

Accidentally Yours Chapter 15 –

Chapter 15 No One Bullies What's Mine

Charles and his tamil left the Linden residence one after another after breakfast. When they stepped out, Sea received a call from Pierce, informing her that the car had arrived.

She picked up her small suitcase—packed with only a few items that truly mattered to her and left the house.

Pierce stood by the car, waiting. He immediately stepped forward when he saw her approach and took the suitcase from her hands,

“Mr. Spencer, please get in. Mr. Spencer is here as well”

Serena's heart tightened.

Harrison came in person?

wasn't he just sending someone to pick her up? Why did he become himself?

Pierce placed her suitcase in the trunk before moving to the rear door and pulling it open for her.

“Mrs. Spencer, after you”

She collected **herself**, **nodded** slightly, and hesitantly approached the open door

Harrison sat on the other side of the back seat inside the car, clad in a meticulously tailored black suit. His eyes were closed, his entire presence exuding a calm but imposing air that warned against disturbance.

The moment she saw him, she remembered last night's kiss, **and** awkward tension crept up her spine.

She took a quiet breath and softly greeted him. “Mr. Spencer”

There was no response from him.

She bit her lip before finally lowering herself into the seat, doing her best to appear composed once she was settled. Pierce closed the door and took his place in the front

passenger seat.

The driver started the car engine, and the atmosphere fell into silence.

After a **long** pause, Harrison finally opened his eyes. His deep gaze remained unreadable as he asked in his low, **steady** voice, "This is all you're bringing?"

His sudden question caught Serena off **guard**.

she steadied herself before answering, "I never had much at the Linden residence, and there isn't **anything** I particularly want to take except...

Her parents' belongings.

She had searched everywhere—her own room, every corner of the **house**, and even Charles' bedroom and study. But she had found nothing. She **had** no idea where they had

hidden them.

Harrison pressed on, "Except what?"

Serena snapped out of her thoughts and shook her head. "Nothing"

He didn't press further since she didn't want to talk about it

A moment later, Pierce retrieved a document from the front **and** handed it to Serena

"Mrs. Spencer, this is the signed cooperation agreement **for** Chandler Group's Southport development project. Mr. Pacheco **has already** had the new project head sign it."

Strom. She had been worrying about connecting with the new project head and securing the deal. However, Harrison had already taken care of it.

She reached for the document, turning to look at the man beside her with gratitude shining in her eyes. "Mr. Spencer_"

Before she could finish, he lifted a hand and greatly brushed his fingertips **against** her cheek & shiver ran **through** her. Instinctively, she recoiled from his **touch**.

He withdrew his outstretched hand, fixed his gaze on her face, and asked in a deep voice, "Why is your face swollen?"

"I—**Her** lashes quivered, her eyes flickering evasively. She had carefully layered on extra makeup and concealer—checked her appearance in the mirror. How did he still notice?

Harrison's brow furrowed, his tone **darkening**. "Did someone hit you?"

Serena parsed her lips. Seeing no point in lying, she admitted, “Nacini hit me last night”

“Did you hurt back?”

Her lack of response made his expression harden further. He said firmly, “If someone hits you next time, hit the back.”

bee’s

stickered Then, she heard him say, “You’re my wife. You don’t have to act like a timid, submissive land.”

[yet complicated

Astranger stirred in her chest as if something inside her had been tapped. It felt

Harris continued, “This maybe contract marriage, but as long as the contract stands, you’re mine. I won’t allow anyone to bully what’s mine. Do you understand?”

Harrison pulled a black card from his pocket and handed it to her. “Here’s a black card with unlimited credit. Buy whatever you want –don’t hold back.”

She instinctually wanted to refuse. But his commanding tone left no room for negotiation. “Take it. I don’t like repeating myself.”

Seeing no other choice, Serena accepted the card.

She studied Harrison for a moment and then, gathering a sliver of courage, leaned in and placed a quick, featherlight kiss on his cheek. “Thank you, Mr. Spencer.” Her voice was soft, yet it held something deep within it.

