

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 7:

The hospital room turned oddly quiet, as if even the air was holding its breath.

Dayna stayed still, barely breathing, waiting for Kristopher's response. But instead of a nod or a rejection, she was met with a sharp scoff. Kristopher's voice was low and laced with ice. He lifted his gaze, and in that one look, the temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees.

"Dayna, what makes you think you have the right to bargain with someone like me?"

But Dayna didn't flinch. She tilted her head ever so slightly, her expression calm and unwavering. Her naturally striking features were now touched by a delicate vulnerability, making her look hauntingly beautiful.

"What if I told you... I could help you walk again?"

That caught him off guard. His expression flickered, if only for a heartbeat. His hand gripped the armrest tighter.

Was she insane? Or worse—was this some cruel game meant to dangle hope in front of him, only to snatch it away? What kind of game was she playing now?

Fury bubbled just under Kristopher's skin, pounding at his temples. Before he could utter a word, Dayna slipped out of bed and lowered herself calmly in front of him.

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"Start now, and I promise you'll see results in three months," she said gently, reaching out as her hand moved toward his leg.

But right when her fingertips were about to touch him, Kristopher's body reacted on instinct. With lightning speed, he grabbed her wrist, squeezing tightly enough to make her wince.

Dayna looked up at him, her eyes wide but unafraid.

He was furious, his grip punishing. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" he spat through gritted teeth, barely restraining the storm churning inside him.

Pity? Tricks? More lies? He wasn't having any of it. His grip tightened, harsh enough to leave marks.

