

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 8

At this point, divorce was the only sane solution left between her and Jonathan—a final, definitive period at the end of her foolish, failed love and marriage.

Niamh watched as Jonathan lit a cigarette, lounging on the cramped living room sofa, exhaling smoke into the air. He spoke with the self-assurance of someone who thought he knew best.

“Marina and I went to the same high school. She went abroad for college, and now she’s back—a rising star in jewelry design. If she hadn’t injured her hand, she’d be a world-class pianist by now... A woman like her is too exceptional—she’d never be able to put up with my mother, and playing the dutiful housewife would just waste her talent. She’s not cut out to be the daughter-in-law of the Thomas family..

Niamh’s face grew paler with each word.

“But you’re different. You never had much talent, never had ambition. You dropped out of college—no degree, no diploma, no real skills, and your family’s not exactly well-off either. Years as a housewife have left you completely out of touch with the real world... Without me, you’d be nothing. You couldn’t even guarantee yourself a roof over your head or food on your table. So what makes you think you have the right to divorce me?”

The small apartment fell silent, the air heavy and still.

Niamh opened her mouth to speak, only to choke as Jonathan’s smoke drifted her way. She coughed, eyes stinging.

“When you’ve come to your senses, pack your things and come home with me. I’ll forgive you this once.”

He finished his cigarette, glanced around for an ashtray but didn’t find one—and at least, didn’t toss it on the floor,

As he lifted his hand, Niamh stepped forward, quietly taking the stub from his fingers and tossing it into the trash herself.

Jonathan flashed a smile—one of those charming, practiced smiles that had once made her heart flutter.

Saying she wanted a divorce, but her actions said otherwise.

Jonathan shifted, crossing his legs with casual confidence.

Niamh had no money, no career, no way to stand on her own—just a woman who’d

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spent years depending on a man.

Any sensible person would know to choose what’s best for themselves.

She was only putting up this show because Marina’s presence had rattled her, playing this little game of push and pull.

“Enough with the drama. I don’t have time for your act. As long as you keep managing the house like before, I’ll keep taking care of you.”

He spoke coldly, but then saw Niamh bend down, gathering the scattered pages of the divorce agreement from the floor, one by one.

“If you won’t sign, I’ll mail it to your office tomorrow. Or maybe send it to your mother...”

Jonathan shot to his feet.

“Niamh, don’t push your luck!”

The woman he’d spent ten years loving now looked a stranger to him, and that unfamiliarity sent a chill through Niamh.

She opened the door.

“Go home. Don’t come back.”

Jonathan never expected that, after lowering himself to come find her, he’d be turned away like this. Outraged, he let out a bitter laugh, shrugged, and tried to play

it cool.

“Fine, Niamh. Be stubborn. Just don’t come crawling back to me when you regret it.” He slammed the door behind him, storming out—leaving the divorce agreement right where it was.

Late that night Niamh finally found the old debit card she’d stashed away years

ago.

It was the account she'd kept before she got married, untouched ever since. Not a cent of Jonathan's money had ever gone into it.

Jonathan had been right about one thing: she had no degree, no qualifications, years as a housewife had cut her off from the world; if she went through w divorce, she'd have to find her own way.

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She linked the card to her phone banking app, her hands trembling as she waited for the balance to appear.

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Chapter B

£1,478,300.

A little more than she'd remembered.

Niamh had slept in this morning.