

Accidentally Yours Chapter 1

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It was a rainy night. Raindrops pattered against the window, leaving water marks streaking across the clear glass. The lighting was dim and hazy inside the hotel suite. The woman pressed the man against the wall. Her slender and fair arms were hooked around his neck, her gaze heavy with intoxication. Harrison Spencer gazed at the woman in his arms. His amber eyes carried an unreadable expression. He grasped her chin, his deep voice carrying a faint rasp. "Do you even know who I am? How dare you mess with me?" The dim golden light spilled over Serena Linden's delicate face. Her fair and flawless skin was tinged with a soft blush, making her look incredibly alluring. Beneath her small, upturned nose were soft, glossy lips. Her beautiful eyes shimmered with an irresistible, seductive allure. Harrison's throat tightened as the heat within him became almost uncontrollable. His blood surged and churned in his veins. After so many years of apathy, this was the first time he had felt any interest in a woman. More importantly, he didn't mind her closeness or her touch. At this moment, Serena's willpower had already been eroded by the drugs in her system. Seeing Harrison's lack of response, she started tugging at his clothes. "I feel horrible..." she whined. Harrison immediately grabbed her restless hand. The tense line of his jaw revealed both restraint and control. His voice was hoarse and barely audible. "Do you really want my help?" Serena stood on her toes and immediately pressed her lips to his. The kiss sent a tremor through Harrison's heart. The faint, floral scent unique to her lingered in his breath, completely shattering the last bit of his rationality. He said, "Alright. Don't regret it when you wake up." Harrison closed his eyes. He threaded his fingers through her hair before settling at the nape of her neck. He held her with a firm but gentle grip. Then, he captured her soft and red lips with his, turning passivity into dominance. Their breaths intertwined in a heated rush. Their lips and tongues became entangled in a deep, lingering kiss. His other hand tightened around her slender waist. He slowly coaxed her into exploring uncharted territory. The two of them kissed passionately, lost in the moment. Then, they both fell into the soft embrace of the bed. The air was thick with unspoken desire, and their clothes were strewn across the floor. The world outside the window was blurred by the rain, shrouded in a misty haze. Inside, the atmosphere

was breathtaking. ... The next day, the sky cleared after the rain. The brilliant sunlight streamed in through the glass windows. Serena frowned slightly and raised a sore arm to shield herself from the harsh sunlight. Only after her eyes gradually adjusted did she slowly open them. Serena's heart skipped a beat when she saw the unfamiliar surroundings before her. Her mind gradually cleared, and fragmented memories began to piece themselves together. Last night... Serena lifted the blanket covering her and glanced underneath. She immediately snapped awake in shock and reflexively sat upright in bed. The sudden movement sent a sharp ache through her waist. She sucked in a loud, sharp breath, then helplessly placed a hand on her waist. Last night, she had come to Hotel Imperus to discuss a deal with Jeremy Hood, the vice president of Chandler Group. But after two drinks, she began to feel strange all over. Jeremy then revealed his disgusting true colors. In the nick of time, she picked up the wine bottle on the table and smashed it on Jeremy's head. Then, she seized the opportunity to escape the private room. After that... "You're awake?" Suddenly, a cold yet magnetic male voice interrupted her thoughts. Serena's head snapped up, following the voice. What came into view was a face with sharp features, cold and handsome. His deep, penetrating eyes seemed to have the ability to read one's innermost thoughts. The cold, aloof expression on his face made him unapproachable. He had a high nose bridge, and his thin, pale lips were slightly pressed together. He exuded authority without uttering a word. He was clad in a perfectly tailored classic navy blue haute couture suit. Not only did it highlight his tall, commanding figure, but it also fully showcased his intense masculine charm. Serena stared blankly at the man before her, overcome with shock. Harrison... Harrison Spencer! The man she had spent the night with... was actually him! Harrison was a man who stood at the very pinnacle of power. He was the current head of Southport's most influential family, the Spencer family, and the man in charge of Bluewater Corporation. He was also known as the "Living King of Hell" in the business world. A man of overwhelming power, with ruthless decisiveness and merciless tactics, Harrison was someone who struck fear into anyone who heard his name. Rumors painted him as cold-blooded, brutal, and utterly cruel. Anyone who provoked him or offended him never had a good outcome. She was done for! She had gotten entangled with him the night before. Would he... "Had your fill of staring?" Harrison snapped her out of her thoughts once again. His voice was as cold as his appearance. Serena quickly looked away and instinctively pulled the blanket tighter

around herself. Harrison adjusted his tie and cast her a cold, indifferent glance. His gaze swept over her collarbone. The varying shades of love bites silently testified to the intensity of last night's events, and his gaze darkened. He said in a cold, deep voice, "Get dressed. We'll talk." With that, he turned and strode out of the room.