

# Accidentally Yours Chapter 14

## Chapter

### Harrison's Master Stroke

I was pinned to the floor by two burly bodyguards at Nightshade Bar. His hand was crushed under the sharp heel at a sleek black leather shoe

His **agonized** screams echoed through the empty room.

Sitting on a leather stool, Harrison exuded an effortless authority. His light blue striped shirt and navy waistcoat accentuated his broad, imposing frame. He exuded a refined yet commanding presence.

He leaned forward slightly, his arms resting loosely on his knees. Holding a lit cigar between his fingers, he took a slow drag before exhaling a swirl of smoke into the dimly lit air. **Yet** no amount of haze could conceal the chilling air emanating from him.

Jeremy's hand thrummed with pain. His voice trembled, thick with desperation.

"Mr. Spencer. I'm sorry! I'm really **sorry!** Please spare me.

His pleas, however, did nothing to soften Harrison's expression. Through the drifting smoke, his features remained cold and unyielding, his gaze devoid of warmth.

"I despise people who court what's mine. His voice was low, yet every word cut like a blade.

Jeremy shuddered violently "Mr. Spencer, I didn't know Ms. Linden was yours! **If** I had

"So, if she weren't, you would've had your way with her? Harrison's icy stare sent a fresh wave of terror coursing through Jeremy.

He frantically shook his head, sweat beading on his forehead. "No! No! That's not what I meant!"

"Then you enjoy drugging women," Harrison mused, **calmly** tapping the ash from **his** cigar. "Ever tried the taste of your own medicine?"

"Mr. Spencer

Before Jeremy could react, a hand clamped down on his jaw, tearing his mouth open. A whole bottle of the very drug he had used on others was poured straight down his throat. He thrashed, choking and struggling, but resistance was futile.

\*You may preying on women?

Harrison lifted his shoe from Jerry's hand. Then, without hurry, he pressed the smoldering tip of his **cigar** against the back of it. The burning ember seared into flesh, leaving a deep, scorched imprint

**“Enjoy** yourself in hell, then.” His voice was calm, almost indifferent, yet it carried a chilling finality.

A bloodcurdling scream filled the air.

Unfazed, Harrison rose to his feet and casually dusted off his sleeve as if shaking away invisible specks of dust.

“Can this up,” he ordered

Pierce nodded in understanding.

The following day, a pier of breaking news was broadcast.

“Early this morning, the vice president of Chandler Group, Jeremy Hood, was found dead in a hotel room. Preliminary reports suggest an overdose, though authorities are still investigating.”

A surprise flickered across her face, but it quickly faded.

Seema  
was descending the stairs when she caught the news. A look of mild surprise flickered

This was undoubtedly Harrison's doing

**Good** Scum like Jeremy deserved to die.

She went to the dining table, greeted Charles and the others, and then quietly took her usual seat at the end. No one acknowledged her presence, Helena suddenly gasped in disbelief. “Jeremy is dead? How?”

Charles frowned deeply, his expression dark. “With him gone, the Southport project will have a new person in charge. This could complicate things.”

“This doesn't make sense! How could he just like that she fretted. “Charles, do you think the project will **still** go to Linden Group?”

He didn't answer, focusing instead on his breakfast. Seeing him remain silent, Helena, with her impatient nature, could no longer sit still “Charles, say something! she demanded.

Halat do you want me to say he replied irritably. "We **won't** know anything until I get to the office"

Sining nearby, **Naomi** smirked mockingly. Her voice dripped with sarcasm "**Mom**, Dad, no need to worry. **Isn't** Serena handling this project? She's **got** plenty of "skills." I'm sure she'll get it done

Helena's eyes flickered as she cast **a sidelong** glance **at** Serena, her words as sharp and biting as ever. "Well, you do have a special talent for seducing men."

"Exactly," Naomi chimed in with feigned innocence "Just last night, I saw **a** luxury car drop her off. I wonder which rich dude she **has** hooked up with this time?"

Archis, Helena lied. "I was wondering why she came back covered in hickeys. Turns out she was out whoring around."

She continued, "Honestly, what was the point of acting all this with Mr. Hood? If you had just in, we would've secured the project before he died"

Throughout their sneers and taunts, Serena remained **composed** with **a** faint smile on her lips. She offered no retort.

Irritated, Charles finally snapped, "Enough shut your mouths"

Both Helena and Naomi fell silent instantly.

He turned to Serena, his tone more serious than before. "If you can secure the project's agreement, uphold my end of our deal." Her smile deepened slightly. "Wright"