

Accidentally Yours Chapter 11-20

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Serena stepped forward, picked up the liquor bottle from the table, and slowly poured it into an empty glass. Her movements were graceful and composed. Now that she had Harrison's powerful backing, wasn't it only fair to flex a little? "Mr. Hood, I came here tonight to sincerely apologize. I hope you'll give me a chance to let Linden Group participate in the development project in Southport." Her voice was calm, but every word carried weight. Jeremy understood the implication immediately, and his face turned deathly pale. "Mrs. Spencer, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" He slid off the couch with a loud thud and dropped to his knees. "I was blind to not have recognized who I was dealing with... I had no idea you were Mr. Spencer's wife. Please, be merciful..." Serena paused in the middle of pouring the wine. Jeremy scrambled to grab the glass. His forehead and back were drenched in cold sweat, his voice trembling. "I promise—Linden Group will have no obstacles joining the Eastside project." With that, he downed the entire drink in one gulp. Serena looked down at him from above, smiling without saying a word. Seeing her expression, he steeled himself, grabbed the entire bottle, and poured the liquor straight into his mouth. "Mrs. Spencer, I apologize." Only after he drained the whole bottle did Serena finally speak, her voice laced with ice, "I'm not the type to be generous." Jeremy's heart sank. He darted a panicked glance around the room, only to see that he was surrounded by towering bodyguards with cold, imposing stares. Pierce's sharp gaze was even more unnerving as he stood behind Serena. "Mrs. Spencer, I'm really sorry." Desperate, Jeremy raised his hand and began slapping himself across the face, hoping to earn her forgiveness. "I was scum, a disgrace. What happened last night was entirely my fault. I should never have disrespected you..." He shouldn't have brought up what happened last night. The moment he did, a dark shadow loomed over Serena's heart. If she hadn't fought back by smashing that bottle over his head or escaped that private room, Jeremy would have destroyed her. Furthermore, she would've had no way out tonight if she hadn't met Harrison and gained his powerful protection. "If I hadn't brought bodyguards with me tonight or if I weren't Harrison's wife, what would you have done to me?" Serena clenched her fists, her rage barely restrained. "Just how many women have you done this to?" Jeremy's face turned ghastly, panic seeping into his every word. "No! I swear I'll never do it again! I swear it! Mrs. Spencer, please spare me just this once..." She let out a cold laugh, her eyes filled with pure disgust. "People like you don't change." He

slammed his forehead to the floor, pleading over and over, "Mrs. Spencer, please forgive me. I'm very sorry..." Just then, Pierce received a message. After reading it, he stepped forward and leaned in slightly. "Mrs. Spencer, it's getting late. You should head back. We'll take care of him." Serena nodded. Even as she left the room, Jeremy's cries for mercy echoed behind her. The moment the door shut, his voice was completely cut off. A faint, mocking smile tugged at her lips as a flash of sharpness flickered through her eyes. As she stepped out of Nightshade Bar, she saw a sleek black Cayenne idled at the entrance. The rear window rolled down slowly. Harrison's chiseled, striking face came into view. "Mr. Spencer?" His gaze swept over her, calm and unreadable. Then, in a clipped tone, he said, "Get in." Without hesitation, Serena took a few steps forward, opened the door, and slid into the back seat. Once settled, she couldn't contain her curiosity. "Mr. Spencer, what are you doing here?" "I just happened to pass by." His response was brief, carrying a hint of distance. Serena didn't mind. She murmured, almost to herself, "I thought you were looking for me." At her words, Harrison's Adam's apple bobbed slightly. He cleared his throat and said in a measured voice, "Actually, there's something we need to discuss." She turned slightly toward him. "What is it?" "Since we're partners and my grandmother could show up unexpectedly, you'll need to move in with me." Hearing his request, she was stunned. Move in? That meant living together daily. "But I—" "If we're putting on a show, we must commit to it." Harrison's gaze locked onto hers. "Mrs. Spencer, are you planning to back out?" Her lips parted, but in the end, she didn't refuse. Instead, she relented, "I'll move in, but can it wait until tomorrow?" Harrison nodded slightly. "I'll send someone to pick you up from the Linden residence tomorrow." "Alright." "One more thing. In a few days, there'll be a family gathering. You'll attend it with me. That night, I'll formally announce our marriage." His tone paused slightly, and a trace of solemnity flashed through his eyes. "But the Spencer family is deeply intertwined with a complex network of people. You must be fully prepared and ensure no one sees through any flaws." Serena listened carefully, then nodded. "I understand."

