

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 16

“But I really don’t see why I have to go,” Niamh said, turning her head.

“Granddad’s been saying all morning how much he misses you. Today’s dinner is

back at Thomas Manor.”

Jonathan’s grandfather, Clifford Thomas, had always been the one who treated Niamh the best after she married into the Thomas family.

Unlike Jonathan’s polite but distant kindness, Clifford’s was genuine, warm from the heart.

Niamh hesitated, her foot hovering in the air, but eventually she stepped back from the curb.

She walked over to the passenger side and opened the car door—only to find someone inside that caught her off guard.

“Miss Rivers, fancy seeing you again.” Marina flashed a charming smile.

She wore a blush-gray suit, sweet yet sophisticated, and around her neck hung the same pink diamond necklace Jonathan had once given her. The bouquet of pale pink roses in her lap—Niamh didn’t need to ask who they were from.

Niamh couldn’t help but remember her college days, when Jonathan had courted her. He brought her pink roses every single time, and even after they started dating, every date began with the same flowers.

Her roommate used to tease her, saying she must be Jonathan’s perfect rose—soft and delicate—so that’s why he always brought them.

Looking back now, maybe people in love really do lose their senses; maybe those around them do, too.

Niamh quietly took the back seat.

“Miss Rivers... Actually, maybe I should just call you Niamh? We’re getting to know each other so well, calling you Miss Rivers feels a bit strange,” Marina chattered on, oblivious to Niamh’s silence.

“Oh, and please don’t get the wrong idea! My family and the Thomases have been close for ages, so Jonathan–only invited me to the family dinner because of that.

Marina glanced at Niamh in the rearview mirror and noticed how pale her lightly made-up face looked, even more so than before.

“Jonathan and I went to high school together. Back when we dated, I used to visit the Thomases all the time. They were so nice to me, treated me like one of their own.”

“Jonathan, do you remember the time I broke Grandpa’s favorite antique vase? I was so clumsy, but you took the blame so I wouldn’t get in trouble.

“That was years ago...” Jonathan replied, keeping his eyes on the road. “Honestly, I shouldn’t have brought you into Granddad’s study in the first place. That one was on me.”

As Jonathan drove, he and Marina fell into an easy, casual conversation.

Niamh couldn’t help but recall the first time she rode in Jonathan’s car. She’d tried to find topic after topic to chat about, just like Marina now.

But no matter what she said, Jonathan hadn’t replied to a single thing.

Later, she’d asked Prescott about it, and Prescott had told her, “Mr. Thomas doesn’t like to be distracted when he’s driving. It’s just his habit.”

So every time she rode with Jonathan after that, Niamh stayed quiet, never speaking unless spoken to.

Yet now, the more Marina chatted, the more Jonathan actually responded. He even started new topics himself.

So, habits could be broken after all.

It just depended on who was in the passenger seat.

Niamh felt a twinge of regret for getting in Jonathan’s car. She could’ve just called a cab herself to go see his grandfather.

Before long, they arrived at Thomas Manor—a grand old estate.

The Thomas family was a sprawling clan, bustling with relatives.

Niamh followed Jonathan and Marina into the house, only to see aunts and cousins from all over already gathered in the foyer.

and

“Marina! My goodness, how long has it been? You’re looking lovelier than ever.”

“I heard you just got back from overseas, and you even finished your PhD in psychology! That’s impressive.”

“Jonathan mentioned you’re working at FY now, right? The next world-renowned jewelry designer must be you!”

The aunts and cousins swarmed around Marina, showering her with praise as if she were the real daughter-in-law of the family.

Only Aunt Lucy seemed to notice Niamh.

“Hurry up, don’t just stand there. The kitchen’s short-handed. Come on, make yourself useful.”

She yanked off her own apron and tossed it at Niamh.