

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 1:

Out on the ocean bridge, two cars raced neck and neck across the slick asphalt, locked in a heart-pounding chase that felt straight out of an action movie.

Gripping the steering wheel with all the strength she had left, Dayna Murray pushed through the stabbing pain that burned deep in her abdomen. Her foot slammed down on the gas pedal again, urging the car forward with everything it had.

But in the rearview mirror, the kidnappers' vehicle loomed closer and closer. They were gaining on her fast. Another few seconds, and they'd ram her off the road.

Only three hours earlier, she and Madison Reid had been abducted. Breaking free had pushed Dayna past every limit, but somehow, she'd pulled it off. What she didn't expect was the sheer persistence. The men were glued to their tail, refusing to let them escape for good.

In the passenger seat, Madison was visibly shaking, her complexion paper-white. Her voice cracked with fear. "Dayna, if I die out here, Declan will never forgive you!"

Dayna's grip on the wheel tightened, and she threw a freezing glare her way. "Shut up."

Calculating the distance and speed in her head, she made a snap decision.

"Open the door," she ordered sharply. "We're jumping."

Even as the words left her mouth, she was already reaching for the handle of her own door.

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"I-I can't!" Madison's voice rose in panic, her breath coming in shallow bursts. "I'm scared. I can't do it!"

"Then stay here and die," Dayna hissed, her gaze sharp and unflinching.

Up ahead, the bridge curved into a sharp bend right as they neared the tunnel exit.

"Jump now!" Dayna shouted.

She didn't wait. She let off the gas and threw herself from the speeding car. Madison, trembling, leapt after her.

The turn was sharp and sudden, and their jump had caught the kidnappers completely off guard.

A thunderous crash followed as the two vehicles smashed together, metal on metal.

Dayna's body hit the road hard, tumbling over and over until she skidded to a breathless stop. The pain was blinding, as if her bones had been shattered under a massive weight.

And then came the blast. One of the cars burst into flames behind her, the explosion's shockwave tossing her like a rag doll.

Coughing, she clutched her chest and swallowed hard, forcing the rising blood back down.

Then she heard the low roar of a car approaching.

Dayna lifted her head, hope sparking faintly in her exhausted eyes. It was her husband, Declan Foster.

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