

# His Housewife Had Secret Identities

## Housewife 20

Niamh snapped back to attention and nodded to the Dean.

She hadn't volunteered at the Juvenile Rehabilitation Center to relive the sweet memories of her teenage years with Jonathan, and certainly not to wallow in regret over all that had changed.

She just wanted to do something meaningful.

Taking a deep breath, Niamh was about to step into her office when she noticed something happening at the end of the hallway.

A group of rough-looking teenagers had cornered a young instructor, whose gentle features made him look even younger—almost like a student himself.

It was easy for Niamh to tell them apart; the students' uniforms were different from the staffs.

In theory, instructors were there to keep these troubled teens in line. But this particular one looked so out of place, so fresh-faced, that surrounded by these streetwise kids, he just seemed destined to be bullied.

"What's going on here?" Niamh called out, striding over.

The students turned to see a striking woman in a sharp business suit walking towards them. One of them let out a low whistle; another muttered for her to mind

her own business.

"You're all underage. Sure, if you get into a fight, the police won't lock you up. But if you mess with an instructor, I can call your parents and make sure you spend a few more years here. Wouldn't want you to waste your youth in this place, right?"

Her tone was light, almost joking, but the group of teens clearly didn't find it funny.

Their ringleader clicked his tongue in annoyance, but grudgingly signaled for the others to back off.

"Are you alright?" Niamh asked, stepping up to the young instructor.

“I’m fine. Thanks for stepping in!” he replied, rubbing the back of his neck with an awkward smile that made him look even more like a high schooler.

He extended his hand to her. “Hi, I’m Julian Neville. You must be the new counselor, right?”

Niamh shook his hand. “That’s right. I’m Niamh.”

## Chapter 201

I’m new, too. Just here for the summer as a volunteer–college program.

Niamh gave him a quick once–over. Despite his instructor’s uniform, Julian still looked every bit the student from head to toe.

Julian, for his part, was openly curious, his eyes bright and lively. “Ms. Rivers, you’re really pretty. Were you the prom queen back at your school or something?”

Niamh laughed, amused. She certainly didn’t think she looked young enough to pass for a college student anymore.

“So, you’re only here until the end of summer?”

“Yeah! Aren’t you?” he asked.

“I’m not just part–time. I plan to stay here for the long haul.”

“But it’s volunteer work! There’s no paycheck,” Julian said, his curiosity clearly piqued.

Niamh just smiled and shrugged, not about to share any more personal details.

After a bit more small talk, they went their separate ways. At lunch, Julian found her again, insisting on buying her a meal to thank her for earlier. Unable to refuse, Niamh ended up following him to a casual place in the mall.

It was a buffet–style restaurant, and as soon as they sat down, Niamh spotted Marina at the next table, dining with Lil and Olive.

Niamh hesitated for a moment but decided not to move. She didn’t want Marina to think she was intimidated.

Marina flashed her usual smile, then subtly exchanged glances with her two friends.

“Well, look who it is—Ms. Rivers! Married woman, splurging her hardworking husband’s money to treat some young pretty boy to lunch. Honestly, you must have a hide thicker than the city walls.”

Lily immediately raised her voice, drawing the attention of nearly everyone in the restaurant.

Julian turned to Niamh, surprised. “Wait—you’re married?”

Chapter 21