

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 3

Smack—

Something soft landed by Danielle's feet, jolting her out of her daze.-

She glanced down in confusion. A blue fondant cake lay on the floor.

"Mom, I told you—I don't want you making my birthday cake!" Raffy's voice rang out, sharp with annoyance. He looked up at Danielle, his eyes stubborn. "It's ugly, and it tastes gross. Can't you understand plain English?"

Wait...

Danielle drew a shaky breath.

She was back? Was this really happening?

She was back—back at Raffy's birthday party, one year ago.

Raffy was still complaining, his voice relentless: "I want the cake Miss Fletcher makes!"

"Mom, I think your cake is yummy. If Raffy doesn't want any, I'll eat it all myself," Niki piped up, her voice sweet and soft.

Hearing her daughter's gentle words again, Danielle looked at Niki's small, delicate face. Tears blurred her vision.

She knelt down, cupping Niki's cheeks in her hands, the warmth and reality anchoring her—she really was back.

This time, she swore, she would never let anyone hurt her daughter again.

Niki turned to Raffy. "You can't talk to Mom like that! Aren't you afraid she'll never bake you a cake again?"

"Keep it. I don't care," Raffy shot back, dismissive. He grabbed Millie's hand. "I want Miss Millie to be my mom. Miss Millie makes me all kinds of delicious things. She takes me horseback riding and rock climbing. Mom doesn't even know what riding is—so embarrassing. Dad likes Miss Millie, and so do I!"

Alexander frowned slightly. "What nonsense are you saying?"

Millie, dressed in her usual smart leather jacket, let out a breezy laugh.

She threw an arm companionably around Alexander's shoulders, ruffling Raffy's hair with the other hand. "You think it's easy being your dad's wife? He and I are like brothers-in-arms, you know."

"And Raffy," she added, "haven't I taught you not to talk to your mom like that? Or do you not listen to Miss Millie anymore?"

Raffy just pouted and scooted even closer to Millie. He tossed Danielle's birthday present—a cheap ballpoint pen—onto the floor. "Mom's always giving me these dumb pens for my birthday. Never toys. Not like Miss Millie—she gave me a model airplane she built herself! It even flies! Way cooler than Mom's present."

Dad said Miss Millie was going to design real airplanes someday, and maybe he'd get to ride on one she built. That sounded awesome.

Not like Mom, who didn't know anything and was just plain embarrassing.

Danielle looked at the boy she'd raised herself, now standing firmly at Millie's side, and felt an odd urge to laugh.

How had she never seen it before?

Raffy was Millie's biological son. Of course he was close to her—even if he didn't know she was really his mother.

In her last life, Danielle had treated Raffy like her own, hoping to win Alexander's approval.

But for them, her devotion had always been taken for granted.

This time, she wouldn't let herself—or Niki—suffer through that again.

Danielle bent to pick up the pen, her face calm, her smile gentle. "Since Miss Fletcher is so good with kids, I think you should oversee Raffy and Alexander from now on."

Millie froze, clearly not expecting Danielle to say that. No arguing, no pleading, no meek submission—just a serene, unshakable smile.

A moment later, Millie turned to Alexander. "Davidson, maybe what I said made your wife misunderstand. I'll stop—shouldn't have said so much."

Alexander frowned at Danielle. "You're an adult, not a child. Is that any way to talk? You can't just say whatever you want."

He was so obviously siding with Millie, as if Danielle was the one being unreasonable and making things awkward.

She met his gaze—cold, indifferent, just like always. He never hesitated to take Millie's side, never gave Danielle a shred of dignity, simply because he was certain she'd never leave.

But this time, she wouldn't be the woman she used to be, swallowing her pride just to let her daughter spend a birthday with her father, forcing herself to smile and endure until the very end of the party.