

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 301:

Ethan turned to Alan. “Take care of the paperwork for Bessie’s and Cathryn’s promotions.”

He caught Cathryn’s eye and gave a small nod.

Cathryn returned the gesture with a quiet, grateful smile, silently mouthing, “Thank you.”

Being moved to the administration department and into the CEO’s office felt like a dream to Cathryn, and she embraced the change wholeheartedly.

Bessie tugged at Cathryn’s sleeve, curiosity in her eyes. “Tell me the truth, Cathryn—did you know someone important in the group?”

Cathryn laughed, shaking her head. “If I had powerful friends, do you really think I’d have spent all this time cleaning floors?”

Bessie grinned. “I suppose you’re right.” If Cathryn really had connections, she wouldn’t have missed out on school the way she did.

Even Bessie herself had managed to graduate high school.

Bessie’s worry softened her voice. “You can’t even boil water—how are you supposed to keep up in the admin department?”

Cathryn offered a light smile, her voice steady. “No need to stress. Sophie’s right there to help me.”

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That eased Bessie a little. “If you run into trouble, ask Sophie. She graduated top of her class from Olekgan University—there’s not much she can’t handle.”

Soon after, Cathryn trailed behind Alan on her way to report to the administration department.

A shadow crept across Alan’s expression. Someone with zero formal schooling—someone barely qualified to mop floors—was being placed in the executive office? It was utterly outrageous. He couldn’t fathom why Ethan would make such a move. To him, it was obvious Cathryn had pulled strings to land the position, and he had no respect for anyone who relied on backdoor favors.

When Sophie learned Cathryn had been assigned to the administration department, her surprise quickly turned into delight.

Cathryn greeted Sophie with a bright smile. “I’ve been diving into those materials each evening. Thanks for sending them over.”

Worry flickered in Sophie’s eyes as she studied Cathryn. “That was only the easy part. The administration office handles complicated matters—especially in the executive wing. One wrong move could get you fired.”

Cathryn gave her shoulder a light pat and smiled. “No worries. With you here, I’ll manage.”

Sophie lifted her chin, determination settling into her posture. “Count on me. I’ll look out for you.”

News of Cathryn’s assignment to the executive office left Vanessa seething. It was the prime spot for anyone hoping to be near Andrew—a position she had coveted but never secured. Cathryn slipping in so easily only confirmed her suspicions: Cathryn was after Andrew.

A quiet voice murmured from the hallway, “Mrs. Brooks has arrived.”

Cara made her entrance like she owned the room, her tailored suit crisp and commanding. Her sleek short hair gave her a sharp, professional edge that set her apart from the usual society ladies.

“Mrs. Brooks.”

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 302:

“Hello, Mrs. Brooks.”

Employees lined the hallway, offering polite nods, but Cara didn’t so much as slow her stride. She glided past them without a glance.

“Hey, Cara!” Vanessa called brightly, slipping her arm through Cara’s as though they were the closest of friends.

Cara’s brow creased in quiet disapproval. She had personally vouched for Vanessa’s entry into the company through Douglas, but she made it a point never to interact with her in public—avoiding any hint of favoritism.

Vanessa noticed the tension in Cara’s expression, but instead of retreating, she tightened her grip, determined to flaunt her connection to Andrew for everyone to see.

Cara’s mind shifted to the plan. She still needed Vanessa’s help to sabotage the code Andrew had. Her voice softened, losing its edge. “Stop by the Moore estate more often.”

Zoe intended to relay the details to Vanessa when the time came.

“Sure,” Vanessa replied with a bright, triumphant smile.

To the onlookers, it almost appeared that Cara and the Moore family were on the warmest of terms.

Vanessa lingered at the bottom of the staircase, watching Cara’s graceful figure disappear upstairs before turning to the employees with a deliberately smug smile.

The gathered staff quickly fell quiet, sensing the provocation in her expression.

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While everyone else addressed Cara with the respectful “Mrs. Brooks,” Vanessa had breezily called her by name—an intimacy that confirmed what the rumors were already suggesting. It seemed the engagement between her and Andrew was real.

A moment later, Ethan came down the stairs and delivered a rare announcement. “Starting today, Brooks Group is canceling all overtime. Everyone can clock out on time.”

The office buzzed instantly. Excited whispers rippled through the building. The overtime culture at Brooks Group had been notorious, fueling growth but wearing down morale. The news felt like a collective sigh of relief.

One employee nudged Sophie and whispered, “Any idea why management suddenly decided this?”

Sophie could only shake her head.

The employee chuckled knowingly. “Vanessa complained just yesterday that she was sick of overtime, and today it’s gone. She’s definitely Mr. Brooks’ fiancée—no doubt about it.”

Vanessa basked in the comments, her pride swelling as if it might lift her right off the ground. She sauntered toward Cathryn, her lips curling into a victorious smile. “Trying to cozy up to Mr. Brooks? Don’t bother—you’ll just be wasting your time.”

Sophie’s fists clenched, ready to fire back, but Cathryn touched her arm, stopping her. “Just ignore her,” she said calmly. She hadn’t come here to start a feud—her goal was to connect with Andrew.

Just then, Sophie jumped to her feet. “I have to drop some documents off for the CEO.”

Cathryn offered quickly, “I can take them over.”

But Sophie shook her head. “Focus on learning the ropes first. You’ll have plenty of chances to do deliveries later.”

Cathryn nodded, deciding not to press the issue. There would be more opportunities ahead.

In the CEO’s office, Andrew tugged at the buttons of his shirt and studied his reflection in the mirror, his jaw tightening. The confidence he usually took in his physique had been shaken after Cathryn dismissed it as average.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 303:

The door swung open without warning. A woman with a soft, startled expression froze in the doorway.

Sophie's breath caught. Andrew stood bare-chested, his lean muscles shifting with the movement, his skin warm under the office lights. For a heartbeat, she simply stared, unable to reconcile that someone like this existed outside glossy magazines.

Her gaze lingered a second too long before she swallowed hard, heat rising to her cheeks. The man in front of her carried an undeniable presence.

Andrew snatched up his shirt, his sharp gaze cutting toward her. “Who told you you could just walk in here?” His voice was low, edged with anger.

Snapping out of it, Sophie quickly gathered herself. She almost asked where Mr. Brooks was—then froze. The impossibly striking man standing in front of her could only be Andrew himself. “M-Mr. Brooks?” she stammered, her voice trembling.

“Get out,” Andrew snapped, yanking his shirt closed and fastening the buttons with quick, sharp movements. The way the woman’s eyes had lingered on him made his skin prickle. His body belonged to Cathryn. No other woman should see him like this.

Her heart hammering, Sophie spun on her heel and fled. It wasn’t until the elevator doors slid shut that it truly hit her—the striking man with that commanding presence was none other than Andrew, the CEO himself.

A question popped into Sophie’s mind. Wasn’t Andrew supposed to be disfigured, broken, and bound to a wheelchair? Then how could he possibly look like this—sharp-jawed, broad-shouldered, with a body that belonged on a magazine cover rather than behind closed office doors?

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Sophie’s pulse quickened, as if she’d stumbled upon forbidden treasure. Those impossibly long legs, that sculpted chest, the quiet confidence radiating from him—it was enough to leave her gaping. Never in her wildest dreams had she expected to uncover the CEO’s secret.

Sophie nearly skipped all the way back to the administration office, her heart hammering with excitement.

“Cathryn! You won’t believe this—I saw Mr. Brooks!” Sophie burst in, clutching her friend’s arm and shaking it as though she could rattle the truth out faster.

Cathryn’s heart gave an involuntary jolt. If Sophie had seen Andrew, then maybe—just maybe—she could too.

Sophie leaned forward, her eyes sparkling like a child about to share a scandal. “Guess what he looks like.”

Cathryn hesitated. “I heard that after the car accident, his face was ruined. Scarred, maybe.”

Sophie shook her head so hard her ponytail swung. “Not even close. His skin is like polished jade—flawless. And he’s so handsome it should be illegal. Honestly, Cathryn, I thought I might faint.”

Cathryn blinked at her, stunned. “So he isn’t disfigured? Not disabled either?”

Sophie threw her arms wide, exaggerating with both words and gestures. “Forget everything you heard. Think long legs for days, abs you could grate cheese on, and looks that make every other man feel like background noise.”

Cathryn let out a dry little laugh. “You’re exaggerating.”

But Sophie’s eagerness was infectious. She nearly dragged Kathryn toward the elevators.

Cathryn gently pulled Sophie back, dampening her enthusiasm. “Even if he is handsome, remember—he’s already taken.”

Sophie’s smile faltered. “Vanessa? Please. That woman is shallow, entitled, and rude. Mr. Brooks would never truly like her.”

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 304:

Cathryn's expression hardened. "Liking has nothing to do with it. In families like theirs, marriages are about benefits. You heard how Vanessa spoke to Cara. It's clear the Grant family and the Brooks family are planning to arrange a marriage."

"But didn't Vanessa's grandfather end up in prison?" Sophie protested.

"Cara already bought his freedom," Kathryn replied coolly.

The hope drained from Sophie's face. She collapsed into a chair with a sigh, muttering under her breath about how unworthy Vanessa was for Andrew.

Meanwhile, Kathryn stared at the text glowing on her phone screen. Damien's name hovered there, waiting. She tapped her lip with her thumb, weighing how to reply. In her mind, Damien still reigned supreme—his looks, his presence, the intensity of him. No one could surpass that, no matter how many abs Sophie claimed Andrew had. Yet Sophie's words lingered, needling at her pride. Andrew more handsome than Damien? Absolutely not. She'd only belittled Damien earlier to get under his skin.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Sophie leaned in again, grinning. “Cathryn, my mom wants to introduce you to my brother. What do you think?”

Cathryn looked up, startled. “Don’t tease me. Your brother is brilliant and well-educated. I could never measure up.”

“Measure up?” Sophie scowled. “You’re beautiful, graceful, kind—you’re everything. Stop selling yourself short.”

Cathryn lowered her gaze to her phone again, still composing her message to Damien. Finally, she typed, “What time will you be home tonight?” She wanted to tell him everything—that she had stood her ground against Aleena, that she had secured her transfer into the administration team. For once, she had won.

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But Andrew didn’t answer.

Sophie squeezed her arm again, undeterred. “Come have dinner with me tonight. We’ll celebrate—your new post, my mom’s promotion. Just us.”

Cathryn glanced at her screen once more. Still no reply. She sighed and nodded. “All right.”

Upstairs in the CEO's office, Ethan slid a thick stack of files across the desk. "Mr. Brooks, here are the details of your assets—stocks, funds, properties, and liquid cash. Everything is accounted for."

Andrew flipped the documents open, his voice calm but resolute. "Notarize them. Half under my name, half under Cathryn's."

As the head of Brooks Group, he couldn't afford to watch his empire crumble overnight. Yet if it came down to her, he would cast aside every crown jewel of his fortune.

