

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 7 - Chapter 7 (English Translation)

Chapter 7 You Pushed Me Away The scarf had been sold online at a low price with free shipping. Oriana's expression remained calm. "I sent it to the dry cleaners." Grant didn't suspect a thing. "Since your leg isn't convenient, have them send it back when it's cleaned." A faint curve touched Oriana's lips. "Okay." Grant went into his room to change. Oriana, her wound still stinging, didn't feel like moving. She sank into the sofa, bored, and casually turned on the TV. A clip from a popular drama recently airing caught her attention, and she froze mid-channel-surf.

"Torin, I quit my job to take care of your parents at home, to raise the kids, all for you. You promised you'd love me forever, make me the happiest woman alive, and yet?" The voluptuous, makeup-free woman in the drama poured her heart out to the man in front of her, utterly broken. "You cheated on me while I was three months postpartum, raising homewreckers," she continued. Torin's face showed nothing but disdain, his tone self-righteous. "Enough. It's all just business, a social obligation. Stop making a fuss."

Have you ever seen a successful man who doesn't have an affair?" Oriana stared, mesmerized, her dark eyes sinking into a daze. Only when the characters' harsh arguing faded from the screen did she finally come back to herself. Grant had finished changing and switched the channel to the wildlife network, frowning at the TV. "Oriana, don't let these meaningless dramas affect your mood," he said. Oriana let out a silent, bitter laugh. "Meaningless? Reality is full of stories just like this." Upon hearing her near self-destructive whisper, a shadow fell over Grant's heart.

He placed his hands firmly on her shoulders, turning her to face him. Their eyes locked. He spoke with unwavering conviction. "Yes, it exists, but it won't happen to us. Don't waste your energy on things that can't happen." A faint mist flickered in Oriana's gaze. "What if it did happen?" Grant's whole body tensed. A flash of sharp intensity rose in his eyes. He ground his teeth and said with absolute certainty, "Impossible. I will never do anything to betray you in this lifetime, And neither can you." He pulled her into a tight embrace, unbearably possessive.

1/4 Chapter You ed Me Away Finished "We're the only two who can rely on each other. No one can separate us," he emphasized. Oriana had no choice but to tilt her head onto his shoulder, a trace of ironic tears sliding down her cheek. But no one forced him; Grant was the one who had pushed her away. "Ah-" A soft, startled voice came from the foyer. Luna stood at the entrance, her eyes glinting with bright jealousy, her face tight with anxiety. "Oriana, Grant, am I interrupting? Sorry, I'll leave right away," she said, turning to back away. Her inner pain urged her to retreat.

Grant released Oriana and pressed a hand to his temple. "Why are you here all of a sudden?" Luna bit her lip, awkward at the door. "I heard about Oriana's injury. I felt bad, and I was worried you couldn't take care of her properly, so I thought I could help."

Grant walked toward her and took the gifts she was holding. "Come in." Luna's pinky finger playfully hooked his hand. He stiffened. She turned and, having changed into slippers, approached Oriana. Luna's gaze softened as she looked at Oriana's injured ankle. "Oriana, I'm sorry.

I didn't know Evander used your speech without your permission. I thought-" "Thought who wrote it?" Oriana interrupted sharply. Luna's eyes widened, her expression growing even more plaintive. "I-I didn't know." Oriana looked at Luna, her eyes reddening as if ready to cry, but her heart was cold. When Oriana had learned that Luna was the true daughter of the Sterling family, living in poverty while Oriana grew up in luxury, she had felt guilt. She had pitied Luna for living a hard life in a place of her own, separated from her real family.

Oriana had lowered her head at every turn, trying to make amends, thinking nothing she did could ever be enough. Luna, meanwhile, had presented a facade of kindness and generosity, pretending intimacy with Oriana, pleading on her behalf when her parents and Owen spoke harshly to her, repairing Oriana's relationship with the Sterlings, even sharing the same dorm and department in college. But now, that very kindness had cornered Oriana, stolen everything she had-including her relationship with Grant. Seeing Oriana's dark expression, Luna froze, panic rising.

The pampered little princess who had always been doted on in the Sterling family was now crying uncontrollably. Luna reached out, taking Oriana's hand. "It's my fault. If it will make you feel better, you can hit me." 2/4 This wasn't the first time Luna had forced herself to swallow her pride. In the past, Oriana would always step in, stopping Luna from hurting herself. This time, Oriana did nothing. She let Luna lift her hand and slap her across the face. Smack. Even Luna froze, stunned, as her face immediately began to swell. "Luna?" Grant hurried over.

Seeing the mark on her face, his expression darkened. "Oriana, how could you- This isn't her fault-" For a moment, even Grant didn't seem to realize he wasn't fully in control of his emotions; his words carried the weight of scolding more than anything else. Oriana met their eyes with a cold stare. "I didn't move. She grabbed my hand and did it herself." Grant furrowed his brow tightly. Luna quickly held his hand. "Grant, Oriana's right. I hit myself. This all started because of me.

Oriana got hurt, and I want to punish myself for it." Worried that Grant might still blame Oriana, she quickly pulled him toward the kitchen. "Grant, are you going to make dinner? Let me help." The two of them entered the kitchen and closed the door behind them. Oriana clutched her own reddened hand, the smirk on her face twisting sharper with mockery. The living room still smelled of Luna's perfume, mingled with Grant's scent, and suddenly Oriana felt sick to her stomach.

Enduring the sting from her injury, Oriana propped herself up, dragging herself back to her room and shutting the door behind her. Oriana locked herself in, put on her headphones, and opened her phone's photo gallery. There were photos she had

secretly taken when her feelings first stirred-snapshots of Grant's back at the stadium. There was the first photo where they appeared together, separated by what felt like a million miles.

There were pictures from the time they had each lost their families and could only find comfort in each other, including the first time Grant had personally cooked for her. And there were photos from their first official anniversary, when Grant took the very first paycheck he'd earned and brought her to a fancy restaurant, carefully cutting her steak for her, the side of his face caught in perfect detail. Every single photo Oriana had stashed in a secure album, unwilling to delete even one, she now wiped clean. All of it-gone. 3/4 Over a thousand days and nights, there were too many photos.

Her fingers grew numb. Before she even realized it, she had been deleting for a long time. Night fell. Oriana turned off her phone. The music in her headphones stopped at the same moment. From the living room, the low murmur of voices filtered through the door, every single word reaching her ears. 20 1 4/4

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