

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel

Chapter 1 - Chapter 1 (English Translation)

Oriana's Decision "Ms. Sterling, your flight to Jindiwood departs in fifteen days. Upon arrival, a representative will escort you directly to city hall to process the paperwork," a respectful voice announced over the line. "Alright," Oriana Sterling replied with a small nod. Oriana set her phone down and lifted her gaze to the hundred-inch screen in front of her. On it was a man whose presence struck like a blow to the heart. His hair was trimmed short and neat, his brows sharp, his eyes clear and commanding. A perfectly tailored suit traced the lines of his tall frame.

He walked with calm elegance, and the gilded leopard-headed cane in his hand was nothing more than an elegant accessory. Grant Holloway, young and accomplished, was the rising star who had pushed domestic AI technology to new heights. Earlier that year, he'd dazzled at an international tech conference, and within two months, he had become one of the most sought-after names in the field. As he strode calmly out of the conference hall, reporters surged forward. "Mr. Holloway, you named your first independently developed AI software Aurora.

Will there be a follow-up series under the same name?" No," Grant answered. The proud man fixed his eyes on the camera, his striking features softening with a rare trace of warmth. Countless stars form the aurora. It comes from the name of someone important in my life." Applause broke out. A ripple of gasps swept through the crowd. No one had expected the genius of the tech world to reveal such devotion to a woman. But before the reporters could press further, Grant stepped into his car and disappeared. Oriana sat transfixed long after the screen went dark.

Everyone knew about her infatuation with Grant. She had chased after him relentlessly, undeterred by his indifference, his cutting remarks, his constant dismissal. Then came the car accident, Grant was left crippled, drowning in self-loathing. Oriana stayed. She endured his cruel words, his cold fury, his violence, never wavering as she helped him rise again, one painful step at a time. But when the Sterling family brought home its biological daughter, Luna, everything changed. Learning that Luna had suffered for years, the family turned on Oriana overnight.

They claimed she had stolen the privileged life that never belonged to her. Her world collapsed. The parents and brother who had once cherished Oriana cast her aside without 1/6 hesitation. When no one else would stand by her, it was Grant, limping, bitter Grant, who carried her home on his back. He guarded the fragile spark of hope in her heart with careful hands. And now, it was also he who had snuffed it out. "Oriana, what's got you so lost in thought?" a voice sounded. The man she'd just watched on television now stood in front of her.

Grant's hand brushed gently against the back of her head, his deep-set eyes full of concern. "Sorry, I wasn't there for you right away," he murmured. "Zara told me your grad school application didn't go through." As always, he reached to pull her into his arms. But Oriana raised a hand and stopped him. Her lips were pale, her eyes clear and steady as they dropped to his cuff. The cufflink was a black pearl, her gift to him back in freshman year, bought with six months' worth of wages from a part-time job at the campus diner.

And right beside that pearl gleamed a bold, unmistakable lipstick mark. Grant followed her gaze, his brows tightening. "Ivy tripped while shielding me from the press earlier. I helped her up; that's when it happened." "I'll have her reassigned. I don't need a female assistant," he added quickly. Then, catching the look on Oriana's face, he tried to tease. "What's this, Oriana? Jealous?" She swallowed down the ache in her chest and forced her eyes away. "No." Grant chuckled, unconvinced. She cared for him too much; of course, she was jealous. She was just too shy to admit it.

He tapped the tip of her nose playfully. "You say no, but your heart says yes." Oriana's lips curved faintly. And then, without warning, she asked, "I'm twenty years old now. Doesn't that mean I can stop depending on the Holloway family?" Oriana had nowhere to go after the Sterling family threw her out. Her birth parents had long since passed away. It was Grant who stepped forward, offering to take her into the Holloway family and become her legal guardian. Grant didn't seem to care. He even chuckled, "Once we get married, you'll still be part of the Holloway 2/6 family."

Changing labels over and over again seems pointless, doesn't it?" Married? Oriana could only think he had gotten far too deep into his act. By now, after three years, Grant was fluent in deceiving her with words that rolled effortlessly off his tongue. The graduate school admissions list was already finalized. Everything had settled. He no longer feared she might cause trouble. Grant tapped her nose lightly before rising and walking toward the master bedroom. "Tonight I'll make your favorite chicken wings and roasted lamb chops. And I'll even let you have ice cream," he said.

He had always forbidden her from eating too much dessert, warning that sweets and cold treats were bad for her health. Tonight, he was granting her a rare indulgence-like tossing a small pet a treat for good behavior. He returned a few minutes later, his bespoke suit replaced with comfortable sleepwear, his steps uneven but steady. This time, he didn't give her the chance to refuse. He pulled her forcefully into his arms. He breathed in the scent of her hair, clinging to it as though it were an addiction. His low, husky voice brushed her ear. "Losing the graduate spot doesn't matter."

You'll ace the exam next time. Don't be upset; I'll help you prepare." He rubbed her head gently in comfort, then let go and slipped into the kitchen. The sliding door closed behind him. A single tear welled at the corner of Oriana's eye, trailing slowly down her pale cheek, leaving behind only bitterness. Lost? No, her place hadn't been lost. It had been stolen. Grant had once sworn under a shower of falling stars that he would cherish

and protect her for life. Yet under the authority of being her legal guardian, he had stolen Oriana's graduate school quota and handed 1 to Luna.