His Adam’s apple moved slightly as he looked at her intently.

Serena’s face lit up, winking “This is a token of gratitude”

After words, a hint of amusement flickered in Harrison’s usually impassive face. The corners of his lips barely lifted in a subtle smile.

She blushed, her cheeks flushing deeper with embarrassment.

They both witnessed everything while feeling utterly stunned. Was this really the same cold, aloof Harrison who had always kept women at arm’s length?

Accidentally Yours Chapter 16 –

Chapter 16 Officially Living Together

Harrison walked into the Cowley Bay villa with his arm around Serena's waist.

Holly Turner and a few other maids stood in the living room waiting "Mr. Spencer"

Harrison nodded and briefly introduced, "This is Mrs. Spencer. From now on, she'll be the lady of the house."

Holly was a little surprised **by the** introduction. However, she quickly masked her astonishment and respectfully greeted, "Mrs. Spencer, it's a pleasure to meet you."

Seima gave a slight nod and smiled gently

"Holly is the housekeeper here and also a spy my grandmother placed by my side."

He whispered the latter part of the sentence into her ear, and she immediately understood.

Harrison turned to Holly and instructed, "Holly, have someone take Serena's bag to the master bedroom."

"Understood, Mr. Spencer, Holly responded and immediately called one of the maids to carry Serena's small suitcase upstairs.

Harrison glanced at his watch and said gently to Serena, "I have some matters to attend to. Holly will show you around the house. In the afternoon, some clothes and jewelry will be delivered. Keep what you like, and return what you don't want."

He leaned down and softly kissed her forehead, his gentle and suggestive actions

Serena froze momentarily before realizing he was just putting on a **show** for Holly, so she quickly played along. She smiled warmly and said softly, "Go ahead with your work. I'll wait for you to return for dinner"

He patted her head, his lips curling into a slight smile. He then turned to Holly "Take good care of Serena."

Holly replied, "Of course, Mr. Spencer."

With that, Harrison left the **villa**

As Serena watched him leave, Holly, standing nearby, took a subtle, appraising glance at her. After a moment, she spoke kindly but with a hint of respect, "**Mrs.** Spencer, let me show you to the master bedroom."

Sermanodded. "Sorry to trouble **you**"

"It's no moble at all

Following Holly, Serena was led to the spacious master bedroom. The room's decor reflected Harrison's reserved and cold personality. Its faint, minty scent was the same as the one on him, creating a surprisingly calming effect

After spending the past two days together, Serena realized that he was not as cold, cruel, and heartless as the rumors suggested. At least he treated those around him well **and** provided **a** strong sense of security

"Mrs. Spencer, this will be your room with Mr. Spencer from now on," Helly said. "Aside from some daily necessities, is there anything you want to add or replace? Serena smiled and replied, "No, it's perfect"

Afterward, Holly showed her around the rest of the villa, and they toured every room. Feeling a bit tired, Serena returned to the living room to rest

Meanwhile, Holly discreetly stepped into an empty corner and called Martha on her phone.

"Hello, Mrs. Spencer Senior. I have good news. **Mr.** Spencer brought Mrs. Spent back to the villa to live."

Ismile tugged **at** the corner of his lips as he answered the call

Harrison had just arrived at the office when Martha's phone call came **in**. It was about time. A small st Martha's voice, filled with excitement, came through as soon as the call connected. "Harry, is that woman in the villa really **your** girlfriend? Why didn't you tell me you're dating? How long **have** you been seeing her?

her? What stage are you two at in your relationship

Her barrage of questions left him no chance to speak. **Just** as he managed to find an opening and was about to answer her, her urgent voice cut in again

"Beat, tell the truth. Did you get her pregnant, which is why you **brought** her **back** to the villa to take care of her? If that's the **case**, you can't be responsible. Don't let her suffer. " "Grandma, please calm down and let me raplain" Finally, Harrison was able to get a word in

Marthairplied, "Alright **to** aliead"

"Firstly, she's not my girlfriend but my legal wife. We got our marriage certificate yesterday. Secondly, she's not pregnant.

