

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 4

When Niamh came to, the room was shrouded in darkness. A dull ache pulsed in her stomach and lower belly, making her wince. She wanted nothing more than to clean herself up in the bathroom, but as she eased herself out of bed, she caught the sound of Jonathan's voice drifting in from the living room—he was on the phone.

“Jonathan, your sweetheart's hammered. You'd better get over here, fast!”—

At moments like this, Niamh almost felt grateful that Preston Winslow was such a loudmouth.

Jonathan stood in the living room, tall and striking, his silhouette cutting through the dim light like a flash of lightning. The lamp beside him cast sharp shadows across his chiseled features, and his eyes were as dark and fathomless as midnight.

To Niamh's surprise, she noticed a cigarette smoldering between his fingers.

She couldn't remember ever seeing Jonathan smoke before—certainly never inside the house.

“Seriously, man, how long are you and your sweetheart going to keep up this cold war? She's come home now, isn't it time you made up?”

The quieter the night, the clearer Preston's voice rang out through the phone. Every word landed with painful clarity, making Niamh hold her breath.

“Preston, Jonathan said, his tone grim, gaze sharp as a hawk's. “I'm married.”

It was like someone injected Niamh with a shot of adrenaline. Relief washed over her.

“So what if you're married? Divorce isn't illegal. Why stick around for that

washed-up housewife who can't even take care of herself? She's nothing compared to your sweetheart.”

“But I don't want a divorce.”

“Why not?”

“Because I can’t let her go.”

Niamh’s eyes stung with sudden tears; she nearly made a sound. Of all the lavish gifts Jonathan had ever given her, nothing had touched her as deeply as that simple sentence.

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Three years of marriage—enough time to thaw even the iciest heart. And Niamh had never once believed she was lacking as a wife.

She washed, she cooked, she kept the house running smoothly—never once slacking off.

Even at night, she made sure Jonathan was satisfied.

All her efforts weren’t for nothing. Jonathan’s feelings for her ran deeper than she’d realized, and that phone call tonight was all the proof she needed.

Her heart, which had been lodged in her throat, finally settled. She turned to head back to the bedroom. Eavesdropping was a guilty habit, and now there was no

need for it.

She loved Jonathan.

And Jonathan loved her.

“Of course I can’t give up a housekeeper who does everything for me,” Jonathan continued, his words suddenly slicing through the quiet.

Niamh froze, one foot in the hallway as if rooted to the spot.

“I mean, it’s not about the money—I could hire anyone. But there’s a difference when someone actually cares, you know? And Niamh’s not like Marina. She has no real skills, no degree, no job. She’s just a homemaker, always busy with dishes and laundry. My grandfather likes her, my mom thinks she’s easy to handle, the whole family’s happy with her. So why would I leave-

“She’s the perfect stay-at-home wife—doesn’t ask for much, just a little attention now and then, and she’s content.”

The realization struck Preston on the other end. “Oh, I get it. But what about your sweetheart-?”

“Just send me the address. I’m coming over now.”

Jonathan ended the call and hurried out, slamming the door behind him.

Only when the click of the front door echoed through the apartment did Niamh finally let herself breathe.

And then she broke.

Tears spilled down her cheeks, blurring her vision until she doubled over in agony. Her stomach twisted in sharp, blinding pain, bile rising in her throat.

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She pressed her hands to her belly, crouching down as sweat broke out across her skin. Something warm and wet trickled down her thighs.

Blood.

The darkness closed in.

When she opened her eyes again, she was lying in a hospital bed.

She was alone, except for a nurse.

“I’m sorry, could you tell me-” Niamh’s voice came out as a hoarse whisper. The nurse looked at her gently. “Miss Rivers, you’ve had a miscarriage.”