

His Housewife Had Secret Identities

Housewife 9

Partly, it was because she'd stayed up too late the night before. But honestly, she just didn't have to drag herself out of bed to hit the farmer's market at dawn for the freshest groceries, nor did she have to get up early to whip up Jonathan's usual lavish breakfast—at least four dishes and a hearty soup.

She made herself some instant noodles at home, eating with surprising satisfaction. Once she'd filled her stomach, she headed out to the bank, filled out a transfer check, and wired a million pounds to the other party, marking it as

“medical expenses.”

After leaving the bank, Niamh walked to Highland Café—she'd made plans to meet

Lana for lunch.

Ever since she

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married, Niamh had cut off nearly all contact with old classmates and friends to throw herself into her role as the perfect Thomas family housewife. She hadn't seen Lana, her best friend, in three years.

Thinking about those three wasted years of her youth, Niamh almost wanted to flip

herself off.

She sat at the table she'd reserved ahead of time and waited for Lana to arrive.

Lana was now a well-known vocal coach at a small but reputable academy in Aldenville. Niamh had a pretty good guess that Lana wanted to see her partly to catch up, but also to help her find a job.

Sure enough, barely after they'd said hello, Lana started steering the conversation toward her school's urgent need for a piano teacher.

“Lana, thank you,” Niamh said with an easy smile, waving her hand dismissively. “But I swore I'd never play piano again. Anyway, I've already found a new job.”

“Oh?” Lana's curiosity was piqued. “Don't tell me it's at a jewelry design firm? That would fit your major perfectly!”

Niamh shook her head again. “Nope! I never finished college, and those places all want a degree.”

Lana leaned in and lowered her voice. “But honestly, there aren’t many jobs these days that don’t require a diploma!” She couldn’t help but huff, “Jonathan is such a jerk. He cheats on you during your marriage, leaves you with nothing, and you just walk away? If it were me, I’d have bled him dry for all the lost years!”

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Niamh stifled a laugh, but just then, her phone lit up with a new WhatsApp message.

“That’s got to be Jonathan! Here, let me roast him for you!” Lana said, already rolling up her sleeves.

Niamh opened WhatsApp—but it wasn’t from Jonathan.

As she typed a reply, she glanced at Lana and said, “Actually, I don’t have any concrete proof that Jonathan was cheating...”.

Whether or not his body had strayed, his heart definitely had. He’d even been willing to abandon his own unborn child.

Thinking about the baby who had only survived two months inside her before dying at the hands of its own father, Niamh’s face turned cold.

“I just want to be free of Jonathan. Free of my old life...”

“So?” Lana prompted.

“So I took a job here.”

Niamh sent Lana a link. Lana, seeing how cheerful Niamh looked, thought maybe she’d landed a dream job. But when she clicked the link-

“A youth detention center?”

Lana’s eyes nearly rolled back in shock, but Niamh just grinned like sunshine.

Lana’s lunch break was short, so they had to part ways before they’d had their fill of conversation. Niamh headed home, but instead of going inside, she opened the parcel locker by her door and took out an envelope.

Just then, another WhatsApp message came in—this time from Jonathan.

No text. Just a photo: shredded paper scattered across the floor.

The Thomas Group, CEO's Office.

Jonathan braced himself against the edge of his desk, sinking slowly into his chair. At his feet lay the remains of the divorce papers he'd just torn to pieces.

"Mr. Thomas, I got you every kind of antacid I could find..." Prescott spoke nervously, only to see Jonathan sweep the bottles off the desk with one irritated

motion.

"Useless. The more I take, the worse it gets."

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Chapter 9

Jonathan clutched his stomach, sweat beading on his brow from the pain.

He hadn't taken his medication in days, so his stomach was already acting up. And the moment he'd arrived at the office this morning and found the divorce papers Niamh had sent, the pain had doubled.

Prescott watched Jonathan anxiously.

The only medicine that ever worked for Jonathan was a special recipe—Niamh's recipe. Only she knew the exact ingredients, the proportions, and how long to simmer it. She'd always made it herself.

"Mr. Thomas... should I call Miss Rivers?" Prescott ventured.

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