We're in anormal relationship and a normal marriage." "What?" "You've already married that woman? Upon hearing this news, Martha was shocked, her voice rising several octaves. "Is that true? Don't the boys."

Harrison said calmly, confirming it, "O's true. ""

through. "You brail You **got** a wife and didn't even bring her home to meet me. How

Martha momentarily fell silent the other end of the line before her reproachful voice came through long would you have hidden in from me if **Holly** hadn't told me

Harrison rubbed his temples and explained gently, "I was going to wait until the day after tomorrow when the family gathering took place and bring her along

"That's fine. You can introduce her to her so that certain people will stop harboring thoughts they shouldn't have,"

"Okay I'll talk to you later. I have some work to finish, so I'm hanging up now."

Without waiting for a response, he ended the call

Accidentally Yours Chapter 17 –

Chapter 17 Meeting Serena

"Hey Before Martha could finish speaking, the call was abruptly cut off.

She grumbled, "This brat! I wasn't done talking!"

Standing beside her, Lewis consoled her, **saying**, "Mrs. Spencer Senior, at least you can finally rest easy now

Martha waved her hand, her smile fading as her furrowed brows remained tightly knit.

"He didn't even tell me about such a big event like his marriage. Who knows if he found some woman to put on a show and track me like those people online do?"

Lewis smiled slightly and suggested, "Mrs. Spencer Senior, **if** you don't believe it, you can go to Mr. Spencer's villa and see for yourself "

She was suddenly enlightened and smacked her thigh. "You're right!"

Then, she immediately instructed, "Lewis, quickly prepare some gifts. I'm going to see my granddaughter-in-law."

It didn't matter if it was true or not. A fake relationship could always become a real **one**

Lewis responded, "Understood, Mrs Spencer Senior"

Around noon, Martha arrived at Cowley Bay with Lewis and the gifts. At that moment, Serena came downstairs.

Seeing Martha sitting on the couch in the living room, she froze for a moment, feeling a bit confused.

Holly hurriedly stepped forward to introduce, "Mrs. Spencer, this is Mrs. Spencer Senior."

Serena quickly snapped out of it. It turned out to be Harrison's grandmother. A gentle smile appeared on her face **as** she politely greeted Martha, "Hello, Mrs. Spencer Senior" Martha looked up, her gaze soft as she scrutinized Serena. A look of approval and fondness gradually filled her eyes.

As Martha's granddaughter-in-law, Serena was truly wonderful. Beautiful, graceful, and dignified, she exuded the poise of a noble lady.

Harrison was indeed full of surprises.

Martha's smile widened **as** she said **kindly**, "Come sit here with me "

Serena obediently moved to sit next to Martha, settling down gracefully.

Martha warmly took her hands in hers, her gaze filled with affection. "You're such a good child What's **your** name?"

"Spencer Senior, my name is Serena Linden," Serena replied.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty four."

Martha mentally calculated before saying, "A five-year gap. That's not too bad."

Then, she asked, "Theard you and Harry are married is that true?"

Her tone carried a hint of curiosity.

Serena nodded **and** answered, "Mist-Harrison **and** registered our marriage yesterday."

Martha shaded her closely, paying attention to every subtle change in her expression. It didn't seem like she was **lying**

“How did you meet Harry? How long have you known each other?”

Serena’s lips parted slightly as if she wanted to speak but hesitated. Seeing this, Martha smiled gently and reassured, “Don’t worry. I just want to know more about the situation,” Serma quickly thought **of an** answer

Mrs. Spencer Senior Actually, I’ve been with Harrison for some time now, but I felt our relationship wasn’t stable yet, **so** we didn’t make it public or tell anyone.”

