

My Reborn Admirer Wins Over My Heart Novel Chapter 9 - Chapter 9 (English Translation)

Chapter 9 Suspicion Oriana almost dropped her phone in fright. She hurriedly answered, and in her fluster, forgot to cover the camera this time. "Do you need something?" she said, and immediately realized she'd almost bitten her tongue. Her tone had come out a bit sharp, a touch impatient. Would Micah think she'd just use him and toss him aside? Fresh out of the bathroom, her face was still flushed from the steam. Oriana's cheeks burned even hotter as she thought of him watching her. On the screen, she looked awkward and trapped.

Micah was silent for two seconds before his slightly husky voice came through. "I don't have anything in particular. Can't I just reach out to you when I'm free?" Oriana choked on her words, instinctively thinking that they weren't that close. She stopped herself in time. "You can. But it just caught me off guard." She paused, feeling the need to explain, "It was my ex who answered the call earlier. Don't worry. I'll cut things off with him completely before we register our marriage." For this partnership, Oriana was putting forth her utmost sincerity. Micah replied, "I know." Oriana froze.

He knows what? Seeming to notice her confusion, Micah added, "I had someone check on you." "Okay," Oriana said, half surprised, half not. For a marriage, it was normal to want to know what kind of person one's partner was and what their past looked like. Oriana was lost in thought when she heard Micah's low voice again. "I sent you the contact for Dr. Wolf Ridge, deputy director at Seabar Hospital. If you need anything, you can reach him directly." Oriana stared blankly at her phone. "Huh?" "You were injured. I know," he said. Her chest tightened.

Micah smiled, a playful glint in his eyes as if admiring a carefully restrained prey. "Since I've checked up 1/4 on you, I can't exactly let you have the chance to back out. My people have been following you." His intentions were blunt and commanding. In the past, Oriana would have felt fear. But now, compared to betrayal or secrecy from the people she trusted most, this was nothing. Besides, Micah had laid everything out honestly, good and bad alike-more straightforward than anyone else. "It's just a surface wound. I'll heal soon.

Thanks for your concern," Oriana said, offering the first genuine smile of the evening. "Your leg will heal soon, but what about the rest?" Micah's tone was loaded. "If you speak up, I can handle it for you." He was referring to the speech issue. Oriana's heart stirred again. He didn't sound arrogant. Curiosity sparked-what kind of position did Micah hold to dare say something like that? "Thanks for caring. I'll handle the speech situation myself," she said, staring straight at the camera, her clear eyes flashing determination. A low, amused chuckle came from Micah, tinged with pleasure.

"Good. I'll be looking forward to it." Oriana lifted the corners of her lips. Somehow, she felt her soon-to-be husband seemed like a familiar online friend-surprisingly easy to get

along with. For a moment, she let her guard down. "If you're not turning on your camera, why even do a video call?" She touched her chin, thinking maybe he wanted to prevent her from sending fake photos. That didn't make sense; he had already checked her background. Getting her photos or videos would be simple. Micah replied, "This phone doesn't have a camera." Oriana twitched at the corner of her mouth.

"You're using one of those old-school phones?" "Something like that. I can't use too complicated types," he said. There was no point in chatting further tonight. Clearly aware, Micah said good night and ended the call. Oriana sprawled across her bed, staring at the ceiling, her mind wandering. She had only seen Micah once -a blurry full-body picture. He looked fairly decent, but details were unknown. 2/4 Lost in thought, she eventually drifted off to sleep. In the living room, only a dim orange nightlight remained. Grant stood in the bedroom doorway, backlit, holding a cup of milk.

Shadows cast a cold hue across his face. He had just overheard Oriana talking to a man. Though only a few words, it was the first time Oriana had talked about such trivial matters with another man. And she had been doing it behind his back. How could that be? In Oriana's world, there could only be him. Grant calmly returned to the kitchen, poured the milk down the sink, and turned on the tap. He dialed a number. "Grant? What's up?" Alaric answered. Grant said, "Help me check someone in Oriana's WhatsApp contacts." "Uh? Oriana's WhatsApp? How are we checking that?

Do you have a number, a contact card, or her password?" Alaric said. Grant stared at the milk disappearing down the drain, eyes deep and bottomless. "I'll install software on her phone in the next couple of days. Then you can check it," said Grant. "Okay, got it," Alaric asked hesitantly. "Grant, is Oriana cheating? Should I just check everything on her phone while I'm at it?" Grant's gaze turned cold. "No need. I trust Oriana won't do anything wrong. But someone foolish is interfering. Just check the WhatsApp contact." He wouldn't let anyone with impure intentions manipulate Oriana.

"Alright. I'll send you the software tonight. Once it's installed, just hide it. Leave the rest to me," Alaric said. "Okay," Grant replied. ***** Over the next few days, Grant handed off his work to Alaric and stayed home to care for Oriana's recovery. It happened to coincide with her period, so he made sure she avoided doing housework, cooked soups daily, and attended to every little need. Oriana couldn't drive him away, so she used her period as an excuse to stay in her room all day. 3/4 Time flew, and the day of the mobilization meeting arrived. Oriana's leg had mostly healed.

After lunch, she took a short nap, planning to meet Zara after Grant left for the university in the afternoon. But when she woke up, her phone was missing from her pillow. Her heart skipped a beat, instantly waking her from sleep. She jumped out of bed and dashed out of the room. 20 (li) 4/4

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