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The atmosphere grew silent. After a brief pause, Harrison suddenly remembered something. Slowly, he reached into his inner pocket and pulled out a small, elegant velvet box. He handed it to Serena. Seeing the unexpected gift, Serena hesitated momentarily, her expression showing her puzzlement. "What is this?" "Open it and see for yourself." She took the box with curiosity and carefully lifted the lid. A teardrop-shaped coffee-colored diamond ring lay inside. It nestled in the soft fabric, sparkling brilliantly under the light. This particular shade of coffee-colored diamond was rare and highly collectible. And this specific 5.2-carat diamond ring had fetched a

staggering 28 million dollars at last month's jewelry auction. Did Harrison really just give her a 20-million-dollar diamond ring like that? Serena gazed at the exquisite ring in her hand, emotions swirling in her chest. She couldn't quite understand why he was suddenly giving her such an expensive gift—especially a diamond ring. Did he not realize what it meant for a man to give a woman a diamond ring? But their relationship was purely nominal. Serena shut the box and resolutely handed it back to him. "This is too valuable. I can't accept it." Harrison's brows furrowed slightly, a flicker of surprise crossing his gaze. Without hesitation, he pressed the box back into her hands with a commanding presence. "We may only be husband and wife in name, but you can't appear too shabby as my wife." His reasoning was sound, but still... Harrison's patience thinned when he saw her hesitate. His voice took on a chill. "It's yours now. If you don't like it, throw it away." Serena lowered her eyes, letting her gaze settle on the small velvet box in her hands. A ripple of emotion stirred within her. He might be cold, but... he didn't seem as terrifying as the rumors suggested. She stopped resisting and accepted the gift. "Thank you, Mr. Spencer." His handsome face remained unreadable, but his tone noticeably softened. "Are you heading back to the Linden residence?" "Yes." An hour later, the car slowly pulled up in front of the Linden residence. "This is my stop." Serena turned her head, her gaze gentle as she looked at Harrison and thanked him once more, "Thank you again for tonight, Mr. Spencer." Harrison slowly opened his eyes, his voice indifferent. "You've already said that too many times. Next time, show your gratitude with action." "Action?" Serena blinked in confusion. He reached out, his fingers tilting her chin up as he slowly leaned in closer. His sudden approach caught her off guard, making her breath hitch. Her fingers curled slightly, and she instinctively held her breath, trying to steady her racing heart. A charged silence filled the space between them. When Harrison saw her shy reaction, a mischievous glint flashed in his eyes. His voice carried a teasing edge as he said, "Mrs. Spencer, I expect more than just words." His striking features, coupled with his voice's deep, magnetic timbre, immediately caught Serena's attention. Before she could overthink it, impulse took over—she leaned in and kissed him. Harrison's pupils trembled slightly, and he was completely stunned. He hadn't expected that. The familiar, delicate floral fragrance lingered around his nostrils, evoking memories of the scene at the hotel last night. His calm heart was again thrown into disarray for the second time because of her. The kiss was brief but daring. Serena pulled back slowly, her voice carrying a trace of inexperience. "Does this count as a proper thank-you, Mr. Spencer?" Harrison's Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he swallowed, trying to suppress the unexpected rush of emotion. He forced himself to remain composed. He let go of her chin and replied calmly, "It'll do." Beneath the

concise words lay unspoken complexities and a tangle of emotions. As the realization of her boldness set in, Serena's cheeks flushed crimson. She quickly averted her gaze, and when she spoke again, her voice was barely above a whisper. "Goodnight, Mr. Spencer." Before he could respond, she bolted from the car like a startled deer, fleeing the scene in haste. Harrison's lips quirked slightly as his eyes followed her retreating figure until she disappeared. Lifting a hand, he brushed his fingertips over his lips as if still savoring the fleeting sensation of her kiss. The driver respectfully asked, "Where to next, Mr. Spencer?" Harrison's expression instantly turned cold, his voice returning to its usual icy sharpness. "Back to Nightshade Bar." ... As soon as Serena stepped into the Linden residence, she spotted her cousin, Naomi Linden, standing at the foot of the staircase. It was evident that Naomi was waiting for her, looking for a confrontation. However, Serena wasn't in the mood for conflict; she simply didn't have the energy after a long day. She considered ignoring her and walking past, but Naomi had other plans. Blocking her path, Naomi raised a hand and struck her across the face. The crisp slap echoed through the hall. Naomi's voice was sharp with disdain. "What? Do you think you're above basic manners and family rules now that you've found yourself a rich man to cling to?" Serena clenched her teeth, enduring the burning pain across her cheek. She said meekly, "Naomi." But her submission only fueled Naomi's ire. Naomi lifted her hand again and delivered another stinging slap to the other side of Serena's face. Serena's hands curled into fists at her sides, her grip tightening around the fabric of her dress—yet she endured without retaliation.

