

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 5 - Chapter 5 (English Translation)

Chapter 5 Happy Birthday "Grant, how'd we do with our acting?" "Honestly, I almost laughed at my own performance; it was that good. Good thing Oriana's so innocent, she didn't notice a thing." "If I hadn't come up with a smart excuse, how would Grant have made it out here in time to celebrate Ms. Sterling's birthday countdown?" "Grant, you're amazing. Oriana's gentle and thoughtful, Ms. Sterling's fiery and passionate-you've got the best of both worlds." "Women are like clothes. At home, they should feel comfortable.

Out in public, they should look impressive." Grant's voice dropped, sharp and warning. "Don't ever say that again. I don't want Oriana hearing any gossip." "Yes, understood, Grant." Not long after, a soft, girlish voice came through the phone-it was Luna. Alaric and the others, quick to go along, immediately joined in, wishing Luna a happy birthday and long-lasting love with Grant. Alaric cheered the loudest, "Grant, what are you waiting for? Kiss her!" *Grant, you can't. Luna just took the initiative-" "Wow, it's getting messy already. Luna's awesome!" Bang! Bang!

A deafening roar erupted from the phone, mirrored by countless fireworks lighting up the nearby night sky. Through Oriana's tear-blurred vision, the fireworks appeared black and white. She drank the last sip of her cooled milk numbly, but her stomach rejected the taste-bitter, acrid, harsh. Just like the once-proud youth in her life, dashing, arrogant, chasing dreams, now decayed and corrupt, making her feel disgusted. ***** The extravagant fireworks celebration lasted more than an hour. As it neared midnight, Oriana got up to return to her room.

Her phone, dark until now, suddenly pinged with a video call invitation. The unfamiliar name on the screen made her heart skip a beat. 1/4 ppy Finished Micah Caldwell was her soon-to-be husband, whom she had never met. Flustered, she accidentally hit accept, then immediately remembered her messy, tear-streaked face and hurriedly pressed her finger over the camera. A chaotic image flashed briefly, and Oriana froze as she looked at the man on the other end, who hadn't turned on his camera. Neither of them spoke.

If it weren't for the faint sound of his breathing confirming he was real, Oriana might have hung up from embarrassment. After a long moment of awkward silence, she forced herself to speak. "Hello, Mr. Caldwell?" "Hello." His low voice responded instantly, as if he had been waiting for her to speak first. Oriana froze. She recalled how their quick marriage arrangement had gone-questions answered only as needed, no extra words. She took a deep breath and mustered courage again. "Mr. Caldwell, is there something important that made you call me so late?" she said.

Their marriage had been arranged quickly, with mutual agreement to register immediately, maintain the appearance of a married couple, and divorce two years later.

Oriana assumed Micah had called to discuss some detail of their agreement. But after a pause, his cold, emotionless voice spoke words that were unexpectedly tender. "Happy birthday." Oriana couldn't believe it. Her face, streaked with dried tears, relaxed as she felt the tug of the skin where her tears had dried. She stared at the black screen, the flashing digits of midnight glaring.

On her twentieth birthday, it was her unfamiliar soon-to-be husband delivering a punctual birthday greeting. She stared for a long moment. "All for this?" "Yes," Micah said, still impassive. Oriana's feelings were complicated. "Thank you, Mr. Caldwell." "When you arrive at Jindiwood, I'll give you a gift," he promised. "No-" she instinctively refused. "It's late. Go get some rest." Micah cut her off. "You can turn off the camera, but you don't need to hold it the whole time. And, you didn't even cover it properly." With that, as if mindful of her predicament, he ended the call.

2/4 Oriana froze. She quickly turned on her camera and took a selfie, seeing her swollen, red eyes and tear-streaked cheeks. She felt mortified, wishing she could rush to Jindiwood and erase Micah's memory of this moment. It was so embarrassing. Oriana could only hope Micah would forget by the next morning. Still, having him interrupt her made the sticky, melancholy feeling in her chest dissipate somewhat. Grant didn't return that night, either. He had sent a perfunctory message reminding her to eat breakfast.

Oriana ignored it, instead rising to finish tidying what she hadn't managed the day before. That day, she went through Grant's bedroom and study, gathering all the gifts she had given him. She had saved for the alien-themed computer, penny by penny. She had painstakingly bought the men's razor, cologne, suit, and shoes with after-school wages. And she had knitted the black-and-gray scarf last winter, when the library's heating was insufficient and her fingers were red from the cold, all while preparing for finals.

The day she left the Sterling residence, Bramwell had given Oriana 200 thousand dollars for living expenses, but she had handed it all to Grant to help with his startup. She had less than 10 thousand dollars left for herself, yet every gift she gave him had been the best she could afford. Once, Grant had been considerate, grateful for her sacrifices, and had promised her a bright future. Now, with his career soaring and prospects radiant, these cheap, low-status gifts were useless to him.

Oriana photographed each item and uploaded them to a secondhand platform, pricing them low for a quick sale. Orders came in almost immediately. She called the courier, packed everything, and sent it off in one go. After tidying up, she had a simple lunch and returned to her dormitory, where she had evening classes. With some free time, she opened her laptop to continue editing her speech for next week's Seabar School SAT mobilization meeting. As an outstanding student from Seabar's top universities, she was supposed to represent her peers on stage. Two hours later, the speech was finalized.

Oriana sent the document to the student council vice president. Oriana texted, "This is the fifth revised draft. I'll make further edits if needed." 3/4 Chapter 5 Happy Birthday Finished Ten minutes later, Evander Swift, the vice president, replied, "The speaking representative has been changed. You don't need to present." Oriana's brow furrowed, and she asked, "What does that mean?" This time, Evander didn't respond. After waiting thirty minutes, Oriana gave up. With a blank expression, she went to the student council office and knocked on the door.

Inside, Evander was on his phone, flattering someone. "Luna, don't worry. This draft is already fantastic; it's definitely going to inspire everyone at the mobilization meeting." 20 B

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