

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 13

The man's cold voice cut through the air, harsher than ever.

Danielle turned around and met his eyes—jet-black, clear, and utterly indifferent, as if nothing could ruffle his composure.

He was still the same as always, quick to judge her and their daughter without a second thought, always taking Millie and Raffy's side without question.

Before Danielle could say a word, Alexander's gaze shifted to Millie. His tone softened just a touch as he said, "Let's go in and have some breakfast."

He didn't even spare Niki a glance. Instead, he simply walked past them, following the others into the hospital room and shutting the door behind him.

Danielle stared at the closed door, her fists clenched so tightly her nails nearly broke the skin of her palms.

Alexander's cold indifference stung more than ever, darkening her eyes with a chill.

How had she managed to survive all these years beneath that icy disregard?

The thought was almost laughable now.

If she hadn't been so desperate for Alexander's attention, if she'd just taken her daughter and left sooner, maybe—just maybe—her little girl wouldn't have suffered such a tragedy in their last life.

"Mom, I'm feeling a lot better now. Can we go home today?" Niki asked, her voice gentle and hopeful.

Danielle looked down at her sweet, brave daughter, her heart twisting painfully. "From now on, if anyone tries to hurt you, you don't have to put up with it, okay?"

Niki nodded obediently. "I understand, Mom."

—

After sorting out the discharge papers, Danielle took Niki to visit her mother.

Her mom lived out in a country house, a ways from the city, but the air was fresh and the scenery peaceful.

Her parents had been fighting over a divorce for years, but her father refused to sign the papers. Tired of the endless arguments, her mother had simply moved out on her own.

Danielle liked bringing Niki here to chat and unwind away from the city.

As soon as Niki saw her grandmother, she ran straight into her arms, showering her with laughter and affection.

Vivian Linden gathered Niki up in a warm hug, beaming. "Oh, my little sweetheart, have you grown taller again? What would you like for lunch today? Grandma will make you anything you want."

"Ribs, please!"

"Of course, ribs it is," Vivian chuckled.

After indulging Niki for a while, Vivian sent her upstairs to watch TV, then turned to Danielle. "It's Wednesday—what brings you out here today?"

Danielle settled into a chair. "How's the business lately?"

Vivian ran her own company, but lately, things had been rough. Profits were down, losses piling up. The company was barely keeping afloat.

That business was the main reason Orson Crawford kept dragging out the divorce. After all these years of marriage, their assets were so tangled up that separating was no longer simple.

Orson had been seeing someone else for years now. His mistress had even given him a son and a daughter, which only made him dislike Danielle more.

When Danielle married Alexander, Orson had tried to cozy up to him, hoping to use Alexander's connections for his own business.

But Alexander never cared much for Danielle, and certainly not for her family's affairs.

Orson had flown into a rage, berating Vivian for raising a "worthless daughter."

Vivian sighed. "Same as always."

Danielle lowered her gaze. Over the years, she'd sent her mother money whenever she could, but she'd never paid much attention to the company's details.

In her past life, she'd been obsessed with Alexander. Just two days before her daughter died, her mother's company had declared bankruptcy.

"I'll transfer you some money soon," Danielle said softly. "Maybe you could update the company's business model, try something more modern. Investing in new industries—like clean energy—might help. And if you've got any stubborn old managers stuck in their ways, it's time for a change."

Vivian frowned. "Where's all this money coming from? Is it from Alex..."

"No." Danielle cut her off, her voice firm. "I'm planning to divorce him."

All those years married to Alexander, he'd never once involved himself with the Crawfords, not even when they were on the brink of collapse.

Yet the moment Millie ran out of money overseas, he wired her hundreds of thousands without a second thought.