

# The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

## Chapter 11

Millie burst out laughing. "Well, you'd have to marry your dad for me to be your mom."

She ruffled Raffy's hair. "So, do you want your dad to marry me?"

Raffy puffed out his cheeks, determined. "I'll have Daddy divorce Mommy right away so you can be my mom!"

From across the room, Danielle listened, a cold smile flickering on her lips.

The poor kid had no idea—Millie was actually his biological mother, the same woman who'd handed him off to Alexander all those years ago.

You had to hand it to Millie—she was cunning, resourceful. She'd managed to keep her academic career on track, land the man she wanted, and still keep her hands clean.

A voice, cool and tinged with mockery, sounded from behind Danielle. "I thought for sure you wouldn't show up at the hospital."

She turned and saw Alexander, dressed head to toe in a black suit, as impeccably put together as ever—aristocratic, untouchable.

Once, the sight of him would have made her heart race, would have sent her scrambling to please him.

But now, all she could do was stare, her brow furrowing in anger.

If he hadn't neglected their daughter for so long, would Niki have stood out in the freezing night waiting for him last time? Would she have ended up with a raging fever, pneumonia, and...?

And just today at the preschool, he'd walked out with Raffy and left their feverish daughter behind. Did he even know Niki was sick? If he actually cared, how could he not have noticed?

Alexander's gaze swept over her rain-soaked figure, a hint of disdain in his eyes. "I see leaving the Davidsons didn't stop you from making a mess of yourself."

He jerked his head toward the room. "Raffy's inside. You can go see him."

Danielle let out a shaky breath and shot him a cold smile. "He's not my son. Why would I go in?"

She didn't wait for his reaction. As soon as the words left her mouth, Danielle turned on her heel and walked away without looking back.

This time around, she wasn't going to hope for anything from Alexander, not for herself, and certainly not for her daughter. She'd learned her lesson—his indifference had cost Niki her life once; she wasn't going to let history repeat itself.

Behind her, Millie poked her head out of the room, watching Danielle's retreating back. "Is Danielle upset with me again? Do you think she'd rather I just stayed away?"

Alexander's eyes were as cold as ever. "It's nothing."

He glanced back toward the room. "The doctor says Raffy's stomach is sensitive—he's lactose intolerant, which is why he's been so sick. Plus, he's got an allergy to dust mites. The bloodwork showed he hasn't had his medicated baths lately."

Millie gave him a look. "If Danielle isn't coming home, I can help give Raffy his bath."

Alexander didn't object.

—

Back in the hospital room, Danielle found Niki awake, her little face full of hope. "Was that Daddy just now?"

She'd heard his voice in the hallway.

Danielle's heart twisted at the look of longing on her daughter's face. How could she explain that Alexander was just here for Raffy, not for her?

Danielle sat down and stroked Niki's hair, her voice gentle. "I know you love your dad, sweetheart. But he's busy with work. He just doesn't have the time to come see you."

Niki's eyes dropped. Her small hands curled tightly into the blanket. "Daddy never really liked me, did he? No matter how hard I try to please him or my brother, they just... don't like me."

"Is it because I'm not good enough?"

Danielle wrapped her arms around Niki, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "Niki, you're perfect just the way you are. You can't make everyone in the world love you, and no one is obligated to. So don't waste your heart worrying about what other people think of you—not even your own father."

"If someone dislikes you, that's on them. You don't need to change yourself or try to earn their approval."

The words were complicated, maybe too much for a four-year-old to understand, but Danielle had to say them. She couldn't stand to see her daughter's hopes crushed again and again by a love that would never come.

Niki lowered her head, tears welling in her eyes. She tried her best to understand her mother's words, but all she felt was pain.

Would Daddy ever come back? Other kids all had dads...

As the tears rolled down her cheeks and she started to sob, Niki choked out, "But—but my brother said I'm not really a Davidson. He said I'm just—just a bastard child... Is it true?"