

The Wife You Buried Is Back from Hell

Chapter 8

"I was just about to call you, too."

Gian arched an eyebrow. "Let's talk at the lab. I'll go change."

—

Danielle sat quietly in the visitors' lounge of the research institute.

It had been so long since she'd last set foot here.

Every corner was achingly familiar, stirring up memories that played in her mind as vividly as if they'd happened yesterday.

But this was her first time sitting here as a guest. The feeling was bittersweet, a mix of nostalgia and regret.

Gian returned, now in his usual work clothes, and took a seat across from her. He smiled. "So, what do you think? Has the place changed much?"

"Technology's advancing so fast—of course the institute is different now."

"So, what did you want to talk about?" Gian's smile turned teasing. "Back then, you swore you'd be a pioneer in aerospace, but then you dropped everything—your studies, your research—just to get married and raise a family. You never even kept in touch..."

Danielle lowered her gaze, guilt twisting in her chest. She'd never really faced them since, always feeling she owed them an apology.

"I heard the Verdphoenix-X7 eco-restoration drone was a success. It'll be at the airshow this weekend." Danielle pressed her lips together. "I should apologize to you all. I left so suddenly back then."

"You're well-informed," Gian said with a rueful smile. "When you quit, our whole project stalled for months. We couldn't move forward without you."

"I..." Danielle's voice was barely above a whisper. "I'm sorry."

There wasn't anything else she could say. Her impulsive departure had held everyone back for so long...

Yet, even while staying home to care for her family, she'd never stopped learning, never lost touch with her field. The pace of innovation was dizzying, but she believed that if she returned, she could catch up.

"Honestly, none of us need your apology. What we want is to see you take action."

Gian's eyes were hopeful. He wanted her back. This was where she belonged.

"Could I see the airshow in person?" she asked quietly.

"Most of the Verdphoenix design was yours. It took the rest of us years just to finish what you started. You're made for aerospace—not for domestic life."

Gian studied her face. "So why do you want to go? Thinking of coming back?" He set his coffee cup down, waiting for an answer.

"Tickets are tough to get, but if you really want to go, call me. I'll get you in."

Danielle nodded, determination flickering in her eyes. "I think so, too. I belong in aviation."

Since childhood, she'd been fascinated by the sky—by the vastness of space.

Her dream was never just to design planes. She'd always wanted the stars, the sea of possibilities.

Somewhere along the way, she'd lost herself.

Last time there was an airshow, she'd stayed home helping Niki finish her homework, thinking Alexander had taken Raffy to the doctor. But then, on TV, she saw Alexander, Raffy, and Millie all together at the airshow.

She could still recall Niki's envious gaze as she watched her brother get to see the fighter jets up close. Niki hadn't said a word, but the longing was plain.

Danielle had failed as a mother, too.

But this time, she wouldn't let Niki be left behind.

Given another chance at life, she was determined to reclaim herself—and to be the rock and pride her daughter deserved.

Even if her old mentor refused to take her back, she'd still go to the airshow, see her former colleagues, reconnect with leaders in her field.

At the very least, she wanted the industry to remember her name.

Gian gave her an encouraging smile. "We have a new research project starting, and we need a chief engineer. We're short on people, but haven't found the right candidate."

Danielle understood what he meant—he was inviting her back.

She didn't dare call herself chief engineer, but she was willing to start from the bottom again.

"I'll send in my resume."

Gian's gaze sharpened. "There's one requirement now. Candidates must have a stable family life."

Danielle hesitated. That hadn't been a rule before. Was it because of her?

"I'm getting a divorce," she said quietly.

Gian was momentarily taken aback. He remembered how determined she'd once been to chase happiness, giving up everything for it. He hadn't expected her to make this decision now.

Just then, Danielle's phone rang, cutting the moment short.

"Mrs. Davidson? Raffy's broken out in hives and he's complaining of stomach pain. We're taking him to the hospital—you should come."