

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 14

If Uncle hadn't stepped in back then, Mom would've been crushed under a mountain of debt.

Vivian looked at her with a pained expression, her heart aching.

She sighed. "It's my fault. If I'd had more ability... If you'd had family to back you up, you wouldn't have had to put up with so much in the Davidson household."

Vivian turned away, eyes shining with unshed tears. "I should never have let things get so far before you finally asked for a divorce."

"It's all in the past now."

She should never have insisted on marrying Alexander.

Women in love always think that if they devote themselves to home and family, the man will eventually come to love them.

—

Danielle left her daughter with Vivian.

Her resignation had been approved; she needed to go to Davidson Group to finish the formalities.

As she entered the lobby, she ran straight into Alexander.

He strode out of the building in a black suit, looking like he had somewhere urgent to be.

Danielle's gaze was calm and distant as she stepped aside to let him pass.

Alexander, as always, acted as if she didn't exist. No matter how many times she tried to greet him or make her presence known, he never acknowledged her.

"Davidson, over here!"

Outside the main entrance, Millie waved at Alexander with a bright smile.

"You didn't have to come down and meet me in person," she teased. "I could've made my own way up."

Suddenly, Danielle remembered: rain or shine, Alexander had never shown her this kind of courtesy. People really were different—his attitude, even more so.

She lowered her gaze, no longer caring what they did together.

Turning away, she took the elevator to the fifth floor to hand in her resignation paperwork.

Kaylee from HR looked surprised. "You're really quitting? I thought you were just making a fuss."

Everyone knew Danielle was just a low-level assistant. She didn't handle any real business—her days were spent bringing coffee into conference rooms, and she often had to rush home to care for her child. She couldn't take on the more complicated projects.

Even though Mr. Davidson never paid her any attention, Danielle had always hung around him with a stubborn persistence. Now, out of the blue, she wanted to quit? It was as if the sun had started rising in the west.

Danielle had no desire to explain herself. Her face was cold as she replied, "Yes."

Kaylee eyed her attitude, quietly scoffing.

Just an assistant—who does she think she is? Mr. Davidson's girlfriend was here at the company today, and the office chat was already exploding. They said she was stunning, fresh back from studying abroad, holding dual PhDs in finance technology and aerospace engineering.

She and Mr. Davidson really were a power couple—a perfect match.

Kaylee figured Danielle must have realized she couldn't compete, not even worth a strand of Millie's hair, and left out of sheer insecurity.

"All right, your resignation's processed," Kaylee said, her tone suddenly earnest. "Just a word of advice, Danielle: wherever you work next, don't set your sights on someone you shouldn't."

Danielle listened and felt a surge of self-mockery.

All that time loving him—turns out, to everyone else, it was just her clinging to a hopeless fantasy.

Everyone else saw it clearly. She was the only one who's just now woken up. Maybe in another life, this was fate's way of punishing her.

She drew a silent, deep breath, then glanced coolly at Kaylee. "Thanks for your concern, but I'll manage my own career."

Danielle left HR and headed back down to the lobby. Alexander and Millie were still there.

There was a time she would've been thrilled to run into Alexander every day. Now, just seeing him made her feel unlucky.

She turned to leave.

But Alexander, unhurried, called out, "Danielle, bring Millie a cup of coffee in my office."

Millie jumped in immediately, all smiles. "I've heard Davidson say your coffee's amazing! He says you're really cut out for housework—so skilled and domestic. I could never pull off that kind of delicate work. And make sure it's hand-brewed, please. I can't stand instant coffee."

Danielle paused and glanced at Millie. "There's green tea in his office. I imagine you'll like it just fine, bitch."