

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 13

“I don’t know her. Isn’t she that new rising star in the entertainment Industry?”

“She’s much prettier than all those other starlets.”

More and more people started whispering, their eyes drawn to the woman beside Peter.

She stood out effortlessly, the elegant black velvet gown hugging her figure in all the right places. Her hair, usually straight, was swept up in a soft, glamorous style, and a dazzling black-and-white diamond hairpin from the Grand Piano

Collection—the most expensive piece in the line—sparkled in her hair, impossible to ignore.

Jonathan found her silhouette oddly familiar, but it wasn’t until she finally turned around that it clicked.

“Niamh?!”

Marina, Lily, and Olive all gasped in shock.

Jonathan said nothing, but his eyes suddenly grew brighter, their gaze fixed.

It was the first time he’d seen Niamh in such bold makeup—a deep crimson lipstick, dramatic but never garish. He couldn’t tell if it was the handiwork of a brilliant stylist or just Niamh’s own natural elegance shining through.

“I can’t believe it—Miss Rivers already found herself a new sugar daddy. And to think I used to worry about her,” Marina murmured softly, her tone syrupy sweet. Jonathan’s eyes flickered with a cold light.

Everything Niamh wore tonight, from the dress to the jewelry, was on loan from Peter—a “gift” for the evening. She hadn’t come to watch Jonathan and Marina flaunt their romance, but now that she was here, she refused to turn tail and run.

Jonathan’s gaze lingered on her only for a moment before he turned away, resuming his attentive, loving act with Marina. The smile on his handsome face—the tenderness in his eyes—were expressions he’d never shown Niamh.

The urge to make Jonathan notice her, to finally impress him, slowly twisted into a sharp sense of defeat.

She escaped to the restroom, needing a moment to collect herself. She'd made up her mind about the divorce ages ago—so why was she still so hung up on all this?

When she emerged, the pain in her feet was impossible to ignore. These heels

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weren't her usual pair, and they were merciless, rubbing her heels raw. As she twisted around to check the damage, she nearly lost her balance—only to be caught just in time.

She barely managed a "Thank—" before her eyes met Jonathan's.

His smile was devastating, his eyes dark and mesmerizing, but up close, the intensity of his gaze made her nervous.

She tried to pull her arm away, but Jonathan's grip was unyielding.

"You don't need to go through all this just to make me jealous."

His voice was cool, almost indifferent, but Niamh caught the faintest hint of a sneer at the end.

"This whole "hard to get" act is painfully transparent," he finished.

He released her arm and handed her a band-aid, then walked into the restroom without another word.

Even if she'd wanted to explain, Jonathan hadn't given her a chance. After a moment's hesitation, she used the band-aid he'd given her.

Her foot felt better, but her chest somehow felt even tighter.

Back in the ballroom, Niamh was so lost in thought she didn't even notice she'd been standing motionless at the buffet for ages.

"Overwhelmed by all the unfamiliar food? Don't know where to start?" Lily and Olive appeared at her side.

"Let me show you—this is premium caviar, you're supposed to eat it with these Russian blinis," Lily explained, only for Olive to jab her with an elbow.

"You should probably tell her what caviar even is. She might not have heard of it before!"

Niamh couldn't be bothered to respond, but then Marina stepped right into her path. "Come on, Lily, Olive, don't be ridiculous—Niamh isn't from the Middle Ages. Of course she knows what caviar is." Marina smiled sweetly as she spooned a serving onto a blini and handed it to Niamh.