

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 26:

Declan bit down on his fury and pushed back. “Aren’t you even curious what kind of woman she really is?”

His voice rose with venom, each word aimed like a dagger meant to wound Dayna publicly.

Dayna’s fists clenched, her nails biting into her skin as anger surged through her. She had never committed the sins he screamed about, yet here she was, forced to weather the storm of his lies. And now, right in front of Kristopher, Declan dared to sling this filth at her.

Regardless of how this marriage began, she wasn’t about to let ghosts from her past poison what came next.

Kristopher’s expression stayed cold. His long fingers tapped against the armrest of his wheelchair, steady and intentional. He had already heard whispers that had made their way through their tight-knit social circle. Even if Declan tried to keep everything buried—which he really didn’t—there would be no hiding the truth from Kristopher.

Kristopher's silence was icy, unreadable—but to Declan, it looked like he cared. And that alone was enough to twist a smug, crooked smile onto his lips.

Madison, sensing the growing tension and the stares from the curious onlookers, quickly tugged at Declan's sleeve. Her voice was soft, but the panic in her eyes gave her away. "Declan, please—lower your voice. Even if Dayna made mistakes before, doesn't she deserve the chance to start over? What if this all goes public? How will she face it?"

"She's the one who invited this," Declan snapped. His voice was sharp and cutting, thick with disdain. "Dayna, come here and apologize. That's the only way you'll walk out of here with any shred of dignity."

Every word that followed dripped with growing malice. He didn't need to say it outright—his voice carried the threat loud and clear.

People around them were starting to whisper. They didn't need to speak aloud; their judgment was loud enough in their eyes—harsh, cold, and unforgiving, all directed at Dayna.

.

Discover hidden gems on galnovels.com

.

.

Chapter 27:

Dayna took a measured step forward, her head held high, an icy gleam flickering in her gaze as she stared him down.

“Repeat that,” she said, her voice low but dangerous. “I dare you.”

Declan laughed, the sound laced with scorn. “Aren’t you just mad that I’m telling the truth? I—”

She didn’t give him the chance to finish.

Her hand shot out like lightning, and in the next second, a sharp slap cracked through the air, landing clean across his face.

Find novel *PDFs* on ga/novels.com

Declan hadn't even processed what just happened when her knee drove hard into his shin.

He crumpled with a startled grunt, one leg giving out under the pain as he dropped to the floor with a heavy thud.

"Declan!" Madison gasped, frozen in disbelief.

Dayna stood over him, tall and unyielding, her eyes burning with cold, unwavering resolve.

She was done—done with the lies, done with being branded a whore in the very marriage she had tried to survive.

"If you'd used even an ounce of that brain of yours, you might've bothered to check the facts. But no—you're too busy clinging to your sad little victim act. Seriously, what's wrong with you? Is your ego that fragile, or do you just enjoy acting like a helpless cuckold?"

Declan's face twisted, his anger bubbling over. He hadn't seen this coming. Not from Dayna. And definitely not in front of everyone.

His shock turned to disbelief, then humiliation, and finally solidified into a seething hatred. "You've completely lost your mind."

In his head, that slap and kick had destroyed whatever thread still connected them. Even if she came crawling back, he wouldn't take her.

Meanwhile, Madison struggled to hide the smirk creeping onto her face. She grabbed Declan's arm like it was some big deal and let out a dramatic gasp. "Dayna, even if Declan talked about your... past in front of everyone, he was simply being honest. How could you hit him like that?" she said, pretending to be shocked and innocent.

Dayna turned her head slowly, her eyes narrowing on Madison with pure disgust.

And then, just a beat later, a sharp scream split the air.

.

.

.