

Accidentally Yours Chapter 31 –

Chapter 31 Never Crossing the Line

The following day, Serena woke up and found herself in Hamison's arms once more.

Did she sleepwalk again last night?

Maybe i was because the hadn't fully adjusted to the new environment, causing her sleepwalking episodes to occur more frequently. It seemed she needed to adapt quickly to avoid disturbing him every time

She slowly lifted her head, her soft gaze falling on his sharply defined features, which were as perfectly sculpted as a work of art. He was **so** stunning that it was hard to look away.

Without thinking, she raised her slender finger and traced along his handsome face while he was still asleep

A man like Harrison really made it hard not to fall for him

Just as her finger was about to touch his eyebrows lightly, the words she had told herself the day before suddenly echoed in her **ears**, to that instant, her hand froze in mid-air

Although the distance between her finger and his striking features was mere inches, it felt like they were separated by mountains and rivers—impossibly far away

She regained her composure and quickly withdrew her **hand**.

However, a warm, large hand grabbed her wrist the next moment.

Harrison slowly opened his eyes, his voice low and hoarse as he said, "Mrs. Spencer, whatever you want to do, just do it boldly. There's no need to be **so** sneaky"

Serena's face flushed with embarrassment, **and** her words became flustered. "L. I don't want to do anything. I just want to get up."

She pulled her wrist free from his **grasp** **and** quickly sat up, deliberately creating a slight distance between them.

"Don't worry, Mr. Spencer. I'll always remember our relationship and never cross any boundaries."

Harrison raised an eyebrow, then sat up, **his** gaze deep as he looked at her with a teasing smile. "Our relationship? What do you think our relationship is?"

"We're in a mutually beneficial contractual **marriage**, Serena replied decisively without hesitation

His expression darkened slightly as soon as she finished her sentence, and his fists clenched involuntarily. For some **reason**, hearing her say this made him uncomfortable, even

But Serena paid no attention to his emotions and continued, "I'll go wash up now. I have to go to Linden Group later."

She then lifted the covers, got out of bed, and headed toward the bathroom.

In the dining room downstairs, the two of them sat quietly at the breakfast table, the air filled with an inexplicable and **awkward** tension.

Serena occasionally glanced at Harrison, trying to gauge his mood. He seemed a bit upset. Why was **that**? She **hadn't done** anything to provoke him, had she?

Her bowl of warm oatmeal was almost empty, and Serena picked up a napkin to gently wipe her mouth.

Then, she said softly, "I'm done eating. I'll head **out** first"

As she stood up, Harrison's cold and firm voice interrupted her, "Don't forget about the family dinner tonight. Be sure to come back early to change your clothes."

The door quietly closed behind her, and Serena's figure gradually disappeared from view. Soon after, Harrison also stood up **and** left the table, his steps slightly heavier than usual.

Holly, observing them from the side, was filled with **confusion**. Everything had been fine last night, so why were they so distant this morning?

After leaving the villa at Cowley Bay, Serena returned to work at Linden Group as usual

However, upon arriving at her department, she found her workstation piled high with clutter, and the people around her were looking at her with curious, knowing glances.

She took a deep breath **and** calmly asked, "Who did that?"

After a moment, Serena repeated, "Who did this?"

"It was me" Naomi walked out of her office, her face full of arrogant defiance.

"Serene, you're fired. From now on, you'll no longer be an employee of Linden Group. Pack your things and **leave** immediately"

Serena scoffed, her voice sharp as she retorted, "You're firing me? What makes you think you have the right to do that?"

"In the project immuner, your daughter superior. Do you think I don't have the right to fire her?" she replied, her words biting

The Fastute project is mine. I've brought profits to Linden Group. Based on that alone, you **have** no reason to fire me." Serena stood her **ground**, meeting Naomi's cold, haughty

Nazani surrendered, her eyes full of contempt, "My dad now controls Linden Group. I can fire you with just one word. Even if you're dissatisfied, you'll have to swallow it."

Serena clenched her fists, her voice laced with anger. "You're abusing your power for personal revenge."

"And what if Larsi?" Navel stepped closer, her tone condescending. "Weren't you quite arrogant yesterday? Didn't you have people teach me and my **mother** a lesson? "deretu, daughter you're so capable, why don't you have that old man take care of your father or the test of your life? What are you doing at **Linden** Group? Women like you, with nothing but looks, are only good for sleeping around."

