

Once The Foolish Wife, Now His Eternal Obsession

Chapter 392:

Jordyn resolved to calculate her move carefully—her comeback hinged on this.

Elsewhere, at Brooks Group, Cathryn rode the elevator to the thirty-eighth floor, a file tucked neatly under her arm.

At the door to Andrew's office, she nearly collided with Ethan. He greeted her with a gentle smile and a courteous nod. "Ms. Moore, what brings you here?"

Cathryn returned the smile, her expression calm. "I just need to deliver this file to Mr. Brooks."

"I see," Ethan said, swinging the office door open. "Please, come in."

Cathryn hesitated in the doorway, her hand still on the folder. "What kind of person is Mr. Brooks?"

Ethan blinked, caught off guard.

“Is he easygoing?” she continued lightly. “Or the all-business type?” She wanted to know whether she should keep her words short—or let her smile do the work.

A knowing chuckle escaped Ethan. “I suppose you’d know that better than I do.”

Cathryn had noticed Ethan was always polite to her—almost overly so—as if she were the CEO’s wife, when in reality she was just a minor employee. Maybe he was simply that courteous. Or maybe Brooks Group trained its staff a little too well.

After more than twenty days at Brooks Group, Cathryn finally stood inside Andrew’s office.

Before, she had been desperate to meet Andrew—to use her code as leverage, to join forces against the Moore and Watson families. But fate had rewritten everything. Andrew had partnered with Jordyn instead, and somehow both the Moore and Watson families had imploded. Zoe and Liam had landed behind bars, and the inheritance her mother left her had ended up in Andrew’s hands.

Strangely, Cathryn felt calm.

She knew Andrew was searching for Kestrel. And if she played her cards right—if she revealed she was the person he'd been looking for—then together they could dominate the tech world. Maybe she could even reclaim her mother's assets.

Her gaze swept across the office. It was empty.

"Mr. Brooks?" she called softly.

Unbeknownst to her, Andrew was in the adjoining changing room, watching her through the one-way glass. Amusement flickered in his eyes. He stayed still, letting her curiosity pull her closer.

Cathryn noticed movement behind the frosted glass and took a cautious step forward. "Mr. Brooks? I have a file that needs your signature."

Andrew leaned against the wall, studying her through the clear side of the glass. His grin widened. He decided to tease her.

The door creaked open, revealing a strong, tanned arm.

"Hand me the file," he said lazily.

Cathryn caught a glimpse of his hand—long fingers, veins tracing his wrist—and instinctively craned her neck for a better look. She had to see the man Sophie swore was devastatingly handsome.

Andrew noticed her lean in and deliberately stepped forward, exposing the sculpted lines of his chest. “I’m not dressed,” he murmured. “Still want to look?”

Cathryn’s eyes widened. She caught a flash of hard abs before she spun around and covered her face. “Mr. Brooks, I—I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to—”

Andrew’s low laugh rumbled behind her. Even her flustered reaction was endearing. Good thing her gaze hadn’t lingered—she truly believed she was looking at a stranger.

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