

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 10

Niki could only watch as her brother threw himself into their father's arms, sobbing out his complaints while their dad held him close, soothing him with gentle words.

A sour ache spread through her chest.

She wanted to call out to him—just once—but before she could, her father had already swept Raffy into his arms and carried him out of the nurse's office.

He didn't even glance her way.

Niki stared at their retreating backs, blinking quickly and sniffing. "Miss, I'm so cold..." she murmured to the teacher.

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Alexander strode toward the car, Raffy clinging tightly to his neck.

The assistant hurried to keep up. "Mr. Davidson, should we check on Miss Niki as well?"

Raffy whimpered, clutching at Alexander. "Daddy, it hurts..."

Alexander's expression didn't change; his tone was as flat as ever. "The school has staff to look after her. There's no reason to fuss over her right now."

The assistant fell silent.

He was right. The little master's health had to come first.

Danielle had only just said goodbye to Gian when her phone rang again. "Mrs. Monroe? Monica has caught a chill in the rain and is running a high fever."

Her whole body went rigid. For a moment, her heart seemed to stop—then it hammered in her chest so hard it hurt.

In her previous life, Niki had died from pneumonia after a high fever.

This time, she'd filed for divorce and taken Niki away from the Davidson family. Was fate really so cruel that she still couldn't change her daughter's destiny?

Hearing those words—high fever—again, Danielle couldn't stop shaking. She couldn't even remember how she got herself to the preschool in the pouring rain.

When she finally saw Niki, the little girl was curled up on the infirmery cot, shivering.

"Mommy..." Niki's face was flushed red with fever; her voice was barely a whisper. "I'm sorry. I heard Raffy was sick, so I went to see him at the nurse's office, but I got caught in the rain."

"Silly girl, what are you apologizing for?" Tears glimmered in Danielle's eyes. "Next time, don't worry about Raffy, okay?"

She knew all too well how Niki tried to win over both her brother and Alexander, always hoping for a scrap of affection from her father.

Danielle could walk away from Alexander, but she could never stop her daughter from longing for his love.

"Daddy just came and took Raffy to the hospital," Niki added quietly, unable to hide the hurt in her voice.

Danielle understood. Her daughter wasn't just upset—she was hoping Alexander would at least look at her, maybe even say something. Just one word from Alexander could make Niki glow with happiness for an entire night.

Her heart twisted painfully. She wrapped Niki in a tight hug. "My sweet girl, let's get you to the hospital."

Northridge Children's Hospital.

Danielle explained to the doctor that Niki's health had always been fragile.

In her previous life, Niki had waited endlessly for Alexander and Raffy, eating cold leftovers and suffering from malnutrition.

This time around, from day one, Danielle had made sure Niki got proper nutrition—but a frail body couldn't recover overnight.

The doctor examined Niki and determined it was a common cold with a fever. She needed fever medication and monitoring at home.

But Danielle, haunted by memories of the past, refused to take any chances. "Doctor, I'd feel better if she stayed here for observation."

Danielle was soaked to the bone from racing through the storm to the preschool, but she barely noticed. She took care of the admission paperwork, settled Niki into her hospital bed, and then went to the pharmacy for medicine.

On her way back, she passed by the VIP ward.

"It's all Mom's fault—she won't let me have my milk baths, and now I'm sick again," came Raffy's petulant voice from inside one of the rooms. "Miss Millie, would you like to be my new mommy?"