

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 15:

Her heart skipped a beat. That sounded far too much like something Declan used to say. Declan always told her to “know her place,” be a quiet wife, and never ask for more.

Maybe that was just how rich families were—cold, strict, and impossible to escape.

But then Kristopher’s deep voice broke her train of thought. “There’s no divorce with me. Only death do us part. You married me, so don’t even think about walking away. From now on, I’ll protect you. You won’t have to suffer again.”

Dayna stared at him, stunned. She couldn’t believe what she had just heard.

For a split second, her heart gave an involuntary flutter, unguarded and sudden.

No. She shook the feeling off quickly. She couldn’t let herself overthink it. It was probably just words—empty and meaningless.

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Before she could dwell on it any further, a car pulled up in front of them.

“Get in,” Kristopher said. His voice was sharp and firm, stripped of emotion, making it clear this wasn’t a request.

Dayna paused, unsure, but got into the car anyway. This wasn’t the time to upset her new business partner.

As she looked away, Kristopher’s eyes stayed on her. His fingers brushed the ring on his pinky without thinking, and his expression darkened. Was she pretending? Or... had she really forgotten everything?

In the backseat, Dayna pulled out her phone, hoping to distract herself. The screen lit up instantly, and with it came a flood of missed calls and angry messages. All from Declan.

“Dayna, I told you to apologize to Maddie. And it’s been almost a month! Where the hell are you?”

“Pick up your phone!”

“Now. Don’t make me lose it!”

Dayna’s eyes flashed with sarcasm as she calmly blocked his number and erased the entire call log.

Up front, Kristopher had caught it all with a single glance. His eyes narrowed, and a faint, knowing curve touched his lips.

He was just about to say something when her phone lit up again with another call.

This time, there was no name, just a number. But the moment Kristopher saw it, he went still. Completely frozen. That number... he remembered it clearly. He never forgot numbers. It belonged to Nell Mason—Wraith Physician’s agent.

And this woman sitting next to him—who had skills that even most licensed professionals would envy—she had actually made him feel something in his legs.

Could it really be her? Could Dayna... really be the Wraith Physician?

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