

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 11:

He had already been kind enough not to pursue the matter that she was behind Madison's kidnapping, and now she had the nerve to act like this?

Right then, another servant by the window suddenly called out, "Sir! Mrs. Foster's back!"

Declan's smirk curled in icy satisfaction. Of course she'd come crawling back. She always did. Without him, she was useless.

And sure enough, the quiet was pierced by the soft click of the door unlocking.

Dayna had barely stepped inside when Declan's voice, dripping with sarcasm, cut through the room like a blade. "Well, look who finally remembered where she lives. What's the matter? Coughing up blood wasn't dramatic enough for you? Had to put on a full show for the crowd, huh?"

She didn't respond but instead walked past him toward the stairs like he didn't even exist.

Declan's eyes narrowed. That silence—her blatant disregard—set something off inside him.

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She was ignoring him? How dare she?

“Dayna!” His voice thundered now, echoing in the hall. “Did you suddenly go deaf, or are you just pretending I’m not standing here?”

He moved swiftly, stepping into her path, his eyes glinting with fury as he blocked her way up the stairs.

Her chest throbbed with a dull pain that had long since faded into numbness. Every second in his presence felt like poison.

Move.

The word was lifeless, void of emotion, but to Declan, it landed like a slap to the face. His brows furrowed tightly.

“Dayna!” He seized her wrist, his voice low and strained through clenched teeth. “Try me again, and I swear you’ll regret it.”

Her expression didn’t waver. Then slowly, her lips lifted into a cold, mocking smile. Her eyes looked straight through him—empty, frigid, unreachable.

“Oh, really?” Her voice was a quiet accusation. “You already watched me bleeding on the ground and walked away. Were you planning to finish the job next time?”

The words sliced through his armor, stunning him into silence. For a moment, he couldn’t breathe.

This wasn’t the woman he remembered. Not even close.

The old Dayna had been obedient to a fault—soft-spoken, desperate for scraps of his attention. This stranger before him... she was ice.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” he snapped, his temper rising fast. He was certain this was just another one of her calculated games.

Straightening up, he slipped right back into his usual tone of authority. “I’ve already done you a favor by not making you pay for what you did to Madison—and now you’re pulling this stunt?”

“You actually believe I orchestrated that? No wonder you’re so easy to manipulate—calling you dumb would be generous.”

She let out a bitter chuckle, thick with years of swallowed pain and self-loathing.

God, how stupid she had been to love a man like him!

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