

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 8:

His presence was suffocating, and Dayna found herself gasping for air. Her lashes trembled. Her already pale face seemed even more delicate now, and her eyes were faintly red, as though she were on the edge but holding on.

Something in him tensed. With a growl, he shoved her hand aside. She staggered but steadied herself quickly, and this time, she reached again without pause.

Her fingers were elegant yet steady. She moved with confidence, pressing expertly along key nerve points on his calf like someone deeply familiar with the human body.

Then, something unbelievable happened.

A surge of feeling shot through his leg—sharp, electric, alive.

Kristopher's brows shot up in disbelief. He could feel it—his leg. Real sensation. And it was her doing.

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Dayna looked up at him with calm certainty. “So? How does that feel, Mr. Hudson?”

Kristopher didn’t respond right away. He stared at her like he was seeing her for the very first time, as if he couldn’t quite decide whether she was a liar, a miracle, or both.

Finally, his voice came, low and even. “What do you want in return?”

Dayna’s eyes turned steely, her voice low but pulsing with long-buried rage. “Help me crush Foster Group and reclaim everything my mother was robbed of.”

Was she seriously asking him to dismantle Foster Group from the ground up?

A short, humorless laugh escaped Kristopher’s lips. “You want me to go after your dear husband’s empire? Is this another one of your twisted games? Don’t forget—you betrayed me once. That project you backed out of and handed to Declan? It cost me tens of billions. Wasn’t that stab in the back deep enough for you?”

Dayna lowered her gaze, her lashes trembling faintly. She didn’t argue because there was nothing she could say to undo the past.

In truth, that single loss should've been a blip on Hudson Group's radar. But when Kristopher vanished after the project failed, the company pulled out of every joint deal, and the cracks widened from there. That was when Foster Group slithered in, seizing the chaos as an opportunity and rising overnight as a corporate juggernaut.

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