

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 6:

Because she had let her heart lead. Because Declan had begged, and she couldn't bring herself to say no.

In a single move, everything Kristopher had invested went up in smoke. She had offered apology after apology, bracing herself for the inevitable fallout. But the retaliation never came. Kristopher simply vanished. She told herself he must have been too busy, caught up in other priorities.

But now, three years later, seeing him right in front of her again—was this what he had been waiting for all along? Revenge?

No, that couldn't be it. If that were his goal, she wouldn't be alive to wonder about it.

Taking a slow breath, Dayna steadied herself. "You were the one who saved me."

Kristopher gave a cold laugh, tapping his temple. "You're not entirely useless. If I hadn't passed by and intervened, you'd be dead by now."

Indeed. She had come that close to dying.

Dayna bit down on her lip, rage flickering in her eyes. Back then, she had convinced herself that giving her mother's legacy to Declan was a gesture of love—a sign of unwavering trust. But now, that very trust felt like poison in her gut. It turned her stomach to think of how easily she had foolishly handed over everything.

She was done being the fool.

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She had made up her mind. If she was going to reclaim her life, she had to take back every single thing that had been stolen from her as well.

A soft cough pulled her back from her thoughts.

It was Kristopher.

She turned toward the sound, and only then did it hit her. He wasn't standing. He was sitting in a wheelchair.

She looked at him, shocked. “Your legs...”

And then it clicked. “That’s why you disappeared... three years ago...”

His gaze narrowed. “So? You going to laugh at me now?”

She quickly shook her head. “No. I wouldn’t.”

But her voice faded as she looked at him—still commanding, still unreadable, still every bit a force even in a wheelchair.

In all of Arkmery, there was only one man left who could rival Foster Group, and he was sitting right here.

Her thoughts raced, analyzing every possible angle.

Then she slowly balled her fists, lifted her chin, and said with quiet calm, “Mr. Hudson, why don’t we make a deal?”

