

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 376:

“You really think the only place intimacy can happen is our bed?” Andrew stepped closer, the hunger in his gaze unmistakable.

Cathryn backed up until her back hit the car door, her voice steady but wary. “We’re in public...”

With a swift motion, Andrew lifted her and set her down in the back seat.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Cathryn gasped, folding her arms over her chest, anger flashing in her eyes.

“I want you right now.” His voice was low, raw.

She tried to resist, kicking out, but he caught her foot easily.

The image of Damien hoisting Harley like he weighed nothing flashed through her mind, and she remembered—too clearly—how strong he really was.

She had no idea about the brutal years he'd spent overseas—facing danger, surviving violence, and clawing his way up to power.

Download PDFs free on .com

Andrew bent over her, his voice rough. “Tell me—haven’t I satisfied your need?”

No one could say whether his intensity came from anger or from something deeper, but he didn’t relent.

Tears shimmered in Cathryn’s eyes as she pleaded, “Is this ever enough?”

His breath warmed her ear as he whispered, “Say it, Cathryn.”

Her answer trembled out of her, quiet and broken. “I love you.”

He drew her closer, his words harsh with feeling. “Only me?”

A shuddering sigh left her. “Only you...”

“Say it again,” Andrew insisted, as if he couldn’t let the words go.

Cathryn’s voice was little more than a whisper. “I love...”

“Swear you’ll always love me,” he said, desperate for reassurance.

“You’re the only one I’ll ever love,” she replied, her voice fading.

That vow—soft and certain—was all it took for Andrew to finally let himself fall.

Cathryn lay exhausted and trembling, left weak and spent after what had just happened.

Andrew leaned down, brushing a gentle kiss to her forehead as he murmured, “Cathryn, I love you. Please, promise me you’ll never leave me.”

Cathryn’s eyes fluttered open as she searched his face. Never leave him? Was that what he truly meant? Then why had he bothered with a prenuptial agreement?

A shadow of doubt flickered in her gaze, and Andrew caught it at once. He pushed himself upright, grabbed the contract from the glove compartment, and tore it apart—strip by strip—until nothing remained but a pile of shredded paper.

“Cathryn, we’re just like any other husband and wife now,” he said, his voice firm. “No more walls between us, okay?” He held her gaze, waiting for her answer.

Cathryn gave a small nod. “As long as you never lie to me again, I won’t leave you.”

A wave of unease washed over Andrew. He still hadn’t told Cathryn the truth about who he really was. Every part of him wanted to come clean, but the timing never felt right. And deep down, he feared the truth would frighten her enough to leave for good.

Andrew hugged Cathryn closer and whispered, “Our new home is ready, just waiting for you to move in.”

Curious, Cathryn asked, “Why suddenly buy a new home and move?”

.

.

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 377:

Andrew smiled and gave her nose a playful tap. “Margaret says buying a house is the ultimate promise of commitment in a relationship. And you once mentioned Crownspire Villa was too far from the city center. The new place is right in the city, close to Brooks Group, so getting to work will be easy for you.”

A gentle warmth spread through Cathryn. It struck her then that she’d made an offhand complaint about Crownspire Villa being too remote, and Damien had actually taken it to heart.

What moved her most was the way Damien wanted to build a real home with her. She’d gone her whole life without a place she could truly call hers—until now.

Still, Cathryn hesitated. “I’d like to stay at Sophie’s for a couple more days.”

Those nights with Sophie meant everything. They'd walk home together, cook simple dinners, squeeze into that tiny bed, and gossip about work until laughter made their sides ache, falling asleep side by side with their hair tangled on the same pillow. She'd never known friendship could feel this easy.

Catching Cathryn's sweet little pout, Andrew's tough façade melted. He gently tousled her hair. "Alright. Two more days with Sophie, but after that, you have to come home. Deal?"

With a squeal, Cathryn threw her arms around his neck, pressed a quick kiss to his cheek, and beamed. "You're the best, honey."

That silly kiss—and her words—sent Andrew's heart racing. He couldn't help himself; he pulled her close, and the world narrowed to the two of them.

The thought of waiting two more days already felt unbearable, loneliness settling in long before they could share a bed again.

Later, when Cathryn returned to Sophie's place, she hadn't expected to find Harley stretched out on the couch, his hair a tangled mess and his arm resting awkwardly in a sling.

Worry crossed Sophie's face as she hurried over. "Cathryn, are you okay?"

Cathryn shook her head, then turned to Harley. “Are you okay?”

Harley slumped a little, looking away. “I’m fine.”

Harley—who usually took pride in his strength—could hardly stomach the fact that he’d been lifted and thrown down right in front of Cathryn, nearly injuring his arm in the ordeal.

