

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 3:

Dayna's arms hung stiff at her sides as she watched him lift Madison effortlessly and hurry toward the car. Madison leaned against him gently, her movements soft and graceful, but even then, she managed to throw Dayna a smug, mocking glance.

It was the middle of June, yet Dayna had never felt such a chill run through her before.

Her mind drifted back to that night years ago when Declan crashed his car and she had risked her own life to drag him out of the wreckage with her own hands. After that, she blacked out from the effort.

When she came to, the story was already twisted—Madison had claimed she was the hero. And no matter how hard Dayna tried to tell the truth, Declan never listened. In his eyes, Madison had saved him, and Dayna was just a bitter liar desperate for attention.

From day one, Dayna had understood that this marriage wasn't about love. It was a cold transaction between two powerful families. And as for Declan's affection? That had always been reserved for Madison.

In three long years of their marriage, Declan hadn't given Dayna a single ounce of warmth. Even the basic courtesy owed to a spouse had been too much to expect.

The very night before they were to wed, Madison had set Dayna up to look like she had cheated on Declan. Nothing had really happened, but Declan had seen Dayna as tainted ever since. From that moment forward, Dayna's world had turned into a nightmare.

Her father was suddenly accused of drug abuse and locked away in rehab. With no one left to run Murray Group, Declan stepped in—seizing control without hesitation.

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Dayna's mother had passed years ago, the poor woman's heart broken by her husband's betrayal. Dayna had grown up resenting her father, believing he had earned his fall from grace. So at the time, when Declan offered to step in and save the company, she had been grateful—blindly so.

But it wasn't until much later that the truth dawned on her—none of it had been coincidence. It had all been a trap. Her father's downfall had been carefully staged by Declan. The company hadn't been rescued—it had been swallowed whole. Every part of it had been part of Declan's scheme.

And once he had gotten everything he wanted, all that remained was loathing. He stopped coming home. And on the rare occasions they crossed paths, it always ended with her dignity in pieces.

The memories came flooding back, crashing over Dayna like a storm she couldn't escape.

Dayna stumbled forward before her strength gave out completely. Blood spilled from her lips, and then everything faded into darkness.

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