Ethan's head snapped up. "But if we do that, half of your entire fortune becomes Mrs. Brooks's outright. Are you certain? If Mrs. Brooks ever..."

Andrew's gaze lifted, sharp as a blade. "If Cathryn ever what?" The unfinished question hung in the air like a guillotine.

Ethan's throat went dry. He remembered Karl's mistake all too vividly—how he had made things difficult for Cathryn while Andrew lay in a coma, and how swiftly he had been banished overseas.

"What about the new house?" Andrew asked.

“We’ve shortlisted a few properties,” Ethan replied. “High-end, prime locations. All that remains is your inspection.”

Andrew leaned back, his expression thoughtful. Luxurious was easy. But cozy—that was something no mansion could buy. Coziness came from the person waiting inside.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 305:

He glanced at his phone and saw Cathryn’s message. “Work hours are changing now?” he asked.

Ethan checked his watch and nodded. “No overtime starting today. Everyone should be leaving now.”

Andrew rose, smoothing his suit jacket. “You can clock out. I’m leaving.”

Cathryn was surely waiting for him.

Andrew rode the elevator down, but when he stepped into the administration office, the lights were already out.

“Mrs. Brooks must have gone home first,” Ethan offered.

Andrew nodded. Kathryn didn’t want others to know about their relationship, and she had often said she didn’t want to ride in his car to work.

The thought of her waiting for him at home warmed his chest. His lips softened into a rare smile. So this was what it felt like—to have someone to return to. And it was wonderful.

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Meanwhile, Cathryn followed Sophie into the restaurant, unaware of the little plan her friend had woven.

“I’ll just run to the restroom,” Sophie announced lightly, disappearing before Cathryn could answer.

Minutes stretched. Sophie never returned.

Instead, a shadow fell across the table. A man stood there—tall, broad-shouldered, his shirt pulling against a chest clearly honed through discipline, not vanity.

His eyes lingered on Cathryn, surprised by her striking beauty. “You’re Cathryn? Sophie’s colleague?”

Cathryn nodded.

He had thought his mother and sister were trying to set him up with some hopeless match, but he’d never expected his date to be so stunning. He extended a hand, his face flushing with shyness. “I’m Harley. Sophie’s older brother. She asked me to meet you.”

In that instant, clarity hit Cathryn like a splash of cold water. Sophie had set her up. This wasn’t a casual meal.

This was a blind date.

Cathryn got to her feet and took Harley's hand, giving it a firm shake. "It's nice meeting you. I had no idea you'd be here today."

A shy smile crossed Harley's face as he scratched the back of his head. "Honestly, I got tricked into coming, too."

Realizing they had both been set up, Cathryn considered making an early exit.

Harley caught her hesitation and spoke up. "Since we're both here, why not just have dinner together?"

As Harley settled into his seat, Cathryn felt she had little choice. She sat down as well.

Elsewhere, the instant Andrew stepped through the front door, the first thing he asked was, "Where's Cathryn?"

Margaret looked puzzled as she answered, "Mrs. Brooks hasn't come home yet."

A cloud of worry passed over Andrew's face. His mind began racing. Where could she have gone? Suspicion crept in, and he wondered if Zoe and Jordyn were plotting against Cathryn again.

Without waiting another second, Andrew called Ethan. "Cathryn isn't home. Check the security cameras and find out where she is."

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 306:

Margaret's voice trembled with concern. "Could Zoe and her daughter be after Mrs. Brooks again?"

The thought filled Andrew with dread. Visions of Cathryn bound to a chair, suffering under cruel torment, surged through his mind. His anxiety grew by the second, leaving him at a loss for what to do next.

One idea came to him. He could go to the police station. With police controlling Olekgan's surveillance, they could track someone's location quickly. If Cathryn really was in trouble, the police could reach her faster than anyone.

Not wasting a moment, Andrew turned on his heel and rushed out the door.

Yosef's voice called out from behind, "Mr. Brooks, let me drive you."

Too frantic to wait, Andrew jumped into his car and sped toward the police station on his own. He gripped the steering wheel tightly, flooring the accelerator.

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One after another, dark images of Cathryn in danger flashed through his mind. Zoe had shown how far she could go before. Just recently, she'd hired Vince...

...to take Cathryn's life, but failed. If Cathryn wasn't careful enough, she might already be in danger now—waiting for him to rescue her.

Fueled by panic, Andrew pressed even harder on the gas, sending the car flying down the road as the engine roared.

Without warning, Andrew's car slammed into the one in front of him. The collision jolted him forward, his chest striking the steering wheel as his thoughts spun.

The driver of the other vehicle stepped out, ready to vent his anger, but after spotting the luxury car and its unmistakable license plate, he quickly retreated and hurried back into his own car. A vehicle that expensive, with such a recognizable plate, clearly belonged to someone no one wanted to cross.

Andrew winced as he rubbed his aching forehead, then dialed Yosef. "Come take care of the crash for me."

Worry colored Yosef's voice. "Mr. Brooks, are you all right?"

Forcing the car door open, Andrew waved down a nearby taxi, urgency in every move. "Take me to the police station," he instructed as soon as he climbed in.

The taxi driver's eyes widened when he noticed the blood on Andrew's head and the battered front end of his car. "Shouldn't we head to a hospital instead?" he asked, his voice trembling.

“Just get me to the police station,” Andrew insisted, clutching his forehead, his voice taut with urgency. Cathryn was still waiting for him to save her, and he couldn’t afford to waste a second.

Recognizing the expensive clothes Andrew wore, the taxi driver said nothing more and drove straight to the police station.

Inside, Andrew wasted no time. “Check your surveillance for me. I need answers right now.”

The police chief, spotting the blood on Andrew’s face, sprang into action. “Who would dare hurt Mr. Brooks? Start checking the cameras right away!”

Ethan’s call came through at that moment. “Mr. Brooks, I’ve found your wife. Mrs. Brooks is at a restaurant on the east side of town. She’s...”

Before Ethan could finish, Andrew ended the call, already moving toward the exit.

The police chief hurried after him. “Mr. Brooks, you don’t look well at all. You should get yourself to a hospital.”

Ethan, left with a dead line, finished the sentence to no one. “Mrs. Brooks is dining with a strange man...”

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 307:

Ethan guessed Andrew had already raced straight to the restaurant. If Andrew caught Cathryn having dinner with another man, he would surely be furious.

Ethan jumped into his own car and sped off toward the restaurant.

Back in the taxi, the driver grew more nervous as he kept glancing at Andrew's pale face and bleeding forehead. Not daring to protest, he floored the accelerator, getting Andrew to the restaurant as fast as possible.

Hopping out of the taxi, Andrew scanned the restaurant through the windows, searching every booth with a stormy glare. His eyes finally locked onto a corner table. Cathryn sat on one side, but the person across from her was hidden from view.

Andrew's hands tightened into hard fists. Was it possible that whoever sat across from Cathryn had been sent by Zoe—waiting for the right moment to strike when her guard was down?

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Andrew stormed into the restaurant, his eyes fixed on her.

Just then, Ethan arrived and called out, "Mr. Brooks!"

Andrew didn't answer. His focus stayed locked on Cathryn.

Ethan rushed to block his path, his eyes widening as he noticed the blood matted in Andrew's hair. "Mr. Brooks, you're bleeding!"

Tension carved deep lines into Andrew's face. "I'm certain someone from Zoe's group is trying to harm Cathryn. Go and arrest whoever it is."

Ethan paused, choosing his words carefully. “The person across from Mrs. Brooks isn’t connected to Zoe or Jordyn. It’s actually Sophie...”

Relief softened Andrew’s expression, and he let out a short, embarrassed laugh. “So she’s only having dinner with a coworker. I overreacted.”

Ethan hesitated, his voice dropping to a whisper. “Actually, it’s Sophie’s brother...”

Andrew’s brows knit into a frown. “All three of them are eating together?”

Looking back through the glass, Andrew’s eyes landed on the unfamiliar man sitting across from Cathryn. Even with Sophie at the table, the presence of another man left him unsettled.

Ethan looked away, avoiding Andrew’s eyes. “It’s just the two of them.”

Andrew’s gaze narrowed on the table where Cathryn sat. Only two seats were occupied—no sign of a third companion. A troubled shadow crossed his face, uncertainty flickering in his eyes.

Andrew’s jaw tightened, his voice cold and edged with suspicion. “Do Cathryn and that man know each other? Why the hell are they having dinner together?”

Ethan, ever the quick thinker, tried to sidestep the storm brewing in front of him. “Mrs. Brooks has only just started her new job. Maybe she’s trying to make some friends...”

Andrew’s glare cut straight through him. “Call Sophie. Now. Ask her where Cathryn is.”

There was no room for protest. Ethan’s fingers fumbled as he pulled out his phone, dialing with a reluctant hand. “Sophie, I need to find Cathryn for work. Do you know where she is?”

Sophie, startled to receive Ethan’s call, answered honestly without hesitation. “Cathryn is out on a date.”

Ethan froze, his eyes widening in shock. There was no way to shield her anymore.

Andrew turned his head toward the restaurant booth, his stare sharp as a blade.

There, Cathryn sat opposite a man built like an athlete—broad-shouldered, his chest stretching his shirt, the kind of physique that didn’t happen by accident. He had clearly said something amusing, because Cathryn’s laughter rang out, bright and carefree.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 308:

A low roar of rage thundered through Andrew's skull. He had come here frantic, terrified that something might have happened to Cathryn—only to find her laughing over dinner with some stranger. The sight cut him to the bone. So this was her taste? Rough-edged, rugged, well-built men.

The dinner carried on, laughter and the clink of cutlery filling the space, while Cathryn leaned into the conversation with Harley. At the table, she was candid. "I am already married."

Harley's smile faltered, then softened into something tinged with bitterness. He shook his head slowly. "That figures. You're too beautiful, too kind—someone like you could never stay single for long."

Cathryn leaned forward, lowering her voice. “But please, keep it a secret. For personal reasons.” She remembered her promise to Damien: their marriage was not to be made public.

Harley’s disappointment was plain, jealousy flickering across his face. “He must be extraordinary, then. Way better than me, I suppose.”

Cathryn saw the heaviness in his eyes and didn’t want to wound him. “No. He’s just an ordinary man. Not nearly as good as you.”

Hope sparked in Harley’s gaze. “Then what is he like? What does he—”

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Cathryn brushed the air dismissively. “Not much to look at. No physique to speak of. His family is poor. Even his parents turned their backs on him.”

Harley drew in a sharp breath. “Don’t tell me he’s an orphan?”

She hesitated, then gave a half-nod. “Something like that.”

Relief loosened his chest, and he chuckled. “If a man like that can win the heart of a woman like you, then maybe there is hope for me yet.”

Cathryn offered him a gentle smile. “You’ll find someone better than me.”

When their meal ended, Harley rose gallantly. “Allow me to drive you home.”

Just as Kathryn was about to agree, a thought struck her. She caught his arm, urgency flashing in her eyes. “Did you buy shares in Watson Tech?”

