

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 3 - Chapter 3 (English Translation)

Chapter 3 Show-Off Luna laughed with reckless delight, her spoiled voice dripping with possessiveness. Grant's eyes lingered on Oriana's face for three seconds before turning away, calm and indifferent. Oriana slowly lowered her gaze. He hadn't recognized her. She'd kept her part-time job at Season Coffee Shop a secret from him. In the spare hours she had left from preparing for her graduate recommendation, she wanted to save enough money to buy Grant a new laptop bag as a gift for their third anniversary.

He had been using the same bag from two years ago, one that no longer matched his current status. Lately, Grant simply carried his laptop in his hand. But now, spotting the familiar corner of that very laptop peeking out of Luna's Dior tote, Oriana's fingers tightened uncontrollably around the menu. Her knuckles turned pale. "Happy birthday, Luna," a voice chimed. The shop owner, Nina Reed, came over with a warm smile and pulled Luna into a hug. When they separated, Nina caught sight of the cold, striking man standing beside her.

With a teasing lift of her chin, she asked, "So this is the guy who left your neck covered in hickeys?" A flush crept across Luna's face as she sneaked a glance at Grant. Still, she managed to say coyly, "Grant already has a girlfriend." Nina's sharp gaze flicked between the two of them, obviously catching on but choosing not to expose anything. She hooked her arm through Luna's and led her toward a table. On the way, Nina pointed at Oriana. "Come serve them." Oriana's throat felt parched. She swallowed hard, even though it did nothing to ease the dryness, and followed them numbly.

She handed over the menu, about to speak, when Luna cut her off with cheerful enthusiasm. "Nina's cakes are all amazing. Remember the one at our company celebration? Everyone polished it off in no time," Luna gushed. Grant remembered and asked, "How far in advance do we need to order?" Nina assumed he was scrambling to make up for not preparing a cake. "Luna's birthday cake is already waiting in the back. Mr. Holloway, it's too late for you to order one now." Grant's brows drew together ever so slightly, but he said nothing more. He selected their drinks and handed the menu back to Oriana.

His expression remained distant, yet his words carried quiet thoughtfulness. "Matcha milk, no ice." Grant never drank milk. That drink was for Luna. 1/4 When Luna was a child, she'd once fallen ill after being caught in the rain. Afterward, Evelyn Sterling, her mother, pampered her endlessly. Oriana remembered a night when she and Grant had gone to the movies. He showed up half an hour late, sweating and breathless, with two iced colas in hand. "Picked them up on the way. We can drink while we watch." he'd said. Seeing him so exhausted, Oriana had only felt sorry for him.

She never blamed him, even though he knew she had a stomachache and still handed her a cold drink. She used to tell herself that with everything on his plate-building a company, juggling endless responsibilities-it was already rare for him to make time for her. Forgetting small details was perfectly normal. Only now did Oriana realize the truth. He had always been sharp enough to remember. He just never cared to remember when it came to her. Her lips curled into a bitter smile. She placed their order without showing an ounce of emotion.

When she later delivered the drinks, Nina was busy prying for gossip. "So, birthday girl, what did your boyfriend get you?" Luna's smile was radiant. "A necklace." Don't tell me you're talking about that string of hickeys?" Nina teased. "Nina, stop it," Luna giggled. Blushing, she gave Nina a playful slap, then reluctantly tugged down her turtleneck under Nina's insistent stare, revealing a sapphire wave necklace. A lace-style chain with a large sapphire at its center was extravagant and stunning. "Whoa, that's huge. And it sparkles like crazy!" Nina exclaimed. She gave Grant a big thumbs-up.

"Looks like he's got deep pockets. Big spender." Luna quickly adjusted her collar back into place, her delicate face now tinged pink. With a shy smile, she added, "He always says giving me the best in the world still isn't enough. And tonight, he promised to stay up with me till midnight to watch the fireworks." "You've got a strong family background, impressive skills, and you're about to start grad school at Jindiview University. Who wouldn't want a girlfriend like you? No wonder he spoils you," Nina praised her loudly. Customers and staff alike shot Luna envious looks.

"They're such a perfect couple-handsome guy, gorgeous girl. Talk about lucky," someone said. Everyone naturally assumed Luna and Grant were together. 2/4 Luna's smile deepened, her damp eyes shining as she looked at him, sweetness impossible to hide. Grant, still replying to work messages on his phone, offered no clarification. Clearly, this was routine for him. Oriana forced a smirk and set down the matcha milk in front of Luna. "Didn't you just say Mr. Holloway already has a girlfriend? Then why are you showing off your boyfriend while staring at him like that, Ms. Sterling?"

"You're trying to make people misunderstand?" Gasps rippled through the crowd. "What? They're not actually together? Then why are they glued at the hip like that?" "I literally saw them walk in holding hands. This isn't some formal banquet. Guess rich people have their own etiquette I'll never understand," another one chimed in. Luna's expression changed instantly, her eyes reddening with grievance. "W-What nonsense are you spouting?" Nina's face darkened, fury flashing across her features. "How dare you say something like that?"

Starting tomorrow, don't bother coming back to work." Oriana calmly removed her badge. "No need. I quit right now." Grant's head jerked up in shock as he watched the woman turn and walk away. A sudden wave of unease churned in his chest. She looked like Oriana-yet at the same time, nothing like her. The Oriana he remembered was gentle, soft-spoken, never one to argue or fight. Three years ago, when she had been cast out by the Sterling family, she had only cried until her eyes were swollen, fragile,

and helpless-not like this woman who had questioned him coldly, with unwavering strength.

Something clicked in his mind. He pulled out his phone and realized his two unread messages to Oriana had both gone unanswered. His expression shifted. "I have something to take care of. I'll ask Owen to drive you back," Grant said flatly. "Grant-" Luna called after him. But Grant was already on the phone, striding out without so much as a glance back. Whispers rippled through the café, growing louder. Luna's face went pale as she bit down on her lip in anger and humiliation.

***** After collecting her paycheck, Oriana removed her makeup, changed clothes, and headed home-only to find Grant already back, earlier than usual. 3/4 The moment he heard the door, he shot up from the couch, abandoning his cane, his uneven steps quick and heavy as he rushed toward her. Before she could say a word, he wrapped her tightly in his arms. "Where were you? Why didn't you answer my messages?" he demanded. The expensive cologne clinging to him made her stomach turn. Oriana pressed against his chest, pushing him away. Grant's face reflected both shock and hurt.

"Oriana?" She clutched at her chest. "I was at school, cleaning up my dorm. I'm just tired." His eyes flicked down to her sleeves, smudged faintly with dust. The tension in his brow eased. Right-she couldn't have been that woman. Oriana never made scenes, never embarrassed him in public. "Why clean the dorm? You don't even live there," he asked. "I'll be staying there for a while to review for exams. Figured I'd tidy up first," she answered casually. Sidestepping him without drawing notice, Oriana added, "I'm exhausted. I'll head to bed." Grant's suspicion had vanished. "Alright, rest.

I'll call you when dinner's ready." Okay," she murmured. Oriana truly was exhausted-drained in every possible way. She drew the curtains closed and quickly fell into a deep sleep. When she woke again, faint rustling sounds drifted in from outside. Rising from bed, Oriana opened her door and froze at the sight before her. 20 (11) 4/4

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