

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 15

Nearly two hours had passed since the dinner party began, and Jonathan hadn't touched a drop of alcohol.

Niamh guessed his old stomach troubles must be acting up again.

These days, she and Jonathan were in the midst of a divorce. The herbal tonic she used to brew for him at every meal—she hadn't bothered to make it. Jonathan couldn't have taken it either, since only she knew the exact recipe, the right proportions, and the timing for each ingredient.

Let him suffer, she thought for a fleeting, bitter moment—maybe the pain would finish him off.

But she could never bring herself to be that cruel.

Instead, Niamh pulled out her phone and carefully typed out every detail of the stomach remedy: the name of each herb, the precise measurements, the step-by-step instructions for brewing it. Before hitting send, she hesitated, wondering if she should add a polite note or a word of explanation.

She typed, erased, rewrote—several times—before finally sending only the recipe, without a single extra word.

Jonathan's phone received the WhatsApp message, but he wasn't the one who opened it.

Marina turned her back to the crowd, memorized the message Niamh had sent, then deleted it completely.

Jonathan was still busy mingling.

Tonight, he was here to accompany Marina, but plenty of people recognized him, and socializing was unavoidable. Still, he refused every glass offered—his stomach hurt so badly, he couldn't bear the thought of alcohol.

The pain gave him an icy, distant air, as if everything about the evening displeased him.

“Jonathan...”

As the party was winding down, Jonathan saw Marina approaching with a steaming bowl of herbal broth.

He recognized the smell instantly. But he'd only developed stomach problems after their relationship ended—back when they were together, he'd been healthy.

“How did you know about my stomach issues? And this remedy...”

Jonathan glanced in Niamh's direction.

“Come on, I know you better than anyone,” Marina replied sweetly. “I got this recipe from an old family doctor—guaranteed to help.”

In truth, Marina had sent Olive and Lily out to buy the herbs using the recipe Niamh had messaged her. With no time to brew it properly, they'd just stirred up a quick version—still, it might do some good.

“It's all my fault,” Marina's eyes welled with tears. “If I hadn't been so stubborn back then, you wouldn't have needed so much care all these years...”

Niamh caught the scent of the herbal broth, glanced over, and saw Marina leaning affectionately against Jonathan's shoulder, while he fed her a slice of red velvet cake.

Red velvet cake—Niamh had baked it for Jonathan countless times.

His stomach couldn't handle spicy food or overly sweet desserts.

He'd never liked sweets much, except for red velvet cake, which he loved. Niamh had practiced the recipe again and again, striving for the perfect balance of sweetness, but Jonathan had never seemed satisfied.

Now she understood.

It had never been about the cake—it had always been about her.

On the drive home, all Niamh could think about was how she might finally end her marriage to Jonathan.

But before she could figure it out, trouble was brewing at her job at the Juvenile Rehabilitation Center.

where the situation,” said the voice on the phone. “Your husband reached out to us and we've adjusted your start date. I just wanted to confirm with you.”

Niamh was already downstairs when she got the call from the Center.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a black Mercedes pull up.

Jonathan's car

She ended the call just as the window rolled down. Jonathan himself was behind the wheel, not Prescott.

"What's this supposed to mean?" Niamh demanded.

"Get in."

Chapter 15

Jonathan's words were clipped, his expression making it clear he had no intention of explaining himself.

Niamh met his gaze—dark, unreadable—but couldn't guess what he was thinking.

She didn't get in.

"Tonight is a family dinner," Jonathan's voice came from behind her—cool, confident, and utterly indifferent.