Her words were flawless, and Martha’s doubts slowly faded after she heard this. She gently patted Serena’s hand, her eyes filled with sympathy. “I’m sorry you **had** to go through

that”

Serma **shook** her head and smiled. “It’s fine Being with Harrison makes me **very** happy.

Martha looked at Serena, her affection growing stronger. She **subtly** nodded toward Lewis, signaling him.

Lewis immediately understood and instructed the maids to bring in the prepared gifts

Serena was taken aback when she saw so many gifts on the table

Martha looked at her with loving eyes. “Serena, these are all gifts I’ve prepared for **you**. Hope you like them”

Feeling somewhat overwhelmed, Serena said softly, “Mrs Spencer Senior, these.”

Martha bit her tongue in slight disapproval and corrected her. “Why are you still addressing me as ‘Mr. Spencer Senior’? Now that you’re Harrison’s wife, you should call me ‘Grandma’ just like him.”

H

Serena pursed her **lips** and softly said, “Grandma ”

“Good girl Martha grinned from **ear** to ear, her eyes filled with satisfaction and joy.

‘If Harry ever bullies you, just tell me, and I’ll help teach him a lesson”

Martha smiled. “Thank **you**, Grandma”

Hearing Serena call her “Grandma” made Martha feel extremely pleased. She enthusiastically **took** Serena’s hand. “Come on. I’ll **take you** shopping and buy you gifts.”

“Stop hesitating These gifts on the table are not enough to express my intentions. I want to buy **you** a house now. **Which area** would you prefer?” Martha was full of energy, (speaking with an irrefutable, doting tone. “Just tell me which area you want, and I’ll buy for you”

Then, she asked, “Serena, can you decide? I’ll give you a car, so it’ll be more convenient for you when you **go** out.”

Chapter 17 Meeting Serena

Serena was caught entirely off guard by Martha’s overwhelming kindness. She quickly declined, “Grandma, you don’t **have** to.”

“Linsett.” Martha was firm. “This is my intention, and you can’t refuse,

Serena was left speechless as all her attempts at protest were silenced. With that, Martha excitedly pulled Serena out the door.

Accidentally Yours Chapter 18 –

Chapter 18 Timid

Martha took Serena to browse malls owned by Bluewater Corporation. She would lavish herself with something for Serena whenever they came across something appealing, and Serena couldn’t stop her. After just half an hour of shopping, the bodyguards trailing behind were carrying a load of bags from luxury stores.

Santhya said, “Grandma, you really don’t have to buy so much”

“It’s not too much.” Martha waved her hand, smiling kindly. “I have money, so you don’t need to worry about me.

Serena was momentarily speechless, but warmth tinged in her heart. Soon, Martha excitedly pulled Serena into a well-decorated boutique and began picking out clothes. Serena was pushed into the fitting room by her. At Martha’s request, she tried on several outfits

Finally, she stepped out of the fitting room wearing a Tolene-style dress. Her appearance was striking. The dress’ ink-wash floral print blended Etruscan charm with modern design. It was gentle yet subtly sexy, with a backless design and a flowy halterneck

The sales associate admired her, saying, “Mrs. Spencer, you look absolutely stunning in that dress.”

Martha proudly remarked, "Of course! My granddaughter-in-Law is so beautiful. She looks good in anything"

Serena's cheeks flushed from their praise, and she shyly lowered her gaze.

Martha took the opportunity to pull out her phone, open the camera app, and aim it at Serena

"Serena, come. Turn a little to the side so that I can take a photo to remember this moment"

"What?" Though confused, Serena obediently complied

Martha looked at the photo she had just taken, nodding satisfactorily before sending it to Harrison

Meanwhile, Harrison sat in his office chair, handling the stack of documents on his desk. The atmosphere was calm and focused.

Across from him, Nathan Fowler was lounging in a relaxed pose, casually swinging in his rocking chair. The creaking sound broke the office's quiet.

