

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 371:

Cathryn's tone softened. "His father suffered an accident years ago. He's been in a vegetative state ever since. His mother remarried early, so he was raised by his grandmother."

Sophie gasped, covering her mouth. "That's awful." She imagined the boy Cathryn's husband must have been—growing up under the shadow of tragedy, father absent, mother gone, clinging only to the fragile hands of an aging grandmother.

Cathryn nodded, her voice tinged with sympathy. "A childhood without a father's protection or a mother's love... It is a cruel void."

Sophie patted Harley's shoulder, her eyes flicking to his in the mirror. With Cathryn's husband's family stripped of wealth and status, Harley felt his confidence swell.

At the mall, Sophie drifted away, leaving Cathryn alone with Harley.

Harley seized the moment. "You and I... I suppose we make a good match. When the divorce goes through, will you consider me?"

He had once admired her beauty and poise, assuming she had a top-tier education to land a job at Brooks Group. Later, he'd discovered she had been hired for cleaning services. His mother had even told him about Cathryn's string of misfortunes—her mother dead, thrown out of her home, divorced twice already. Another divorce would make three.

Yet Harley still thought himself a suitable partner. With her husband's background nothing special, his own insecurities faded.

"Harley," Cathryn said softly, "I've been married twice in under four years. I have no desire for a third. Don't waste your time on me."

He caught her hand, his grip warm but insistent. "I'm not in a hurry. I can wait."

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In the shadows, a phone camera clicked.

Minutes later, Andrew's screen lit up with an image of Cathryn's hand in Harley's. The sight detonated whatever restraint he had left. He shot to his feet and strode out, car keys in hand, fury sharpening his every step.

After a while, Andrew found Cathryn and Harley sharing ice cream on a sun-drenched bench. Without hesitation, he stormed forward, seized Cathryn's wrist, and started to pull her away.

"Damien—let me go!" Cathryn hissed, yanking against his grip.

Harley hastily caught up. "Did you hear her? She said she doesn't want to go with you!"

Andrew halted, his eyes locked on Cathryn. "Are you really leaving me for him?"

The question struck her as absurd. He had betrayed her first, yet here he stood, playing the wounded party. She gave a short, cold laugh. "Yes."

Harley's eyes gleamed at her answer.

Andrew's eyes darkened, his teeth grinding. "I won't allow it!"

Cathryn's stare went glacial. The man had moved on, yet he still tried to chain her like a possession.

Harley snapped, his voice hard. "Cathryn has decided to divorce you. I'm pursuing her now. She's no longer yours."

The last trace of warmth drained from Andrew's eyes. "Let me show you who she belongs to," he said, each word dripping like acid.

Before Cathryn could step back, Andrew yanked her to him, one arm locking around her waist. His mouth crashed down on hers in a fierce, consuming kiss.

She shoved at his chest, struggling, but his grip only tightened—an iron band of anger and desire.

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Cathryn clung weakly to his chest, breathless and on the verge of fainting.

Andrew was genuinely furious.

From the sidelines, Harley's eyes blazed with outrage. The audacity of the man before him—to ignore his presence so completely—made his blood boil.

Harley lunged forward and clamped a hand around Andrew's arm.

"I'm warning you," he growled, each word clipped with hostility, "enough is enough."

Years in the gym had carved Harley's body into solid muscle, and he carried himself with the cocky assurance of a man who had never met an equal at the arm-wrestling table.

Andrew, in contrast, stood tall and lean, his build more understated—hardly the sort Harley expected to put up a real fight.

Today, Harley wanted Cathryn to see just how useless her husband truly was. But the moment his fingers tightened, he felt the tables turn.

A sharp pain lanced through Andrew's shoulder, and his eyes snapped open, the calm veneer in them shattering.

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Harley shot Andrew a provocative grin, his eyes daring him to react. In an instant, Andrew pulled Cathryn protectively to his side and lunged forward. His hand clamped down on Harley's arm, and with a single fluid motion, he flipped Harley over his shoulder and slammed him to the floor.

The impact knocked the breath out of Harley before his mind even caught up.

He lay there, stunned, trying to make sense of what had just happened. Had this man really tossed him aside with only one hand? That couldn't be right. He was six feet tall, solidly built, nearly one-eighty in weight. No one threw him around that easily.

It had to be a fluke, he told himself. Maybe his footing had slipped. Maybe the guy had gotten lucky.

Harley refused to accept the humiliation. Pushing to his feet, he charged again.

Andrew barely moved, sidestepping the attack like it was nothing. His hand shot out, twisted Harley's arm behind his back, and a sickening crack echoed through the shop.

Pain ripped across Harley's face as he clutched at his shoulder, sweat dripping down his temple.

"Harley!" Cathryn shrieked, lunging forward to help him.