He knew her dream; ever since she'd watched her grandmother suffer and die of cancer, Oriana had vowed to become an oncologist, to save others from that pain. He knew how hard she had worked, finishing at the top of her class, skipping two grades, all for the chance to study under Jindiwood University's Medical College's famed oncologist, Professor Cormac Flint, who accepted only one student every four years. The day Oriana submitted her application documents to Kirk Locke, the program coordinator, she overheard familiar voices from inside the office. "Mr. Sterling, are you certain Mr.

Holloway really intends to withdraw Oriana's application? Shouldn't we at least ask her opinion?" Kirk's voice wavered. Her father, Bramwell Sterling, the man who had raised her for seventeen years, answered in a steady tone. 3/6 "That's right. There's no need to consult her." Grant, the same man who had promised to make her the happiest woman alive, was there too. "I'm her legal guardian," he said firmly. "I can make this decision for her." Kirk inhaled sharply, struggling to protest. "But Oriana has spent the last two years in the library every evening without fail.

Rain or shine, she's been working toward this. Why would she suddenly give it up?" Bramwell chuckled coldly, "There's only one slot. Professor Flint has already agreed to take my daughter. Kirk, surely you wouldn't embarrass Professor Flint by refusing him this favor, would you?" Two years ago, Bramwell's daughter had meant Oriana. Now, his daughter was only Luna. Grant spoke again, his voice low and calm. "Oriana has the ability. She can test in. And even if she fails, I'll take care of her." Bramwell snapped, his voice sharp and hostile, "Grant, don't forget.

I was the one who paid for your expensive treatments back then. I let you take Oriana away so she wouldn't have a claim on her grandmother's inheritance. And now Luna begged me to secure you funding-funding that made your reputation soar. And you still talk about taking care of Oriana? Where does that leave my daughter?" Grant's voice grew heavy. "Mr. Sterling, don't worry. Everything I promised her, I will keep." Bramwell narrowed his eyes. "And what do you plan to do with Oriana?" "I have my own arrangements," Grant replied curtly. "Hmph. You'd better keep your word," Bramwell warned.

Outside the door, Oriana's eyes burned red as disbelief crashed over her. Her blood turned to ice; her chest ached so violently she could barely breathe. All those times she had begged her father not to abandon her, he hadn't refused out of principle, but because he was afraid she'd claim part of the inheritance. When Grant appeared and carried her away, it wasn't God answering her prayer; it was a deal struck between two men. The two people she had trusted most in this life were standing side by side, carving at her with the sharpest blades, stripping away her flesh, her heart, her soul.

***** Her phone buzzed. Oriana, her cheeks wet with silent tears, unlocked the screen with trembling fingers. Instagram refreshed. At the top was a post from Luna, uploaded just a minute ago. Luna posted, "Secured my graduate spot! Thanks to my amazing dad, mom, and Owen. A pity he couldn't be here." Attached was a family photo, gifts piled high around her, everyone beaming. 4/6 And beneath it, it was a selfie of Luna's delicate face glowing under dim lights, her eyes hazy with drunken delight. The location tag marked a bar.

Oriana instantly recognized the shade of Luna's lipstick-exactly the same as the mark she'd seen on Grant's shirt. Suddenly, the clatter of pots and pans burst from the kitchen. Grant emerged, face drawn tight, forcing his injured leg to steady as he walked out. He glanced at her, not noticing the tears she had just wiped away. His voice was full of apology. "Oriana, I'm sorry. Something urgent came up at the office, and I need to head out. You don't know how to cook; just leave the ingredients. I'll have dinner delivered from the hotel.

Be good and stay home." After fussing over the details, he grabbed his cane and rushed out the door. In his haste, he even forgot to switch off the kitchen vent. Oriana lowered her eyes to the glowing phone screen. A new message had popped up. Grant texted, "Don't drink anymore. I'm coming to you." Five seconds later, it was deleted. So, the sharp, composed leader of his programming team did lose his grip sometimes. He had nearly slipped. Oriana's eyes burned again, the ache in her chest pressing hard, threatening to spill over. When had it started between them?

Grant, with his near-obsessive cleanliness, never even allowed the housekeepers to stay overnight. Yet he had welcomed Luna into their small, private world, given her the passcode, and let her spend the night whenever she wished. Grant, who loathed taking photos, had made an exception when his breakthrough in AI architecture sent the country into a frenzy. He had allowed Luna to record him, posting a video of her feeding him food. There were too many exceptions and too many signs of favoritism, more than Oriana could count and enough to erase her place entirely.

Grant always claimed to be her guardian, the one with authority over every part of her life. If he had the power to decide she should give up her graduate slot, then she would decide to give him up -hand him over to Luna. Oriana created a profile on a matchmaking site, and within two days, she had arranged her marriage. The man was a stranger she had never met. But as long as it got her out of Grant's world, she would pay 5/6 any price. Soon after, her flight confirmation arrived. She saved the departure time in her calendar. Fifteen days left. Alone, she would pack what little she had.

It was enough.

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