

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 15

Millie was still processing what had just happened.

Without another word, Danielle spun on her heel and stepped into the elevator, leaving them behind.

Millie didn't even have a chance to speak; instead, she turned to Alexander with a half-joking grin. "Davidson, your wife's got a real fire in her. You think you can handle that? No wonder Raffy's a little scared of her."

"She looked pretty mad. Aren't you going to smooth things over?" she added, raising an eyebrow.

Alexander simply drew his gaze back, his voice even and calm. "She'll cool off on her own."

Millie gave a soft chuckle, the corners of her lips twitching with amusement. "You really aren't worried she'll just walk out on you, are you?"

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That night.

When Alexander returned home, the house was pitch dark—nobody had bothered to turn on the lights.

Raffy wasn't home; Julia, the housekeeper, was off-duty and had turned in early. The place felt especially empty and cold as Alexander flicked on the lights, the glow doing little to fill the vast, echoing space.

He headed upstairs, his footsteps echoing as he made his way to the master bedroom—also deserted.

He rarely came back to this house, and he didn't seem the least bit concerned about whether Danielle had returned, either. Without a backward glance at her dressing table as he walked toward the bathroom to wash up, he missed the single, silent document lying atop it.

If he'd bothered to look, he would have seen it.

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The weekend.

The National Defense Tech Expo was buzzing with excitement. Even those without tickets clustered at the edges, craning their necks for a glimpse of the action.

Reporters milled about with cameras slung over their shoulders, interviewing guests and capturing the spectacle.

Danielle arrived early, standing at the exhibition entrance with Niki, waiting for Gian to arrive.

Niki stood quietly by her mother's side, her wide eyes darting around the lively scene. Posters of fighter jets and brochures were plastered everywhere—nothing like the places her mother usually took her. Even trips to amusement parks were rare.

Noticing her daughter's awe, Danielle bent down and gently pinched Niki's cheek. "Do you like it here, sweetheart? If you're bored, I can call Grandma to pick you up."

"I love it, Mommy," Niki said in her soft, earnest voice. "You never used to take us out to places like this."

Danielle's heart clenched at her daughter's words.

In her last life, she had been too busy—busy being Alexander's assistant, running errands for the Davidson family, and trying to be the perfect mentor to Raffy. She'd overlooked so many little things.

Alexander would occasionally take Raffy out, but Niki was always left at home, eating leftovers, playing with toys Raffy didn't want. Alexander bought Raffy gifts and toys, never thinking to bring anything for Niki. When Danielle tried, Niki would quietly say she didn't like toys.

Looking back, what child doesn't love a new doll or game?

"I'm sorry, baby," Danielle whispered, guilt tightening her voice.

From now on, she would never miss another moment as her daughter grew up.

"Hey! Niki, what are you doing standing out here?" came a shout from down the path.

Raffy strutted over in a tiny suit, chin lifted in his usual, self-important way. "You want to see real fighter jets, too? With the way Mom is, there's no way she can get you in. If you want to go, you'll have to ask me nicely. Maybe if you beg, and ask Mom to come back and cook for us again, I'll talk to Dad and Miss Millie for you."

"No need! Mommy will take me in!" Niki puffed out her cheeks. "She's not your maid!"

Raffy blinked, at a loss for words. Mom, take her inside? No way. Mom was only good for making dinner and cleaning up around the house, not for getting into fancy events like this.

A little ways behind Raffy, Alexander and Millie walked together, keeping a polite distance. They both wore outfits in matching shades of brown—at first glance, they could have been mistaken for a couple.

Danielle remembered once wishing for that, wanting to wear matching clothes with Alexander, feeling the flutter of young love. But he'd never gone along—not once. He hadn't even looked at the things she'd bought for him.