Andrew yanked her back and pulled her against his chest, his eyes unyielding and cold. "Why? Do you actually care about him?"

Fury sparked in Cathryn's gaze as she gritted her teeth. "Damien, you're a bastard!"

Andrew gave a short, harsh laugh. "Says the woman defending a man who was making moves on someone else's wife. Tell me, Cathryn—who's the bastard here?"

Her chest heaved as she fought against his grip. "His arm's broken! Let me take him to the hospital!"

Andrew's voice stayed calm, almost mocking. "It's only a dislocation, not his leg. He can drag himself there if he wants treatment."

Without another word, Andrew bent and lifted Cathryn over his shoulder, striding out of the shop while she struggled against him.

Not long after, Sophie returned from her errands, arms full of shopping bags. She noticed a small crowd gathered by the window, whispering as they glanced inside. Alarmed, she hurried to the doorway—and froze at the sight of Harley hunched over, cradling his injured arm, his face slick with sweat.

“Harley, what on earth happened? And where’s Cathryn?” Sophie asked, her voice shaking with concern.

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“Cathryn’s husband dragged her off,” Harley murmured weakly, his shirt plastered to him with sweat.

Sophie slipped an arm under his and guided him toward the car. “Come on. I’m taking you to the hospital.”

The moment the engine started, she asked, “What does this husband of hers even look like?”

Harley let out a bitter laugh that ended in a grimace. “Tall, good-looking—the type women swoon over. But beneath that pretty face, he’s nothing but a bastard.”

Sophie’s knuckles tightened around the steering wheel. “You don’t think Cathryn’s in danger, do you?”

She kept her phone on speaker, dialing Cathryn again and again, but every call went unanswered.

Meanwhile, forced into Damien’s car, Cathryn sat stiffly, still clutching the ice cream Harley had bought her as if it were her last bit of control.

The engine hummed, and the car rolled off.

Andrew’s jaw tightened at the sight. His hand shot out, snatching it from her, and with a furious motion, he flung it into a trash bin outside.

Cathryn's brows knit together. "Have you completely lost it?"

Andrew leaned in close, pressing her against the car door, his teeth clenched. "Lost it? I've gone insane! Watching you smile at another man drives me over the edge."

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Cathryn sneered. "Oh, please. Don't talk to me about loyalty. What about all the other women in your life?"

Andrew's reply came fast, his voice rough. "Elaine means nothing to me. There's nothing between us. I haven't so much as laid a finger on her."

Her gaze dropped, her voice edged with suspicion. "Margaret told me everything. She said you two have already shared a room. And the bed we once slept on—you threw it out."

"I tossed that bed because Elaine used it," Andrew shot back. "I couldn't stand the thought of it being tainted."

Cathryn's eyes lifted sharply. "Then what about her being rushed to the hospital in provocative lingerie? Clearly, your encounters were so intense that she ended up in the hospital afterward."

“She staged the whole scene,” he said, his tone heavy with disgust. “Pretended she was ill just to lure me. I had her carried out in her lingerie and dumped at the hospital for trying to seduce me.”

Her chest rose and fell as anger surged. “And yet you’re going to marry her. You went through the property notarization. You even bought her a new house. You two have already moved in together.”

Andrew shook his head firmly. “The house wasn’t for her. It was always meant for you. Your name has been on the deed from the beginning.”

Confusion shadowed her expression. “That’s impossible. I’ve never seen any deed.”

“I handed everything over to Margaret,” Andrew explained. “She was supposed to give you the deed along with every asset I own.”

Cathryn’s mind flashed back to the heavy folder Margaret had once passed along. Her voice came out low. “That pile of documents... all of it was your assets?”

Andrew’s gaze locked on hers, sharp and unwavering. “It’s been sitting with you all this time. Don’t tell me you never even looked at it.”

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Cathryn shook her head. Truth was, she hadn't taken the folder with her when she moved out. When Margaret couldn't reach her later, she'd sent it straight to Cathryn's office. But without a second thought, Cathryn had shoved it into a drawer and never opened it.

"I already signed everything over to you," Andrew said, his arms pulling her against him as if he could press the truth into her bones.

Cathryn couldn't help thinking it wasn't worth much anyway. He was only the illegitimate son of the Brooks family—how much could his fortune really amount to?

Still, suspicion lingered. “So you’re saying you don’t feel anything for Elaine? Not even a trace?”

His answer came without hesitation. “Nothing.”

A sharp pang of jealousy stirred in Cathryn, and the words slipped out before she could stop them. “She has the kind of body you like. Big chest, tiny waist, perfect hips.”

Andrew’s arm tightened around her waist, his voice edged with challenge. “Who fed those lies to you?”

Cathryn’s gaze dropped, heat rising to her cheeks. “You’ve always liked that type...” After all, the way he touched and kissed her in bed left no room for doubt.

