

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 19

“Call yourself a cab and go home.”

Jonathan’s eyes met hers, calm to the point of coldness.

It was nothing like the way he looked at Marina.

Niamh had expected as much, but even so, her chest tightened with a familiar ache. She spun around abruptly, only to feel Jonathan’s hand clamp down on her arm from behind.

His grip was firmer than she’d expected—hard enough to make her wince.

Maybe he noticed her pulling away, because his hold eased a little, loosening just enough for her to catch her breath.

“I’m just saying, don’t take your jealousy out on Marina. No matter what you do, she can’t take your place as Mrs. Thomas.”

With that, Jonathan slid into the driver’s seat, leaving Niamh standing there, mouth half open, any words she might have said dying before they reached the air.

Before the car pulled away, the driver’s window rolled down. Jonathan leaned out, his voice cool and deliberate.

“By the way, don’t go back to Willowbrook Court tonight. I won’t be coming home.”

Niamh let out a bitter laugh at his pointed reminder..

Willowbrook Court was the gated community where she and Jonathan had bought their marital home.

“I wasn’t planning on it anyway,” she muttered.

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She’d wanted to bring up divorce again—she hadn’t earlier because Marina had been in the car and she didn’t want to give her the satisfaction. But now like the perfect chance, and she wasn’t about to let it slip by.

But Jonathan seemed to read her mind, shutting her down before she could even get the words out.

“I’m not getting divorced. You might as well stop hoping.”

With a roar, the luxury car sped off, leaving the estate shrouded in silence.

Niamh walked along the avenue, sticking to the main road. Catching a cab out here

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wasn’t easy; no drivers were picking up her requests from the app, either.

Just then, a black sedan pulled up beside her.

“Miss Rivers...”

Prescott, Jonathan’s assistant, was behind the wheel. Niamh blinked in surprise.

“I had some business in the area. Didn’t expect to see you here. Where are you headed? I can give you a lift.”

His offer made Niamh hesitate—there was nothing out this way except the Thomas estate.

But she nodded. “Thanks. I’d appreciate it.”

A ride was better than wandering these dark roads alone.

The drive passed in silence. Prescott didn’t pry, and Niamh didn’t volunteer anything. He simply followed her directions and dropped her off at her apartment building.

She thanked him and got out.

Prescott lingered, waiting until she disappeared inside. Only when he saw the lights come on in her second-floor window did he take out his phone.

“Mr. Thomas, Miss Rivers has arrived home safely.”

Jonathan’s voice on the other end was unreadable, his response a single, flat,

“Good.”

The next morning, Niamh rose early. She packed her documents and headed to the Juvenile Rehabilitation Center to start her new position.

This time, Jonathan didn't interfere. She breathed easier.

Her role was as a youth counselor—a volunteer position, no salary.

Not that Niamh needed the money.

The onboarding went more smoothly than she'd expected. The director personally showed her around, explaining the basics of the center.

Niamh didn't mention that she already knew the place inside out. As a child, she'd spent years within these walls.

Compared to a decade ago, the layout was mostly unchanged, though everything had been renovated. The fresh paint and bright halls offered a new perspective.

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She was grateful for the change. If everything had stayed the same, the memories might have been overwhelming.

After all, it was here that she'd first fallen in love with Jonathan.

But she was the only one trapped in that first love, unable to move on. Jonathan had long since left those days behind.

"If you have any questions, just ask me anytime... Ms. Rivers?"

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