

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 12:

She didn't dignify it with another word. Turning away, she headed for the stairs with the kind of calm only heartbreak could teach.

Declan's blood boiled. But it wasn't her words that cut the deepest. It was the indifference in her eyes, like he no longer mattered at all. She had never looked through him like that before.

His hands balled into fists, trembling with rage.

"Get back here, now. Three seconds, Dayna, or I'm filing for divorce!" he barked.

She froze. Her shoulders tensed, but she didn't turn around.

A victorious smirk played at Declan's lips. He thought he'd won. Again. But before he could bask in it, her voice floated back—quiet and detached. "Then let's go get it done. I'm ready."

Funny, wasn't it? Legally, she was his wife. But in his world, she had always been invisible. Disposable.

Her mind flashed back to the night he grabbed her by the neck and spat those words like venom. "You make me sick. Cheating on me right before our wedding day? You're such a cheap whore! I wouldn't touch you even if you were the last woman on earth."

And still... she had stayed. Clung to hope.

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She believed that if she just loved him a little more and endured a little longer, maybe he'd finally see the truth—that she hadn't betrayed him. That she was always his.

But in his eyes, she was always tainted—beyond redemption. And now, all she could do was laugh—at the girl she used to be. Naive. Loyal. Pathetic.

"Fine," Declan snapped. "You want a divorce? Let's make it official."

Declan stomped to his study and came back, slamming a divorce agreement onto the table like it was a winning card. His expression oozed cruelty, as though he was sure she'd never sign it.

But then, Dayna calmly picked it up and scanned the pages. She was listed as the one at fault, and for that, he wouldn't be paying her any alimony. Still, she didn't even blink.

Money had never mattered to her. With one smooth, deliberate stroke, she signed her name.

Just like that, the marriage—built on nothing more than convenience—was done.

Declan stared at her, speechless.

What the fuck? She actually signed it? His expression soured immediately.

“You—” He barely got the word out before his phone rang sharply from his pocket.

Irritated, he glanced at the screen, then shifted his eyes back to Dayna, already halfway up the stairs. For a moment, he hesitated—but then answered.

“This better be important.”

There was a brief silence as Declan listened to whatever the caller had to say, and then his entire expression shifted. “What? You found the...”

“Wraith Physician? Stay where you are. I’m on my way.”

Dayna’s steps faltered mid-stride. The Wraith Physician?

Her eyes narrowed, a deep crease forming between her brows. That shouldn’t have been possible. How could anyone have tracked her down without her knowing?

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