His hand slid through her hair, tousling the soft strands with a mix of irritation and tenderness. “It’s not about the body. It’s because it’s you. That’s why I crave it.”

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Then his tone shifted, low and dangerous. “Tell me who put that idea in your head.”

Her voice was barely above a whisper. “Elaine came to me before.”

Andrew's expression darkened instantly. So the photographs he'd received earlier hadn't been an accident—they were Elaine's doing. He'd thought she was gone, but to his surprise, she'd been hiding in the shadows, circling, trying to poison everything between him and Cathryn.

The car came to a stop, and the two of them stepped out.

Andrew pulled out his phone, his voice cutting like steel. "Bring Elaine to me."

It didn't take long before Elaine was dragged in and thrown to the floor in front of Andrew and Cathryn.

With one arm wrapped protectively around Cathryn's waist, Andrew leaned close and spoke softly, almost tenderly. "Darling, tell me—how do you want to deal with this woman?"

Elaine lay bound on the floor, thrashing in frustration. "Amanda chose me to be the Brooks family's daughter-in-law! How dare you pull something like this, Cathryn?"

Cathryn's gaze dropped, calculating. She knew Amanda's fondness for Elaine meant she couldn't lay a hand on her; any injury would only make Amanda dislike Cathryn more.

Elaine shot her a mocking grin. “You really think your marriage will last? Amanda would never accept someone like you—a woman who’s already divorced.”

Andrew’s hands balled into fists, every muscle tense with barely checked fury. He looked ready to end this with a single blow.

Cathryn reached over, wrapping her hand around his fist to steady him. Hurting the one Amanda liked would only make things worse.

Andrew met Cathryn’s eyes, his voice tight with restraint. “That woman has thrown herself at me more than once. We can’t just let her go.”

A faint smile touched Cathryn’s lips. She had other ways to make Elaine miserable.

Without warning, Cathryn caught him by the collar, rose onto her toes, and pressed her lips to his.

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Andrew froze, stunned for a heartbeat. Then his tension melted away, and he wrapped his arms around her, deepening the kiss. The bodyguards, seeing where things were headed, quietly slipped out of the room to give them privacy.

Elaine stared at the two of them in utter disbelief, rage boiling over as she shouted, “Stop it! You have to stop!”

Watching them kiss was torture. She’d spent years secretly dreaming of Andrew, wishing it was her in his arms. Seeing him lose himself in another woman’s embrace was more than she could take. Jealousy burned through her, twisting painfully in her chest.

Cathryn’s voice was a soft, breathless whisper. “I want more.”

“Anything for you.” Andrew didn’t hesitate. His kiss deepened, pulling her close as if nothing else existed.

Their passion was unmistakable, the connection between them raw and undeniable.

Cathryn knew exactly how to push him to the edge. Between stolen breaths, her quiet sighs only drove him wilder.

His hands slipped beneath her clothes, his lips exploring her skin, his focus locked entirely on her.

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To anyone watching, it was as if they'd forgotten Elaine was even in the room.

Unable to take it anymore, Elaine hid her face in her arms, crying out, "I can't take this... Please, let me go... I want to leave..."

Cathryn pushed his head away, straightened her dress, and looked at Elaine with icy detachment. "Get out of Olekgan and don't come back."

Elaine's tears hit the floor in silent streams. "I'll go... I promise, I'll go..." All she wanted was to escape—to put as much distance as possible between herself and the couple who had just shattered her dreams.

The door opened, and the bodyguards returned.

Cathryn gave the order without hesitation. “Get her a ticket and send her back to Marlinton.”

Elaine was escorted out, her protests fading into the distance.

Not once did Andrew take his eyes off Cathryn, his desire for her burning hotter by the second. He reached for her, barely able to contain his impatience as he pulled her toward the car.

Beside the car, Cathryn placed a firm hand on his chest, keeping him at arm’s length. “It’s getting late. I want to go home.”

Andrew caught her hand, holding on tightly. “Come back with me. Our new place is waiting for us.”

Cathryn’s eyes flicked down, taking in the obvious evidence of his desire. She slipped her hand from his grip, her tone cool. “I’m heading over to Sophie’s place tonight.”

Andrew searched her face, but all he saw was a calm, almost detached gaze—any spark of earlier heat gone. His jaw tightened with frustration. “So everything you did just now was only to get under Elaine’s skin?”

A small, unapologetic nod was all Cathryn gave him. “That’s right.”

Andrew drew in a sharp breath, forcing down the irritation that threatened to spill over. While he was left wanting her, she wanted to walk away. He wouldn’t allow it.

“You’re not coming to our home tonight?” Andrew’s eyes narrowed, fixed on Cathryn.

She met his gaze, a spark of defiance lighting her features. “That’s right.” Not going home meant she was outside his grasp, free from his control.

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