

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 4

She'd been given a second chance at life, and there was no way she'd make the same foolish mistakes again.

This time, Danielle would be the rock her daughter could lean on, the one who gave Niki everything she deserved—whatever others had, Danielle would make sure her daughter had too, by her own hands.-

With a cool detachment, she looked away, took Niki's small hand, and said, "Come on, sweetheart. Let's go celebrate your birthday."

Never again would she let her daughter suffer scorn or senseless cruelty.

Niki glanced longingly at Alexander, but in the end, she chose to follow her mother.

They'd barely made it a few steps before someone blocked their path. "By Mr. Davidson's command: the little prince's birthday festivities require all guests to remain."

Danielle's heart sank as she stared at the hand barring her way.

Alexander had always given Rafferty Davidson all the attention and affection—the kind that made everyone believe Rafferty was his real son, while Niki was just Danielle's illegitimate child.

Now, even at Rafferty's birthday, no one was allowed to leave early.

Did Alexander even remember that it was Niki's birthday, too?

Of course not.

Back when Danielle went through a traumatic labor with Niki—nearly dying from blood loss—Alexander was at Millie's side while she gave birth.

He'd claimed Millie was alone in the world and needed support, that he had to be there for her. After Millie had her baby, she went abroad to pursue her career.

Now she was back, holding dual degrees in financial technology and aerospace engineering. Every major company in the city wanted her, but she'd turned them all down, aiming for a place at the prestigious Blackwood Research Institute. It was notoriously selective, but Alexander was working his connections to get her in.

In her previous life, Danielle hadn't cared about any of that. She'd poured everything into Alexander, never sparing a thought for Millie's career.

She'd spent five years raising someone else's child, sacrificing her own future for the sake of a man and a family that was never truly hers. Looking back now, all she saw was her own pitiful naivete.

Danielle's lips curled into a cold smile. "Mr. Davidson's rules don't apply to me."

She'd wasted too many years trying to be the perfect Mrs. Davidson, always putting Alexander's needs first.

Not this time. She refused to be just another secretary orbiting his world. She was determined to reclaim her career, her pride, and give her daughter the life she deserved.

Alexander's expression darkened, his whole demeanor turning icy.

Danielle smirked inwardly. He was probably wondering when his obedient, accommodating wife had learned to defy him in public. Let him be angry—she didn't care anymore.

She would never play the role of the self-sacrificing wife again.

In one swift motion, Danielle yanked off her wedding ring and hurled it to the floor. The band bounced and clattered across the polished tiles, the metallic sound echoing through the room.

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

"This marriage is over, Alexander. You keep Rafferty. I take Niki. The divorce documents will be waiting at the boardroom by nine."

If he loved Millie and Rafferty so much, then fine—she'd let them have each other.

Right there, in front of everyone, Danielle left Alexander with nowhere to hide.

He fixed her with a dark, intense stare. "Danielle, how long are you planning to keep this up? Raffy's just a child. You'd really divorce me over something so trivial?"

To a man who never loved you, every grievance was just a tantrum.

She wouldn't make that mistake again. She wouldn't let her daughter grow up under his cold indifference, wouldn't waste another day raising a son—no, someone else's son—for a man who never cared.

She didn't want Alexander or his precious Rafferty.

"Yes. I would," Danielle replied coldly, turning her gaze to the guard. "Now move."

The guard, rattled by the scene, stepped aside without another word.

As Danielle led Niki away, her posture unyielding and proud, Alexander's face grew stormy with rage.

"Did Danielle misunderstand something?" Millie's voice broke the silence. "Let me go talk to her. You know how women get—when they're upset, there's no telling what they'll do."

She made a show of concern, about to follow Danielle.

"No need," Alexander replied, his voice icy. "She won't divorce me."