

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 12 - Chapter 12 (English Translation)

Chapter 12 Held to Account Zara clung to Oriana, crying for what felt like forever. Once her tears finally slowed, she tugged at Oriana's arm, demanding to see a picture of the man she had married on impulse. Oriana gave a sheepish little smile, twirling her finger as if she'd been caught. She knew exactly how persistent Zara could be. "Don't tell me you don't even have a photo of him?" Zara clutched at her chest in disbelief. "I do," Oriana replied, a bit guilty. "It's a full-body shot, but kind of blurry.

I didn't save it properly, so now it's even fuzzier." Zara shut her eyes as though in pain. "Oriana, that's your husband. Even if it's only for two years, you should at least take it seriously." "He should be decent-looking," Oriana muttered. 'If he were really handsome, you'd already have a crystal-clear close-up of his face. That blur screams fake heartthrob," Zara shot back. Oriana had no counterargument. She sat through Zara's lecture patiently, watching the clock. Right on cue, as the rally ended, Grant's call lit up her phone.

This time, Oriana felt no flutter of anticipation, no joy at seeing his name. She had already expected it. His voice was cold, clipped with tension. "Still out?" 'Yes." Oriana nodded, as if she already knew it. Come home now. We need to talk," he said. 'Fine." She nodded. Though Grant sounded calm, Oriana wasn't fooled. She could feel the storm gathering. Zara pricked up her ears. "What does he want with you?" Oriana gave her a pointed look and mentioned the speech debacle. Zara slapped a hand over her mouth, then raised her thumb in fierce approval. "The Sterling family is shameless.

You shouldn't have given them an inch." Her expression darkened suddenly. "Wait-so Grant's siding with them to come after you? I swear-" She rolled up her sleeves, ready to fight. Oriana shook her head with a faint smile. "Isn't this better? At least when I walk away, I won't regret a thing." Thousands of days and nights spent hopelessly devoted-she was finally ready to peel herself free, piece 1/3 by piece, from that rotting love. It took a lot of persuasion before Oriana managed to send Zara home.

Zara had been nothing but good to her; Oriana couldn't bear the thought of her standing between her and those people. The elevator doors slid open. Oriana pressed her fingerprint to the lock and pushed the door open. The next instant, a hand heavy with resentment cracked across her face. "Oriana?" Grant jumped forward, shielding her from Bramwell's seething fury. Half her face went numb, tingling until she pressed her tongue hard against the inside of her cheek to bring back sensation. She stared at Grant's broad back, blocking her, his shoulders stiff with anger.

The sight almost made her laugh. She had braced herself on the way home. Still, seeing Bramwell raging and Evelyn clutching a tearful Luna with grief and bitterness twisted in her eyes-it cut deep. Once upon a time, Oriana had believed the man she trusted most would protect her for life. Instead, he had delivered her into this merciless

trial. Now he panicked because she had been struck. What good was that? Her laugh only made Grant's frown darker, which in turn inflamed Bramwell and Evelyn even more. They couldn't believe how much she had changed in just a few years.

Clearly, she wasn't truly their child. They had raised her for more than a decade, yet this was the ungrateful heart they got in return. Evelyn pressed a trembling hand to her chest, her face twisted with pain and resentment. "How can you laugh? I raised you, I taught you. Instead of gratitude, you repay me by hurting my daughter. Oriana, how can you be so cruel?" Luna, her eyes red and brimming, let tears fall again. "It's all my fault. I'll never measure up to Oriana." "Sweetheart, don't say that." Evelyn pulled her close, both of them crying. "None of this is on you. It's Oriana's fault.

Why did she have to submit that essay to the radio? She did it on purpose, just to humiliate you." Bramwell jabbed a finger at Oriana, his glare full of loathing. "Look at you. Selfish. Spiteful. Did you really think this little stunt would bring Luna down? Ridiculous." 2/3 Yes, the situation had been awkward. But Bramwell had immediately explained it away-exposing Oriana as the adopted daughter of the Sterling family, insisting she had willingly given the piece to Luna. Naturally, Silas and the school wouldn't pursue it further.

Still, to them, Oriana had acted with malice, deliberately trying to trip Luna up. The corners of Oriana's mouth curled into a sharper sneer. Of course, she knew Luna wouldn't suffer for it. Not when she had Grant shielding her, doting parents covering for her, and Owen ready to charge to her defense. Once, those honors had belonged to Oriana. Now that she was no longer the Sterling family's daughter, she wasn't worthy of any of it. The bitterness burned her throat, but she forced out, voice tight, "Mr. Sterling, Mrs. Sterling, you've misunderstood.

I never agreed to let Luna use my speech." Her defiance, so uncharacteristic, left Bramwell and Evelyn livid. Even Grant's expression shifted, hardening as he turned to her. " 20 3/3

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