

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 4 - Chapter 4 (English Translation)

Chapter 4 Her Wish "Geez, did we just wake Oriana up?" "Good evening, Oriana." "Happy birthday, Oriana!" "Wishing Oriana a wonderful twentieth birthday-may you bloom brighter than any flower, and may you and Grant grow old together, blissfully in love." Grant appeared before her, holding a birthday cake. His eyes, filled with tender devotion, focused solely on her. "Oriana, happy birthday." For a long moment, Oriana was stunned by the explosion of confetti and the chorus of cheers.

Grant had brought along his college roommates, now rising stars and partners in the tech industry, to celebrate her birthday. "Look, Oriana is completely mesmerized by Grant again." "Well, who wouldn't be? Grant's handsome and charming. Back then, Oriana was head over heels- couldn't escape him even if she tried." "Oriana went through a lot over the years. Grant, you better cherish her." "Don't worry, Oriana. We've got your back-won't let Grant get spoiled by other women," Alaric Moss, Grant's closest friend, promised, patting his chest.

Grant shot a sharp glare at the teasing crowd, then gently reminded Oriana, "Oriana, make a wish and blow out the candles." Her gaze fell on the flickering flames as she slowly closed her eyes. The room quieted, everyone waiting patiently for her wish. After a long moment, she opened her eyes and blew out the candles. "What took so long? Were you wishing to spend your whole life with Grant or something?" Alaric teased, looping an arm around Grant's shoulder. "Alaric, enough," Grant warned, though his expression betrayed a faintly pleased pride.

"Look at him, all serious and protective," Alaric joked. Grant ignored him, slicing a piece of cake and holding it up to Oriana's lips with a possessive, indulgent smile. "Don't tell anyone your wish-then it won't work." Oriana didn't eat. Instead, she lifted her eyes and fixed her gaze on him, suddenly asking, "You also think my birthday wish is to be with you forever, don't you?" Grant paused, sensing a test, and pretended to ponder before teasing, "Oh?

So, Oriana, you didn't include 1/4 my name in this year's birthday wish?" His playful tone carried certainty; he knew her heart belonged entirely to him. The woman who had poured her youth into chasing him could be no one else. Oriana smiled faintly but said nothing. She did have a wish this year. And it still involved Grant. But Oriana didn't wish for a life by his side or hope for his happiness. She wanted a clean break with Grant-completely severed, no ties left. "Okay, wish made. What's next?" she asked casually. "Oriana, Grant has been pestering us every day for gift advice.

Honestly, we're all sick of it," his friends teased. Under their coaxing, Grant, the usually calm and reserved man, blushed. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a velvet box. Opening it, a platinum bracelet rested inside, set with a tiny sapphire the size of a mung bean. Even his hands-so skilled with programming languages-trembled slightly as

he helped her fasten the bracelet. Oriana's smooth skin made the cool-toned sapphire shine brilliantly on her wrist. She curved her lips in a small smile. Had she not seen Luna's sapphire necklace, she might have been deeply touched.

Now, she felt only calm, even amused-aware that he had chosen this gift for Luna, and this bracelet was merely an afterthought. Grant's gaze was full of admiration. "It suits you. Looks perfect.". Alaric and the others cheered even louder, egging him on to plant a kiss. "Oriana?" Grant said softly. His eyes darkened, and he slowly leaned in. At the last moment, Oriana turned her face just enough; Grant's lips brushed only her cheek. "Oh? Oriana's shy now," a voice teased. Grant frowned; this was the second time she had avoided his intimacy today. He found it strange.

She bit her lip, looking shy, her side profile delicate. 2/4 "Stop teasing. Let's eat." His voice lowered. After several hours of preparation, they had a table full of dishes. Everyone presented Oriana with birthday gifts and filled their glasses with cola for a toast. Throughout the meal, Grant hardly touched his food, focusing almost entirely on taking care of her. He carefully removed the bones from the fish for her. He helped her extract crab meat from the legs and portioned it neatly. He noticed a few vegetable dishes were too oily, so he quickly whipped up a salad in the kitchen.

After the feast, the men rolled up their sleeves and cheerfully helped clear the tableware. Oriana returned to her room and carefully removed the bracelet, placing it at the very bottom of her jewelry box. Grant walked in and caught sight of it, his brow furrowing. "Why aren't you wearing it? Don't like it?" Oriana opened the box to show him. "It's too valuable. Not practical for school.

It's safer stored away." Inside were all the pieces of jewelry he had given her over the years-everything from multi-thousand-dollar luxury items to the simple silver ring fashioned from a soda can he gave her when he was struggling the most. The care she had put into preserving them was evident. Grant exhaled in relief and shook his head with a wry smile, chiding himself for getting so worked up. How could she not like them? Anything he gave her had always been treasured in her heart. "Then you can wear it after you graduate," Grant said, handing her a cup.

"You just ate a lot of crab-want some milk?" "Thanks," Oriana replied. "When did you start being so indifferent to me?" Grant murmured, gently running his fingers through her soft hair, his fingertips entwining. "Taking care of my girlfriend is the least I should do." Oriana lowered her gaze, using the act of drinking her milk to avoid his touch. His fingers found nothing but air; the soft sensation was gone, and somewhere deep inside, it felt like a small piece of his heart had fallen. He didn't like that feeling.

Just as he was about to say something, Alaric and the others finished tidying the kitchen and came over to say goodbye. "Oriana, the company has some things to handle tonight. We won't disturb your time with Grant," Alaric 3/4 said. Oriana blinked in surprise. "You still have to work tonight? Did I hold you up?" Grant explained calmly, "It's just a small meeting. They can handle it." Alaric blurted out, "Small meeting? That's

a collaboration invitation from the CEO of Claire Group in Meradin. Tonight's meeting is critical." The moment he spoke, Grant shot him a sharp look.

Alaric immediately rubbed his nose and turned away, sheepish. Oriana pressed her lips together. "Company matters are important. You should go with them." "Oriana, don't listen to him," Grant said. Oriana turned toward the closet, soon returning with a gray jacket. She draped it over him, her soft tone carrying an unmistakable authority. "It's my birthday. You listen to me. Go take care of work; don't worry about me." Something flickered in Grant's deep eyes. "Oriana, I-" "Enough, Grant. Oriana is considerate and focused on the bigger picture. Stop fussing and go with us," Alaric said.

'Yeah, this meeting needs you in charge, Grant," another added. Ultimately, Grant relented. He put on the jacket, his gaze warm. "Oriana, I'll come back as soon as I'm done. Happy birthday." He accepted the cane Alaric handed him, glancing back every few steps as he left. The room that had been lively and festive a moment ago fell utterly silent once the door closed. In the past, Oriana would have felt lonely, even abandoned, in moments like this. She didn't want to interfere with Grant's career but still longed for him to stay by her side. Now, she savored the quiet.

She settled into the hanging chair on the balcony, opened the recording app on her phone, and let the familiar voice begin to play. 20 4/4

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