Harley nodded, his voice brimming with excitement. “I heard Mr. Watson made contact with Kestrel, which convinced Brooks Group to sign with them. Once Watson Tech goes public, its stock will soar sky-high.”

When Harley spoke about Watson Tech going public, his eyes shone with excitement. This was a rare opportunity for ordinary people like him to rise above.

Cathryn lowered her lashes, her tone hushed. “So Mr. Watson actually found Kestrel?”

“Of course,” Harley replied. “Kestrel turns out to be Mrs. Watson.”

Cathryn’s fist clenched. So it really was Jordyn who had impersonated her.

Harley continued, oblivious to the storm behind Cathryn's calm eyes. "Jordyn gave Mr. Brooks that revolutionary code. Who else could possess something like that except Kestrel? That proves Kestrel is her."

A cruel smile tugged at Cathryn's lips. She realized Jordyn must have seen her unlocked phone screen that day in the café, stolen her code, and then blatantly claimed she was Kestrel to strike a deal with Andrew. It was almost laughable—Jordyn had always despised and belittled her, yet she had never once doubted her talent.

Cathryn deduced that, without hesitation, Jordyn had delivered the stolen code into Andrew's hands, not bothering to review it first. Luckily, Andrew had been...

...sharp. Instead of binding himself to Watson Tech with an ironclad contract, he had only agreed to a gamble.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 309:

Cathryn lifted her chin, her voice cutting like glass. “Brooks Group will never invest in Watson Tech. Watson Tech will not go public. In ten days, Watson Tech will collapse. Start finding a new job now.”

Harley gaped at her. “That... that can’t be true...”

“Believe me or not—that’s your choice,” Kathryn replied coolly. “But if you trust me, sell your stocks immediately.”

After a tense pause, Harley nodded. “I believe you.” His mother and sister had long called Kathryn their family’s lucky charm. Ever since she entered their lives, fortune had followed. He would take her word as law.

Outside, Andrew’s blood boiled hotter by the second. Through the glass, he saw Kathryn clutching that man’s arm, reluctant to let go. That was enough. He couldn’t stand another heartbeat of it.

The restaurant door banged open as Andrew stormed inside. In two strides, he was at Cathryn's side, pulling her into his arms with a force that brooked no refusal.

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"Honey," he murmured in a voice sweet with false warmth, though his eyes blazed with fury, "why didn't you come home after work? I've been waiting for you for so long."

Cathryn froze when Damien appeared so abruptly. "What are you doing here?" Her voice trembled with surprise.

Andrew caught her hand and pressed a lingering kiss to her skin, his eyes never leaving hers. "I missed you. I came to take you home."

Her brow knit in confusion. Home? Since when did he speak with such tenderness in public? He wasn't a man who flaunted affection—least of all in front of strangers.

The sudden shift unsettled her, leaving her flustered and suspicious. Her gaze flicked toward Harley, embarrassment burning at the edges of her composure.

Harley, however, stood rooted to the spot, overwhelmed by disbelief. This was the so-called average guy Cathryn had married? Ordinary? Hardly.

Everything about Andrew radiated quiet dominance. Harley felt a pang of inadequacy twist in his chest, a silent admission that he would never measure up.

Andrew lifted his head, his eyes narrowing into blades of frost as they locked onto Harley. “Cathryn is remarkable—far beyond what you could ever grasp. She is my wife. Our lives are bound together, our future already written. Divorce will never”

...stain our vows. Whatever you imagined between you ends here. You will never have a chance.”

Cathryn’s breath hitched. She tilted her face up toward Damien, searching his expression.

Was this a performance, or was he speaking from the heart?

Harley let out a soft laugh when he heard Andrew’s bold declaration. “Cathryn already mentioned that she’s married. There’s no need for you to show up just to assert your dominance.”

One of Andrew’s eyes gave a slight twitch. Had he misunderstood Cathryn?

Harley added, “My sister wasn’t aware that Cathryn was married. She’s the one who set me and Cathryn up for this blind date.”

The tension in Andrew's expression eased. So Cathryn had been tricked into coming here.

Andrew arched an eyebrow and lied smoothly. "I happened to be having dinner close by. I just saw my wife and wanted to say hi."

Cathryn couldn't help but laugh at his clumsy lie. A few moments earlier, he had stormed over as if he were ready to pick a fight, and now he was claiming he'd only come to say hello.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 310:

Andrew slid his arm around Cathryn's waist. "Let's head home."

“I’ll just go to the restroom first,” Cathryn said.

After Cathryn stepped away, Harley glanced at Andrew. “You really are lucky, you know.”

Harley had felt drawn to Cathryn from the first moment he saw her, but she already belonged to someone else. That kind of luck made him envious.

Andrew caught the look in Harley’s eyes and replied, his tone cool. “Don’t even entertain thoughts you shouldn’t. Cathryn isn’t someone you can covet.”

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Harley’s jealousy only sharpened at Andrew’s certainty. He scoffed. “You might be easy on the eyes, but to Cathryn, you’re nothing special.”

Andrew gave him a lazy, dismissive glance. “Dare to repeat that?”

Meeting his gaze, Harley echoed Cathryn’s earlier words. “She told me herself that her husband isn’t as good-looking as I am, or as fit. She said he’s just an ordinary guy.”

Harley made a point of emphasizing “ordinary guy” as he cast Andrew a critical look.

Andrew clenched his jaw, his eyes clouding with frustration. “Did she really say that?”

“She’s married to you, isn’t she? No matter what I do, there’s nothing I can change about it. What would I get out of lying to you?” Harley replied.

When Cathryn came back from the restroom, she noticed that Damien’s and Harley’s expressions had completely switched.

Right before she went in, Damien had looked smug, while Harley had seemed utterly defeated. Now, Damien’s features were clouded over, like a sky bracing for a storm.

Cathryn looped her arm through Damien’s. “Let’s go home,” she said.

Andrew refused to let Harley see any sign of weakness, so he forced a bright smile and tightened his hold around Cathryn’s arm. “Sure.”

Harley watched them—two figures that seemed perfectly matched—and let out a quiet sigh. A moment of reflection hit him, making him realize how petty he was being. Her husband had more than just good looks; there was an undeniable confidence about him. Even in a fair competition, Harley doubted he would have won.

Once they stepped outside, Cathryn grinned at Damien. “Aren’t you supposed to be calm and dignified? Why are you jealous of Harley now?”

To Cathryn, Harley seemed like any other man—not someone Damien would even take seriously.

Andrew stopped walking. “I can’t help it. I feel insecure,” he muttered, clearly frustrated.

Cathryn stared at him in disbelief. A man who stood well over six feet tall and was built like a tank, yet he was talking about feeling insecure? “Are you feeling sick?” She reached out, placing her hand on his forehead.

Andrew had been serious, but Cathryn brushed it off as nonsense. That set him off. He shook her hand away and walked ahead, irritation plain on his face.

Cathryn hurried to catch up, calling out, “So what would make you feel secure?”

Without warning, Andrew spun around and locked eyes with her. “I want to be the only man you’ll ever see—the one who stands out above the rest. I want to be the most attractive man in your world, with the best physique, unmatched by anyone...” As he spoke, his eyes glistened.

Overwhelmed, Cathryn was speechless for a moment. She fumbled for a response. “You... you really are the most attractive and fit man I know...”

Andrew's expression tightened. "But you told Harley that I couldn't hold a candle to him—that I was less attractive, not as strong, just an average guy."

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 311:

At last, Cathryn understood why Damien's mood had shifted after her restroom break. Harley must have thrown her words back at him.

Cathryn let out a sigh and explained, "Sophie told me her brother is very self-conscious about their family's background because his mother is a cleaner. He's been too insecure to date, so I downplayed your qualities to avoid making him feel worse."

“I knew it,” Andrew said, his confidence returning. “There’s no way you weren’t content with my performance and had to look elsewhere.”

Andrew leaned closer, a playful spark lighting up his eyes as he shortened the distance between them.

Cathryn immediately understood what he meant. She reached out and gave his head a gentle smack. “Cut it out.”

The teasing vanished from Andrew’s face in an instant. His complexion drained as he swayed, then began to collapse backward.

A wave of panic swept over Cathryn. “Damien, what’s happening to you?” she cried.

Just then, Ethan rushed over as if he’d appeared out of thin air and caught Andrew. “Mr. Brooks!”

Cathryn stared, startled. “Ethan?” She remembered that Ethan worked as Andrew’s secretary, so she couldn’t understand why he was here.

Ethan improvised quickly. “I was just passing through and happened to see what was going on.”

With urgency, Cathryn asked, “Do you know why Damien suddenly passed out?”

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Ethan answered, “Yosef told me Mr. Brooks had a car accident before coming here, and the front end of the vehicle was completely wrecked.”

Cathryn slowly lifted the hand that had been cradling Damien’s head and saw it was smeared with blood.

Cathryn broke down, tears streaming down her face. “Ethan, was it me? Did I hurt Damien?”

Before Ethan could answer, Yosef came running in.

“Get to the hospital!” Ethan barked, his voice sharp with urgency.

As they sped through the streets, Yosef relayed the grim story—how Andrew had rushed to the police station to pull surveillance footage and, in his frantic drive, had crashed his car.

“The steering wheel was slick with blood,” Yosef said, his voice trembling. “Mr. Brooks must be badly hurt. I can’t believe he skipped the hospital just to come here looking for Mrs. Brooks.”

A shudder ran through him as the image resurfaced: the Maybach, worth millions, crumpled almost beyond recognition and streaked with blood—and no sign of Andrew anywhere.

Only when the police chief phoned the household staff did Yosef finally piece together that Andrew had come looking for Cathryn.

Ethan’s tone held a mix of awe and reproach as he said, “Mrs. Brooks, it’s clear Mr. Brooks put your safety above his own.”

A crushing wave of mixed emotions swelled in Cathryn’s chest. She had never imagined Damien would go this far for her. Their marriage was supposed to last a single year—he had no reason to gamble his life on her behalf.

Her mind leapt back to the restaurant, to Damien’s calm, stubborn declaration that they were deeply in love and would never divorce. Had that been spoken from the heart?

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 312:

Cathryn shook her head, bracing herself. She knew clinging to unrealistic expectations would only make the disappointment hurt more. Maybe Damien had only said those words to put Harley in his place—not because he meant them.

Cradling Damien's head against her chest, she murmured, "Damien, you have to wake up. I don't want to owe you my life again..."

Her thoughts flashed back to that night on the twisting mountain roads, when Cara and Jordyn's scheme had nearly killed Damien. That incident hadn't been her fault. But this? This was on her. She was the one who had struck Damien hard enough to make him faint.

Thinking back, she realized that when he stormed into the restaurant, he had been pale, his hair streaked with blood. How could she have overlooked such a serious injury?

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She silently cursed herself.

...for missing it.

Cathryn clutched Damien's limp body against her, a fierce knot of dread tightening in her chest. The thought of losing him made her breath catch.

