

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 8 - Chapter 8 (English Translation)

Chapter 8 Affair "The speech is all taken care of. Oriana doesn't care about these honors; students showing off doesn't mean anything. You'll do better," Grant said. Luna replied, "Okay, I know, Grant. My face still hurts a little. Can you give me a kiss?" "Luna, haven't you forgotten what I said before?" Grant asked. "Oriana's asleep in the room. She won't notice," Luna whined, her voice quivering. "I remember, I won't ruin your relationship with Oriana, but I can't control my own heart. "As long as Oriana doesn't find out, just please, give me a kiss.

That's all I need." After the rustle of clothing, an intriguing silence fell. Oriana's body trembled uncontrollably, her limbs nearly paralyzed. Without hesitation, she grabbed the doorknob and flung the door open. The two on the sofa quickly separated, turning toward her with expressions of innocence. Luna's cheeks were flushed pink, while Grant had already risen and stepped toward her. He intentionally placed Luna, radiant with embarrassment, behind him. "Oriana, you're awake," Grant said cautiously, reaching out to support her, his eyes full of apology. "I'm sorry.

I spoke too harshly earlier. You got hurt, and I shouldn't have blamed you for feeling upset," he added. Oriana looked at the man before her, handsome and composed. A chill crept into her heart, cold and sharp. How could he navigate between two women so effortlessly? Moments ago, he was intimately close with Luna, almost caught, yet he could immediately turn to Oriana and offer tender, subtle care. How ironic. Was this still the aloof, untouchable, cold boy she had once known? "I didn't mind," Oriana said, lowering her head with a self-deprecating smile.

"I knew you wouldn't blame me, Oriana," Grant said, visibly relieved, letting out a breath. "I made some soup. Want a taste?" He guided her to the dining table. Luna, having composed herself, approached with a cheerful smile. "Grant personally cooked the fish and even removed all the bones, Oriana, you're so lucky!" Luna exclaimed, as usual, watching them with admiration. She had always been a witness to their happy moments, dreaming of a boyfriend who would pamper her like that someday. 1/4 Oriana sipped her soup lightly and said, "You'll have that soon enough." Both Luna and Grant froze.

"What?" Oriana lifted her eyes, giving Luna a meaningful glance. "You'll soon have a boyfriend who will adore you just like he does." Grant's expression flickered oddly. He opened his mouth, as if to say something, but paused. "Really?" Luna blinked, both surprised and coquettish. "If that comes true, I'll have to properly thank you, Oriana." Oriana tugged at the corner of her lips and drank her soup, saying no more. Grant lowered his head, lost in thought. After dinner, Luna lingered a while longer, waiting for Owen to pick her up.

When the doorbell rang, Luna greeted Oriana and Grant, then went to open the door. Owen leaned casually against the frame, wearing streetwear and carrying a powder-blue motorcycle helmet engraved with the letters LS. He shot Grant a glance but didn't look at Oriana in the living room, letting out a cold scoff. "Luna, I told you there was no need to come all this way. She owes you a lot already. The speech? Writing ten or even a hundred copies would still be what she owes you," Owen said. Luna tugged at him. "Owen, don't say that." Owen's disdain deepened, his face dripping with sarcasm.

"I'm not wrong. She's taken your place all these years, living well in our family. What she owes you, she'll never repay in her lifetime." Grant's face darkened. "Owen, that's enough. Just leave." Fearing Grant's anger, Luna said softly, "Oriana, don't stoop to Owen's level. He's still immature." She then pulled Owen outside to say goodbye. "Luna, why are you always defending her? She's nothing but an ungrateful leech. She wasted your parents' years of love and care," Owen shouted, even after the door closed, the anger in his voice piercing.

It was as if Oriana's years at the Sterling residence had been the family's greatest shame. Oriana stood frozen, her eyes heavy with sorrow. Once, Owen had idolized her, following her everywhere, boasting about her talents, and defending her fiercely when anyone spoke ill of her. Now, he was one of the people who hated her most. "Owen speaks without thinking. Don't take his words to heart," Grant said, stepping up to comfort her. 2/4 Oriana didn't want to be alone with him. "I'm tired. I'll go rest first." "The doctor said your wounds shouldn't get wet. Do you want me to help?" He offered.

"I can manage." Oriana refused without hesitation and walked into the bedroom without looking back. Grant stood there, unmoving for a long while, feeling a strange sense of unease. Oriana used to cling to him, yet these past few days she had hardly sought his attention. When did this start? It felt like she had grown distant from him. Grant was lost in thought until the sound of his phone ringing snapped him back. Oriana's phone was charging on the table when a video call came through.

Grant didn't check the caller ID; assuming it was one of her classmates, he didn't hesitate to answer on her behalf. "Oriana's washing up. If it's important, I can pass the message along." The screen popped up, but he hadn't turned on the camera; only Grant's face appeared on the phone. On the other end, the caller said nothing and ended the call immediately. The phone locked itself again. Grant frowned in annoyance, subconsciously trying to recall the name he had glimpsed earlier. It was a man, Micah Caldwell.

Grant knew all of Oriana's close college friends, and Micah didn't seem to be one of them. "What are you doing?" Oriana said, finishing her simple wash and stepping out, only to see Grant staring at her phone, lost in thought. Grant walked over and handed the phone back to her. "Someone just tried to video call you. I answered; it seems he didn't say anything." Oriana's heart skipped a beat. She snatched the phone and, as the facial recognition unlocked, saw the name at the top of the screen. It really was him. Grant's eyes stayed fixed on her expression, catching every flicker of panic.

He narrowed his eyes slightly. "Oriana, who just called?" he said. Oriana quickly composed herself. "A friend." She didn't elaborate, and Grant, instinctively curious, pressed a little. She gave a vague answer. "Someone from your part-time job?" She went from school to work every day; Grant couldn't imagine how she even had any other social contacts. 3/4 Oriana just nodded casually to brush it off. Grant's tone, though casual, carried a hint of command. "You're supposed to be preparing for grad school exams. Quit the part-time job. I'll take care of you from now on." Oriana didn't argue.

"Okay." Her obedient compliance pleased him again. "That's my good girl. Go get some rest. Good night." Oriana's eyes dimmed. There was no future for her and Grant. ***** Oriana locked the door, slid back to her bed, and reopened the chat window. Looking at Micah's missed call, she hesitated, caught between awkwardness and uncertainty. Should she explain? Before she could decide, as if sensing her indecision, the video invitation popped up again.

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