

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 13 - Chapter 13 (English Translation)

Chapter 13 Grant's Comfort Grant spun around and gripped Oriana's wrist tightly. His brows drew together in warning. "Oriana, what nonsense are you saying? As long as you apologize to Luna, this matter will be over." "Why should I apologize? Luna stole my speech. You didn't even ask me before deciding I should give it up. And now suddenly, it's all my fault?" Oriana's voice wavered. Her eyes brimmed with tears, no longer able to hold the weight of her grievance. She lifted her chin stubbornly, yet wet streaks still slipped down her cheeks.

Her gaze locked on Grant, as though she wanted to carve his face into her memory at this very moment. "Grant, this is what you meant by protecting me? By supporting me?" The blow landed squarely in his chest. Grant's heart trembled. "No Oriana, I-" She yanked her hand free and turned to Bramwell and Evelyn. She said, "Mr. Sterling. Mrs. Sterling. Three years ago, you paid 200 thousand dollars to sever all ties with me. Those were your words.

My life, my death, my honor or disgrace-it was no longer your concern." She threw the very words that had once broken her back in their faces, untouched, unsoftened. "I have the right to decide whether my work is given to Luna or not," she said. "You-" Bramwell barked a harsh laugh. "Fine. "You've grown strong now, with Grant to shield you. The Sterling family can't control you anymore." He sneered, turning to Grant. "Since you love her so much, don't bother sending her back to school. Let her follow you to the company.

Give her a small assistant's desk; at least she won't be in Luna's way there. "Grant, she's yours now. How you'll make this right for Luna, you'd better think carefully." Before leaving, Luna's eyes glistened with tears as she looked up at Grant. "Grant, this isn't Oriana's fault. Please, don't let me come between you two." "Luna!" Evelyn pulled her daughter into her arms with aching tenderness. "She doesn't care about you or any of us anymore. Why are you still worrying about her? Let's go." Even now, Luna was soft-hearted, still defending Oriana, Evelyn's resentment only deepened.

They had treated Oriana with more than enough kindness all these years. Evelyn had been cherished as though she were a princess. Just because she wasn't bound to them by blood -how could she turn out so cruel? Too cold. Too heartless. ***** 1/3 Chapter 13 Grant's Comfort Oriana stood before the mirror, studying her reflection. Her cheek was swollen red, five stark fingerprints blazing across her skin. Bramwell really had wanted to strike her dead. Grant came up silently behind her.

She ignored him, pressing an ice cube gently against her cheek, flinching at the pain but forcing herself to keep steady. The bathroom was hushed except for her uneven breaths. After a long stretch of silence, Grant moved. He reached for a towel, took the ice from her hand. "Let me do it," he murmured. He stared at her injured face, his eyes

torn between distress and something unreadable. Oriana angled away, grabbing another piece of ice on her own. The cold seared her tender skin, and she winced so hard her whole face scrunched up. Grant pulled her hand aside, irritation breaking through.

"Oriana, must you torment me like this?" Her laugh was sharp, bitter. "Weren't you the one who brought them here?" Grant's throat closed. "I only wanted you to apologize. I didn't expect-" "Oh?" Oriana cut in, voice chilling. "You didn't expect Mr. Sterling, so protective of his daughter, would want to tear me apart? You didn't expect his hatred?" He had no answer. His chest felt, stuffed with frustration he couldn't name. Her uncharacteristic coldness stung, sharp as glass. Then Bramwell's words returned to him, planting a dangerous thought.

Everything-every conflict, every wound-seemed to circle back to Luna. Even Oriana's rebellion was rooted there. Grant's eyes darkened. With a heavy sigh, he slid an arm around her from behind. In the mirror, they looked like an intimate pair, close and warm. His voice softened, "Oriana, I know you blame me this time. It is my fault. I've been too busy, neglecting your feelings, not giving you enough time. I'm sorry." He hesitated, then pressed on. "It's true. I've spent more time with Luma lately. But it's all work, nothing else.

You have to believe me-this lifetime, I will only ever love you." When she didn't immediately push him away, Grant assumed-as always-that her anger was just another storm he could calm with enough coaxing. 2/3 He continued gently, "Don't worry about the Sterling family. I'll handle them. Didn't we say, once your leg heals, we'd take a little trip? We'll go, just the two of us. Wait until your face recovers. I'll take you away to clear your head. After that, I'll arrange a position for you at the company. That way, you'll always know where I am, what I'm doing.

No more overthinking." His tone was patient, indulgent, as though speaking to a child. As though offering sweets could fix everything. Oriana's lips curled in a mocking smile. So he still believed her whole world began and ended with him. And maybe he wasn't wrong. From the first moment she had fallen for him, Oriana had filled her eyes, her heart, her life with only him. 20 3/3 W

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