

Born For Starlight: The Mysterious Wife Who Stole My Heart

Chapter 9:

She didn't want to rewind the clock. The past was poison. With quiet resolve and a clear gaze, she said, "Give me three months. I'll have you walking again. That's all I ask."

Kristopher didn't blink. His expression was still impossible to read. She bit down on her lip, fighting the urge to retreat. She wasn't backing down either.

"If you don't believe me, we can write it up. Sign a contract. If I can't do it, I'll..."

She hadn't even finished her thought when Kristopher's voice cut in sharply. This time, his tone had shifted—measured, calculating, still laced with coldness.

"We can strike the deal you want, but what I need from you now is an heir," he said flatly.

The words hit her like a slap. Her eyes widened, her body tensing in disbelief.

An heir?

Did he mean... she had to leave Declan, marry him, and bear his child?

He caught the hesitation in her eyes and gave a dry, mocking laugh. Of course. She was still shackled to Declan—emotionally, mentally. Pathetic.

“You can’t even handle one condition? Then there’s nothing more to talk about.”

With that, Kristopher spun his wheelchair around and headed for the exit.

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“Wait!” she called out.

Panic clawed at her throat. She moved to go after him, but her knees buckled—still too frail to hold her up. Her sight blurred. She could feel herself collapsing—fast and unsteady, headed toward the wall.

However, Kristopher moved on instinct and caught her by the waist before she hit the floor.

In that moment, the distance between them disappeared completely. His crisp, woodsy scent, like cedar in snowy winter, surrounded her—strangely comforting, almost addictive. Somehow, it felt familiar, though she couldn't place where she had smelled it before.

When she glanced up, the cold rage in his eyes sent a chill down her spine.

"Are you finished putting on a show?" he said sharply.

Dayna's body shook slightly. After a few breaths, she regained control, straightened up in his arms, and stepped back.

"No, I'm not done. I was going to say that I agree to your condition. Let's just... get married."

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