At the hospital, staff whisked Andrew into the emergency room without a moment's pause.

Cathryn stood frozen in the corridor, staring at the crimson smears on her palms as tears streamed unchecked down her cheeks.

Beside her, Yosef's face had gone ashen. His wide-eyed stare fixed on her as he stammered, "Mrs. Brooks... is Mr. Brooks going to die?"

Cathryn's blood-smeared hands trembled as she whispered, her voice shaking, "Don't say that."

Fear coiled tight in her chest. From Yosef's account, the crash sounded brutal. Had it left Damien with brain damage? What would she do if he really was on the brink of death?

Tears welled in Yosef's eyes. "Mr. Brooks has no one to care for him. If he dies, there's no one but you who would even grieve. Isn't that too cruel?"

Her heart throbbed with pain. A child born outside of wedlock was never meant to belong anywhere—and now, even alive, Damien had been denied family love. Jorge remained in a vegetative state, trapped in a hospital bed, while Cara silently wished for Damien's death. Even Amanda—who had supposedly watched Damien grow up—never showed her face. She had likely erased this illegitimate child from her memory long ago.

Feeling the weight of it all, Cathryn let out a quiet sigh. "Right now, Damien only has us."

Ethan stood nearby, tense and silent, frustration simmering beneath his calm exterior. Andrew held Olekgan's economy in the palm of his hand and led the largest crime syndicate in the world. If he died, the entire region would collapse into chaos. Why were these two reacting so dramatically over a simple fainting spell?

A faint, bitter smile tugged at Ethan's lips.

Cathryn caught the look and her expression hardened. "I know what's going through your head. You'd rather Damien never wake up, wouldn't you?"

Ethan froze, caught off guard. "That's not what I meant..."

Cathryn's lips curled into a cold smile. "If Damien doesn't pull through, that's one less rival for Andrew when it comes to the Brooks fortune. Do you really think I don't see what you're plotting?"

Ethan's throat tightened, and he nearly blurted out...

...the truth—that Andrew and Damien were one and the same—but he forced the words back and silently took the blame.

The doors to the emergency room swung open, and the doctor stepped out.

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Chapter 313:

Cathryn rushed over. “How is he?”

Pulling off his mask, the doctor replied gravely, “He’s suffered a concussion and a mild brain hemorrhage. He needs to be kept under close observation in the ICU overnight.”

A wave of dread washed over Cathryn as her brows knit tightly. “Are there going to be any lasting effects?”

The doctor answered in a measured tone. “It depends on his luck. If the bleeding is slight and reabsorbs on its own, he’ll be fine. But if it puts pressure on the brain, it could affect his memory.”

Yosef’s voice trembled with urgency. “But it’s not life-threatening, right?”

The doctor offered a reassuring nod. “No. There’s no danger to his life.”

Ethan released a long, audible breath—sharp enough to draw Cathryn’s attention.

Her glare cut into him, her eyes practically saying, “Disappointed, aren’t you?”

Ethan immediately dropped his gaze to the floor, lips pressed together, not daring to say a word.

Yosef let out a shaky breath, murmuring, “Thank goodness it isn’t life-threatening.”

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Cathryn’s chest tightened. If Damien’s memory slipped away, would he forget every moment with her?

Meanwhile, in a shabby rental apartment across town, Richard bolted upright in bed, eyes wide. “What? Are you saying Damien is Andrew?”

“Yeah,” Zoe confirmed, her voice low and her expression shadowed. “Damien is just Andrew’s childhood name.”

“How did you figure out that Damien is actually Andrew?” Richard’s fist tightened as he glared at Zoe.

Zoe met his stare. “I’ve known for a while. Cara brought it up in conversation one day.”

Richard let out a frustrated growl and jabbed his fist in Zoe’s direction. “You useless fool!”

Shrinking back, Zoe's voice wavered. "What did I even do wrong this time?"

Since learning Jordyn wasn't his biological daughter, Richard's patience had vanished. He snapped at Zoe and Jordyn over the smallest problems, his words sharp and his temper quick to ignite. Zoe, weighed down by guilt, kept her anger bottled up, never daring to show it.

"Do you know why I mortgaged the Moore mansion?" Richard's jaw twitched, stubble shadowing his frustration.

"No, I don't." She shot him a resentful look. If Richard hadn't mortgaged the house, they wouldn't be stuck in this cramped rental, forced to live without the comforts they once took for granted. They had grown used to a life of ease. Now, the reality of living in a rented apartment only fueled their bitterness.

"I cut a deal with my underworld contacts, trading the house's ownership for the name of Cathryn's husband—Damien Brooks." Richard spoke through narrowed eyes. He had investigated but found no information about Damien. He never realized Damien was actually Andrew, the man at the helm of Brooks Group. Worse, Zoe had known all along.

A gasp escaped her lips. "Richard, how could you..."

Suddenly, Richard's hand struck her face. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Holding her cheek, Zoe began to sob quietly. None of this was her fault. Richard had never bothered to ask, but she swallowed every retort and kept her pain to herself.

A thoughtful look settled into Richard's eyes. "While I was in the hospital, I heard Liam and Jordyn signed a contract with Andrew. Did you check the content?"

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 314:

Zoe shook her head. "It seems Andrew's deal with Liam was a scam—just a ploy to steal the code from Jordyn."

Richard sneered. “Andrew thought he had every angle covered—except us discovering his true identity.”

Zoe spoke up. “He’s Cathryn’s husband, and that means he would never work alongside us.”

A heavy frown settled on Richard’s face. “Andrew’s already got the code, so what’s our next move?”

Zoe brushed the blood from her lip with her fingertips. “The smartest path forward is joining forces with Cara.” Andrew was married to Cathryn, which put him completely out of their reach.

Richard’s fists clenched so tightly his knuckles cracked. For years, Cathryn had been written off as hopeless, unable to read even at ten. Assuming she was foolish, Richard had poured everything into Jordyn. But who could have guessed Cathryn would end up tied to Andrew, the CEO of Brooks Group?

Remorse gnawed at Richard. If he’d foreseen this turn of events, he would have doted on Cathryn instead of treating her like a doormat. Now there was no rewinding the past.

“Relax, Richard,” Zoe said, her voice steady. “I’ve already spoken with Vanessa in Brooks Group’s tech department. She’ll get access to what we need and make sure it causes a major disruption. Once Brooks Group is thrown into chaos, Cara will use her position on

the board to push Andrew out as CEO—clearing the way for her to seize control of the company.”

A frown creased Richard’s brow. “And what do we gain from this?”

Zoe replied, “Cara promised to help us get Moore Trading back on its feet. After that, we’ll be able to buy the Moore mansion back.”

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Richard’s furrowed brows gradually eased. It seemed like the only path left.

Richard scoffed. “Cathryn may have her tricks, but she’s just relying on charm and good looks. Jordyn has real talent. Once everyone finds out Jordyn is Kestrel, investors will line up for the Moore family.”

Doubt flickered across Zoe’s face. “That’s true...”

Richard continued, “Jordyn poured her heart into that work. It would devastate her if she learned it had been meddled with. We shouldn’t mention this plan until after Brooks Group is finished. We’ll talk to her then.”

The arrangement suited Zoe perfectly, and she nodded in agreement.

Once Andrew was removed from Brooks Group and Cara took control, Zoe would publicly announce Jordyn as Kestrel. Cathryn could fight all she wanted, but nothing was going to change the outcome.

Zoe called Cara. “Mrs. Brooks, everything is already in place. Once the plan is set in motion, Brooks Group’s core operations will be thrown into chaos.”

Cara sounded pleased. “Good.”

Once Brooks Group was on the verge of disaster, she would call a board meeting to remove Andrew. Then the company would be hers—and when the time was right, she would make sure it ended up in Nick’s hands.

Zoe pressed for her reward. “I’ve kept my end of the deal, Mrs. Brooks. Now what about yours?”

The thought of Cathryn continuing to occupy the position of Andrew’s wife gnawed at Zoe.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 315:

Cara reassured her, “Everything’s in place. A woman has been arranged to enter Andrew’s life. You don’t have to worry.”

Curiosity crept into Zoe’s voice. “Who is it?”

Cara scoffed. “That’s my concern. You don’t need all the details. Rest assured, Andrew will leave Cathryn soon.”

Zoe laughed softly. “Then I’ll look forward to your good news, Mrs. Brooks.”

Meanwhile, Andrew had been moved to a regular hospital room. The doctors said he would regain consciousness soon.

Cathryn had stayed by his side through the entire night. When morning came, she stepped into the bathroom to freshen up, determined to face Andrew looking her best.

But when she returned to the room, she stopped short. A graceful woman was already seated at Damien's bedside.

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"Damien, are you all right?" the woman murmured gently as she slipped an arm around him and helped him sit up.

"Identify yourself," Kathryn demanded as she stepped into the room, locking eyes with the woman beside Damien.

The woman turned around, her beauty impossible to ignore. Dressed in white, she carried herself with an innocence that seemed untouched by the world. Meeting Kathryn's stare, she replied, "My name is Elaine Hathaway. I'm Damien's fiancée."

Cathryn's gaze flickered. Could this woman be...?

Andrew's fingers tightened around Elaine's hand, his face full of longing. "Are you truly my fiancée?"

Elaine offered him a gentle, reassuring smile and squeezed his hand. “Your grandmother chose me for you. We’re already engaged.”

A sharp ache pierced Cathryn’s chest. So she had taken this woman’s place. Elaine was the one who should have spent that night in the hotel with Damien—who should have registered the marriage with him.

Cathryn’s eyes drifted to Damien. He looked at Elaine with open admiration.

Cathryn’s hands curled into fists. Damien hadn’t even acknowledged her since she arrived. His memories were truly gone. He didn’t remember her anymore.

“Were we really in love?” Andrew asked softly, his gaze fixed on Elaine.

A faint blush warmed Elaine’s cheeks as she nodded. “We were. You promised you’d marry me. You went through premarital property notarization and found us a new home for when we start our life together.”

After she spoke, she nestled against his chest. Andrew hesitated, then pulled her into his arms.

Pain tightened Cathryn's chest as she watched them holding each other. She had stayed by Damien's side all night, but this morning—after stepping away for only a moment to wash up—everything had changed.

At last, Andrew's attention shifted to Cathryn, his brow creasing with irritation. "Who are you?" he asked, making it clear she was an unwelcome intrusion on his private moment with Elaine.

Facing his baffled expression, Cathryn replied, "I am your wife."

Andrew went still, his eyes flicking between Elaine and Cathryn. One was his fiancée. The other claimed to be his wife. None of it made sense.

Pulling up a photo of their marriage certificate on her phone, Cathryn tossed it onto the bed so both of them could see. "You can check for yourself," she said.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 316:

Andrew picked up the phone, his eyes scanning the image before he looked back at Cathryn. Then he turned to Elaine and asked, “So I’m already married? How is that possible?”

