

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 1

Niamh Rivers had been married for three years, and tonight was the first time she'd ever switched on the computer in Jonathan Thomas's study.

If it weren't for an urgent request—an important document Jonathan needed her to send—she might have gone her whole life without seeing the spreadsheet now open before her.

Every folder on Jonathan's computer was labeled in a language she couldn't read, but it was clear from a glance that they all held company projects.

Except for one. This folder was named with just two letters: MT.

Driven by a simple curiosity, Niamh double-clicked it.

Inside, there was a single Excel file titled—Revenge.

Niamh had grown up in a single-parent home. Her mother was in and out of hospitals, and by any measure, marrying the heir to The Thomas Group was a leap she'd never dared dream of.

Their story had started like something out of a romance novel—and for a while, it actually played out that way.

Jonathan had been in a car accident. The driver fled the scene, and it was Niamh who carried him to the hospital, who saved his life.

Then, out of nowhere, Jonathan appeared at the gates of her university.

It was Valentine's Day. He stood there with a bouquet of 999 blush-pink roses and confessed his love to her.

That year, the price of roses had skyrocketed, and Valentine's Day made them even rarer. A bouquet like that cost a small fortune. The entire campus was talking about it.

Niamh adored those roses, carefully arranging them on her nightstand—despite her flower allergy, which eventually sent her to the hospital.

But she never told Jonathan. So, every time they met, he brought her another bouquet of pink roses.

Before she could even graduate, Niamh had already married Jonathan and settled into life as a homemaker.

Jonathan was always busy, and he needed someone to take care of the house,

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someone completely devoted..

Her mother-in-law often reminded her that Jonathan had a sensitive stomach, that home-cooked meals were better for him, that a maid could never replace a wife's care, that a woman's duty was to run the household and raise children, and so on,

and so on.

So, Niamh spent her days cooking, cleaning, doing laundry, and spent her nights. fulfilling her wifely duties. Their lives barely intersected.

Now, this spreadsheet felt like a window into Jonathan's world. Niamh opened it, and rows of photographs popped up.

There were only two columns, hardly any words at all—just pictures.

The left-hand column was headed with the folder's name: MT.

Niamh stared at those two letters, trying to guess what they might stand for. She couldn't figure it out.

The column on the right was easier: NR—Niamh Rivers.

Herb

hand trembled on the mouse.

Both columns were dated, and each photo was stamped with a time.

Every picture in the MT column showed the same young woman.

In the first, she stood beside a massive bouquet of pink roses—at least 999 of them; in the second, she flaunted a dazzling diamond necklace at her throat, still holding a bouquet of pink roses; in the third, she grinned, clutching a designer handbag in both hands, another bouquet on the dining table beside her.

All those pink roses burned in Niamh's eyes as she glanced over to the right-hand column.

Every photo there was of her.

The first showed Niamh with an identical bouquet of pink roses.

The second—an identical diamond necklace, identical roses.

The third—an identical designer handbag, and again, pink roses.

Fourth, fifth, sixth... it went on.

Until, in the left column, the woman held a bouquet of pink roses and displayed a pink diamond ring on her left hand, on the right, on the same day, Niamh received a marriage proposal from Jonathan, complete with a pink diamond ring nestled

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among—of course—pink roses. That was where the spreadsheet ended.

Niamh quietly closed the computer, a dawning understanding settling over her.

All this time, she'd believed Jonathan simply loved pink roses, which was why he always gave them to her.

He'd never worn or used anything pink himself, but back then, she'd been so sure She'd discovered some secret, softer side of his. The thought had left her giddy for

days.

But now... she realized the truth.