"Harry, my bar opens tonight come by and **show** your face."

Harrison remained silent, focusing on his paperwork.

Seeing that he wasn't responding, Nathan said more sincerely, "Everyone's going. You can't miss **it**, can you?"

At that moment, Harrison's phone on the desk suddenly lit up. He glanced at it briefly before opening the message.

Martha wrote, "I'm out shopping with your wife."

Attached to the message was a side **profile** photo of Serena

She was standing gracefully, her long black hair cascading down like a waterfall, subtly highlighting the delicate curve of her back. Her effortless allure was obvious under the interplay of light and shadow, evoking his desires.

Harrison stared at the photo, his eyes darkening and his throat involuntarily tightening, stirred by some indescribable emotion

Sitting across from him, Nathan noticed how absorbed he was and snapped his fingers to get his attention

“Harry, what are you looking at? Let me see”

Harrison lifted his eyes
and shot Nathan a cold look before quickly turning off his phone screen.

Nathan blinked,
clearly puzzled. He couldn't understand why **Harrison's** gaze seemed as if he were ready to kill him. Did he say something wrong?

“Harry_” Nathan tentatively called out

Imbushy tonight, so I won't be **going**.” Harrison replied, setting his phone down and continuing to handle the documents.

Nathan clicked his tongue in mid dissatisfaction. “You're all alone. What could be more important than the opening of my bar?”

After a moment **of** since, Harrison casually replied, “I'm married. I'm **going** home for dinner

“What?” Nathan was stunned. “**You** You're married

Harrison gave a slight huen in affirmation

Once Nathan processed the information, **his** jaw dropped in disbelief. “Harry, you're actually married!”

Harrison's face pertained emotionless as he asked calmly, “Can't I get married?”

“Who's the worsun with such bad taste to pick you.” Natuan blurted out, almost revealing his thoughts. As soon as the words left his mouth, he was met with Harrison's key glane. Nathan quickly corrected himself. “No, I mean, who has such good taste to choose the gentle **and** handsome Harry?

Nathan shrugged and the suggested, “Since everyone's **going** tonight, why **don't** you bring your wife along so that we can meet her?”

Thinking of Sima, Harrison's mind briefly flashed to her shy expression. He immediately rejected the **idea**. “She's too timid. She's not suited for those **kinds** of places.”

Hearing this, Nathan clicked his tongue **and** teased, “You're so protective of her. I **don't** think **it's** her being timid, i think **you're** worried others will start taking an Interest in her if **you** being her out”

Harrison stopped writing and looked up at Nathan, his cold eyes narrowing as he **subtly** threatened, “If **you’re** so free, I can call **your** dad and have him **arrange** a blind date for **you** Nathan immediately backed down.“! I’ll keep quiet”

Accidentally Yours Chapter 19 –

Chapter 19 The Reserved Couple

Martha was still as Leish as ever.

“wrap up this dress for my granddaughter—in—
Lew and all the ones she tried on earlier. Back them all up.”

The sales te smiled and explid respectfully, “Certainly, Mrs. Spencer Senior.”

Semma approached Martha, trying to persuade her, “Grandma, you’ve already bought so many pieces, tf I don’t wear them, it’ll be a waste.” Martha gently patted the back of her hand, her eyes full of affection. “It’s nothing. This is just the beginning. I love to spend money on

Amer that, she held up a list of properties she had selected on her phone and placed it in front of Serena.

“Semena, come on. Take a look Pick the one you like, and I’ll buy it.”

Serena felt helpless.

Unable to convince Martha, she gave up. For now, **she** could only go along with Martha’s wishes and make the final decision later when Harrison returned home

After shopping, Martha took Serena to a hotel under Bluewater Corporation for dinner, seemingly eager to show her all the finerthings.

Her genuine care moved Serena deeply. Ever since Serena’s parents and Vincent passed away, she hadn’t felt this kind of warmth **again**. The **last** time she had felt this warmth was

Darryl’s parents’ house.

