

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 6

Alexander scanned the terms of the agreement with barely a flicker of emotion.

All she wanted was half a million dollars and custody of Niki.

Alexander gave a short, dismissive laugh, tossing the papers straight into the trash without a second thought.

Danielle was just throwing a tantrum, he thought. She'd come back on her own soon enough.

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After packing up what little they needed from the house, Danielle and Niki moved into a hotel for the time being.

"Niki, do you want to stay with me somewhere else for a while?" Danielle asked softly.

Niki's head drooped, her little teeth worrying her lower lip, her whole demeanor troubled and uncertain.

Danielle knelt down to meet her daughter's eyes. "You don't want to leave your dad and your brother, do you?"

Niki longed to call Alexander 'Dad', and she wanted nothing more than for her brother to invite her to play with him.

Most days, Danielle and Niki would wait at home for Raffy and Alexander to come back for dinner. They waited until the food went cold, but the front door never opened. Each time, Danielle would coax Niki to eat, but after just a few bites, Niki would claim she was full.

She was always hungry, always waiting for them.

As time passed, Niki—still so young and growing—grew thinner and more frail.

At first, Danielle thought her daughter just had a small appetite. Only later did she realize—Niki was waiting for Alexander and Raffy.

Niki looked up at her, eyes wide and searching. "Mom, does Uncle not like me? Is that why he doesn't like you either?"

Her words cut through Danielle like a knife, a sharp, aching pain settling deep inside her.

"My sweet girl, you're wonderful. If he can't see that, it's his loss." Danielle squeezed her little hand. "Do you want to stay with me?"

Niki nodded, her resolve clear. "I miss Uncle and my brother, but I know you love me most. Wherever you go, I'll go."

Danielle's eyes stung with tears as she pulled her daughter into a tight embrace.

This time, she promised herself, she would protect her child no matter what.

When she'd gone back to the house, Danielle had only packed a few changes of clothes for herself and Niki. After the wedding, Alexander had always deposited a generous monthly allowance into her account—enough to run the house and care for both children.

But he always slipped Raffy extra money on the side, and whenever he returned from a business trip, it was always gifts and designer clothes for Raffy. He'd say it was because the poor boy had lost his real father and his mother didn't want him anymore.

In her previous life, Danielle had loved Alexander with all her heart, listening to his every word, buying him and the children gifts and clothes, pouring all her energy and money into the family.

Managing the social obligations and expectations of their wealthy circle took plenty of money, too.

There was never much left for herself.

Looking back now, she realized just how foolish—and how pitiful—she'd been.

After giving Niki a bath and tucking her into bed, Danielle was just getting ready to wash up herself when her phone rang, the shrill sound cutting through the quiet.

It was Julia, the housekeeper.

"Pardon me, ma'am, but Master Raffy complains his milk bath is never quite right. What should the exact measurements be?"

"Call Millie to do it for him. He won't complain then."

"...Excuse me?" Julia stammered, caught off guard, but Danielle had already hung up.

Julia took a steadying breath and tried again. "Ma'am—"

"I'm divorcing Alexander. Raffy is his son, not mine. Please don't call me about this again."

Danielle's tone was cool and final as she ended the call.

Julia stared at her phone, speechless.

Alexander glanced over. "What did she say? When is she coming back?"

Julia swallowed. "Mrs. Bennett said... she wants a divorce, and that you should ask Miss Fletcher to bathe Master Raffy."