“I’m sorry about what happened, Harley. Really,” Cathryn said, her tone remorseful.

Harley finally looked up. “Don’t blame yourself. None of this was your fault. Your husband is the one to blame...”

His gaze dropped to the faint marks along Cathryn’s neck, and something dark flashed in his eyes.

Sophie noticed them too. Her face tightened as she gently tugged down Cathryn’s collar. “Cathryn, what did he do to you?”

Revealed beneath the edge of her shirt, faint love bites dotted Cathryn’s skin.

Cathryn instinctively clutched her collar, glancing away. “It’s really nothing...”

Sophie’s voice rose, sharp with outrage. “Did he force himself on you?”

Cathryn shook her head. “No. It wasn’t like that at all...”

Harley surged up from the couch, his fist already curled. “Tell me where he is! I’ll go rough him up right now!”

Cathryn tried to stop him. “Seriously, that’s not what happened.”

.

.

.

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 378:

Sophie rolled her eyes at Harley. “If you could actually beat Cathryn’s husband, you wouldn’t have needed that trip to the hospital.”

Harley scowled and muttered, “He caught me off guard last time. This time, I want a proper, fair fight.”

Cathryn waved both hands, desperate to calm them down. “Please, don’t do anything crazy.”

Turning to Cathryn, Sophie softened her tone. “You don’t have to be scared. We’ll handle him for you.”

Cathryn shook her head, hands lifting again in a frantic refusal. “No need. I mean it, Sophie...”

Ignoring her, Sophie instructed Harley, “Call our cousins. Get everyone from the gym. Cathryn’s husband won’t get away with this.”

Harley's jaw tightened as he curled his good hand into a fist. "We'll teach him a tough lesson."

addictive novels on galnovels.com

Cathryn blocked their path. "It's not what you think. Please, don't start anything."

Sophie cupped Kathryn's face gently. "You're too forgiving, Kathryn. That's exactly why jerks like him think they can walk all over you. Don't worry. We'll stand up for you."

Suddenly, Kathryn's phone buzzed with an incoming call from Damien. Before she could answer, Sophie snatched the phone out of her hand.

As soon as Sophie saw "Brooks" on the caller ID, a bitter smirk crossed her lips. "He doesn't even deserve that surname."

Without hesitating, Sophie picked up the call and unleashed her fury. "You cheating loser! You think you can mistreat Kathryn and just get away with it? Guess what? We're coming for you, so get ready to face the consequences!"

Andrew listened in silence as Sophie hurled a storm of insults over the phone.

Not backing down, Sophie sneered, “What’s wrong? Cat got your tongue? If you come near Cathryn again, you’ll answer to me.”

Right then, Andrew’s calm voice cut through. “Are you Sophie Blake?”

Sophie hesitated for a split second. Something about the sound rang a bell. “That’s right. I’m Sophie, and Cathryn is like family. If you’re looking for a fight, you’ll have to go through me first.”

A low laugh echoed on the line before Andrew ended the call without another word. He couldn’t wait to see what Sophie would do when they crossed paths tomorrow.

Sophie handed Cathryn’s phone back, a triumphant gleam brightening her face. “That jerk husband of yours backed off after I gave him a piece of my mind. He won’t dare bother you again.”

Cathryn’s heart sank. There was no way Sophie and Damien could cross paths again after this. They had serious bad blood now.

Sophie looped her arm through Harley’s and tugged him toward the door. “Harley, it’s getting late. Get going. Cathryn and I need to rest.” Tomorrow was her date with Andrew, and she wanted a full night’s sleep to look her best.

Harley pouted dramatically and halted at the doorway. “So now that you have a crush, your poor brother doesn’t matter to you anymore? My arm still hurts, you know.”

Before he could say more, Sophie slammed the door with a sharp thud.

She spun around, excitement bubbling through her. Grabbing Cathryn’s hand, she dragged her to the closet and pulled out dress after dress. They laughed as Sophie tried on outfits, and she even rehearsed what to say to Andrew the next day.

.

.

.

Chapter 379

Cathryn wanted her friend to be happy. She humored Sophie, staying up far too late until exhaustion finally claimed them both.

When morning arrived—Saturday, bright and golden—Sophie dressed with meticulous care before heading out.

Moments after she left, a car engine hummed downstairs.

Andrew’s sleek black sedan rolled to a stop beneath the apartment. Cathryn’s phone buzzed. She answered, then headed downstairs. Sliding into the back seat, she shut the door softly.

Yesterday's reckless closeness came rushing back the moment she was inside. Her cheeks flamed, the heat creeping down her neck.

Andrew reached over, took her hand, and brushed a kiss across her fingers. "I slept in the car last night," he said softly.

Cathryn blinked in shock. "You slept here? That couldn't have been comfortable."

