

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 7

Jonathan frowned, setting the flowers and medicine down before calmly pulling out his phone to call Niamh. The call wouldn't go through.

He'd never imagined a day when Niamh wouldn't be home. Still, he went through his usual routine—putting on a record, letting his favorite Chopin nocturne fill the empty apartment.

An hour passed. No one came home.

Two hours. Still nothing.

Three hours. Still alone.

Uneasy, Jonathan stood and opened the closet. Most of Niamh's clothes were still there—almost all of them were gifts from him, all in shades of pink. But the two blue suits she owned before their marriage were missing.

Just then, the doorbell rang. A courier had arrived with a package addressed to him.

Jonathan couldn't remember ordering anything.

The delivery was a huge cardboard box. He tore it open to find a dazzling collection of gifts inside: a preserved pink rose, a pink diamond necklace, a blush Hermès handbag, glittering pink stilettos, a cherry-blossom dress, a pink diamond watch, a gold ornament, a rose-pink silk scarf, a bottle of luxury perfume, a pink diamond brooch, a set of car keys, and a pink diamond engagement ring...

As he sifted through the items, Jonathan's face darkened, a quiet storm gathering in his eyes.

These were all the gifts he'd given Niamh when he was courting her.

That pink diamond ring—the engagement ring.

He noticed that even after all these years, the tags on the gifts were still intact, never removed.

Among all the items, only one thing wasn't from him—a folder. Jonathan pulled out the documents inside.

Aldenville's night skyline shimmered, all neon and temptation.

On Trinity Lane, the old house hadn't shown a light in years, but tonight, for the first time in ages, its windows glowed from dusk until late into the night.

23:32

Niamh had spent half the day scrubbing the place spotless. It was simple, but clean—almost cozy.

But where she once had her mother by her side, now she was utterly alone. Anyone would be lying to say that didn't feel lonely.

She clutched her phone, hesitating before calling Lana Guthrie—her best friend since high school.

Before she could dial, the doorbell rang. She ended the call and went to answer it.

Jonathan's tall, imposing figure filled the doorway like the shadow of a mountain, making Niamh jump.

"What is this supposed to mean?!"

With a sharp motion, Jonathan flung a divorce agreement at her face. The papers slapped against her skin, leaving a red mark.

It was the first time she'd seen Jonathan lose his temper. Frightened, she bowed her head.

"Cat got your tongue? Running away from home—are you a child?"

He reached out to grab her, but Niamh recoiled.

"Jonathan, I want a divorce..."

"Why?"

"Because..."

"It's because of Marina, isn't it?"

Niamh looked up at him. Jonathan stood with his arms folded, his stunningly handsome face twisted into a mocking smile. The sight stung her eyes.

When she didn't deny it, Jonathan let out a cold laugh.

With Marina back in town, there was no hiding anything between them, nor did he have any intention to.

“So you’ve learned how to play hard to get now?” Jonathan sneered. “Fine I admit Marina was my first love. Proposing to you back then was just to spite h... But in the three years we’ve been married, I’ve never once betrayed you...”

His words-“I’ve never once betrayed you“-made Niamh’s eyes fill with tears. She wanted to scream at him, “What about the baby? Wasn’t it your own hand that

23:32

destroyed our child?”

But what was the point?

A crushing weight pressed on her chest. Niamh forced herself to take a deep breath, fighting back the pain.