Elaine quickly snatched the phone and scoffed. “Your wife was supposed to be me, but Cathryn schemed her way into your bed and forced you to marry her. You had no choice but to enter that marriage, which is why we broke up.”

In an instant, Andrew pieced the story together in his mind—he and Elaine were meant to be together, but Cathryn’s scheming had ruined everything. He glared at Cathryn, his voice cold and final. “Leave.”

Cathryn flinched and lifted her head to meet his gaze. His eyes were unyielding, distant. He snapped at her again, making it unmistakably clear that he wanted her gone.

Her eyes dropped to the floor, her hands clenching so tightly that her knuckles turned white.

Elaine buried herself in Andrew's arms, her sobs echoing through the room. "Damien, being separated from you feels like torture. I don't ever want to be apart from you again..."

She deliberately angled herself so he couldn't miss the bandage wrapped around her wrist, the stark white gauze impossible to ignore.

A stunned silence fell over Andrew as he traced the edge of the bandage with his fingertips. "Did you... try to hurt yourself?"

Tears streamed down Elaine's cheeks as she gave a small nod. "Life means nothing to me if you're not in it."

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Andrew cast Cathryn a glance as cold as ice.

Unable to endure it any longer, Cathryn snatched her phone back and stormed out of the room.

"Don't go, Ms. Moore!" Elaine called after her.

Cathryn halted in the hallway, her expression icy as she turned around. “Who sent you?”

Elaine merely lifted her chin. “Amanda.”

Cathryn’s brows knit together. The last person she wanted to deal with was Damien’s grandmother. Gavin had mentioned before that Amanda had practically raised Damien, and that he owed her everything. Since Amanda had chosen Elaine, it meant Kathryn had been living in someone else’s place all this time.

“What’s your reason for lying to Damien?” Kathryn demanded, her jaw set with determination. Damien and Elaine had never crossed paths before now. There was no love story, no relationship Kathryn had ever disrupted.

Twisting a lock of hair around her finger, Elaine offered a sly grin. “Does it really matter? He trusts me. That’s enough.”

Cathryn’s hands clenched into fists. She’d let Elaine slip right past her guard. If only she had been the first person Damien saw when he woke up, none of this would be happening. She had stepped away for only a moment—yet Elaine appeared at the perfect time, as if she’d planned it from the start.

Elaine’s grin widened. “Truth is, Damien and I have known each other all along. We’ve been living together, and he’s already decided to marry me.”

“That’s a lie,” Kathryn blurted out.

Smirking, Elaine pulled out her phone and scrolled through a string of photos. “For our future, he went through premarital property notarization and bought an estate to be our home after the wedding.”

Cathryn stared at the images, each stamped with recent dates. The pictures showed Damien sitting with a notary as documents were signed, inspecting a brand-new house, and signing a contract at the title office.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 317:

Cathryn had thought she understood Damien better than anyone, but clearly he had kept secrets from her. He had claimed he didn't want a divorce, yet he had never given her any share of his wealth—not even a home they could call their own.

To Kathryn, a house was the truest sign of commitment. And that promise—Damien had given it to Elaine. Legally, Kathryn held the title of wife. In reality, she suddenly felt like the outsider.

“Walk away from Damien, Kathryn,” Elaine whispered, her lips curling into a faint smile. “What happened between you and Damien was a mistake from the very beginning.”

Cathryn's laugh came out brittle, like glass cracking under pressure. “Damien and I were only bound by a contract. Paper and ink. Elaine, even if you hadn't shown up, the end was already written—I would have left him eventually.”

“Then leave him now.” Elaine crossed her arms, her posture sharp as a blade.

Cathryn's teeth caught her lower lip. “Not until he recovers...”

“I'll take care of him during his recovery.” Elaine's interruption snapped through the room like a whip.

Cathryn curled her fingers into her palms until her nails bit into skin. Damien's words from the night before still rang in her head—how he had said he loved her and wanted to

spend the rest of his life with her, that he didn't want a divorce. And yet today, she had to walk away from him.

Elaine stepped closer, her gaze hard enough to bruise. "If you refuse, I'll bring his grandmother. Once Amanda arrives, she'll strip you of every ounce of dignity."

A shudder rolled down Cathryn's spine. Amanda was the last person she wanted to deal with. She wasn't the one Amanda had chosen for Damien, after all.

"I'll take my leave." The words came out as a whisper, her head bowed. She cast one last, aching look toward Damien's ward, eyes clouded with longing, then clenched her jaw and forced her feet to move.

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Elaine watched Cathryn's retreating figure, then pulled out her phone. "Cathryn is gone," she told Cara.

"Does Andrew really not remember the past?" Cara's voice crackled through the line.

"He believes every story I feed him," Elaine said flatly.

“Don’t get sloppy. Test him again,” Cara warned.

“How?” Elaine’s voice faltered.

Cara scoffed. “Men are driven by desire. Must I spell it out?”

Heat flared in Elaine’s cheeks.

“Finish what you failed to do that night,” Cara continued, her tone cold as ice. “Make it undeniable, and Andrew will be yours.”

Elaine swallowed. “All right.”

“Good. Pillow talk is your weapon. Keep him distracted—do not let him show up at Brooks Group,” Cara instructed. If everything went according to plan, by the time Andrew regained his memories, Brooks Group would already belong to her.

“Understood,” Elaine murmured. Her eyes glimmered with anticipation. Soon, Olekgan’s most formidable man would be hers.

Meanwhile, Cathryn had not truly left. She lingered outside the hospital, gazing up at the window of Andrew’s room as dusk bled into night. When the attending physician passed

by, she hurried to him. “Excuse me. Could you tell me how someone with amnesia regains their memory?”

The doctor adjusted his glasses, his tone measured. “It varies. Sometimes familiar faces spark recognition. Sometimes nothing does.”

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 318:

Cathryn’s thoughts churned. If Damien kept seeing her, would he remember what they shared?

She stood rooted to the pavement, night dampness soaking her clothes, clinging to her hair like cold fingers. Then she spotted Elaine leaving. Her heart kicked hard, and she rushed back to Damien's room.

Andrew stood at the window, his back to the door, shoulders rigid.

Beyond the glass, city lights flickered like distant stars.

"Damien..." Cathryn's whisper quivered.

His body went still. Slowly, he turned.

Cathryn stood in the doorway—clothes damp, hair beaded with moisture, eyes dark with sorrow.

Her voice shook. "You truly don't remember me?"

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Andrew's jaw tightened, every muscle drawn taut. "No."

Her gaze dropped, despair dragging at her like an anchor.

He studied her slight frame, his fists curling until his knuckles blanched.

“Could I come see you often?” she asked, careful, as if walking on shards.

His reply was ice-cold. “There’s no need. Elaine will take care of me.”

Tears burned Cathryn’s eyes; her nails dug crescents into her palms. “You once swore we would never divorce—that we would grow old together.”

A humorless laugh escaped him. “Has no one told you? Pillow talk doesn’t count.”

Cathryn stared, stunned, unable to believe such cruelty could come from the man who had once whispered her name like a vow. Her lips trembled. “Are you really this heartless?”

A muscle in his cheek twitched. His hands shook slightly, but his voice stayed sharp. “Did we ever have anything real?”

Her tears finally spilled.

Andrew turned his face away. “Weren’t you the one who slipped into my bed in Elaine’s place?”

Cathryn’s teeth ground together. “So that night, you believed I was her?”

“Yes. Why else would I have signed a prenuptial agreement?” He pulled a document from a drawer and set it in front of her.

Her eyes dropped to the page. The dense, merciless clauses blurred, but a few brutal lines burned into her vision like brands: “Developing romantic feelings is not allowed.” “The marriage expires in a year.” “Forfeit any right to the child if there were any.”

Day after day at Damien’s side had worn down her defenses and nearly convinced her the paper she signed was only ink, not shackles. How could she forget how merciless that prenuptial agreement truly was? She realized, too late, that she never should have entertained unrealistic hopes in the first place.

“Sorry for bothering you these days.” The words came out as a rasp—thin and hollow, as if dragged from the bottom of an empty well.

She turned away on unsteady legs, moving for the door with the vacant drift of someone who had already left in spirit.

Andrew's hand lifted before he could stop it—a quiet, aching reflex—to brush the rain from her hair, to pull her chilled frame into his arms.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 319:

But the corridor swallowed her, leaving only the echo of her footsteps.

Then, at the edge of his vision, a flutter of fabric caught the light: a skirt retreating around the corner. Elaine had been eavesdropping.

Andrew stood rooted, his eyes fixed on the space Cathryn had vacated. His fingers curled into a tight fist, the pressure biting into his palm as he forced down the burn in his throat.

The sharp buzz of his phone cut through the silence. Ethan's name flashed on the screen.

"Mr. Brooks, Elaine wasn't sent by Amanda," Ethan said the moment the call connected, tension threading his voice. "Elaine was planted by Cara."

Andrew's gaze darkened. "I suspected as much."

"We still don't know their angle," Ethan added.

Andrew let out a humorless laugh, sharp as ice. "Then we'll set the board ourselves—and see what game they're playing."

"The program codes Jordyn submitted passed every test without a hitch," Ethan reported.

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Andrew's brows drew together, the faintest crease forming between them. Could Jordyn truly be Kestrel? That shadowy girl from the rooftop flickered through his memory like a ghost. Was that Jordyn? Could someone change that completely over time?

“The tech team confirmed the program codes could revolutionize internal efficiency across Brooks Group,” Ethan continued. “I recommend immediate deployment.”

Andrew said nothing.

Ethan added, “The security specialist also assured us that even if there were flaws, it wouldn’t compromise our data. You can rest easy, Mr. Brooks.”

Andrew’s gaze hardened. “Hand it to the tech department. By Monday, it rolls out across every division.”

“Yes, Mr. Brooks.”

Meanwhile, Cathryn had barely stepped out of the hospital’s sliding doors when Jordyn appeared.

That infuriatingly taunting smile greeted Cathryn first.

“Well, well,” Jordyn drawled, “who would have thought you were Kestrel all along?”

Coldness sharpened Cathryn's eyes. "You're not worried I might expose you?"

A peal of laughter spilled from Jordyn's lips, smug and triumphant. "Too late. Andrew already believes I'm Kestrel. The program codes sailed through Brooks Group's tests. Even if you run to him now, he won't listen."

Cathryn's stomach knotted. If Jordyn truly held the final version of her program codes, explaining the truth would become impossible.

Jordyn leaned closer, her grin widening—all teeth and ambition. "You know what? Liam and I signed a wager with Andrew. Once the program codes are applied at Brooks Group tomorrow, he's supposed to inject capital into Watson Tech and Moore Trading. Then Watson Tech goes public."

Cathryn's mouth curved into a smile that held more blade than warmth. Jordyn had no idea what she was standing on. The program codes carried a flaw—one that stayed invisible at small scale, a flaw Cathryn had spent three relentless years correcting.

Tomorrow would break Jordyn, not her.

"Face it, Cathryn," Jordyn purred, "you cannot beat me."