Serena couldn't hold back any longer. Without hesitation, she slapped across the face in front of everyone.

Haveni was caught off guard, her eyes flashing with shock

The people around them were stunned, their minds racing with questions.

Accidentally Yours Chapter 32 –

Chapter 32 Never Crossing the Line

How had the usually weak and easily bullied Serena suddenly become so bold? She actually fought back

speaking. Serena slapped her again

yesterday that

didn't tolerate this anymore You asked for it

she bit back with anger as she ground her teeth. "Serena, you-

betece she could trich, Serena suddenly grabbed a handful of her hair, her usually gentle eyes gleaming with an unprecedented sharpness. "Lecan tolerate a lot, but that doesn't

Le temper Keep your mouth clean from now on, or slap you whenever I see you."

rich thur, Serena let go of Nam, watching as she staggered back a few steps

peninghilly. Then, she picked up her handbag and left, walking with an air of composure.

Noni glared at Serena's recreating tipine, a cold, vergetul look lashing in her eyes. "High ! Serena, we'll see who wins in the end!" she muttered

on an Serena stepped out of Linden op her phone rang she took it out of her bag and saw an unknown number flashing on the screen.

She wend the call, and a calm, middle-aged man's voice came through "Ms. Linden, regarding the matter you entrusted me with, there are some leads now. Let's meet at the

ended the call politely. She turned back, her eyes resting again on the tall building of Linden Group. Then, a faint, meaningful smile tugged at the corner of her

abg her to return.

Serena ved promptly at the designated location and found Taylor Horton seated at a table. He was sining by an old wooden table, sapping coffee. He seemed to have been

ney and anticipation. "What did you find?"

clope from his bristease and pushed it toward her.

does regarding Cole Hall. According to my investigation, Colle was at the hospital half an hour before your **grandfather** passed away. But after that, he hopped it took some effort to obtain the hospital's surveillance footage.

drugged and taken away by someone. However, the footage only **shows** the person's back. Take a look and see if you recognize anything" pellamor video began to **play**.

Serena stared at their gate on the screen for a long time but couldn't determine who it was. She shook her head, and there was a trace of disappointment in her voice. "I've

The words

Hr

moment, then said cautiously, "Ms. Unden, although we **don't** have concrete evidence yet, I believe your grandfather's death may not have been as simple as

her heart skip a beat, and her brown furrowed with deep concern. "You mean someone could have caused my grandfather's death?"

ntarily. Though she clearly had a suspicion, she didn't want to believe it fully. After all, they were family. How could they

dry. "This is just my personal theory. I don't have evidence to prove that your grandfather's death was linked to your uncle's family but don't worry. Since **you've** isomely to investigate, I'll do everything possible to find the evidence."

intertwined, her thoughts in turmoil.

loca. "That your uncle's family is indeed highly suspicious. I found something about your uncle_"

"He's not your grandtucher"

logical son.

to believe it. "That's impossible."

other sealed envelope from his briefcase and handed it to her.

"This is the detailed record of when your grandfather adopted your uncle. It shows that your uncle was an orphan. He grew up in an orphanage and was only adopted by your grandfather when he was ten years old."

Seniman's eyes scanned the yellowed papers, and the suspicion in her heart gradually turned into certainty

She let out a bitter laugh filled with anger and sorrow "So, they're the ingrates. "

you immediately if I find any **new** leads."

Sereia nodded. "18 tender 200 thousand does to your account asyment for this investigation.

Thank you, Mi Linden:

Before loving, Telor seed to remember something. He lowered his voice **and** added, "By the way, Ms. Linden, there seems to be another force investigating your parents' **car**

Tar shook his head helplessly

Seoma persed her lips, tenger of worry her heart. "Alright understand

"Alright." Serm watched any with mixed emotions

for You

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Chapter **33** I'm Here for You

Stepping out of the coffee shop, the bright sunlight gently fell on Serena's **shoulders**. S he raised her hand to shield her **eyes**, but the dazzling sun **did** not affect the weight of her thoughts.

