

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 391:

Sophie was already backing away. “Not anymore. Starting today, all CEO-office errands are your responsibility.”

Cathryn hesitated, then nodded. Perhaps it was for the best. If she got to meet Andrew, she could propose her plan to him.

Meanwhile, across town, Jordyn and Richard were released from custody and headed back to their rental apartment.

Liam and Zoe had been sentenced, but Jordyn and Richard walked free—at least for now.

Richard sneered as he dropped onto the couch. “Never thought you’d be vicious enough to frame your own mother.”

In court, Jordyn had staged a breakdown, throwing Zoe under the bus to dodge the blame.

Jordyn shot him a glare, her voice icy. “And you’re one to talk. You hit your own daughter.”

Richard’s eyes hardened. “You’re worse.”

Richard had known from the beginning that Cathryn wasn’t his biological daughter. When he married Bettina, she had already been pregnant. Back then, he had been a penniless nobody. Marrying Bettina had bought him a life of luxury he never could have earned. Twenty years of comfort, he thought, had been worth the endurance.

Jordyn smirked. “Let’s not pretend either of us is clean. If you want a shot at a comeback, you’ll listen to me.”

Richard scoffed. “And why would I? You’ve got a silver tongue, but no skills to match.”

Jordyn leaned back, a sly smile curving her lips. “My specialty is fooling people. Just wait and see.”

She remembered the photo she’d spotted in Andrew’s office—a girl standing on a rooftop, staring into the sunset.

With a single glance, Jordyn had recognized her.

It was Cathryn.

In Jordyn's eyes, the silhouette in the photograph was unmistakable—Cathryn, back in her training days within that shadowy organization.

Jordyn could have recognized Cathryn's outline even in darkness. She had studied that silhouette too many times to count, her gaze sharpening with quiet venom every time it appeared.

Rumor had it—through Cara—that Andrew was still hunting for Kestrel. He already possessed the code he'd wanted, the one that handed him absolute control over Brooks Group. So why did he keep searching?

That question had haunted Jordyn through her long hours in detention. And then, one day, it clicked.

Andrew must have crossed paths with Cathryn during her time in that secret organization. Perhaps he had even fallen for her—quietly, foolishly—but fate had torn them apart. Then, three years ago, revolutionary code had surfaced, and Andrew had recognized the signature: the work of the girl he'd once seen on that rooftop.

In other words, he wasn't chasing Kestrel.

He was chasing the girl from that moment.

From what Jordyn could tell, Cathryn had never revealed to Andrew that she was Kestrel.

Jordyn's eyes gleamed as she saw her opening. Her earlier attempt to impersonate Kestrel had backfired spectacularly, but she still had another card to play.

She would craft a new "Cathryn."

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