

Accidentally Yours Chapter 2

Serena didn't dare to hesitate for even a second. She quickly picked up her clothes from last night and put them on. She then forced her sore and weak legs to move as she slowly walked into the bathroom to freshen up. As she stepped out of the bathroom, her phone rang urgently from inside her handbag. Serena walked back to the side of the bed and pulled her phone out of her bag. Helena's name flashed on the screen. The name felt like a large rock pressing heavily against her chest. Serena took a deep breath and swiped a finger over the answer button, and then she lifted the phone to her ear. Before she could even speak, an enraged, accusatory voice erupted from the other end. "You little brat! Where the hell were you last night? I sent you to negotiate the deal with Mr. Hood, and you actually hit him in the head? Getting bold now, aren't you? "Do you have any idea what will happen from offending Mr. Hood? If you want to die, that's fine. Just don't get me, your uncle, and Linden Group involved." Helena continued with her rant, "Serena, I'm warning you. If you don't apologize to Mr. Hood today and make up for Linden Group's losses, forget about ever getting any of your parents' belongings back." Serena's hand clenched into a tight fist at her side upon hearing those final words. Gritting her teeth, she forced herself to endure and murmured a reply, "Okay, I got it." "You'd better, or you'll be in big trouble!" With that, Helena hung up. Serena gripped her phone tightly and closed her eyes. Her knuckles had turned white from the pressure. After a moment, she composed her emotions and suppressed all the resentment in her eyes. She had to break free from this invisible shackle, and she couldn't let them control her any longer. If she wanted to compete with them and join Linden Group's board of directors, she had to claim the shares her grandfather had left her. But to inherit the shares, she had to abide by her grandfather's will, which was to get married. Marriage... An extremely bold idea suddenly came into her mind. Serena chewed on her lip. She tried to steady her frantic breathing before walking out of the bedroom with a calm facade. But the moment she came face-to-face with Harrison, all her mental preparation was all for nothing. Harrison sat in the middle of the living room couch with his legs crossed. His casualness carried an invisible sense of pressure. His right hand rested lightly on his knee while his left hand held a slowly burning cigar. Wisps of smoke curled in the air. He remained silent. Yet in his own unique way, everything around him faded into the background. The entire world seemed to tremble with each breath he took. "M-Mr. Spencer..." Serena's voice quivered the moment she spoke. Harrison seemed a little impatient from all the

waiting. A thin stream of smoke escaped his lips as his deep, knowing eyes locked onto her through the swirling haze. His gaze sent a chill down Serena's spine. Just as she was at a loss for what to do, he suddenly said, "Sit." It was just a single, brief word, yet it carried an undeniable authority. Serena pressed her lips together and braced herself to walk over to the single-seater couch beside Harrison. She sat down stiffly and uneasily. The thick scent of tobacco that lingered in the air made her visibly uncomfortable. Serena couldn't hold it in and coughed softly. Harrison glanced at her indifferently. He then calmly pressed the burning cigar into the ashtray. The ember was quickly extinguished. His tone was serious as he said, "I was the one who preyed on the situation last night. If you want any compensation, just name it." Hearing this, Serena slowly clenched her hands that had been resting on her knees. She gripped the hem of her skirt tightly. "I..." She hesitated, her nervousness evident. Harrison didn't rush her and waited for her to state her terms. Serena kept her head lowered, unable to meet his gaze. The loose strands of hair at her temples fell just enough to conceal the shyness and inner struggle in her eyes. After a brief silence, she gathered her courage and voiced her thoughts, "I want to get married." The moment the words left her mouth, Harrison's gaze suddenly turned cold. The air in the room seemed to freeze, and the atmosphere grew suffocating. But Serena couldn't afford to care anymore. She simply went all in. She looked up and met Harrison's sharp, hawk-like gaze. "The compensation I want is for you to marry me." As soon as the words left her lips, Harrison let out a deep, cold laugh. "So, you're latching onto me now?" His tone carried a hint of mockery, and there was a trace of scrutiny in his gaze. Serena swallowed nervously, and her palms began to sweat. Her grip on her dress tightened slightly. "You were the one who said I could ask for any compensation," she mumbled. "The compensation I'm talking about is anything except marriage." Harrison's tone grew noticeably colder. Serena's heart sank at his words, and the courage she had painstakingly mustered just moments ago dwindled by half. She lowered her head again and murmured, "But right now, I don't want anything other than marriage as compensation." Harrison pressed his lips together. He silently studied the woman in front of him with his dark gaze as though he was trying to see through her and uncover the true intentions behind her actions.