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"You really are a shameless wretch, Serena!" Naomi grabbed a fistful of Serena's hair and yanked it back hard. Forced to lift her chin, Serena met Naomi's cold, condescending gaze. "Don't think that just because you've latched onto a rich man, you can turn into some high-society lady. Let me remind you of your place—you're nothing but an unwanted orphan, a walking disaster, and a filthy woman who'll spread her legs for anyone." As Naomi spoke, she yanked even harder. "Remember this—you'll always be beneath me. Don't ever think you can rise above your station." After venting her anger, she finally let go. "You'll never be my equal, Serena." She shot Serena a vicious glare before turning and striding upstairs, her head held high. Serena clenched her fists, the fire in her eyes no longer hidden. She stared at Naomi's retreating figure, a cold smirk slowly curving her lips. "Naomi, this is the last time. Everything you've done to me over the years—I'll return it all, one by one. We have a long road ahead," she thought. In her room, Serena sat at her vanity, gazing at her reflection. The faint red imprint of a

hand was still visible on her face. She reached up and gently traced her fingers over it. Just then, her phone rang, breaking the silence. She retrieved it from her bag, and the moment she saw the caller ID, the darkness in her heart lifted. It was Darryl Gilliam—her dearest friend. Their families had been close when they were children, and she and Darryl often played together. But when his family moved abroad for business, their connection faded. She had thought they would never cross paths again, but fate brought them back together in Crigow. When Darryl's parents learned of her family's misfortunes, they didn't turn away. Instead, they took her in as their goddaughter and extended a helping hand. During her four years at the university in Crigow, they cared for her like they were their own. It was the only warmth she had felt since losing her parents and grandfather. She answered the call, a gentle smile on her lips. "What's got you calling so late?" Darryl teased from the other end, "What? You don't want to hear from me?" "Of course not. I just figured you'd be busy with work." "No matter how busy I am, I won't neglect you." Warmth spread through Serena's heart. He asked with concern, "How is it? Now that you're back with the Linden family, is everything alright? They haven't been giving you trouble, have they?" Her smile faded slightly, her eyes clouding with complex emotions. "No." Even though she denied it, Darryl saw right through her. "They have, haven't they?" She pursed her lips without saying anything. Darryl sighed, clearly worried. "I told you not to return, but you wouldn't listen. We could have found another way if you wanted your parents' belongings. You fought hard to break free from that prison, so why return? You're just asking for suffering. "Serena, come back to Crigow. Don't let them keep tormenting you. I'll get your parents' things back for you." His words were filled with nothing but concern and care. Serena sighed heavily, sorrow flickering in her eyes. "Darryl, there are things I have to do myself." "Serena—" He wanted to argue, but she cut him off, "You know that my parents' accident has always been a knot in my heart. I don't believe it was just an accident." At this, Darryl fell silent. "If I don't return to Southport, go back to the Linden family, or join Linden Group, I'll never uncover the truth about their deaths. I need to find out whether it was an accident or something more." "But..." She said firmly, "Don't worry about me. I'm not a child anymore." From the moment she set foot back in Southport and the Linden family, she had hidden her ambitions beneath a facade of quiet obedience. She reminded herself constantly to endure and be patient because every ounce of restraint now would make her eventual revenge all the sweeter. Hearing the determination in her voice, Darryl knew there was no persuading her. "Alright. Remember that I'm always here for you, no matter what happens. And so are your godparents. Whatever you decide to do, we'll support you." "Okay." A lump formed in her throat, her eyes growing misty.

He added, "I'll start looking into your parents' accident too. If I find anything, you'll be the first to know." "Thank you." "There's no need for formalities between us." Serena smiled, her gratitude genuine. "Even so, I still want to thank you and your parents." "Alright." He relented, then changed the subject. "I'll be in Southport next month. Let's have dinner." "Okay." They continued chatting for a bit. At one point, Serena thought about telling him about her marriage. But just as she was about to, she thought there was no need. After all, she and Harrison would be divorced after one year. It didn't matter, so she let it go.