She bought a few bouquets and drove to the cemetery to pay respects to her beloved grandfather and her parents, whom she would always cherish. Standing before their tombstones and staring at the photos embedded in the stone, tears began to fall without her realizing it.

"Grandpa, Mom, Dad, I miss you so much." Her soft voice trembled as she expressed her longing

"Mom, I'm sorry. It's my fault they sold the two pieces of jewelry you loved. Don't worry. I'll do everything possible to regain and take good care of them.

"Grandpa, Dad, don't worry. I've grown up now I'll protect the family business you worked so hard to build and won't let it fall into the hands of others. I've made it through all these years. I'll keep being strong and work hard to live a happy life."

Serena stood there alone, speaking to herself. Each word was filled with hopes for the future and nostalgia.

Once she had said everything in her heart, she quietly stayed there with them.

Over an hour later, she left the cemetery.

When Serena returned to Cowley Bay, it was already past **5:00** pm.

Thinking of the family dinner that evening, she didn't waste a moment rushing to her bedroom to shower and do her **makeup**. After showering, she entered her walk-in closet and chose a pure white evening gown.

lover, adding a touch of elegance

The evening gown was made of delicate brocade, with a soft water-blue leaf pattern embroidered throughout. Round pearls were sewn all over, and the gown featured a high slit design, and as she moved, her long, slender legs were subtly revealed. It was modest and alluring at the same time. Her already delicate features only needed light makeup to highlight her natural beauty. Her long, curly hair was loosely pinned, fixed in place by a white crystal hairpin. This style preserved her feminine grace and added an air of refinement.

The words "gentle and dignified" were perfectly embodied in her appearance.

Serena unconsciously looked up, and she met Harrison's gaze through his reflection in the mirror. He was standing quietly at the closet door. He stood there without a sound, his eyes gentle and deep as he quietly watched her.

She had no idea how long he had been standing there.

Serena composed herself, stood up from the vanity chair, and slowly turned to face him. "Mr. Spencer, is this outfit acceptable?"

Harrison placed his hands in his pockets, his eyes scanning her from head to toe. A flash of awe appeared in his gaze. He nodded slightly and then took long strides toward her, asking "Where's the diamond ring I gave you last time?"

Serena turned, walking to the drawer and pulling out the small velvet box.

"It's right here."

Harrison took the box and opened the lid. The dazzling diamond ring glinted under the light. He took her left hand and slowly slid the ring onto her ring finger.

The gesture made Serena's heart race like a thousand butterflies were fluttering inside her chest.

After placing the ring on her finger, Harrison lifted his gaze to meet hers, his eyes locking onto her bright, **captivating** ones. "When we arrive at Spencer Manor, don't be afraid. I'm here for you."

For a brief moment, Serena caught a glimpse of the tenderness that inadvertently showed through his usually distant eyes. This time, **she** was sure she hadn't imagined it. She nodded, reassuring **him**, "Don't worry. I'll make sure to behave."

Harrison gave a faint smile, then casually picked up a cream **colored** shawl from the nearby rack **and** gently draped it over her shoulders.

As he **adjusted** her hair, he **said** again, "it's getting late. We should leave,"

His warm breath brushed across her ear **as** she **stood** close to him, making it flush with heat.

Serena's heart skipped a beat. She steadied her breath and heartbeat before nodding in response.

Noticing her flushed cheeks, Harrison couldn't help but curve his lips into a silent smile, though it went without her notice.

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Chapter 34 A Tough Battle

On the way to Spencer Manor, Serena found herself lost in thought.

She had heard from Martha about the internal dynamics of the Spencer family. Harrison's great-grandfather had three wives, each giving birth to a **son**. Harrison's grandfather, Albert, was the legitimate wife's child, but he was the second-born.

Among Albert's brothers, his elder brother was from the second wife while his younger brother was from the third wife. Since Albert's mother was the principal **wife**, Harrison and his father were part of the direct lineage.

For years, the three branches of the family had engaged in both open and covert power struggles. Yet the position of the family head had always remained within the direct bloodline.

Originally, Harrison's father was meant to inherit the Spencer family after Albert. However, fate had other plans, and he **passed** away in a car accident 19 **years** ago.

To protect the family's legacy and prevent it from falling into the hands of the ever-ambitious side branches, Albert devoted everything to shielding the young Harrison, ensuring he grew up safely and healthily.

