

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 5

Niamh spent a month in the hospital, haunted by dreams every single night.

In those dreams, Jonathan would visit her, staying by her bedside day and night, smiling as he listened for the tiny heartbeat of the baby growing inside her.

But each time she woke, her cheeks were wet with tears.

The child... was gone.

And Jonathan hadn't come to see her. Not even once.

He claimed he was away on business in Blackspire, though he did send his assistant, Prescott, to deliver flowers twice—a bouquet of pink roses each time. Prescott also made sure her medical bills were paid in full.

More than once, Niamh considered giving the roses to the nurses, but every time she opened her mouth to offer, something in her stopped her. She'd rather endure the sneezing than let go of them.

She was only two months along, and the procedure itself hadn't caused much pain. Still, almost unconsciously, her hand would drift to her stomach now and then. Each time, a painful ache welled up inside her at the thought that, for a fleeting moment, there had been a tiny life growing there.

Her first child.

A child she would have had with the man she'd loved for ten years.

And now—gone.

Niamh cried herself to sleep night after night, her body slow to recover. But she couldn't stay in the hospital forever; the staff told her she'd have to clear out so they could make room for new patients.

On the day she was packing up, her hospital room felt emptier than ever. That's when a stranger walked in.

The woman was striking, with delicate features, immaculate makeup, and a blush-pink velvet dress that hugged her figure. Around her neck sparkled a dazzling necklace—one Niamh recognized instantly. It was that pink diamond piece Preston Winslow had flaunted on social media, a limited-edition release from FY.

“Hi, I’m Marina Thornton. I went to high school with Jonathan.”

She introduced herself right away. Niamh couldn’t help but turn her name over in

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her mind.

Marina... Initials M.T.

Well, that confirmed it.

Marina extended a hand, and Niamh shook it politely.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Niamh–Jonathan’s wife. But you can call me Mrs. Thomas.”

Marina’s smile faltered for a split second, but she quickly recovered, clearly accustomed to keeping her composure.

“I came here today to apologize,” Marina said softly, her eyes lowered, her expression so vulnerable it could have tugged at anyone’s heartstrings.

“I had no idea you were at the hospital for a pregnancy check-up. If I’d known, I’d never have asked Jonathan to come with me to the FY launch... And the other night, I drank too much. It’s all Preston Winslow’s fault for insisting on calling Jonathan. I never expected he’d come pick me up... and then you lost the baby... It’s all my fault...”

She looked utterly remorseful as she handed Niamh a fruit basket.

“This is just a small gesture... Please, take it, or I’ll feel terrible.”

Niamh couldn’t help but smile at the performance. “It’s just a fifty-dollar fruit basket—why wouldn’t I accept it? It’s not like you’re offering me the necklace around your neck as compensation.”

Marina’s expression stiffened; she cleared her throat and changed the subject. “I heard you’re being discharged today?”

“That’s right.”

“If I were you, I’d stay a little longer,” Marina advised, voice syrupy sweet. “Seeing you will only remind Jonathan of the child you lost. It makes him miserable, you know. While you’ve been in here, he’s been in a terrible mood. I’ve been the one cheering him up—taking him on trips, sailing, fishing at sunrise and sunset...”

Niamh listened to her, not caring whether any of it was true or pure exaggeration.

“Oh, I know. My husband’s a good man—always loyal to his friends, especially his old classmates. Every week he takes them out on his yacht. Once, he even bought my best friend a million-dollar diamond necklace.”

Niamh wasn’t one to lie, but if a little white lie could wipe the smugness off a homewrecker’s face, she didn’t mind at all.

Marina clenched her fists. “Well, if you’re so understanding, then I feel much better...”

She turned to leave, but at the door, she looked back over her shoulder with a final when you

parting shot: “Oh, by the way, Jonathan won’t be there to pick you up leave. He’s exhausted—he’s at my place, catching up on sleep.”

With that, Marina finally disappeared from Niamh’s sight.