She lowered her gaze, a faint sadness passing through her heart.

Martha noticed her change in mood and immediately took her hand gently, asking with concern, “Serena, what’s wrong? Is the food here not to your taste?”

“No, it’s not that,” Serena replied with a smile. “The food is great, and it’s to my **liking**”

“Since it’s delicious, eat more. Look at you—you’re so thin. It makes me worried.”

As Martha spoke, she picked up some delicious looking food with her cutlery and placed **it** on Serena’s plate.

Looking at the food on her plate, Serena’s eyes misted **over** slightly. In a soft tone, she said, “Thank you, Grandma. You’re so kind.”

“Silly girl, you’re a good child you from the bottom of my heart and want to take good care of you.”

When Serena was trying on clothes earlier, Lewis had already sent the investigation report to her phone. After reading it, Martha found out that Serena’s parents had also died on that many night 19 years ago. In an instant, all the long-buried memories came rushing back to Martha’s heart. This only deepened her sympathy and affection for Serena “Your parents passed away early, and life at your uncle’s must have been difficult. Now that you’ve married Harry, we’re family.” Martha held Serena’s hands tightly with sincerity in her

“From now on, I’m here for you, so I’ll spoil **you**. Don’t worry”

Serena’s eyes reddened from the tears welling up in them, and she could feel her throat tightening

She didn’t know what to say, and in the end, **she** only mustered a, “Thank you, Grandma”

Martha gently patted her hand and comforted her softly, “**As** long as you and Harry live well, that will be the best way to show your gratitude to me.”

Serena’s eyes flickered slightly before she replied, “Grandma, we will.”

“Good” Martha nodded in satisfaction “Now, eat. It’ll get cold”

Harrison returned home to Cowley Bay earlier than usual in the

The maid greeted him, “Mr. Spencer, you’re back.”

the evening after finishing his work.

Harrison nodded, removed his leather shoes by the entryway, and handed his neatly pressed suit jacket to the nearby maid. When he walked into the living room, he saw that Martha and Serena were chatting happily

Serena casually looked up and happened to meet his **deep**, dark gaze Their eyes locked for a moment

Finally, Serena was the first to look away, her lashes fluttering **as** she lowered her gaze

Harrison also looked away, his gaze sweeping over the luxury shopping bags scattered across the table and floor

He asked in a low voice, "Didn't I tell you I would bring her back to Spencer Manor to meet **you** in two days? Why did you come by **yourself**?"

Martha shot him a dissatisfied glance. "Well, I can't wait two **days**. I just wanted to meet Serena sooner."

"Sure. As **long** as you're happy," Harrison replied indifferently.

For **course**, I'm happy "

She highly grasped Serena's hands, her affection **evident** as she

Serena's cheeks flushed as she smiled softly.

as she praised Serena generously, "Serena **is a good** girl that, you have good **taste**. You married such a good wife. I'm

Harrison **gazed** at her deeply but remained silent. He sat on a nearby couch with his usual detached **air**

Martha's sharp features moved between them, quietly observing their every move.

After a moment, she asked gently, "Haven't you been together for a long time? Why does it feel like **you're** more distant now that you're married?"

Serena's heart tightened at the words she couldn't help but turn her head and look at Harrison.

Harrison remained calm and ever, lying effortlessly, "Serena **is** shy and easily embarrassed, especially with an elder like you here."

"I see Martha was half-convinced

Accidentally Yours Chapter 20 –

Chapter 20 A Gift in Return

Seeing that Martha was suspicious, Serena quickly seized the opportunity to change the subject

“Harrison, I bought you a scarf, but I’m unsure if you’ll like it.”

As soon as she said this, Martha’s attention was immediately drawn to the topic. She smiled and added, “Serena spent quite a while choosing the **scarf** at the boutique.” Serena stood up and pulled a delicate box from the pile of gifts on the table. She opened the box, holding the silver gray paisley–patterned scarf and offering it to Harrison. His gaze on the scarf, and a glimmer of surprise crossed his eyes.

