

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 18

The Verdphoenix X7 was a stunning success, earning multiple nominations at the exhibition.

There were plenty of interviews scheduled today.

At the heart of the event, a steady stream of industry bigwigs made their way over, each more influential than the last.

From a distance, Niki spotted her father carrying Raffy, with Miss Millie strolling alongside them.

"What are you doing here?" Raffy spotted Niki and immediately pulled a face of disdain.

As far as he was concerned, there was no way Niki and her mother should be allowed in this exclusive area.

"This section's for people who actually belong here. You two sneaked in—don't come crying when they toss you out."

"And where are your manners?"

Alexander's voice cut in, cool and stern, his tone leaving no room for argument.

He might have spoiled Raffy, but deep down, Raffy was still a little scared of his father.

Raffy clamped his mouth shut, looking to Millie for help, eyes wide and pleading.

Millie gave a gentle smile. "Davidson, he's just a child. There's no need to frighten him. Teach him properly and he'll learn. No point in scaring the poor thing."

Danielle shot them a cold glance, barely acknowledging their presence—clearly, she didn't consider them worth her attention.

Liam smirked, rolling his eyes inwardly. Shameless, he thought. Tagging along with Alexander just to get into the VIP section—who knew what tricks they'd pulled? And now they were acting all high and mighty.

As if nobody could see right through their little act.

Danielle took the seat further in, with Niki sitting beside her on the aisle. Alexander glanced over and, without a word, sat himself right next to Niki.

Raffy scrambled to grab the seat beside his father, then patted the empty spot next to him. "Miss Millie, sit here!"

Millie smiled and took the seat Raffy offered.

Feeling her father so close, Niki nervously twisted the hem of her dress, sneaking anxious glances at his face.

But Alexander never once looked her way. His attention stayed fixed on Raffy and Millie, and Niki's heart sank a little with each passing second.

The airshow began.

The scene was grand and awe-inspiring, with the crowd erupting in cheers as the fighter jets roared overhead.

The children, too, watched with wide-eyed excitement.

"Miss Millie, are you really going to design these jets someday? That's so cool!" Raffy gushed.

Millie laughed. "If you like them, I'll make you a little model."

"Really? Awesome!"

Niki listened quietly, a twinge of envy in her heart.

She liked them too.

But she kept that to herself, locking the feeling away deep down.

After the airshow, there was a performance on stage at the front.

The adults all stood up for a better view, but even standing, Niki couldn't see a thing.

Alexander lifted Raffy into his arms. Raffy stuck his tongue out at Niki, grinning smugly from his perch.

Niki huffed and climbed onto her seat. "Only shorties need to be carried. I can see just fine from here!"

Raffy shot back with a snort, "So what? I'll grow taller, and besides, you don't even have a dad!"

That hit Niki right where it hurt. Her excitement for the show fizzled away, leaving her crestfallen.

Danielle arched an eyebrow, then looked straight at Raffy, her voice icy. "That's right. And you don't have a mom."

Raffy froze, stunned into silence.

Millie faltered as well, surprised Danielle would say something like that.

Alexander's expression darkened, his displeasure clear. "Danielle, why are you picking on a child?"

Danielle let out a scornful laugh. "Why, are you planning to pick on a woman?"

She couldn't be bothered to argue further. Instead, she ruffled Niki's hair. "Mommy's here."

Niki pressed her lips together, then managed a small smile and nodded.

Alexander's face stayed cold and distant the entire time.

Maybe it was just her imagination, but lately, Danielle felt a sharp hostility toward him.

Not a word passed between Alexander and Danielle for the rest of the event.

When the show finally ended, Alexander set Raffy down.

"Mom, I need the restroom," Niki said quietly.

"Alright."

As Niki jumped down from her seat, she misjudged her step, twisting her ankle and toppling forward. "Ah—!"

She squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for pain—but it never came. Strong arms caught her, steady and sure.

When she opened her eyes, she found herself cradled in her father's arms. His embrace was so warm, so safe.

For a moment, she just stared, her nose prickling with emotion. Maybe her dad did care about her, after all.

Without thinking, she blurted, "Thank you, Dad..."

Alexander's eyes narrowed, his voice crisp and cool. "What did you just call me?"