

## Chapter 8 - It Takes Two To Tango

Hazel's face was like a beetroot while Ethan gave off a distant and dangerous aura.

Considering Cindy to be Moriah's best friend, Ethan swallowed his anger. He couldn't do anything to Moriah's best friend.

"Let's go," Ethan turned and walked to the counter. Hazel proceeded in haste.

The moment the dress was paid for, they left the shop.

"Why did he marry you to begin with, if he wasn't serious with your marriage?" Cindy asked with a huff while they were dining after they were done shopping.

"He married me just to torture me. Remember that he loathes me as much as I do," Moriah said and sipped her fruit juice.

"Yeah, you're right," Cindy said while nodding her head in agreement.

"But I won't give him the satisfaction, that's why I don't get hurt when I see him with his lover," Moriah said while twirling the straw in her fruit juice.

"Are you sure you don't mind seeing him with his lover?" Cindy's eyebrows were wiggling, her tone was teasing.

"I don't love him, so I don't feel jealous or hurt," Moriah answered with a straight face.

"Have you considered forgiving him and giving your marriage a chance?"

Moriah was dumbfounded by Cindy's question.

She was unable to answer her as she never thought that she would ask her that question.

While she was returning home. Cindy's question echoed in her mind.

Will she be able to forgive him and give their marriage a chance?

If she gives their marriage a chance, will Ethan also give their marriage a chance?

For this marriage to work, she isn't the only one to give this marriage a chance, but Ethan should give it a chance too.

After all, it takes two to tango.

Reaching the mansion, she took a deep breath before going on. She was relieved to find the living room empty.

She was ascending the first step of the stairs when she was pulled back.

"What time is it?" asked Ethan, while he enveloped her in his arms.

She could smell the faint smell of alcohol in his breath.

"You're drunk, let me go," she squirmed her way out of his embrace.

He tightened his embrace, leaned forward, then captured her lips with his, and kissed her passionately.

Cindy's question about giving their marriage a chance floated in her head. She was about to kiss back when she remembered what happened at the hospital.

Hence, she pushed him so hard that he staggered. She ran up the stairs and entered their room, locking it behind her.

After she had her bath, she did her nightly skin care routine and donned her pajamas. Coming out of the walk-in closet, she stood rooted to her spot.

Ethan was lying on the bed, on his boxers only, sporting his perfect chiseled torso. He displayed his body that most women were dying for.

Is he attempting to seduce her?

She composed herself and went to her side of the bed. She slipped under the duvet and soon the fragrance of Ethan's shower gel combined with his clean and unique manly scent pervaded her nose.

To be able to sleep peacefully, she covered her face with the duvet.

She was on the verge of sleeping when Ethan slipped under the duvet too, and snaked his arm around Moriah's waist. Moriah's eyes opened wide.

In one swift motion Ethan pinned her on the bed. She used all her strength to get away from him, but her strength was no match for him.

He had his way with her until the wee hours and she was too tired.

Having no energy left to unleash her anger on him, she closed her eyes to oblivion.

Before sleep finally swept her to oblivion, she felt being wrapped in his warm arms and heard him say, "Sleep!"

She obediently snuggled on his chest and both of them were dead to the world in no time.

In the morning, Moriah checked the digital clock on the nightstand. She got out of bed when she saw it was 9:00 in the morning.

Anger rose in her heart when she remembered what Ethan did to her. She dragged her feet into the bathroom and took a shower.

The rumbling of her stomach caused her dress in a haste and not sparing a look in the mirror to check her appearance.

"You're awake," Ethan's voice waltzed into her ears as she walked into the dining room.

He was having his coffee while reading the financial news on his MacBook.

Moriah was still furious at him so she ignored him and sat opposite him.

It was just the clinking of the cutlery that could be heard in the dining room while they had breakfast in complete silence since no one had said a word.

Before they could finish their breakfast a shrill voice rang in their ears.

"Ethan, my son!" Ethan's mother exclaimed while she hugged Ethan from behind kissing his head.

"Mom, why are you here?" Ethan faced his mother.

"Aren't you happy to see me?" Fiona asked with a hurt laced tone.

"I'm happy," Ethan smiled.

Fiona caught sight of Moriah and her eyes scrutinized her. "Who is she?"

"She's my wife," Ethan answered his mom without a trace of uneasiness in his voice.

"You got married without letting us know?" Fiona couldn't conceal her frustration.

She had imagined her only child to have a grand wedding, but now he's married. And he married silently.

However, she was still happy that her son got married. She had tried her best to find a match for him, but he dismissed all of them.

Ethan moved to sit beside Moriah and snaked his arm around her.

"Mom, this is Moriah, my wife. Love, this is my mom," he pulled her closer to him.

Moriah wanted to protest and swat his hand, however, seeing the sparkle in Fiona's eyes indicating that she was pleased with their marriage, she didn't have the heart to pop her bubbles.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Miller," said Moriah shyly.

"Call me Fiona, you are my son's wife now," Fiona said, pouting her lips.

"Er... I can't call you on a first name basis..." Moriah trailed off when she saw Ethan's mother's baffled expression.

"Mom, my wife is half Asian. Her mom is English while her dad is Chinese.

Most Asians wouldn't call their father in laws and mother in laws by first name as that would be disrespectful to them," Ethan helped Moriah explain her culture as he knew she was nervous explaining it to his mom whom she just met for the first time.

"I see, I didn't know that she's half Asian because there's not a trace of Asian features in her face..." Fiona paused for a while and looked at her like she was studying her.

She concurred and said, "Oh, your skin, there are no freckles. I could say that that's the only thing you got from your father."

Moriah nodded shyly.

"Well, what would you call me then?" asked Fiona.

"Can I call you mom?" Moriah asked with little confidence in her voice.

Delight registered on Fiona's face. "I love that! Yes, you can call me Mum!"

"Thank you, mom," Moriah timidly answered.

"When are you going to bring your wife to meet your father?" Fiona asked, Ethan had not visited them for half a year now so she came to London to see what was happening to him.

"Mom, Moriah is a doctor and it isn't easy for her to get a long vacation. When she can have a long holiday, we'll pay you a visit," Ethan said, rose and pulled Moriah up.

His arm snaked her waist again, Moriah was tempted to nudge him with her elbow.

"Alright, I will be staying here for a week before going back to Manchester," Fiona said and left them, going to her room.

Ethan withdrew his arm from Moriah's waist and followed his mother.

It's Moriah's day off today, she planned to stay home to have some rest before reporting for work tomorrow.

Later, after washing the dishes, she went up. Walking towards their room, she overheard Ethan speak, for the door to the study was ajar.

"Mom, don't make my marriage public. Moriah doesn't like the idea of being known as my wife," Ethan said in an annoyed tone.

"She doesn't like it or you don't like it? She doesn't think a woman would be embarrassed to be her son's wife. It's probably Ethan that didn't like it.

"Alright, both of us want it this way," Ethan raised his hands in surrender.

Moriah sneered, of course Ethan would keep their marriage secret so that no one will accuse him of infidelity when he's seen with other women.

He didn't even wear their wedding ring, that alone tells that he didn't want the public to know that he's already married.