

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 2 - Chapter 2 (English Translation)

Chapter 2 Cursing Grant didn't come home that night. For the first time in three years, Oriana slept until her body woke naturally. In the past, Grant had been consumed with building his company. Even though she wasn't much of a cook, Oriana always woke early on her free days, picking up breakfast from the café downstairs so he would never start his day hungry. Now, when she unlocked her phone, she found several missed calls from him and two unread messages. The first came at 2 a.m. "It's too late. I'll stay at the office tonight and head back tomorrow morning.

Good night, Oriana." The second had been sent an hour ago. "Sorry, Oriana. There are still a few loose ends to handle. I'll wrap things up this afternoon and come back to keep you company." Just then, her best friend, Zara Radcliffe, popped up on a video call. Oriana answered, and Zara's face nearly filled the screen, eyes sparkling with excitement. "Big gossip, Oriana! Luna's dating! She's livestreaming on TikTok right now, strolling along the beach with her boyfriend.

She even showed off a hickey on her neck, bragging that her man was so worn out he had to rest today." The words detonated in Oriana's mind. Her body reacted faster than her thoughts; her stomach lurched, bile rising. Clamping a hand over her mouth, she trembled uncontrollably. Oriana, you're disgusted, too, aren't you?" Zara teased. But seeing Oriana's color drain, she quickly sobered. "Wait? You don't look good. Are you sick? Where's Grant? Isn't today your birthday? And he's not even here?" I'm fine. Probably just low blood sugar," Oriana murmured.

She bit down hard on her lip, copper filling her mouth. A deep breath, a forceful swallow, and she steadied herself again. Her blood-tinted tongue brushed her lips as she rasped, stopping Zara before she could dial Grant. "Zara, don't. He's busy with work." Zara's face darkened. "Busy? Typical. Men chase success and forget the woman who stood behind them. Doesn't he know what day it is? Back then, no matter how packed your schedule was, if he needed you, you dropped everything and ran to his side. And what about him? That ungrateful-" She froze, hand flying to her mouth. Damn.

She hadn't meant to say that part out loud. 1/4 Chapter 2 Cursing Oriana adored Grant; she hated hearing anyone insult him. But before Zara could backtrack, Oriana beat her to it. "Yes," she muttered hoarsely. "He's a jerk." Zara blinked, stunned. For a second, she wondered if her ears were playing tricks. "Oriana, did you just call Grant a jerk?" Zara said. Oriana didn't deny it. "Yes." Finished "Holy hell. Did pigs just sprout wings?

I actually lived long enough to hear you curse-and at Grant of all people!" said Zara, Her best friend knew better than anyone just how deep Oriana's feelings for him ran. When Grant dismissed her, mocking the spoiled heiress who had nothing better to do than play at love, Oriana never gave up. Oriana had endured every slight, every bruise, until she finally broke through his armor. Now, he adored her, shielded her, and their life

together seemed golden. Yet here was Oriana, the one turning away from him first. It was surreal.

Then Zara remembered something-the other day, she had glimpsed Oriana searching on Aurora for how to leave a family. Her sixth sense as a woman blared like a siren. "Wait a sec. Oriana, that search for leaving a family? Don't tell me something's wrong between you and Grant?" Zara said. A self-deprecating smile tugged at Oriana's lips. Even through a screen, Zara could sense that something was off. Yet Grant, who lived with Oriana every day, hadn't seen a single crack. "Don't overthink it, Zara," Oriana said softly. Zara wasn't tall, but she was all firepower.

Fiercely protective, she had been Oriana's champion from the very start. When the Sterling family brought Luna home, Zara had stormed into their house to defend Oriana. Owen Sterling had shot his mouth off, and Zara had floored the tall man with one punch, knocking out a tooth. The grudge between them still hadn't cooled. Oriana didn't want her best friend worrying, and she dreaded Zara picking another fight with Grant. Zara, sensing her silence, figured Oriana was still reeling from losing her grad school spot. She let it drop. She finished the call with a warm, "Happy birthday, Oriana.

I'll bring your gift and cake in a few days." 2/4 Then the screen went dark. Left alone, Zara opened Aurora and looked up ways to cut ties with a family. Two results appeared. She should own a property or get married. Oriana hadn't even graduated yet. The Sterling family had long since cut off her allowance. Buying a house was out of the question. As for marriage? Grant was her first boyfriend. She had never dated anyone else. Was Oriana supposed to suddenly grab some stranger off the street and tie the knot? It was impossible. Oriana's love for Grant ran bone-deep.

Zara sighed, shaking her head. A hollow ache pressed against her chest. She had never liked Grant. He was arrogant, self-centered, always above it all. Even three years ago, when Oriana had finally won him over and he started protecting her, Zara hadn't warmed to him. Compared to everything Oriana had sacrificed for him, what Grant had done for her wasn't even a drop in the bucket. After washing up, Oriana had no appetite. She changed her clothes, ready to head out. Grant had only rented the new apartment after the Aurora got popular, just to avoid reporters camping outside.

One unit per floor had a facial recognition entry, absolute privacy. On the very first day they moved in, Grant had taken her around the nearby mall for an entire day, buying her new clothes, handbags, and jewelry in bulk. Oriana thought it was a terrible waste, but Grant's eyes sparkled as he held her close and promised, with deep affection, "No, it's not enough, Oriana. Trust me, I'll give you the very best this world has to offer." Back then, Oriana had smiled so sweetly, nodding again and again, her heart bursting with so much happiness she felt dizzy.

Now, staring at the closet where her clothes were pressed against Grant's, she nearly gagged. It was filthy. Her knuckles went pale as her fingers clenched unconsciously. After a long pause, she pulled out a suitcase and began packing up all her own

belongings, leaving behind 3/4 Chapter 2 Cursing the things Grant had bought for her. She even abandoned the few pieces of her clothing that had been stored right next to his. They felt tainted. She didn't want them anymore. She carried her packed luggage to her dorm at school before heading out to see Kirk.

"Oriana, you're not planning to continue with grad school?" Kirk asked in surprise. He looked stunned, clearly ready to talk her out of it. "It's really a shame to lose your guaranteed admission. But Oriana, with grades like yours, you'd easily get in through the regular exam-" Finished "Kirk, I don't want to pursue grad school anymore. You asked me before if I'd consider applying to be a teaching assistant at Jindiwood University's Medical College. I'd like to give it a try," she said. She paused, her gaze earnest as she looked straight at him.

"Kirk, please don't tell my family about this." Something seemed to click for Kirk. His brows relaxed, and he nodded in realization. "Alright, I promise. Fill out the form, and I'll turn it in for you." "Thank you, Kirk," Oriana said softly. She picked up the pen and carefully filled in each line. When she reached the section on marital status, her pen froze for two seconds. Then, with firm strokes, she wrote, "Married." By four in the afternoon, Oriana arrived at Season Coffee Shop, a trendy hotspot in the city center.

She changed into her uniform, applied a light layer of makeup as required, then put on a mask and protective glasses before starting her shift. "Welcome," she greeted politely. Following her coworker to the front, Oriana bowed slightly when a young couple, their arms linked, walked in. When she looked up again, her gaze collided with the man's-an unintentional glance that caught her completely off guard. She froze. "I told you, the staff here are all gorgeous. Grant, even you can't take your eyes off them," a teasing voice chimed.

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