Cathryn only raised an eyebrow. Tomorrow would speak for her.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 320:

Elsewhere, Elaine slipped through the door of Andrew's hospital room.

Andrew sat alone, elbows on his knees, his eyes shadowed with thought. His profile caught the dim light like a sculpture carved from iron and grief.

Elaine's heart fluttered. She had waited half a year for this—half a year of chewing on regret like unripe fruit.

Since girlhood, she had etched Andrew's name into her dreams, swearing she would marry no one else. Her chance to weave herself into his life had come years ago through her grandfather's connection to Amanda. She had played her role flawlessly: the demure young lady, singing Amanda's favorite tune and charming her way into the old woman's heart.

Later, Amanda had readily approved when Elaine's grandfather hinted at a marriage alliance.

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To bring Andrew and Elaine together, Amanda had arranged everything—leaking the hotel room number of a drunken Andrew and providing a key card. Elaine had arrived in her finest dress, her heart pounding as she stood before the hotel door that fateful day—only for the key card to fail.

When she asked the staff, they told her the room belonged to Andrew, and without his permission, they could not open it. Just like that, her perfect chance to get close to him slipped through her fingers.

Weeks later, the news arrived: Andrew had gotten married.

The memory of that failure still burned. Elaine had cried until her body gave out, and then, in a desperate gambit, she had cut her wrist—not to die, but to force fate's hand, to make her grandfather act.

At last, the stubborn little flame of hope she had nursed finally paid off. One desperate chance flickered into being.

Her grandfather had never returned from Amanda with good news; every visit ended in disappointment and closed doors. Yet now, another entrance had opened—Cara.

Cara had whispered promises wrapped in velvet and poison: if Elaine did exactly as she was told, bowed her head, and followed orders without question, the prize would be hers.

Andrew.

Her grandfather's warnings echoed even now. Cara was dangerous. Making deals with her was like clasping hands with the devil.

But Elaine no longer cared. For Andrew, she would wager everything—her name, her soul, her very sense of right and wrong.

Cara, Andrew's elegant and calculating stepmother, was the only anchor she had left to cling to in the storm.

Without hesitation, Elaine booked a ticket and boarded a flight to Olekhan. And Cara hadn't lied. Andrew's memories were truly gone—cleanly cut away, like pages torn from a diary. Following the script Cara had drilled into her, Elaine recited every carefully prepared line, and Andrew, lost in his fog, believed her.

In Cara's meticulous plan, even Andrew's name had been altered. In front of Cathryn, Elaine was to call him Damien only—never Andrew. Elaine had seen Andrew and Cathryn's marriage certificate with her own eyes. Andrew had married Cathryn under the name "Damien." Cathryn had no idea Damien was actually Andrew.

Elaine's lips curled into a quiet, exultant smile. With Cara behind her, Cathryn had nothing—no blade sharp enough to cut Elaine away from Andrew now.

Elaine slipped gracefully onto the seat beside Andrew, her fingers sliding into his. "Damien," she murmured, soft as a vow, "will you take me home?"

For an instant, a shadow flickered in Andrew's eyes—disgust and annoyance—but it vanished almost as soon as it appeared, replaced by a tender gaze so convincing it could have melted ice. "Of course," he said.

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Message from Noa: Hiii lovely readers, hope you have a great day. God loves you and Noa wishes you all the best. (=◡=) /

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 321:

Elaine's heart dissolved like sugar in warm tea.

Later, when Cathryn returned to Crownspire Villa, a sharp wind chased her up the steps.

Margaret hurried through the doorway and caught Cathryn's icy hands, her brow pinched with worry. "Mrs. Brooks, why are your hands like ice? Did Zoe and Jordyn hurt you?"

Cathryn gave a small shake of her head, eyes downcast.

"And Mr. Brooks?" Margaret pressed, her voice unsteady. "Is he badly hurt?"

“It’s nothing serious,” Cathryn murmured, her voice thin. “He’s already awake.”

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Margaret pressed a trembling hand to her chest, relief washing over her face. “Thank heavens. As long as both of you are safe, everything will be fine. From now on, we’ll live together here happily.”

Cathryn’s lips tipped into a brittle smile. There would be no “from now on” for her and Damien—no neat ending wrapped in happiness.

Margaret, still bustling with earnest concern, pressed a thick folder into Cathryn’s hands. “Mr. Brooks left this for you before he went out. He said it’s important.”

Cathryn took it, the weight unnaturally heavy in her grip. After a beat, she handed it back. “Save it for the new Mrs. Brooks.”

Margaret’s eyes widened. “The new one? What do you mean? There’s only one Mrs. Brooks in this house—you.”

Cathryn pulled her duffel bag from the back of the closet and began to pack in silence. A few neatly folded changes of clothes went in first, followed by the only thing that truly mattered—the Midnight Lilies painting.

When she straightened, her eyes swept over the bedroom one last time. It looked exactly as it had the day she first walked into it—bare, impersonal, indifferent. She had arrived with nothing. And now she was leaving with nothing but a few clothes and a painting. A bitter smile flickered across her lips. So this was what it meant to walk away with nothing—not even a trace left behind.

“Mrs. Brooks, it’s so late—where are you going?” Margaret’s voice drifted from the hallway, threaded with concern.

Cathryn turned, her expression softening. “Take care of yourself, Margaret,” she murmured.

The thought of leaving Margaret alone with Elaine—someone who was never gentle with staff—tightened something in Cathryn’s chest.

Outside, the night air wrapped around Cathryn like a cold embrace. She pulled out her phone and called Sophie. “I have nowhere else to go. Could I stay with you for a few days?” she asked softly when the call connected.

“You never need to ask,” Sophie answered without hesitation, warmth flowing through the line.

Warmth spread through Cathryn's heart at Sophie's instant agreement.

When Cathryn arrived by taxi and saw that Sophie lived alone, relief loosened the knot in her chest. The fear of running into Harley had haunted her the entire ride.

"I moved out after graduation," Sophie explained, lifting the duffel from Cathryn's hand. "One bedroom, one living room. You and I will have to share a bed—hope you don't mind?"

Cathryn's tired smile was faint but sincere. "Mind? If it weren't for you taking me in, I'd be curled up on the street tonight."

Sophie tilted her head, studying Cathryn's face. "Something happened at home, didn't it? Why are you out at this hour?"

"It's... a long story," Cathryn murmured.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 322:

Sophie had heard enough from her own mother to piece together fragments: Cathryn had lost her mother's protection young, left to a father who built a family...

...outside the wedlock and remarried not long after her mother's death—forgotten in her own home. A poor, unlucky soul. Out of kindness, Sophie didn't press further.

But when Sophie's hand brushed Cathryn's forehead, she startled. "You're burning up!"

Cathryn lifted her fingers to her skin. "Maybe I caught a chill."

Sophie's hand slid down the sleeve of Cathryn's blouse. "You're drenched. Why are your clothes so wet?"

Only then did Cathryn notice how the damp fabric clung unpleasantly to her body. Hours outside the hospital in the cool night air had left her soaked through.

“Did you bring anything to change into?” Sophie asked.

Cathryn shook her head faintly. “Only some underthings... and nightclothes.”

Sophie’s brows knitted. “Were you thrown out?”

A wry twist pulled at Cathryn’s mouth. “Something like that.”

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“Have you eaten yet?”

Cathryn shook her head again. She had kept vigil at Andrew’s bedside since the night before, running on nothing but stubborn willpower.

Sophie didn’t scold. Instead, she drew a hot bath, guided Cathryn into the steam, and said, “Soak for a while. I’ll make you something warm.”

When Cathryn emerged from the bath, the table was already set with steaming chicken noodle soup.

“Eat before it cools,” Sophie urged, sliding the bowl toward her.

“Thank you,” Cathryn whispered, the gratitude in her voice heavier than the words could carry.

“Just dig in.” Sophie’s smile was tender.

Cathryn was ravenous, yet every movement remained deliberate, elegant—lifting her spoon with quiet dignity even as hunger gnawed at her.

Sophie chuckled as she watched. “Honestly, the way you eat—anyone watching would think you’re some refined lady from a noble family.”

Even the first time Sophie had met Cathryn—sleeves rolled up, scrubbing the floor—Cathryn had moved with an effortless poise, as if elegance were woven into her bones.

Cathryn’s lips curved with amusement. “Stop teasing me.”

Cathryn wore silk pajamas that clung delicately to her skin—long legs, a slender waist, a curvy figure.

Sophie's gaze lingered on Cathryn for a moment before she muttered, half to herself, "What I'll never understand is why my brother didn't fall for you."

Cathryn's breath caught. Then a faint, wry smile touched her lips. She had asked Harley to keep her marriage a secret. And when his mother and sister had grown too curious, Harley had likely deflected with brutal simplicity—claiming he simply wasn't interested in her. Gratitude stirred in Cathryn's chest. By making himself the villain, he had shielded her from their scrutiny.

Sophie snapped suddenly, slamming her palm on the table. Anger flared in her eyes. "So what if you're a cleaner? Does my brother think he's some kind of prize? What gives him the right to act like he's too good for you?"

Cathryn set her spoon down gently and dabbed her lips with a napkin. "I'm the one who isn't good enough for him," she said quietly.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 323:

Sophie gaped. “Not good enough? You’re stunning and sharp. You have a body most women would kill for—how are you not good enough? What does he have besides muscles and a bad attitude?”

Cathryn lowered her gaze to the steam rising from her soup. “I have been divorced.”

The words landed like a stone dropped into still water.

Sophie froze. “You... you’ve already been married?”

“Twenty-two this year,” Cathryn said softly, lifting her eyes. “I was nineteen when I married.”

Sophie sank into the couch, stunned. “Nineteen? At that age, I was still trying to figure out what major to choose...”

Cathryn gave a brittle laugh that held no joy. “My mother slipped into madness, and my father never cared for me. To escape my stepmother’s claws and my stepsister’s spite, I threw myself into marriage. I thought I was running toward safety...” She hadn’t been running to a sanctuary at all—she had only traded one prison for another.

Cathryn’s gaze dropped, her lashes veiling the storm in her eyes. “I’m a divorcée. Tell me, how could a woman like me ever be worthy of Harley?”

Sophie leaned forward, chin lifted in fierce defiance. “Divorced? So what? That isn’t a scarlet letter, Cathryn. The world won’t end because of it. People move on every day.”

Cathryn’s whisper cracked the air. “My husband betrayed me.”

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“That is his shame, not yours,” Sophie snapped back without hesitation.

Cathryn swallowed hard. “He betrayed me with... my sister.”

Sophie froze, her eyes widening until disbelief washed over her whole face. “Your... your sister?”

“My stepsister,” Cathryn corrected quietly, bitterness coiling around the word like smoke. “On my wedding night, she crept into my husband’s bed.”

Sophie’s eyes went so wide they looked ready to burst. “Your husband... and your stepsister?”

