

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 12

Niamh just smiled, saying nothing.

“Anyway, you know you’re welcome anytime,” Peter continued, his tone warm and persistent. “The contract’s ready and waiting—I left the salary open for you to fill in, bonuses as always. FY’s doors are always open for you.”

He paused when he noticed Niamh turning away, her gaze fixed on the tall glass window.

From their private lounge on the second floor, she could see the entire main hall below.

Downstairs, Jonathan had finally arrived, fashionably late and causing quite a stir.

He wasn’t the only business mogul in the room, but few looked anything like him.

Tonight, Jonathan wore a crisp white suit paired with a black shirt, the stark contrast only enhancing his cool, dignified aura.

d deliberately left the tie at home, adding a touch of effortless romance to his usual reserved style. His features were strikingly chiseled—like something out of a sculpture—but those naturally smiling lips softened the effect, making him all the more irresistible.

The moment he entered, women all across the hall gasped with admiration.

Marina lingered near the entrance, waiting on purpose for Jonathan to come to her, the picture of a princess awaiting her prince.

Envy and jealousy flashed in countless eyes as he made his way to her, and suddenly, Marina herself became the star of the evening.

Her proud smile said it all.

She might have been just an intern at FY, but tonight, all eyes were on her.

Niamh hadn’t expected to see Jonathan here.

She watched in silence as he walked straight to Marina’s side, never once glancing around.

In three years of marriage, Niamh had never seen Jonathan approach any woman so openly.

She'd been naïve enough to think it was because he loved her—that she was special.

Now she understood: Marina was the special one.

Standing together, they looked like characters out of a fairy tale—handsome, elegant, perfectly matched.

Niamh suddenly felt painfully out of place.

The last conversation she'd had with Jonathan at home had ended in anger. He'd torn up the divorce papers; if they couldn't get divorced, on paper she was still his wife. But the happiness and harmony playing out below had nothing to do with her.

"You're not thinking of leaving already, are you?" Peter asked carefully.

His mind was made up—he wasn't about to give up on recruiting Niamh for FY. But he could see how the scene unfolding downstairs must sting; if she wanted to go, he wouldn't, and couldn't, stop her.

Niamh's eyes stayed fixed on Jonathan and Marina, laughing together, oblivious to the world. After a long silence, she finally looked back at Peter.

"If I asked you for a present right now, would you give it to me?"

Downstairs, Jonathan presented Marina with an enormous bouquet of pink roses, wrapped beautifully in shimmering paper. Marina's sweet, bashful smile lit up her whole face.

Lily and Olive, standing nearby, were nearly beside themselves with envy, singing Jonathan's praises like there was no tomorrow.

"A boyfriend as handsome, rich, and amazing as Mr. Thomas? Marina, you must have saved the world in a past life!"

"That's not even the best part! He actually rescheduled an important meeting just to spend time with her. He absolutely dotes on her!"

"And look at that dress—custom Elie Saab, right? That's got to be at least ten grand. Another gift from Mr. Thomas."

With her arm looped through Jonathan's, Marina basked in the compliments, radiant.

"Oh, by the way, Jonathan—just now I saw Miss Rivers..."

Jonathan's brow rose ever so slightly; of course he knew exactly who Marina meant.

"She looked so out of place in those clothes. Maybe she's here to deliver food or something..."

When Jonathan didn't reply, Marina went on, "She is, after all, your wife—at least in 23:32

name. Isn't it sad, seeing her reduced to making deliveries?"

"She brought it on herself," Jonathan answered coolly.

No degree, no skills, just years spent as a housewife—what kind of job could a woman like that

expect to find?

Delivering food was no surprise to him.

Just then, another ripple of excitement swept through the crowd.

"Hey, does anyone know who that gorgeous woman with Mr. Peter is?"