

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 10

Prescott ventured a question, but Jonathan's sharp gaze cut right through him.

"What did you just call Niamh?"

"Miss Rivers, of course!" Prescott replied, completely baffled.

It wasn't just Prescott—everyone around Jonathan addressed Niamh as "Miss Rivers."

Only now did Jonathan realize that, after three years of marriage, Niamh was still "Miss Rivers" to everyone—not "Mrs. Thomas."

He picked up his phone, curious to see how Niamh would react to the torn-up divorce papers. But she hadn't replied at all. Instead, Marina was the one calling him.

That evening, Niamh arrived alone at the dazzling Violet Grand Hall, the crown jewel of Aldenville.

She'd changed into something more presentable—a tailored blue bouclé suit, one of her few decent outfits from before she got married.

The doorman gave her a polite smile, which she returned as she reached for her purse. But then, from behind, came a voice she'd hoped to avoid.

"Miss Rivers! What a surprise—what brings you here?"

Niamh turned to see Marina approaching, flanked by two girlfriends.

Tonight, Marina was dressed to the nines in a pastel floral gown, a pink diamond necklace sparkling at her throat.

"Marina, who's this? A friend of yours?" Lily eyed Niamh up and down. "Don't tell me she's here for the FY gala too?"

"As if," Olive interjected with a disdainful sneer. "FY's events are for the crème de la crème—real VIPs. Judging by what she's wearing, she's probably just here to deliver food!"

It was obvious from their little act that Marina's friends knew exactly who Niam

was.

“Lily, Olive, don’t be so hard on Miss Rivers,” Marina said in a tone dripping with false concern. “Jonathan told me she got married before finishing college and has been a housewife for years. Her wardrobe’s mostly aprons, and the only place she

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goes is the local market, so of course she hasn’t seen much of the world. She doesn’t have the same sense of style as us designers at FY.”

“You work at FY?” Niamh asked, genuinely surprised.

Marina, beaming with pride, produced a business card.

“Marina’s the rising star of the jewelry world,” Lily gushed. “Even FY’s HR department thinks she’s got huge potential!”

“As a housewife, do you even know what ‘HR’ means?” Olive jabbed.

Lily and Olive’s taunts buzzed in Niamh’s ear as she glanced at Marina’s card-

FY Jewelry, Design Division, Intern.

Marina clearly expected Niamh to be embarrassed or envious. But Niamh only gave her a cool, serene smile.

“You’re very talented.”

Lily rolled her eyes dramatically. “Trying to act unbothered, huh? I bet you’re dying of jealousy inside!”

When Niamh turned to head for the entrance, Olive called after her, “Delivery staff aren’t allowed through there.”

Marina stifled a laugh behind her hand, exchanging glances with her friends. The trio moved together, purposely blocking Niamh’s way.

“See this? Only guests with invitations can go in,” Lily said, flashing her invitation and ushering Marina forward.

Marina lifted her pastel gown carefully and swept inside like a princess..

But at the entrance, the doorman stopped her. “Sorry, ma’am. Staff invitations must use the employee entrance.”

Marina's face flushed with embarrassment. Lily and Olive jumped in to defend her, "Marina works here anyway!"

"Yeah, we'll take the staff entrance—it's not like some people, who can't get in at all." Finally, they stepped aside. Niamh walked up to the VIP entrance, took a cris, envelope from her purse, and handed it to the doorman.

His eyes widened; his smile grew warmer.

"This way, Miss Rivers..."

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As Marina and her friends stared in disbelief, Niamh strolled through the VIP entrance and into the grand hall.