The room fell into stunned silence. Sophie shook her head slowly, as if trying to dislodge the ugliness of what she had just heard.

Cathryn inclined her head, her voice low and deliberate. “Do you remember that couple we ran into the first time we met?”

Sophie frowned, digging through her memory, until recognition sparked in her eyes. “The man who wanted you as his mistress? And his wife—who thought you were seducing him and unleashed every curse she knew?”

Cathryn’s lips curved faintly. “That man was my ex-husband,” she murmured. “And that woman... was my stepsister.”

Sophie’s hand flew to her mouth. “Good heavens! Your family is that chaotic?”

A weary sigh slipped from Cathryn, heavy with exhaustion. “It is messy. I don’t want your brother to get tangled in it.”

Sophie’s brows knitted. “I’m more concerned your ex might not be over you.”

The image of Liam’s gaze flickered in her mind—the way his eyes had stalked Cathryn that day, hungry and territorial, like a predator circling prey it had once claimed. It was the look of a man who wouldn’t rest until he reclaimed what had slipped through his fingers.

Cathryn scoffed, disdain curling the edge of her mouth. “Relax. I’m not going back to him, and I’m perfectly capable of handling whatever tricks he has in mind.” To her, Liam was nothing but a pampered, brainless man-child dressed in expensive suits.

Cathryn’s expression softened as she studied Sophie. “You’re two years older than me. Tell me, do you have someone you like?”

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 324:

Color bloomed across Sophie's cheeks. A face flashed unbidden in her mind—tall and broad-shouldered, skin bronzed by the sun, stretched over lean muscle, features so sharply carved they looked chiseled from stone.

Cathryn's laughter rang out. "You're blushing. That means yes."

Sophie buried her face in her arms. "Don't tease me. He's way out of my league."

Cathryn tilted her head, intrigued. When Vanessa had humiliated Sophie and her mother in front of everyone, Sophie's male colleagues had scattered like startled birds. Back then, there had been no one special. So what had changed?

And then it hit Kathryn—that unmistakable flush Sophie wore the day she visited the CEO's office. The way Sophie had babbled afterward about how handsome Andrew was, how his presence filled the room.

Cathryn pointed at Sophie, a sly smile playing on her lips. "I know who it is. Your crush is Andrew."

Sophie's head snapped up, a frown pinching her brow. "Why do you always call him Andrew? He's our boss. You should show some respect and call him Mr. Brooks."

Cathryn rolled her eyes. "He's not here. He can't hear me."

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"Still, showing some respect won't hurt," Sophie huffed, planting her hands on her hips.

Cathryn lifted both hands in surrender. "Fine, fine—Mr. Brooks. Your crush is Mr. Brooks."

Sophie clapped a hand over Kathryn's mouth, panic flashing in her eyes. "Just cut it out! I'm not good enough for him. He's at the pinnacle of Olekgan's elite. Besides, he's already engaged." The light in her gaze dimmed as the words left her lips.

"Don't belittle yourself," Kathryn said gently. "At the end of the day, Andrew is just a man—flesh and blood, no different from anyone—"

Sophie shot Kathryn a glare.

Cathryn sighed dramatically, throwing her hands up. “All right, all right—Mr. Brooks is just a man. Happy?”

“He’s so much more than that!” Sophie burst out. “He was born into the most powerful family in the city. He’s strong, brilliant, and devastatingly handsome. Even with Cara sabotaging him at every turn, he built Brooks Group into the country’s number one company in just a few years overseas. Tell me that isn’t extraordinary.”

Cathryn grinned. “Listen to yourself—you’re already defending him, and he isn’t even yours yet.”

The blush deepened, creeping all the way down Sophie’s neck. “It’s nothing but a fantasy. I wouldn’t dare dream beyond that.”

Cathryn placed a reassuring hand on Sophie’s shoulder. “Vanessa is nowhere near his equal. If you ask me, you should go for it. I’ll cheer you on from the sidelines.”

Sophie shook her head vehemently, hiding her face in her hands. “Just seeing him every day is enough. I don’t dare hope for more.”

A mischievous glint sparked in Cathryn’s eyes. “Don’t worry. I’ll help you.”

Sophie groaned into her palms. “You and your big promises...”

Cathryn tilted her head, the corners of her lips quirking into a mischievous grin.

Sophie gave Cathryn a gentle pat on the shoulder. “Enough for tonight. It’s late. Let’s sleep. At least in our dreams, anything is possible.”

But sleep eluded Cathryn. She lay in the dark, eyes fixed on the ceiling, her mind refusing to quiet. Had Damien taken Elaine home already? Were they lying in her...

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 325:

...bed—the one she once shared with him? Her throat tightened. She shut her eyes, as if darkness could dam the tears threatening to spill.

Across town, Andrew stepped through the doorway with Elaine clinging possessively to his arm.

Margaret hurried out, wringing her hands. “Mr. Brooks, your wife left...”

Her words faltered as she took in the woman beside Andrew, still holding on to him as if she belonged there.

Andrew’s voice cut through the room, cold as a blade. “So she left. No need to make a spectacle of it.”

Margaret’s jaw dropped. No wonder Cathryn had gone. Andrew had betrayed her. Fury surged in Margaret’s chest, and she clenched her fists so tightly her knuckles blanched.

Andrew didn’t spare Margaret another glance. He took the pajamas from the waiting staff and strode toward the bathroom, indifferent, as if nothing had happened.

Elaine, on the other hand, was radiant. Her family in Marlinton was wealthy, but nowhere near this level. A house like this had always been beyond their reach—until now.

Whispers swept through the corridors like a gust of gossip. There was a new mistress in the house. From behind polished banisters and half-drawn curtains, maids and footmen watched the stranger glide past, curiosity flickering in every hidden glance.

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Elaine's eyes roamed the hall with a quick, assessing sweep. At least a dozen uniforms, she counted—perhaps more. Her pulse gave a small leap. Cara had warned her this was only Andrew's private retreat, a humble annex compared to the opulent Brooks estate. Yet even here, the sheer number of staff spoke of a life steeped in privilege. If this was the spare house, what kind of vast mansion awaited her once she became Andrew's wife?

The thought of stepping fully into that world—signing the register as Mrs. Brooks—sent an involuntary smile to the corners of her mouth.

On the fringes, Margaret stood stiff, lips pressed in silent disapproval.

Elaine caught Margaret's look and tilted her chin, a glint of triumph dancing in her eyes. "You answer to me now, don't you?"

Margaret lifted her gaze and managed a tight nod. She was paid to serve, yes—but the girl's tone made her skin prickle.

Unbothered, Elaine's attention drifted elsewhere. "Tell me," she said, "which room belongs to Damien?"

Because in her mind, there was no question. She had crossed his threshold; the bed waiting for her was his. And soon enough, it would be hers as well.

Margaret led Elaine down the quiet hallway and stopped outside the guest bedroom.

Elaine paused at the threshold, her brows knitting. "Is this the master bedroom?"

"No, ma'am," Margaret murmured, lowering her gaze.

"I want the master." Elaine's tone cracked like a whip—sharp and uncompromising.

Margaret's lips thinned, her voice stiff. "That room belongs to Mr. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks."

Smack.

The slap came out of nowhere—a vicious crack that snapped Margaret's head to the side. For a heartbeat, she stood frozen, too stunned to breathe. She had served in this house for

years. Andrew and Cathryn had always treated her kindly, never once raising their voices—never mind laying a hand on her.

Elaine flexed her fingers with a satisfied smirk, blowing across her stinging palm. “Consider that a reminder. From this moment forward, I am the lady of this house. Now take me to the master bedroom.”

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 326:

Tears shimmered in Margaret’s eyes, but she pressed her lips together and obeyed. Silent as a shadow, she led Elaine to the room that had always belonged to Andrew and Cathryn.

Elaine swept inside as though claiming a throne. Her gaze roamed the spacious chamber, from the gleaming mahogany wardrobe to the soft glow of the chandelier. She pressed her hand into the thick mattress, a smile playing at her lips. This was Andrew's bed.

She flung open the wardrobe doors. Crisp shirts and tailored suits lined one side, neat and impeccable. She buried her face in them, inhaling deeply. His scent.

Her smile widened—until her eyes shifted to the opposite side, where Cathryn's dresses hung in a graceful row. The sight soured her expression. "Get rid of these," she snapped.

Before Margaret could protest, another slap landed hot across her cheek. Margaret's jaw tightened, but she moved without a word, gathering Cathryn's clothes with trembling hands and carrying them to the guest room.

"Change the bedding," Elaine ordered.

Servants hurried in, stripping away every sheet and cover that had once held Andrew and Cathryn together, replacing them with freshly laundered linens.

Margaret lingered at the bathroom door, her heart hammering as she waited for Andrew to come out.

When the door finally swung open, Andrew stepped out with a towel draped over his shoulders, damp hair clinging to his forehead.

“She... she threw out Mrs. Brooks’s clothes. The bedding, too,” Margaret blurted, still unable to call Elaine anything but “she.”

“Damien,” Elaine’s lilting voice chimed behind her.

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Margaret stiffened.

Andrew’s gaze settled on Margaret. His expression was unreadable.

“What’s done is done. Don’t make a fuss.”

Margaret’s eyes widened in disbelief. How could he be so cruel?

Elaine slipped to his side, winding her arm possessively through his. She pouted. “I didn’t like that bed.”

Andrew’s face gave nothing away. “Then we’ll replace it.”

Elaine's joy spilled over. Rising on tiptoe, she kissed his cheek and cooed, "You spoil me."

Margaret's fists clenched at her sides. Rage burned in her chest, but she forced it down.

Elaine's smug glance at Margaret cut like a blade. "Run a bath for me."

With her head bowed, Margaret retreated into the bathroom. Her fingers brushed the tender swelling on her cheek, the pain sharp beneath her touch. A tear slipped free. If Cathryn were here, she would have noticed instantly and defended her. But Andrew? He was no shield at all.

The more Margaret thought about it, the heavier the injustice felt. She pulled out her phone with trembling hands and dialed Cathryn.

The call connected on the first ring.

"Is Damien alright?" Cathryn's voice came through at once, taut with worry.

"He's fine, Mrs. Brooks. He's already home."

A sigh of relief shivered down the line. “He suffered a concussion from the accident. Please keep an eye on him—no strenuous activity, light meals only, and make sure he stays calm.”

“Mrs. Brooks...” Margaret’s voice quavered, thick with grievance.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 327:

Cathryn’s nerves spiked. “What is it? Has something happened to him?”

Margaret bit down hard, her tone trembling with barely contained fury. “Don’t waste your concern on him.”

Cathryn's heart sank. "He brought another woman home, didn't he?"

Margaret's lip quivered as tears finally broke free. "Yes."

"Did Elaine mistreat you?" Kathryn pressed, her voice low and urgent.

Margaret's hand rose to her swollen cheek. She forced her voice steady, though resentment burned like fire. "I'll be alright. What I can't endure is the injustice to you. That woman threw out your clothes—every trace of the life you built with him in that room."

