

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 14

“But this must be your first time here, right? Jonathan really should’ve brought you out more—let you see the world.”

“Well, what choice did he have? She’s hardly presentable! Remember before? Mr. Thomas used to take you, Marina, to all sorts of events. Now look at him—poor man, stuck with a wife who only has a high school diploma. What terrible luck.”

“Exactly! One’s an Oxford PhD, the other’s a housewife. I honestly don’t know how. she has the nerve to show up at a place like this and embarrass herself.”

Surrounded by the three of them, Niamh merely smiled, calm and unbothered.

“Ms. Thornton, since you’re so worldly, surely you know the caviar you’re serving is beluga, which is best enjoyed on its own or with champagne, right?”

The fake smile on Marina’s lips froze.

“Osetra caviar is the one you’re supposed to pair with blinis.”

With deliberate care, Niamh picked up a delicate blini, layered it with smoked salmon, then added a spoonful of osetra caviar and a touch of crème fraîche, before offering it to Marina.

“Now this is how you’re meant to eat a blini.”

Marina glanced between the perfectly assembled blini in Niamh’s hand and the slab of bread she was holding, her face turning an ugly shade of green.

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“Oh, please. Who knows if you’re even telling the truth.” Olive stepped up to defend Marina.

“Even if you are, so what? You just spend more time in the kitchen than the rest of us. Doesn’t make you some kind of genius.” Lily chimed in, eager to back Marina

Niamh placed her finished blini on her plate, her tone light. “I’m definitely no genius, but at least I know a little more than you.”

With that, she turned and walked away. Just then, Jonathan reappeared at Marina’s side.

“What’s wrong? You look a little pale. Are you feeling alright?” he asked, and when Marina shook her head, her gaze fixed on the caviar.

“Would you like some caviar?” Jonathan picked up a plate and prepared a blini for

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her—layering it exactly as Niamh had moments before.

Nearby, a guest lingered by the buffet, frowning in confusion. “There’s so much. caviar here—how am I supposed to tell the difference?”

Marina quickly collected herself and, repeating Niamh’s recent explanation, described each variety in detail. The guest listened, impressed, and thanked her warmly.

“So knowledgeable at such a young age! That’s remarkable.”

Marina gave a modest smile. “Oh, I just learned it from my boyfriend.”

Noticing her arm linked through Jonathan’s, the guest couldn’t help but praise, “A perfect match—talented and beautiful!”

Jonathan glanced down at Marina, his natural half-smile deepening. “It works both. ways, you know.”

“Both ways? In that case, it’s beauty and talent on both sides. Mr. Thomas, you’re too charming.”

Lily and Olive squealed in agreement, while Marina dropped her gaze, blushing like the picture of happiness—anyone watching would believe she was the luckiest woman in the world.

Not far away, Niamh had heard Marina repeat her words as if they were her own, but she didn’t bother to correct her. What good would it do? Even if she spoke up, Jonathan’s admiration wouldn’t be meant for her.

Conflicting emotions churned inside Niamh. She’d already decided on divorce; even if Jonathan suddenly changed, she couldn’t turn back now.

And yet, it gnawed at her.

Why was she the only one who remembered their promises? Why was she the only one still trapped in them?

How could three years of careful devotion lose out to the sudden return of an old flame?

She raised a glass of whiskey and swallowed it in one burning gulp.

The fiery liquor seared her throat, jarring her back to clarity.

Staring at her empty glass, she suddenly noticed something.