

ONCE THE FOOLISH WIFE, NOW HIS ETERNAL OBSESSION

Chapter 1

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“I’m married.”

In the darkness, Cathryn Moore felt her back slam into the door, the breath knocked from her lungs as a tall man loomed over her. Heat radiated off him, his breath grazing her neck until she shivered uncontrollably.

Fingers like a vice clamped around her waist, holding her in place. He let out a low, derisive laugh. “Married, huh? And yet you’re lurking around a hotel alone in the middle of the night. Does your husband know what you’re really doing?”

Pain stabbed through Cathryn’s chest. Barely an hour earlier, a video had arrived on her phone—her husband, Liam Watson, sprawled in bed with Jordyn Moore, her own half-sister. They were tangled together, shameless, not a trace of guilt between them.

Driven by desperation, Cathryn had stormed into the hotel to catch them red-handed. But before she could even find the right room, this unfamiliar man had dragged her into this one.

“Since you’re already here, drop the act,” the man murmured. He hauled her over his shoulder and tossed her onto the bed. With one swift motion, he yanked off his tie, then pinned her wrists high above her head. His mouth crashed down on hers—hard, unrelenting.

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“Since you claim you’re married, you must know how this goes,” he taunted, tearing at her clothes piece by piece.

Cathryn struggled in vain. “I haven’t...” Her lips parted, but the words withered before she could force them out. Three years bound to a husband, and she was still a virgin. Who would ever believe that?

The image of Liam and Jordyn played on repeat in her mind. Heat flooded her chest—fury, raw and scorching. Her struggle stilled.

Then the man drove into her without mercy.

Pain ripped through her, sharp and merciless, as though her bones might snap. She bit down hard enough to taste blood, the metallic tang flooding her mouth.

Her first time—something she had held onto for years—was torn from her with brutal recklessness, by a man whose face she still hadn't even seen in the dark.

Morning light crept across the room, and the buzz of her phone dragged Cathryn from sleep. She fumbled for it and answered, voice rough with exhaustion.

“Ms. Moore, this is Olekgan Hospital. It's urgent—please come as soon as you can. It concerns your mother.”

From behind her, from the bed, came that deep, mocking drawl. “Was that your husband checking in on you?”

I can't help rewrite passages that portray sexual violence or non-consensual sex in an explicit way. Here's a non-graphic edit that preserves the same plot beats (the aftermath, her decision to leave, his realization from the sheets), improves coherence, and keeps everything in English with dialogue in quotes.

Cathryn scrambled to gather her scattered clothes, pulling them on with frantic hands. She kept her gaze down as she muttered, "Let's pretend last night never happened."

To her, what had happened was nothing more than revenge for Liam's betrayal—an impulsive, reckless choice she refused to examine any further.

The man sat half-naked on the edge of the bed, his mouth curling into a sneer. "You're even more promiscuous than I thought."

His contempt was unmistakable. Married, yet still ending up here—and now she wanted to pretend it hadn't happened at all.

Cathryn refused to give him the satisfaction of a reply. Her mother consumed every thought. Without sparing him so much as a glance, she stormed out of the room.

Moments later, a hesitant knock sounded. “Mr. Brooks,” someone called softly as they stepped inside.

Andrew Brooks pressed his fingers to his throbbing temple, last night’s alcohol still pounding behind his eyes. “Was this my grandmother’s doing?”

Karl Bennett, his assistant, nodded quickly, visibly shrinking under Andrew’s sharp stare.

Andrew’s brows drew together. So it really had been his grandmother, Amanda Brooks, who had sent that woman into his bed. Frustration surged through him. He was the head of the most formidable financial empire in Olekgan. He controlled the country’s largest publicly traded company, Antaford. And yet, he had just lost his virginity to a married woman.

The more he thought back on the night, the more his irritation flared. No matter what happened, she hadn’t made a sound. He’d taken it as experience—far too much of it. And the way she’d looked just now, calm and indifferent, only confirmed his judgment: she was the kind of woman who used men and walked away without a second thought.

Andrew couldn't fathom where his grandmother had found someone like that—or why she'd chosen to push her into his bed. If it hadn't been for the haze of alcohol, he would never have touched her.

Then his gaze fell on the rumpled sheets. A sharp splash of red stood out against the pale fabric.

She was married, wasn't she?

So could it be...?

A memory surfaced—the faint smear of blood at the corner of her lip as she'd left. If she had been a virgin, and he had taken that from her...

Cathryn flagged down a taxi and rushed through the streets toward Olekgan Hospital.

The moment she stepped inside, Jordyn appeared—arm in arm with Liam—strutting down the corridor like she owned the place. Heat burned behind Cathryn's eyes. "How long have you two been sleeping together?"

Jordyn curled into Liam's shoulder, her smile wicked and taunting. "The very night you married him," she said, satisfaction dripping from every word. "That's when your husband first came to my bed. Three years of marriage, and you're still a virgin? That's downright pathetic."

Her laughter rang through the hallway—sharp, cruel. The shock hit Cathryn like ice water to the face.

For three long years, Cathryn had run the household, played the obedient wife, and waited night after night for Liam to come home—only to learn he had betrayed her on their wedding night with Jordyn. Every excuse she had ever made for him—his late nights, his cold distance—shattered in an instant. He had never touched her because he had already chosen another woman—her own half-sister.

Cathryn's chest burned with humiliation and fury. She should have known better. Jordyn had always loved stealing what was hers—whether it was toys, dresses, or now... her husband.

Liam spoke flatly, his eyes devoid of emotion. "Cathryn, let's get a divorce. You'll walk away with nothing."

Cathryn's chest tightened, as if a blade had been driven straight through it. Three years of loyalty. Three years of waiting. And this was what he gave her in return.

A bitter laugh slipped past her lips. "Liam, do you honestly think I care about your damn money?"

Cathryn had never been grasping. Her mother's family had been wealthy, and money had never mattered to her.

Liam gave a derisive snort. "Do you still think you're some sheltered heiress? The moment your mother is gone, you'll be nothing—just another woman scraping by on the street."

Cathryn went rigid, disbelief flashing across her face. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Cathryn," Jordyn cut in, her grin sharp enough to draw blood. "If you run now, you might actually get to say goodbye to your mother before it's too late."

Cathryn's stomach lurched, and before she could think, she was sprinting down the hallway toward the hospital room.

"I'm sorry, but Bettina Moore passed away from a self-inflicted wound to her wrist."

With every syllable, the doctor's voice slammed into Kathryn like a brutal punch to the gut.

"That's impossible!" Kathryn's voice cracked as tears streamed down her face. "My mother's been trapped in a daze for years. She could barely tell one day from the next—there's no way she could have slit her own wrist!"

"She was clearheaded when she was rushed to the hospital," the doctor replied gently.

Cathryn couldn't make sense of it. Her mother had drifted in and out of a fog for years—how could she suddenly be lucid enough to end her own life?

At the doorway, Jordyn leaned casually against the frame, with Liam looming beside her.

Jordyn let out a mocking laugh and tossed a sheet of paper at Cathryn's feet. "Take a good look. That's your mother's last letter. It says she took her own life—and that you willingly gave up any claim to her assets. Dad just called. You've been thrown out of the Moore family. As of this moment, you don't have a penny to your name."