

ONCE THE FOOLISH WIFE, NOW HIS ETERNAL OBSESSION

Chapter 8:

“Wait—is that Liam with Jordyn?” someone blurted out among the guests, disbelief slicing through the tension.

In an instant, a scandal within the Moore family was laid bare for everyone to see.

Shock swept over Richard and Zoe. Both of them looked as if all the blood had drained from their faces.

“Turn it off! Shut it down right now!” Zoe shouted, her voice barely steady.

The technician’s hands flew over the controls. “It’s not responding. I can’t get the feed to stop!”

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Richard barked out orders, rage spilling into his tone. “Go find Jordyn immediately!”

Servants sprinted to the far door, only to be stopped by a heavy chain wrapped around the handle. Repeated calls to both Jordyn and Liam went unanswered.

Chaos reigned over the Moore family.

Meanwhile, Cathryn sat among the audience, her lips curving into the barest hint of a smile as she watched the adulterous pair exposed live on the giant screen. The entire show was hers to end—if she felt like it.

On screen, the surveillance footage continued to play, leaving nothing to the imagination. Jordyn's dress was pooled at her waist, pleasure softening her features. "Liam, you never seem to have enough. Three years, and you still want me this eagerly—worked up from just a kiss, in a place like this."

Liam yanked harder at her dress, stripping her with impatient hands. "Blame yourself. You're insatiable. I'm just fulfilling your desires."

Jordyn's laughter was low and breathless. "I have to make sure you burn all your energy on me, so you won't touch that annoying Cathryn when you go home."

All eyes began to shift toward Cathryn, pity etched across every face.

Cathryn met each look with the perfect mix of heartbreak and shock, drawing out every last drop of sympathy.

The next second, Liam hoisted Jordyn up and spread her legs, his hips pressing between her thighs, ready to take things further. A flicker of panic crossed Jordyn's face. "We really should get out of here. My mother's birthday party is going on outside."

A chuckle escaped Liam. "That's half the thrill, isn't it?"

Smiling, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed closer. “Don’t leave marks. If anyone sees, it’ll cause a whole lot of trouble.”

Liam tore away the last shred of her dress.

Just as Jordyn’s naked body was about to be revealed for everyone to see, Zoe dashed onto the stage, throwing herself in front of the screen in a desperate attempt to block the scene.

But Zoe’s efforts were futile. The images washed over her body anyway—Jordyn’s lingerie glaring against Zoe’s face, Liam’s hands roaming, everything captured for all to witness.

Every corner of the screen broadcast a spectacle too obscene for polite company. Socialites among the guests covered their eyes in disgust.

“Shameless. Absolutely shameless.”

“Of all men in the world, Jordyn goes after her own sister’s husband. Disgraceful.”

“Like mother, like daughter. Zoe set her sights on a married man years ago. Looks like Jordyn is just following her example.”

“Zoe must have known about their affair for ages and didn’t do a thing. Look at her, still trying to shield Jordyn now. What else could she expect but a daughter like that?”

The footage glitched, but every moan and gasp still blared through the speakers, flooding the hall with sounds no one could pretend not to hear.

When the screen finally flickered off, Zoe seemed to collapse in on herself, her face hollow and drained.

Soon, Jordyn returned to the hall with her clothes hastily thrown back on, only to find every single person staring at her, their expressions dripping with scorn. Zoe remained slumped on the stage, broken.

Jordyn's gaze snapped immediately to Cathryn.

Cathryn sat perfectly straight, tilting her head slightly, the faintest smirk of challenge tugging at her lips.

Jordyn snapped, jabbing an accusing finger at Cathryn. "What twisted trick are you pulling now?"

With wide, innocent eyes, Cathryn only looked back.

Judgment closed in from all sides. The guests' scrutiny fell hard on Jordyn, and she felt her composure begin to crack.

Questions raced through Jordyn's mind. Had her dress slipped? Had Liam left marks she hadn't noticed? A quick glance downward told her everything looked fine—at least on the surface.

Just then, Liam returned to the hall. He frowned as he took in the scene: sympathy pooling around Cathryn, hostile stares fixed on Zoe and Jordyn. His

expression hardened. He immediately assumed Cathryn must have bullied them.

He strode straight up to Cathryn, his voice sharp with accusation. “You’re Jordyn’s sister, but you’re always trying to make her miserable. Why do you have to bully her constantly?”

Cathryn blinked, wearing pure innocence like a shield. “Really? What exactly have I done to hurt her?”

The pressure of the room’s stares bore down on Liam, and his confidence wavered. “Jordyn’s always been soft, never the type to make a fuss. You’re the one who takes everything from her. Honestly, I’ve never met anyone so brazen.”

“That’s enough!” Richard’s voice rang out, his cheeks blazing red. Embarrassment rolled off him in waves.

Liam clamped his mouth shut, thrown by Richard’s sudden shift. For as long as anyone could remember, Richard had always taken Jordyn’s side. Why defend Cathryn now—so publicly?

Cathryn swayed slightly and let herself fall into Harold’s arms, frail as a wilted flower.

Jordyn sprang up, pointing straight at Cathryn. “Drop the act! Stop faking weakness just to get sympathy. Everyone can see the truth. No one’s taking your side!”

A shout erupted from the guests. “Utterly shameless!”

Thinking it was aimed at Cathryn, Jordyn flashed a triumphant smile. “See? Even the guests know how shameless you are.”

The room finally snapped.

Several guests pointed directly at Jordyn. “You’re the shameless one! You slept with your sister’s husband, just like your mother—breaking up a home.”

A jolt of fear shot through Jordyn, her features going stiff and unreadable. Questions crashed through her mind. How could they know?

Her gaze darted to Cathryn immediately—who else would have dragged her name through the mud while she was gone?

People’s sympathy was clearly leaning toward Cathryn, especially after her mother’s death. But without proof of Jordyn’s affair with Liam, it should have been nothing more than words.

Forcing her tone to stay even, Jordyn spoke up. “Cathryn’s been spinning vicious stories about me since we were kids. You shouldn’t trust a single word from her. Liam is my brother-in-law, and there’s nothing between us.”

A snort of laughter rose from the guests. “Bold of you to deny it. We all saw what was on that screen.”

“You’re slandering me!” Jordyn snapped, her voice climbing. “You can’t accuse me without a shred of proof!”

No sooner had the words left her mouth than the massive screen flickered back on, replaying the footage—leaving no doubt about what it showed.

Jordyn's and Liam's faces drained of color.

"But... you told me the security cameras were down!" Liam whirled on Jordyn, panic spilling into his voice.

Jordyn's breath hitched as the screen displayed them again. "Those cameras have been dead for a year. How can this be happening?"

Condemnation poured from the guests like rain, drowning Jordyn in shame. Desperate, she spun toward Cathryn.

A quiet, sly smile rested on Cathryn's lips—barely there, yet unmistakably satisfied. Breaking into a security system was nothing for her.

In that moment, Jordyn finally understood.

Cathryn was behind it all.