Cathryn had braced herself for this, yet hearing it aloud still cut her to the quick. A bitter, hollow laugh slipped out, only to die a second later. "It's only natural," she murmured. "No woman would want another woman's scent clinging to her bedroom."

Margaret's fury crackled through the line. "But Mr. Brooks didn't even defend you. He stood there as if it meant nothing."

A slow ache spread through Kathryn's chest—sharp and cold—until her fingers curled into trembling fists. Her next words were barely more than a breath. "Are they... sharing a room?"

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Margaret looked up just in time to see Elaine glide out of the bathroom, a low-cut lace slip clinging to her like a whisper. Without a glance back, she disappeared into the master bedroom. The door shut. The light blinked out.

“Yes,” Margaret said, voice tight. “The lights are off.”

Cathryn bit down on her lip until she tasted the faint metallic tang of blood. Her eyes burned, brimming with tears she refused to let fall.

Margaret’s anger snapped, spilling over. “He’s far too fickle! Married to you for barely a moment, and already he drags another woman home?”

Cathryn shook her head slowly. “It isn’t his fault. He hit his head in the crash... He doesn’t remember me.”

Margaret froze. Realization hit, dousing her outrage. So that was it. Andrew was blameless. The true culprit was the woman who had slithered her way in, preying on his weakness.

“Take good care of him,” Kathryn murmured, and ended the call.

She brushed the tears from her cheeks, then stood motionless at the window. Outside, the night stretched endlessly, its silence pressing in on her. She whispered to herself—fragile as a mantra—that it was better this way. Better to retreat now than to sink deeper and never escape.

Meanwhile, inside the bedroom, Elaine slipped beneath the covers beside Andrew, who was already lying there. She reached for the lamp, fingers grazing the switch.

“Turn it back on.” His voice cut through the darkness.

Elaine’s smile curved as she nestled closer, her tone thick with sweetness. “It’s my first time... I feel shy...”

Andrew tightened his grip on the blanket, his gaze narrowing with a flicker of disdain. “I have never met anyone so brazen on their first time,” he muttered.

Elaine froze mid-movement, yet her eyes didn’t waver. “I’ve had a crush on you for years. Now that I’m finally with you, I can’t hold myself back.”

The blanket became their silent battlefield—Andrew pressing it down, Elaine lifting it, neither willing to yield.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 328:

The tension stretched taut until Andrew exhaled and let the blanket slip from his hands.

Triumphant, Elaine smiled and shifted closer, curling against him as if she belonged there. She wrapped her arms around his waist and breathed softly against his chest. “Damien, when will you divorce Cathryn and marry me?”

Andrew stared at the ceiling, unmoving. “The company has been busy,” he replied, his voice cool and distant. “We’ll wait until things settle.”

Elaine only clung tighter, her cheek pressed to his chest. “Then spend a few days with me, away from all that work.”

He lowered his gaze to the crown of her head, his tone like ice. “Alright.”

Her fingers trailed over him with bolder intent, but his hand caught hers mid-gesture. “The doctor warned me not to engage in anything strenuous just yet.”

The words doused her eagerness, though a wicked suggestion flared in her mind—she could take the lead. But sense intervened. This was her first time with him; revealing too much knowledge would only raise suspicions. She bit her lip softly and murmured, “Very well. I shall wait.”

She nestled against him, listening to the steady rhythm of his breathing until sleep claimed him. Then, carefully, she slipped out of bed. Pulling out her phone, she whispered, “Cara, I did it. I spent the night with Andrew. He truly remembers nothing. I even discarded Cathryn’s things, and he showed no anger.”

“That is good.” Cara’s voice crackled with satisfaction.

“Tomorrow, I will keep him from returning to the company,” Elaine promised.

Cara gave a low, triumphant laugh. “By the time Andrew sets foot in Brooks Group again, there will be no seat left for him.”

Elaine hesitated. “Unleashing a virus into the Brooks Group’s system will only bring ruin. That benefits no one.”

Cara’s tone turned sharp, laced with malice. “I do not care what it takes to see Andrew fall. Jordyn is Kestrel—she will help me recover the damaged data when it’s done.”

Elaine hesitated. A warning coiled in her chest, but she dared not voice it.

Cara’s voice grew razor-edged. “You haven’t developed feelings you shouldn’t have, have you?”

“I would not dare,” Elaine whispered, her throat tightening.

“Remember our agreement—and what happens if you break it,” Cara hissed. “I will make you Mrs. Brooks. Do not dream beyond that.”

Elaine’s eyes drifted to Andrew, sleeping soundly in the soft glow of the room. She bit her lip, her heart betraying her resolve. Regardless of titles or power, she wanted to marry him—the man, not the CEO.

“Alright,” she breathed.

She returned to bed and let sleep take her swiftly.

But Andrew was not asleep. The moment her breathing deepened, his eyes opened, sharp and alert. So this was Cara’s plan—planting a virus in the code.

He slipped out of bed and dialed Ethan. “Someone intends to insert a virus into the code,” he said flatly.

Ethan’s gasp was audible. “If that virus runs, the mainframe will collapse. Brooks Group will face catastrophic losses. I’ll alert the tech department immediately.”

“Run the code as scheduled,” Andrew interrupted.

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 329:

“Mr. Brooks!” Ethan’s disbelief was palpable. “That would be catastrophic. The damage—”

Andrew cut him off, calm but resolute. “Have you forgotten the agreement I signed with Liam and Jordyn?” It was the only way to expose the vulnerabilities and reclaim ownership of Watson Tech and Moore Trading.

Ethan protested, his voice tight with concern. “Sacrificing Brooks Group for those two companies is madness!”

Andrew’s tone didn’t waver. “Moore Trading was built from Cathryn’s mother’s fortune. Watson Tech’s meteoric rise was funded by money that came from her marriage. Both rightfully belong to Cathryn. I will bring them back to her.”

Ethan’s voice trembled with worry. “But the cost is not worth it.”

“Back up every byte of data beforehand,” Andrew instructed.

“The risk is immense,” Ethan countered. “Even with backups, the group’s data is vast and complex. If something goes wrong and you lose your position as CEO—”

Andrew cut him off, his voice deep and steady. “Ethan, do you know what the most valuable asset of Brooks Group is?”

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Silence stretched across the line. Ethan had no answer.

“It is not the data. It is not the code.” Andrew’s gaze hardened into steel.

“Then what?” Ethan asked quietly.

“It’s me,” Andrew stated.

Memories surged, sharp as broken glass. When he was fifteen, Cara had sweet-talked Jorge into sending him abroad. At seventeen, with Jorge lying in a hospital bed after a devastating accident, Andrew had been thrust into the CEO’s chair.

Cara's plots had circled him ever since, each attempt meant to erase him. But he had survived. He had taken Brooks Group public and raised it to the summit of Olekgan, weathered storms that would have destroyed lesser men.

Once, he had thought Brooks Group was everything. Until Cathryn. Now, the only thing that mattered was giving her back what had been stolen: her mother's legacy, the Moore residence, Watson Tech, Moore Trading.

"As long as I live, Brooks Group will live," Andrew vowed.

He remained awake until dawn, his thoughts drifting to Cathryn. Where had she gone? The answer came to him: the house he had bought for her. The deed lay sealed in an envelope, waiting for her hands. A home in the heart of the city—bright and spacious, perfectly suited to her.

The thought comforted him. Knowing she had somewhere safe, somewhere worthy, let him breathe easier.

Andrew had slipped more than words into that envelope. If Cathryn opened it, she would discover the deed to the Moore residence as well—he had quietly wrested it back for her, another silent act of restitution.

The following morning, Andrew rose early, his movements crisp yet restless, and opened the surveillance feed on his phone. He had linked the administrative department's cameras to his device for quick access, but today his attention fixed on one thing: Cathryn's seat. It sat empty.

He called Ethan without lifting his eyes from the screen. “Cathryn did not go to work today?”

“She is unwell,” Ethan replied, his voice pitched carefully. “Sophie requested leave on her behalf—she has a fever.”

A sharp weight settled in Andrew’s chest. Images from the night before flashed back: Cathryn standing for hours outside the hospital in the damp night air, her hair plastered to her temples when she finally went upstairs. That fragile frame had always held more spirit than strength—how could she bear the discomfort?

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Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Ethan cleared his throat, slipping back into business. “Mr. Brooks, the code has been transferred to the tech department. They are preparing to run it.”

Ethan hesitated, as though waiting for a sign that his employer might still change course.

“Alright,” Andrew murmured, his voice flat and unreadable.

Ethan exhaled softly, as if releasing the last of his hope.

Some choices, once set into motion, carved themselves too deeply to be undone.

Later in the day, Cathryn tried reaching Sophie multiple times, but each call went unanswered.

Eventually, Sophie got back to her. “Work’s been nonstop at the office today, so I missed your calls.”

Cathryn asked, “What’s been keeping you tied up over there?”

Sophie answered, “They’re about to run Kestrel’s code.”

Cathryn’s heart raced for a moment, though she forced herself to steady her breathing. The buggy code wouldn’t harm Brooks Group; it was simply useless. Still, she couldn’t shake the nagging worry and decided to go to the office herself.

When Cathryn reached the office door, Vanessa’s raised voice greeted her. “Is making a basic spreadsheet really that complicated? You have thirty minutes. Get it done.”

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Sophie replied, “The data you handed me is all mixed up.” The sheet was a jumble of meaningless characters, impossible to make sense of.

Vanessa shot back, “I received it in that condition. Figuring it out is your problem, not mine.”

As she passed by, Cathryn glanced at the spreadsheet open on Sophie’s screen. The spreadsheet itself was nothing special, but the numbers had clearly been scrambled on purpose.

With her arms folded, Vanessa said, “If making a spreadsheet is too much for you, maybe you don’t belong here. Mr. Brooks doesn’t have patience for anyone who can’t keep up.”

After learning Sophie had met with Andrew, Vanessa had started plotting ways to get her kicked out of the company.

Just then, Howard walked over and asked, “What’s happening here?”

Vanessa responded, “I gave Sophie a simple task. Instead of doing it, she keeps making excuses. Why does the administrative department hire people like her?”

Howard narrowed his eyes at Sophie and snapped, “How hard is it to put together a spreadsheet? Are you trying to get yourself fired?”

Sophie said, “This data is completely jumbled...”

Vanessa banged her hand on the desk. “Then why did the company hire you? Do you want me to sort it out for you?”

Howard knew Vanessa had Andrew’s backing, so he refused to stand up to her. He pointed at Sophie and said, “You have thirty minutes to fix it.”

Cathryn stepped forward. “Sophie doesn’t need thirty minutes. She can straighten it out in ten.”

Sophie shot Cathryn a look and shook her head. There was so much chaos in that file she could barely tell where to start, let alone finish it in ten minutes.

With a playful wink, Cathryn gave Sophie a reassuring look.

Vanessa let out a sharp snort. “Ten minutes? You sure talk a big game.”

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