumped out of her chest, seeing Ethan come in.

"What are you doing here?" coldness seeped through her voice.

She stood up and looked at the files behind her desk so she could turn her back on him.

The sight of her husband disgusted her and she can't bear to look at him.

"Picking you up," Ethan said casually as if it was their usual routine.

Her hands froze momentarily and continued to search. "I have somewhere else to go, you can go back first," she said, still pretending to look for a file.

Moriah finds it revolting that after he went with his lover for a check up and the possibility that his lover was pregnant.

Disgust churned inside her and felt like throwing up any minute.

Does he think that she is a cheap woman and begging him to throw her a little time?

There might not be love in their marriage, but she wanted respect. She can't accept the fact that he was screwing other women and that he will go home and touch her.

That's gross and she couldn't tolerate it.

"Who's coming with you?" Ethan said irritably, thinking she'd be with Denver.

Irritation took over Moriah, she turned around, her nose flaring. "Mind your own business, Mr Miller."

She never asked him who he was spending his time with and now he was interrogating her.

She wondered where he got that audacity.

"You're my business, Mrs. Miller," Ethan said, he was emanating a cold and dangerous aura which made Moriah scared.

"Cindy is coming with me. Are you happy?" Moriah answered but could not refrain from rolling her eyes.

"The doctor who bought you lunch, he's got a thing for you. Are you aware of it?" Ethan frowned while speaking.

He spoke in a cold voice, lest he appear jealous.

"Yes, I know about it. What is it to you? By the way, you should leave now. Your lover might be waiting for you now," Moriah said dismissively and turned her back to him. 1

Ethan left with a dark face, emanating an aloof and powerful aura which made people steer away from his path.

An hour later, while Cindy was driving her car, feeling her friend's despair, she spoke to console her. "She's not pregnant, it's just a stomach bug."

"I don't care if she's pregnant," Moriah answered with a soft chuckle.

"Are you really not going to throw a tantrum seeing your husband go to the hospital with his lover? And he didn't even correct me when I deliberately said that Hazel is his wife," Cindy felt like he wanted to tear Ethan's face, recalling that he was not in the least looked guilty. He was so thick-skinned.

"I didn't expect anything good out of this marriage. When I marry my arch enemy, what do I expect?" She shrugged her shoulders to show that she did not care whether Ethan's lover was pregnant.

Once down the aisle that day, Moriah already knew there wouldn't be anything good in this marriage.

She convinced herself not to expect good things from Ethan so that she won't be hurt.

She had enough of a heartache when Shaun jilted her at the altar and she wouldn't let pain touch her heart again.

She was glad Ethan didn't show up for almost four months after they got married.

And that gave her time to mend her heart. Thinking about Shaun now doesn't hurt so bad.

She's somewhat glad that he left her that day instead of marrying her when he himself had a doubt in his heart.

It would be more painful for her, bound to her while he was unsure of his love for her.

"Hey, you've zoned out again," Cindy's voice was laced with concern, she's worried Moriah has zoned out several times today and it wasn't like her.



"Are you thinking about Ethan?" she said as her car pulled up in the parking area of the shop.

"I'm thinking about Shaun," Moriah said in a whisper, she was embarrassed to tell she was thinking about her ex- fiancé. 2

"Do you still love him?" Cindy raised an eyebrow, she found it silly to ask her that question.

How could her best friend easily let go of her feelings for a man she'd loved for over a decade.

"I do," Moriah bowed her head to hide her teary eyes.

Cindy couldn't find a word to console her friend, the only thing she could do now is to pat her shoulder gently and listen to her.

Moriah sighed and said with a faint smile, "Let's not talk about him. It's not healthy, I should get on with my life."

They got out of the car and talked about random things, chuckling as they made their way to the shop.

Moriah was teasing her about Dr. Johannes when her eyes landed on the man sitting on the couch. She was stunned.

However, she was able to recollect herself in just a scant second and continued walking.

Moriah's eyes were locked on Ethan's eyes and broke eye contact when Hazel called him.

"Ethan, what do you think about this gown?" Hazel was wearing a red gown that accentuated her beautiful body and that complemented her fair skin.

She looked ethereal in that evening gown.

Moriah looked at herself wearing a scrub suit. Compared to her husband's lover, she doesn't hold a candle, Moriah thought in self deprecation.

"What a coincidence Mr. Miller, seeing you with your wife buying her a dress? " Cindy sounded cheerful, but her eyes were dancing with mockery.

Hazel sulked while seeing Moriah, it troubled her whenever she saw Ethan's intense gaze on Moriah.

Seeing Ethan's face darken, Moriah tugged Cindy's arm and said in a soft voice, "Help me choose a gown."

"Yes, I will help you choose a gown that will drive Denver crazy," Cindy said loud enough for Ethan to hear and pulled Moriah towards the display. 1

Moriah shook her head at her friend's antics.

Cindy checked the display and chose a black evening gown for her.

"Here, try this one," Cindy pulled her to the fitting room.

Cindy sat next to Ethan and fished out her phone from the pocket of her scrub suit.

A few minutes later, Moriah came out of the fitting room.

She looked exquisite in the evening gown. The gown hugged her body, oozing sexiness. The neckline showed a bit of her fair and porcelain cleavage. And the slit up to her mid thigh sport her long, slender and flawless legs.

Cindy whistled, and approached then swirled her around. The backless gown revealed Moriah's fair, sexy back. 1

Ethan's sexy Adam's apple rolled up and down as he swallowed his spew. He never saw Moriah wear such a dress as she never graced one of Shaun's parties nor did she accompany him to a party.

She didn't like the crowd thus Shaun didn't ask her to be his date everytime he attended a party.

"Denver would be drooling when he sees you in this dress," Cindy chuckled, Ethan narrowed his eyes at Cindy.

"It's too revealing, choose another one," Moriah said, looking at herself in the mirror.

Ethan was relieved to hear that Moriah didn't like the gown. However, his relief was short-lived when Cindy spoke.

"I have picked the least revealing among the gowns, this isn't too much. And you look beautiful with this dress. You have hidden your beauty by wearing a scrub suit almost everyday. It's time for you to flaunt your beauty," Cindy twirled her again, she was doing it to annoy Ethan and open his eyes that Hazel doesn't hold a candle to his wife. 1

"Alright, let's buy this one and get out of here. I'm famished," Moriah said.

As she was about to enter the fitting room, Ethan held her arm.

"What are you doing?" she said in a whisper, but her annoyed tone was obvious.

"Are you going to wear this?" Ethan said in a frustrated tone.

"Yes, any problem?" Moriah answered, her expression was defiant.

"Showing your body to men? Are you a slut? " His voice dripped with disdain. 2

"What do you call your lover then? She almost wore nothing to hide her body," Moriah fired back, she yanked her arm away from his grip, but could not because he held her like a vice grip. 3

"Ethan, what's the matter?" Hazel asked, her eyes were on Ethan's hand holding Moriah's arm.

Ethan let go of Moriah and said, "Nothing, I just asked something."

In haste Moriah entered the fitting room, fleeing from the drama as she didn't want to be caught up in it. 1

"What did you ask her?" Hazel knew that Ethan was lying to her.

"Is Mrs Miller jealous that her husband is talking to Dr. Chen? " Cindy chuckled. 1

Ethan had enough. "She isn't my wife," the irritation on his face was as clear as day.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I assumed she was your wife. Who is she then? Is she your mistress? " Cindy dramatically covered her mouth with her hand after she finished her sentence and made her eyes open wide. 1