

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 2

The girl who loved pink roses was the one on the chart.

That night, Niamh couldn't sleep at all.

Jonathan hadn't come home—he was working late, finalizing a deal with a company.

in Blackspire. Still, he'd promised that wouldn't stop him from taking her to the hospital in the morning.

For days now, Niamh had been feeling a dull ache in her lower belly. Jonathan had already booked her an appointment with a specialist—nine o'clock sharp the next morning.

Honestly, what she'd discovered tonight didn't really mean anything.

Even if Jonathan had only pursued her in the first place to get back at another woman, that was all before they got married.

Since then, Jonathan hadn't exactly been the world's best husband, but he hadn't been a bad one either. Every month, he transferred her living expenses and pocket money on time.

He never forgot holidays or birthdays. This year, he'd given her a pink Burberry suit for her birthday, even though pink was her least favorite color.

As CEO of The Thomas Group, Jonathan was always surrounded by beautiful women. Yet in three years of marriage, there hadn't been a single scandal.

Just once, a gossip blog posted a photo of him with one of the country's hottest young actresses. Jonathan's crisis team sprang into action—by morning, the post had vanished without a trace.

Niamh tossed and turned, unable to sleep, telling herself to stop overthinking.

It wasn't like Jonathan was cheating. Maybe he just didn't love her as much as she'd hoped.

Her mother used to tell her, "Marriage is about compromise. If you're lucky enough to marry someone you love, you need to cherish it."

Niamh had always cherished her marriage.

She loved Jonathan. She'd loved him since she was thirteen—ten whole years now.

But Jonathan didn't know that. He still didn't know.

She picked up her phone and unlocked a password-protected album she hadn't

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opened since their wedding.

Inside was only one photo. It looked like it had been taken in a cafeteria, though the harsh lighting and drab setting made it feel more like a prison.

A teenage girl stared out from the photo, braces gleaming, her hair dyed a stormy silver and styled in wild waves. No one would ever guess that awkward girl was. Niamh—but in the background, leaning against the wall with that confident, boyish grin, was Jonathan.

It was the only photo of them together—

If you could even call it that.

Niamh didn't fall asleep until dawn, and barely three hours later, her alarm dragged her from a dreamless slumber.

With dark circles under her eyes, she stood outside the entrance to Metropolitan General Hospital, shivering in the chilly early spring air, her nose running from the cold as she waited for Jonathan.

At 8:59, just before her appointment, Jonathan texted her on WhatsApp:

Hey babe, work just blew up—I gotta catch a flight to Blackspire ASAP. I won't make it to your appointment. You should just go see the specialist yourself. I already filled them in. I'll be back tonight.

Niamh pulled her coat tighter around herself and went in alone. When she came out, she was clutching a sonogram report.

She was two months pregnant, the paper said. But there was a warning-threatened miscarriage.

It was Niamh's first pregnancy. Jonathan's first child.

She pressed her hand to her stomach, unable to hide the joy blossoming across her face.

The doctor said it wasn't too serious, but she'd need to be careful and take care of herself.

She pulled out her phone, wanting to tell Jonathan the news right away.

Her heart pounded with excitement and nerves as the dial tone droned on and on.

Jonathan...he'd be happy, wouldn't he?

Before last night, Niamh never would have doubted it.

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Finally, the call connected.

"Hey, honey, I-

"I'm in a meeting. Don't call unless it's urgent."

The line went dead before she could finish, leaving nothing but the busy signal echoing in her ear.

A cold gust swept through her, emptying her out. She lowered the phone—and just then, a news alert popped up on the screen—