

## Accidentally Yours Chapter 3

It wasn't long before a sudden ringtone shattered the silence in the room. Harrison shifted his gaze away from Serena and unhurriedly reached into the inner pocket of his suit jacket to retrieve his phone. He glanced at the caller ID and saw that the call was from Spencer Manor. The anxious voice of the housekeeper, Lewis Lawson, came through as soon as he answered. "Mr. Spencer, Mrs. Spencer Senior developed a sudden chest pain. You need to return to the manor right away." Harrison's expression changed slightly at that, but he said nothing and merely responded in a calm manner, "Alright." After ending the call, he slipped his phone back into his suit's inner pocket and slowly stood up. He said, "I have something else to take care of right now. We'll talk about this later." Harrison then left the room without any hesitation. All of Serena's courage drained away the moment the door closed. She deflated like a punctured balloon. Although she had expected this outcome, she couldn't help but feel somewhat disappointed. It seemed she would have to come up with another plan. ... As soon as Lewis saw Harrison return to Spencer Manor, he rushed upstairs to report to Martha Watson. "Mrs. Spencer Senior, Mr. Spencer is back." Martha immediately rose from her carved rocking chair upon hearing this and swiftly lay back down on the bed. She pressed a hand to her chest and put on the act of someone suffering from excruciating pain. "Oh dear, the pain is killing me!" she moaned dramatically. She even coughed a few times for added effect. "Lewis, is Harry back yet? I don't think I can hold on for much longer..." Before Martha could finish, Harrison strolled into the room at a measured pace. He expressionlessly exposed her act and said, "Drop the act. I know you're not sick." Martha was momentarily speechless, feeling a bit embarrassed to have her lie exposed. In the end, she couldn't be bothered to keep up the charade. "You little brat. Do I have to be in some kind of trouble before you'll finally come back?" Martha asked. Harrison's lips parted slightly, and he was about to respond. But before he could say a word, Martha said first, "Don't give me the excuse about being busy at work to brush me off. No matter how busy you are, you can't be so swamped that you don't even have the time to visit your grandmother, can you?" Harrison couldn't argue with that. He walked over to the armchair beside the bed in silence and sat down. There was an air of rebellious defiance about him when he said, "Just tell me, why did you call me back?" With the help of a maid standing nearby, Martha sat up and leaned back against the headboard. She got straight to the point. "I called you back because I wanted to ask—when are you going to bring me a granddaughter-in-law?" Harrison's expression

immediately turned icy at her words, displeasure apparent in his frown. He said, "You don't need to worry about that. I have my own plans." Hearing this, Martha grew even more anxious. "How can I not worry? Just look at you. You're almost 30 years old, yet you've never been in a relationship, let alone found a wife. "Your nephew, who's three years younger than you, is already discussing marriage with his girlfriend. And you? Nothing! How can I not be worried? Just thinking about your future keeps me up at night!" Harrison acted as though he didn't hear a word of her nagging. Not only did he not care at all, but he even countered, "That's your problem. I'm not in a hurry anyway." "You little brat!" Martha was so exasperated just looking at him that she nearly grabbed a pillow next to her to throw at him. Suddenly, a thought occurred to her. Her gaze slowly dropped from Harrison's face downward, and her expression grew complex. "Harry, be honest with me. Are you... having issues in that department?" Martha asked cautiously as if testing the waters and seemingly expressing concern. Harrison merely stared at her in silence. Martha grew even more restless after seeing him like that. She immediately waved her hand and instructed, "Lewis, quickly! Go get Dr. Holloway and have him run a full medical check-up on Harrison!" "Of course, Mrs. Spencer Senior," Lewis responded swiftly and was about to turn around to leave. "Stop right there!" Harrison's expression darkened, and his voice was laced with barely restrained anger. "There's nothing wrong with me. I don't need a check-up." Martha didn't seem convinced and earnestly tried to persuade him, saying, "Harry, if there really is a problem in that department, don't be embarrassed to talk about it. The sooner we start treatment, the better you'll definitely get." Harrison's expression turned even stormier. "There's really nothing wrong with me." "Really?" Martha asked. Seeing her distrust, Harrison clenched his teeth and forced the words out one by one through gritted teeth, "I. Am. Really. Fine!" Martha finally let out a sigh of relief after reconfirming. She pressed on again, "Since there's no problem, then hurry up and bring me a granddaughter-in-law!" Harrison's face remained icy as he refused to respond. He used his silence to express his resistance to the matter. Martha suddenly had an idea when she saw he wasn't budging. The only option left was to play the trump card.