

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 10 - Chapter 10 (English Translation)

Chapter 10 A Powerful Alliance Oriana stepped out of her room and spotted Grant standing on the balcony, holding her phone. Her face darkened. "What are you doing with my phone?" Grant turned, but before he could react, Oriana had snatched the device back. Seeing she had just woken up and wasn't in the best mood, Grant reached out and smoothed her messy hair with indulgent affection. His smile was gentle on the surface, yet carried something darker beneath. "Oriana, are you hiding something from me?" he said. Her grip tightened around the phone, her tone tinged with reproach.

"I set an alarm to meet Zara. I nearly overslept." Her flight details and the assistantship proof were all stored inside; she had no idea if Grant had come across them. "I just thought you could use more rest, so I planned to take you there myself. That's why I picked it up." He didn't press further. Picking up the cane resting on the couch, he headed for the door. "Go wash up. I'll drive you." Oriana gave a short reply, then hurried back to her room. She checked the phone thoroughly, scrolling through usage records. Everything seemed normal. Only then did she let out a quiet sigh of relief.

Seven days remained before the flight. She only prayed that nothing else would go wrong. Grant drove her to the commercial district. He stayed in the car, watching Oriana join Zara and walk straight into the mall without a backward glance. His eyes darkened. Moments later, he steered the car toward Seabar School. "Wow, Oriana, you've gotten terrifyingly strong! You didn't even linger with Grant," Zara exclaimed, her eyes wide in disbelief. It was surreal. In the past, Oriana had always stood there, smiling sweetly, waving as she watched Grant leave.

Never once had it been Grant looking after Oriana's retreating figure. Oriana let out a helpless laugh. She used to think Zara was exaggerating. Now that she saw the truth clearly, she finally understood her friend's shock. She had fallen too deeply, too blindly. Being mindful of Oriana's leg injury, Zara brought her to a dessert shop on the first floor. "Happy belated birthday, Oriana. A week late, but here's your cake," Zara said with a grin. Handing over a wrapped gift, Zara added, "I picked this up in Rularid; it's a thermal cooker. You can make simple meals with it.

Since you basically live in the library prepping for the entrance exams, at least this 1/4 way you won't starve." Warmth bloomed in Oriana's chest. "Thanks, Zara." She tucked the gift into her bag. Meeting Zara's worried gaze, she bit her lip. "Zara, I'm not taking the grad school exams anymore," said Oriana. "All right, no exams-wait, what?" Zara froze. It took her a beat to process, then her jaw dropped. Not convinced, she reached over to check Oriana's forehead, then proceeded to pinch her cheeks and prod her face. "Oriana, don't scare me. You're serious? You're really okay?" he said.

They hadn't seen each other in just a couple of weeks, yet Oriana seemed like a completely different person. The longer Zara thought about it, the more uneasy she

became. "No way. Something happened, didn't it? Was it Grant again? That's it. I'm calling him. He'd better give me back the real Oriana!" In a flurry, she whipped out her phone and started dialing. Oriana's scalp prickled. She grabbed Zara's hand and quickly spilled everything. That was one of the reasons she'd asked Zara to meet today. Over the phone, it had been impossible to explain.

And back then, Oriana had still held onto a shred of foolish hope in Grant. Now, that hope was dead. "Son of a bitch," Zara nearly flipped the table. Zara snapped, "He hooked up with Luna? Stole your grad school recommendation? Even hijacked today's speech?" Oriana pressed her hand against Zara's shoulder. "Yes." "Are you kidding me? Why didn't you tell me earlier? How could you possibly swallow that?" said Zara. "I wasn't planning to swallow it." Oriana's voice was flat. "Zara, I know you want to fight for me, but this isn't something you can fix by calling him out.

This time, I need to handle it myself." Zara cried, "And how exactly are you going to do that? You married a stranger on a whim-what if he turns out just as bad? Your parents are gone, and the Sterling family has already turned their backs on you. Grant knew you had no one to lean on, yet he still treated you like this. It's sick. It's cruel." Zara was shaking with fury, tears slipping down her cheeks. 2/4 She was worried. Three years ago, she'd thought Grant was Oriana's lifeline. Who would have guessed he was just the abyss itself?

Oriana squeezed Zara's hand gently, rubbing comfort into her skin. "As long as I cut all ties with Grant, no one will have the power to hurt me again." "Exactly. Once you're done with him, you'll never have to suffer like this anymore." Zara hugged her tightly, sobbing uncontrollably. "How could I have been so blind? "I should've noticed something was off with you. You've been carrying all this alone for so long; how unbearable that must've been." Patting Zara's back, Oriana felt the damp warmth against her neck. Her chest filled with a quiet sense of comfort.

She wanted to tell Zara she wasn't hurting anymore. No stranger would ever have the chance to wound her again. At Seabar School, the SAT pep rally was set to begin in ten minutes. On the vast athletic field, students lined up neatly in formation. Across from them, the platform was crowded with three rows of local dignitaries and politicians. As one of the nation's top high schools, Seabar had produced countless public figures. Among its star alumni was Grant, whose reputation had been stirred up again thanks to Aurora.

Now, sitting in the front row alongside the principal, he was once more at the center of attention. "Mr. Sterling, you have an incredible eye, spotting someone like Mr. Holloway and investing in Aurora so early." "With Mr. Holloway about to secure the provincial project, Aurora's value is set to soar. Before long, we'll all be looking up to you, Mr. Sterling." "I also heard Ms. Sterling and Mr. Holloway are especially close.

She's representing Seabar today with a speech to encourage the seniors." Bramwell Sterling's face glowed with satisfaction as he accepted the flattery, clearly accustomed

to such praise. At the mention of Luna, however, the corners of his eyes softened with barely concealed affection. "Young people have their ideas," he said with pride. "But my daughter does have a strong mind of her own. "Back when I invested in Grant, that was her suggestion. She endured plenty when she was younger, but those hardships gave her connections and broadened her view of the world.

That's become her greatest asset." 3/4 Finished "Indeed. Ms. Sterling is not only a Seabar alum but also an outstanding incoming graduate student at Seabar University. Rumor has it Mr. Holloway plans to partner with her on an AI healthcare project. With their combined strengths, Aurora and the Sterling Group will surely reach new heights." Years ago, news had spread like wildfire that the Sterling heiress had been switched at birth. Many had mocked Luna then, calling her worthless, a girl from the slums. She'd gone viral once for posting about surviving on just two thousand a month.

But in just a few short years, she had made a stunning comeback. She truly was the Sterling family's blood, a wild rose thriving in the harshest soil, blooming brilliantly despite it all. Evelyn sat silently beside her, but as she listened to the praise, she couldn't hide the proud smile tugging at her lips. The rally began. After a brief opening from the student host, Luna was invited onstage. Applause thundered as she appeared in an elegant white chiffon dress, exuding poise and grace. She acknowledged the crowd with a polished nod before beginning her speech.

The entire field hushed, every eye fixed on her, waiting for her words. Yet she had barely spoken two sentences before the students below began to stir restlessly. 20 1
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