

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 3

The young master of the Thomas Group appeared at the FY luxury brand's new collection launch, making headlines by spending a fortune just to win a woman's smile.

Niamh's heart skipped a beat.-

The Thomas Group... there was only one young master: Jonathan Thomas.

And the FY launch event was being held right here in Aldenville.

Niamh's fingers trembled, a coldness creeping through her. She unlocked her phone. and tapped on the news link. There, clear as day in the attached photos, was

Jonathan.

He had always been striking-tall, lean, with those long legs and an aristocratic poise that never faltered, no matter who he stood next to. Tonight, dressed in a perfectly tailored suit, he looked every inch the man people couldn't take their eyes off.

Back then, whenever Jonathan popped up in the news, Niamh would linger on the pictures, studying his face for a long time. Because he was beautiful.

But this time, she closed the page as fast as she could.

Somehow, almost as if compelled, she opened up her social feed. Preston Winslow-Jonathan's old high school friend-had just posted something new.

Preston had always been quick to show off.

"Only ten of these classic rose diamond necklaces in the world, and our lucky lady has one!" he'd captioned the photo.

The shot showed only a woman's graceful neck, pale and slender, the rose diamond necklace gleaming brilliantly against her skin.

Whoever Preston was calling "lucky lady," it certainly wasn't Niamh.

She tucked away her ultrasound report and caught a cab home. On the ride, her lower abdomen throbbed with a dull, persistent ache.

Only after she arrived did she remember she hadn't gone grocery shopping yet. She headed back out, filled her basket with everything Jonathan liked, then came home to chop, wash, and cook. By the time she finished, night had fallen.

Around nine, Jonathan returned.

"Oh, forgot to mention—I had a work dinner. Already ate," he said, his voice flat, his perfect face giving nothing away.

Niamh took his suit jacket, fingers brushing the smooth fabric. In three years of marriage, she'd never seen him come home from a dinner with his hair so neat, as if he'd just showered. There was no hint of alcohol on the suit, just a faint trace of cologne—and it wasn't even the same suit he'd worn in the news photos.

She didn't ask any questions. Quietly, she went to fetch his pajamas, but before she could, Jonathan's arms slid around her waist from behind.

She caught a whiff of mint in his hair, clean and fresh. Through the thin silk of her nightdress, she could feel his hands growing bolder.

As a housewife, Niamh rarely appeared in public. The few times Jonathan had to take her to family dinners, he was always distant and aloof with her in front of others.

But behind closed doors, it was another story.

Jonathan's desire was intense; he had both stamina and skill, and a face that could drive anyone wild—especially that subtle, wicked curve to his lips when he smiled.

Normally, Niamh never thought to refuse him. She let him have his way.

But after everything that had happened these past couple of days, and with the baby growing inside her, she just didn't want to.

"Jonathan, my stomach's been hurting... can we not tonight—" She didn't get to finish. Jonathan swept her off her feet and tossed her onto the bed.

"I'm preg—" Before she could say another word, Jonathan pinned her down, his body heavy and unyielding, his mouth crashing onto hers in a rough, possessive

kiss.

He undid his shirt and belt with one hand, eyes blazing as he gazed down at her. When he realized Niamh, usually so obedient, was actually resisting, an unexpected smile flickered across his lips. He bound her delicate wrists with his belt.

"Your only job is to be my wife and do your duty."

Another searing kiss silenced anything else she tried to say.

Niamh couldn't understand what had gotten into him tonight. He didn't stop until she finally lost consciousness.