

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 5

Night had fallen by the time the birthday party ended.

Raffy was practically bouncing in the backseat, waving his arms with excitement. It was such a rare treat—his mother hadn't come tonight, so no one was there to keep an eye on him. For once, he could eat whatever he wanted at the party.

And Miss Millie had doted on him the entire evening, far better company than his mom ever was.

When the Maybach rolled to a stop in front of the house, Raffy's smile faded. He dragged his feet, reluctantly clutching Alexander's hand as they got out.

Every time he had to come home after an outing, it was the same—he never wanted to come back, not with his mother around.

But Miss Millie had told him he needed to respect everything his mom had worked for, and that if he listened, next time he'd get to have even more fun. His dad had said, too, that if he misbehaved, neither he nor Miss Millie would be allowed to come along next time. So, with great reluctance, Raffy followed them inside.

"Dad, I want to play with Miss Millie again tomorrow. Don't let her go abroad, okay? That way, Mom won't be able to boss me around anymore."

Alexander's voice was even and unreadable. "She's going overseas for a little while, but she'll be back soon—and when she comes back, she'll stay for good. She'll be here to keep you company."

Alexander and Danielle had been married six years. She'd always tried to please him, always agreeable, but most of the time he'd turned her down flat. With Millie, though, he rarely said no.

Raffy could tell there was something special between his dad and Miss Millie. Hearing his father's answer, a satisfied grin spread across his face.

The moment they stepped inside, Raffy shouted excitedly, "Mom, can you run my bath? I want to soak in a nice, warm bubble bath!"

Miss Millie had complimented him earlier, saying he smelled sweet and fresh—just like his dad as a child.

Julia, the housekeeper, came out to greet them. "Young master, Mrs. Crawford isn't home tonight. Would you like me to help you with your bath?"

Alexander, sounding casual and indifferent, asked, "Where is she?"

"I'm not sure, sir. Mrs. Crawford and Miss Monica haven't come home all evening." Julia handed him a neatly wrapped envelope. "She asked me to give this to you."

Alexander glanced down, took the envelope, and tossed it carelessly onto the table. Then he looked at Raffy. "Go on, let Julia help you with your bath."

Raffy was practically glowing. "If Mom and Monica aren't here, that means I get the playroom all to myself!"

Alexander managed a faint smile and ruffled Raffy's hair. "It's all yours."

"I don't want to play with Monica's blocks or toys anymore—they're so boring! I'm going to move all the toys Miss Millie gave me into the playroom, and Monica's not allowed to touch them!"

Monica didn't like Miss Millie; she only liked their mother.

And as far as Raffy was concerned, his mom was just a country bumpkin—what was there to like about her?

"Dad, since Mom's not home, can Miss Millie come over and tuck me in tonight?"

"No," Alexander replied. "Miss Millie's very busy."

Raffy pouted and trudged upstairs with Julia to get washed up.

Halfway up the stairs, Julia paused and glanced back at Alexander. "Sir, I think Mrs. Crawford packed up her things and Monica's as well. Maybe she went back to her family's place..."

Alexander nodded, unfazed.

The Crawford estate was hardly a welcoming place for Danielle. Other than her own family, she had nowhere else to go.

She was usually all patience and tolerance, never objecting to Raffy spending time with Millie. Tonight, though, she'd acted out of character, letting a rare streak of temper show.

But he knew her—once her mood passed, she'd come back, just as she always had before.

Alexander settled onto the couch and answered a few work emails. He was about to head upstairs and wash up when his eyes fell on the envelope he'd tossed aside.

Casually, he tore it open.

Across the top, four bold words stared back at him: **Divorce Settlement Agreement**.