

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 6

Niamh felt deflated, stripped of anger, left only with confusion. It was as if the last bit of fight had drained from her, leaving her adrift.

She'd called Prescott, who told her Jonathan was currently at the office.

Which meant Marina had lied.

Niamh refused to take that manipulative homewrecker's word for anything. She needed to hear the truth straight from Jonathan.

Before leaving the hospital, she stopped by the herbal medicine clinic to pick up a new batch of remedies. Jonathan had chronic stomach issues, and his mother distrusted conventional medicine—so, all these years, it had been up to Niamh to brew the herbal concoctions herself. She knew every measurement, every simmering minute by heart.

Their supply at home was nearly gone. If not for all the recent chaos, she would have restocked the herbs sooner.

With a heavy bag of medicine in hand, she headed to The Thomas Group headquarters.

The receptionist recognized her—she'd delivered lunch to Jonathan before, though. back then the woman assumed she was the housekeeper.

"Ms. Rivers, Mr. Thomas is in a meeting right now. If you'd like, you can leave the medicine with his assistant, Mr. Prescott, in the office down the hall."

"Thank you," Niamh replied.

She didn't bother correcting the receptionist—didn't waste breath insisting she was Mrs. Thomas, not Ms. Rivers.

Instead of heading to Prescott's office, Niamh took the elevator to the very top floor and made her way to the executive suite.

The frosted glass door was ajar. Through the gap, she saw Jonathan inside, along with Preston Winslow.

"Jonathan, don't pretend you're over Marina," Preston was saying. "You could en do that to your own child..."

Niamh froze mid-knock, her hand suspended in the air.

“It has nothing to do with Marina,” Jonathan replied.

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Whether she moves back or not, I’m never having a child with Niamh.

“Why not?” Preston pressed.

“People only have so much energy. Once she has a child, she’ll change. And right now, it’s only the old man and my mother who care about the issue. Once there’s a child, things will get much more complicated.” Jonathan took a drag from his cigarette, that charming half-smile on his lips suddenly piercingly cold to Niamh.

“And besides... I knew she was pregnant. I made sure to be as rough as possible, so the doctor said her uterus was damaged. She’ll never have children again.”

His voice was so calm, so detached, it was almost clinical.

On the other side of the door, Niamh felt sweat chilling her skin, soaking her through.

“Jonathan, you’re really going to do that to your wife?” Preston said. “Who’s going to carry on the Thomas family line then? Still going to be Marina, isn’t it?”

Jonathan didn’t bother to answer. He finished his cigarette, said a few last words to Preston, and stepped out of the office. Preston didn’t notice anything amiss—but Jonathan immediately spotted the bag of medicine at the door.

Harmony Senior Residence.

Niamh fled there, barely able to breathe.

She couldn’t stand another second outside Jonathan’s office, in Jonathan’s company. She wanted to vomit.

Every word from his lips had made her sick.

So this was the man she’d loved for ten years.

He’d courted her, married her, only to get back at another woman.

Now he had destroyed their child—for the sake of someone else.

Ten years of love, three years of marriage—what an utter joke.

Blinking back tears, Niamh wiped her face and walked into the nursing home.

Since marrying Jonathan, she'd moved her mother here from the hospital. Her mother's health had always been fragile, and after that worldwide virus outbreak, she'd developed dementia.

She didn't recognize Niamh anymore, but Niamh still needed to say a few things.

Her mother's greatest wish had been for Niamh to find happiness in marriage.

So Niamh wanted to tell her-

she'd failed her.

Evening fell as Niamh left the nursing home. Before heading home, she stopped by a nearby law office.

Night settled over Aldenville, city lights flickering to life as traffic streamed by.

When Jonathan returned home, the house was dark.

He flipped on the lights, illuminating the bag of medicine in his hand and a bouquet of pink roses.

But the house was empty. There was no warm, home-cooked meal waiting.

And Niamh was gone.