Seeing no immediate response from him, Serena felt uneasy. She nervously bit her lip and asked, “You don’t like it?!”

As soon as she finished speaking, Harrison looked up, shifting his gaze from the scarf in her **hands** to her face. There **was a** hint of warmth in his smile.

He suddenly stood up, swiftly removed his tie, and ran his fingers along the collar of his shirt, unbuttoning each button. His skin was fair, his collarbones were clearly visible, and his strong chest muscles subtly defined an alluring outline under his shirt. He exuded not just restraint but an irresistible sexual tension.

Serena’s eyes followed his every move, and she involuntarily gulped.

Suddenly, Harrison reached out and gently grasped her **wrist**, pulling her close instantly. He **was a** head taller than her, so his tall, lean body completely cast a shadow over her. In an instant, an indescribable sense of ambiguity filled the air.

“I need to try it on first to know whether I like it or not.” His voice was low and magnetic, each word seemingly carrying a charm that went straight to Serena’s heart.

She swallowed again, her face red as an apple as she stammered, “W–**What?**”

“Help me put on the scarf”

“Oh, okay,” Serena answered softly, her hands trembling slightly as she removed the scarf from the box.

Her movements were a bit awkward, and each time her fingers brushed **against his** warm skin, it felt like a spark igniting. She could feel her fingertips burning with heat.

Harrison’s eyes lowered slightly, staring at her without blinking. His amber pupils were deep and luminous.

At such a close distance, he could clearly see the soft fuzz on her face, shimmering faintly in the gentle light.

Serena couldn't withstand the intensity of his affectionate gaze even though she knew he was just putting on **an** act in front of Martha. Her hands became increasingly flustered, **and** she hastily finished tying the scarf.

"Olan. It's done."

Harrison looked down at the scarf and raised an eyebrow in satisfaction. Then, he reached out and pulled Serena into his arms, his voice full of laughter. "I really like your Serena," he looked up at him. At that moment, she could hear nothing but her heart's loud, rhythmic beat. She murmured, "I'm glad you like it."

Martha felt deeply reassured by watching their sweet exchange, and her earlier suspicions were momentarily set aside. She smiled and said, "Serena really has good taste." Harrison raised his hand **and** brushed a lock of hair from her shoulder, his tone gentle. "Of course. Otherwise, how would she have picked me?"

Serena's eyes were filled with panic, just like her unsteady breathing and racing heartbeat. She lowered her gaze to avoid his eyes, trying hard to calm her turbulent emotions. Martha shot him a disapproving glance and warned him "Take good care of Serena from now on. Don't bully her, or I'll have a word with you."

Later that night, Martha still wouldn't leave after dinner. She pulled Serena into the living room to chat more.

Harrison glanced at the time and softly reminded her, "Grandma, it's getting late. You should go back now," Martha didn't budge.

A mischievous glint flickered in her eyes as she slowly said, "I'm not going back tonight. I'll stay here and spend the night."

Upon hearing this, Harrison and Serena exchanged a glance. They knew exactly what Martha was trying to do—she just wanted to confirm the authenticity of their marriage. "What? Am I not welcome?" She pretended to scold Harrison.

Harrison waved his hand and instructed the maid, "**Go** prepare a room for Grandma."

"Yes, Mr. Spencer."

Having succeeded in her plan, Martha started to **usher** the young couple to their room.

"Alright it's really late now. You two **should** go to your room and rest."

Serena looked at Harrison helplessly. He stood up nonchalantly, pulling her from the couch and wrapping his arm around her slender waist.

“Grandma, we’ll head upstairs to rest now.

Martha waved her hand, saying meaningfully, “Go. Best well.”

Serena nodded her head slightly and said, “Goodnight, Grandma.”

“Goodnight.”

After that, Harrison led Serena upstairs.