

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 2

Danielle heard every word from upstairs.

Her heart clenched tight. She closed her eyes, taking a deep breath.

"Go ask your mom to help you get cleaned up and put on something fresh. Then we'll head out to welcome Miss Fletcher."

Raffy bounced with excitement. "Yay!"

But in the next moment, his little face fell. "But... what if Mom finds out? She won't let me go, will she? I hate her—she never lets me eat anything fun outside!"

Alexander tousled Raffy's hair, taking his side. "Don't worry. As long as I'm here, she wouldn't dare."

Just then, Alexander looked up—and caught Danielle coming down the stairs.

His expression remained as cold and unreadable as ever. He looked away, as if she were invisible.

Raffy ran up and grabbed Danielle's hand. "Mom, help me take a bath. I'm going out soon!"

Danielle pulled her hand back, lifting her gaze to Alexander. "Did you forget something?"

Alexander glanced at her with his usual indifference. "What?"

After all these years, he'd always been distant—toward her, toward Niki.

Danielle let out a bitter laugh at herself.

Of course. How could she expect him to remember that Niki and Raffy shared a birthday?

Every year, he took Raffy to celebrate with Millie, throwing a big party.

Every year, Niki waited in the cold for a father who never came home.

"I need to talk to you," Danielle said quietly.

Alexander scoffed. "Not today. I'm busy."

"It won't take long." She held out a folder. "Just need your signature on these."

Annoyed, Alexander signed his name with a flourish, barely glancing at the documents, then handed them back.

"Raffy and I won't be home tonight," he said flatly. "Tell Niki to go to school in the morning and ask her teacher for half a day off for Raffy."

Danielle's fingers tightened on the folder, knuckles white.

If he'd only bothered to look—

He would've seen: one was divorce papers, the other, Niki's cremation authorization.

He hadn't given either more than a second's thought.

"And tell Niki not to call me," he added.

Danielle let out a cold laugh.

Niki wouldn't call ever again. And neither would she.

Alexander barely registered her strange tone. Time was running short—Millie was already calling to ask when they'd arrive.

Raffy, unwashed and still in his play clothes, followed Alexander out the door. "Tonight, my new mom will help me take a bath!"

Alexander smiled indulgently. "Of course."

Danielle stood frozen, watching them leave, their silhouettes disappearing through the doorway. She stood there for a long time, numb.

Then she gathered everything in the house that belonged to her and Niki, and burned it all.

Afterward, she went to the funeral home to have Niki's body cremated.

When she received the urn, tears streamed down her face despite her best efforts.

"Niki, wait for Mommy. I'll be with you soon..."

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Elsewhere, Alexander brought Raffy to Millie's welcome-back dinner.

The three of them laughed together, the perfect picture of a happy family. Their friends praised how lucky they were, whispering that Danielle was just clinging to the Davidson name and ruining a perfect home.

Suddenly, someone hurried through the crowd to Alexander.

"Mr. Davidson, your wife and daughter are being cremated today. You need to come to the funeral home to collect their ashes."

Alexander didn't so much as flinch, his voice icy. "She's a grown woman. How much longer is she going to play these jealous games?"

"But sir, you personally signed the cremation papers. You also signed the divorce agreement..."

Alexander's heart skipped a beat. "What did you say?"

He broke into a frantic drive, racing to the funeral home—arriving just as his wife and daughter's bodies were being wheeled into the crematorium.

Just that one glance, and it felt as if something had torn straight through his chest.

A moment later, the staff saw him collapse to the floor with a dull, heavy thud...