

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 6 - Chapter 6 (English Translation)

Chapter 6 An Unimportant Person Evander didn't notice Oriana entering, still smiling as he placated Luna over the phone. "No trouble at all, I only supervised five rounds of edits. Just finished and sent it to you right away. "Great. Let's grab a meal when you're free. And happy early birthday for your speech at the mobilization meeting!" After hanging up, Evander turned and caught Oriana's mocking gaze. His cheerful expression instantly darkened. "What are you doing here? The change of speaking representative was decided by the school administration. Coming to me won't do anything," he said.

Oriana was appalled at his shamelessly matter-of-fact attitude. Even more astounding to her was Luna. Oriana's voice was firm. "I'm not speaking. I want my speech back." Evander froze for a moment, then recovered with a laugh. "Oriana, are you okay? Others would kill to get this chance. Luna is willing to use yours, and you should be overjoyed. What are you making a fuss about?" He sneered. Oriana clenched her fists. The guaranteed graduate program, the speaking opportunity, and even Grant? Luna had yielded time and time again. But why should everything she earned go to Luna?

Oriana refused to back down. "They may want it, but I don't agree. My speech is not for Luna." Evander's face hardened completely. "This is about the school's honor, not what you feel like doing." "Fine. If you won't agree, I'll ask the person in charge whether he approves of the vice president plagiarizing a student's work," she warned. Oriana turned to leave. "Damn it, are you pushing your luck? Come back!" Evander shouted. The council president was about to graduate, and in two months, Evander would be next in line. He couldn't let Oriana ruin his prospects.

In anger, Evander stepped forward, trying to grab Oriana's hand and drag her back into the office. But Oriana's footing faltered; the force from behind made her stumble. Her ankle scraped hard against the cement steps, tearing a layer of skin; blood poured freely. 1/4 Finished "Oriana?" a voice called out. In the school clinic, the doctor applied medicine to her wound. The dense stinging made her grit her teeth, sweat dripping from her face.

Hearing the familiar voice, Oriana instinctively turned her head. A tall, well-dressed man approached, walking with long, unsteady strides, holding a black cane tipped with silver studs. It was rare for him to be so panicked. Grant saw Oriana's left rear leg wrapped in gauze immediately. Even with the wound treated, the seeping red tightened his chest painfully, enough to twist his heart into a tight, painful knot. He sat beside her on the bed, breathing cautiously, and gently ran his hand over her sweat-damp hair.

"Oriana, does it hurt?" Oriana could see his concern, and recognized the fitted suit he was wearing, something he never appeared in back in the wardrobe. It was obvious where he got the suit from. Lowering her gaze slightly, Oriana said, "It doesn't." "You're

scared of injections. There's no way a wound this big wouldn't hurt," Grant said, his voice tight with suppressed emotion. Grant's emotions ran high, his eyes straining to hold something back. He assumed Oriana was downplaying it so he wouldn't worry. "Don't worry. I'll make sure you get justice.

I won't let whoever hurt you get away with it," Grant promised. Just then, his phone rang. He glanced at it. "It's the person in charge. Wait here-I'll be back shortly." He patted her hand reassuringly, then stood to answer the call. Oriana lay on the bed, faintly hearing his furious questioning over the phone. Soon, his anger seemed to be doused, gradually cooling down. Eventually, Grant even said, "Give it to her." When he returned, Oriana lifted her head, staring directly at him. Her gaze was unwavering, piercing. Meeting her eyes at the bedside, Grant said, "Evander has been disciplined.

He deliberately injured you and has been expelled from the student council. I've also requested that the school make him apologize publicly." 2/4 Oriana's expression remained calm. "Only Evander?" Grant paused, then softened his tone, using the gentle coaxing voice he usually reserved for her. "Oriana, I know what you're thinking, but this has nothing to do with Luna. Evander acted as a middleman with ill intentions. He's the one who hurt you." Oriana's lips trembled, her eyes still fixed on him. "Do you even know how I got hurt?" How? It was Evander's doing. Grant froze for a moment.

He didn't answer directly, continuing instead. "As for the speech? You know how it is. Aurora is handling several city- and province-level projects right now. Luna has to personally help with networking and facilitating connections for the company. She's too busy to write the speech. She's your sister and your roommate; consider it helping out, okay?" At any other time, Oriana would have put Grant first, always prioritizing his career above her own. Whenever Grant spoke, she would obediently listen, yielding to whatever he decided.

But this time, as she looked at the depth in his expression, she couldn't help but let out a small laugh. It was a beautiful laugh, playful and lively. Yet the last trace of color had long vanished from her face. Evander had only been trying to bully her, and the force he exerted wasn't enough to really hurt her. Years ago, when Grant's legs were crippled, he had been wild, bitter, and self-destructive, locking himself away in darkness, rejecting any kindness from the outside world. Even the medical staff who came to treat him nearly got slashed by his knife as they tried to leave.

Only Oriana, unafraid of shame or injury, had tried every possible way to reignite his fighting spirit, and eventually, she convinced him to accept treatment. All the other doctors had fled. It was Oriana who went from one renowned physician to another, pleading with tears, until an experienced doctor finally agreed to treat Grant despite his initial prejudice. At that time, Grant couldn't even use a cane; Oriana became his support. She carried the weight of a man much taller and heavier than herself, supporting him step by step through his rehabilitation.

As Grant gradually regained his stability, Oriana's knees grew weak and prone to injury, leaving her with a chronic condition. Grant knew all of this. 3/4 The night she left the Sterling residence, he had whispered to her, "From now on, I'll be your backbone. As long as you need me, I'll always stand behind you. No one can bully you." And now, he needed Luna to pave the way for the company. But what about Oriana? Oriana once carved out a path for him. Was she no longer important?

Seeing her smile, so near yet feeling as though she could drift away in the next instant, Grant instinctively reached out and gripped her wrist firmly. It was as if holding on this way could bring the kite, about to drift off course, back under his control. "Oriana, I know everything you've done for me. Once your leg is fully healed, I'll take you out-Fortine Mount, right? You've always wanted to go. You said you wanted to pray with me. I'll go with you," he promised. Oriana tried to pull her hand free, but Grant held on tightly. She said nothing.

After waiting three years to visit Fortine Mount, she no longer needed him by her side. ***** Still worried, Grant took her back to the city hospital to check her injury, ensuring it wouldn't leave a scar before bringing her home. He gently placed her on the sofa, loosened his tie, and walked toward his room. "The doctor said you can eat some protein to help gain weight. I'll cook fish for you-" His voice suddenly stopped. He paused at the doorway, looking at her with a slightly puzzled expression. "Oriana, you put the scarf you knitted for me away?" 20 (!!)

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