

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 11

Marina dogmally planned to wait for Jesnathan and strall confidently through the Ventrance Jonathan didnt have an invitation, but with his name and looks, nobody would ever dare stop him

But as the evening edged closer and Jonathan still hadn't shown up, she had no choice but to shepherd Olive and Lily through the staff entrance instead.

Once inside Marina glanced around scanning the room for any sign of Niamh But there was nothing

"That Niamh must be here delivering food or something. There's no way that invitation was actually hers" Clive scoffed

Exactly Lily chimed in "She dat even finish colleger Why would Y invite her to their big celebration?"

The words eased Marina's nerves a ime me friends had a point-FX was one of the world's top luxury brands, and tonights gala was a celebration of their Grand Piano Callication, haunted hour years ago. The line had hated to fame with its patented cafkomanding, thennative artery, and steative spark, quickly becoming a Crown jewel among high and jawasry Four consecutive years as the number one seller, went by Son ones and customers alike-FX had every reason to celebrate I wonder if well get to meet the genus behind the Grand Plane Collection tonight." Marima's eyes apurkled with anticipation

"I heard that designer is super mysteraus, No one even knows if it's a man on a woman," said Ho

Marina, you work for Fr nowt Brant you know anything? Lily pressed.

Aharone shook her head, clearly disappointed. "Ad (wow is the designer signs as BMC Than Evan my boss haart met Fem

Meanwhile, in a private room upstairs, Nanh sat across from Futer

Peter was one of FY's founders, and now its mecutive director

"It's been free yours Pets sent, handing her a mug of coffee "You look ever sing pointer

Three years of marriage spent tend to me then, her days ding around chores

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never a moment for herself, never time to dress up. How could a woman like that become more beautiful? Life had only worn her down.

Worst of all, her husband didn't love her.

A marriage without love leaves nothing but a mess—one she knew all too well.

Niamh's story was even bleaker. Three years of quietly devoted housework, and what did she get? Her husband's affair with another woman—who managed to steal her husband and, in the most vicious twist, cost Niamh her unborn child.

The memory stabbed her. Her grip on the coffee mug tightened until her knuckles turned white.

“So, what do you think?” Peter's voice broke through her thoughts. “The brilliant BYC I've been hoping for—any interest in coming back to FY?”

Niamh looked up at him. The hope in Peter's eyes was just as earnest as it had been four years ago.

Except this time, he said “come back.”

The truth was, Niamh had never worked at FY.

They'd met during her freshman year at Aldenville University. Peter had come to scout for new talent, and spotted Niamh alone on campus, quietly sketching jewelry inspired by the form and music of a grand piano.

Her fresh ideas captured Peter's imagination. To bring them to life, Niamh even developed new techniques for gem cutting and setting.

Peter had invited her to join FY back then, offering a part-time role so she could keep up with her studies. But Niamh turned him down.

She didn't care for the jewelry business, nor did she want fame. She used the pseudonym BYC, agreed to a share of the Grand Piano Collection's royalties, and that was that.

No one expected the collection to become an instant sensation. Suddenly, BYC was a legend—a mysterious genius in the world of high jewelry.

Peter looked at her, easily reading the unhappiness written on her face. If her marriage had been going well, he knew, she would never have agreed to come tonight.

“Give me a chance, Maestro. Please?” he teased gently.

Niamh had to laugh at that. “You’re exaggerating. The Grand Piano Collection was

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just a moment of inspiration. You know I’m not even passionate about jewelry design.”

Peter shook his head. “You’re wasting your gift, you know. FY’s designers would kill for a tenth of your talent.”