A teasing glimmer danced in his eyes. "Your scent lingers in the car. I slept right where you were yesterday."

She lowered her gaze, shy and flustered. "You're being ridiculous."

Andrew leaned closer, his voice dropping into a playful murmur. "That seat still smells like you... and it brings everything back."

Cathryn's blush deepened to a fierce scarlet. She covered her face with both hands. "You are insufferable!"

Andrew...

Andrew laughed, pulling her into his arms. "Not insufferable—just in love with everything that's yours."

The warmth between them thickened until the air itself seemed to hum.

Cathryn pressed a hand to his chest and pushed lightly. "Don't start this in the morning. What are you even doing here?"

"I have a meeting," he replied smoothly. "But I thought I'd see you first."

She took in his sharp suit, the perfect tie, the polished shoes. Smiling, she rose slightly to smooth a stray lock of his hair. "If you're meeting someone important, at least look perfect."

Andrew caught her wrist gently, his gaze locking onto hers. "You're fixing me up so carefully—aren't you afraid I'm meeting another woman?"

Cathryn paused, then met his teasing stare with calm certainty. "We promised to trust each other. I meant that."

His expression softened, delight flickering in his eyes. He leaned forward and kissed her—slowly, deeply.

When they finally pulled apart, she exhaled with a faint laugh. "Go on. Don't be late."

She stepped out of the car, waving. “Make a good impression.”

Yosef, the driver, nodded in the rearview mirror and guided the car into traffic.

Later, inside the restaurant, Andrew found the private room where Sophie was already waiting.

Her eyes lit up the instant she saw him, admiration and nervous excitement flooding her face. She sprang to her feet. “Mr. Brooks, you came!”

Andrew didn’t sit, his tone even. “What exactly is this meeting about?”

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 380:

Sophie faltered. She hadn’t expected him to be so direct—not even taking a seat before cutting straight to the point. Flustered, she gestured toward the chair near her. “Please, Mr. Brooks, sit down.”

He took the seat across from her, deliberately keeping his distance.

Trying to steady herself, Sophie lifted the teapot and poured him a cup. “No perfume today, Mr. Brooks?”

Andrew reached across the table and caught her hand.

Quality translations on galnovels.com

Sophie's pulse hammered against her ribs, wild and uneven. She hadn't expected him to initiate physical contact.

"Are you trying to tell me you can code? That you're Kestrel?" Andrew asked, his gaze steady and sharp, searching her face as though her eyes might hold the truth.

Sophie went still. Kestrel? Code? What was he talking about? Her throat went dry. For a moment, words abandoned her entirely. Then, summoning every fragment of courage, she forced out the feelings that had been burning inside her for weeks.

"Mr. Brooks, I've liked you for a long time. I know you feel the same. Could we be together?"

For a heartbeat, silence stretched between them.

Andrew froze, his expression hardening. Was Sophie insane? He yanked his hand back, his brows knitting. "That's why you asked me here?"

Sophie blinked, confusion flickering across her face. "What else did you think I wanted to talk about?"

Andrew's gaze darkened, his thoughts spinning. Sophie wasn't Kestrel.

He rose from his seat, voice clipped. "I'm not interested in you."

Sophie's face flushed crimson; her composure faltered. "But you kept coming over to my place—and you wore the perfume I gave you. When I asked, you said the perfume was from someone special."

Andrew's eyes shadowed over as realization sank in. His gestures toward Cathryn had clearly given Sophie the wrong idea.

"How's your relationship with Cathryn?" he asked quietly.

"We're tight," she replied, almost automatically.

He slipped his hands into his pockets, his tone turning cold. "Then why are you trying to steal your friend's husband?"

Her eyes went wide. "What are you talking about? I would never go after my friend's man—" she protested, shaking her head.

Then, like lightning, the truth struck. Her friend's husband? Andrew said he was Cathryn's husband? How was that even possible?

Her finger trembled as she pointed at him. "You..."

Andrew met her stunned stare, his voice low, almost mocking. "You're quite fiery in the texts. 'Two-timing jerk.' 'Face the consequences.'"

He repeated the very insults and threats she'd hurled at him.

Sophie's breath hitched, her voice barely a whisper. "You're really Cathryn's husband?"

Andrew's gaze stayed steady as he nodded. "The real deal."

For a heartbeat, Sophie only stared at him. Then her hand flew to her mouth, muffling the gasp that escaped. Cathryn's husband was Andrew. The thought slammed into her like a shockwave. How could that even be possible?

"Cathryn is really married into the Brooks family—as your wife?" Sophie asked, her voice trembling with disbelief.

•

•

•

Message from Noa: Have a beautiful morning dear readers. God loves you and Noa wishes you all the best. (˘ ˘ - ˘) ✨

•