When Harrison turned **13**, Albert succumbed to less. At the time, Martha was also bedridden due to her own health issues, and power fell into the hands of Harrison's third uncle, Owen

Harrison's eldest uncle, Yardley, had initially wanted to fight for control as well. However, he had been poisoned and had only months left to live. His son, Harold, was close friends with Harrison and was deeply engrossed in scientific research. He had no interest in power struggles.

Later, Harrison went abroad, where he lay low in the shadows while steadily expanding his power.

Three years later, upon his return, the first thing he did was seize control at Spencer Corporation with an iron fist, wresting power back from Owen and securing his place as the head of the Spencer family

Because of this, Owen never accepted his defeat. His daughter, Evelyn, and his son, Lucas, were equally resentful and harbored clear ambitions of their own. Although they appeared submissive on the surface, they had never stopped scheming in the dark. It seemed that tonight would be a fierce battle.

As the car drew closer to the Spencer Manor, Serena's nerves tightened.

Seated on the other side of the back seat, Harrison had his eyes closed in rest.

Suddenly, he said in a **calm** voice, 'There's no need to be nervous. I'm here.'

Serena was startled by his **sudden** words. She turned to look at him, only to find that he had **not** even opened his eyes. Her **gaze** filled with curiosity.

"You didn't even open your eyes. How could you tell I was nervous?"

"Your Breathing is unsteady."

Harrison slowly lifted **his** eyelids, his deep **eyes** seeing straight through her.

Serena instinctively swallowed. It seemed impossible to hide anything from him. **Indeed**, she had always been completely transparent before Harrison. Every thought of hers was laid bare under his gaze.

Seeing how tense she was, his voice softened.

"Just remember, you're my wife. You're the lady of the Spencer family. No matter who tries to upset you, you have every right to fight back. I'll protect you," he said.

Serena slowly lifted her gaze, meeting his eyes. There was an uncertain glimmer in hers. “Really? Lean do that?” she whispered, almost hesitantly

“You can. As long as you don’t suffer, Harrison affirmed.

His words sent a tremor through Serena’s heart. For years, no matter what grievances s he endured, she swallowed them just to secure a fragile foothold in that emotionally cold bome.

At this moment, he was reassuring her that as long as she did not suffer, he would prote ct her. These words seemed to make the walls around her crumble bit by bit.

Her eyes welled up with tears as emotions rippled through her chest

Before long, the car came to a smooth stop in front of Spencer Manor

Inside the living room of Spencer Manor, Evelyn was lounging gracefully in a handerate d wooden armchair, A two-toned Ragdoll eat nestled in her arms, its every movement **Exuding** arrogalice

“Grandma, I heard Harrison recently got married. Which helms did he marry?”

Suning nearby, Lucas appeared relaxed with one leg crossed over the other, a mocking smile playing on his lips.

“I thought Harrison was with the daughter of the Quinn family. What happened? Did she dump him?’ His tone dripped with sarcain.

A sharp gleam flickered through Evelyn’s eyes **as** if she were calculating something. Then, she volunteered, “If you ask me, instead of givin g **an outsider** the advantage, why not keep things within the family! My husband’s niec e is a good match. She’s well-mannered and obedient ”

Martha, **of course**, Now through their schemes.

She **chuckled** lightly and did the suggestion outright. No need. The granddaughter-in-law **Harry** chose for me is just perfect. I’m very satisfied with her.” The rejection darkene d Evelyn’s expression. She turned and exchanged a glance with Lucas.

Catching her com, Laces spoke up, “Ola, Grandina, that doran’t sound right. If we’re talk ing about the future lady of the Spencer Lally, shouldn’t it be someone of equal **standing**! He continued, “I’ve met my brother-In-Law’s niece. She’s quite nice. Orandina, why not take this opportunity **to** introduce her t o **Harrison**?”

Martha let out a cold start. “Your brother—in-law married to our faintly. How **exactly** does nece quality as an equal match to the Spencer family? Upon hearing that, Evelyn’s expression darkened even further, **and** the man beside her, Wesley Hawthorne, lowered his head in embarrassment. Martha’s sharp gaze swept over them, carrying a clear warning “Know your place. You’re in no position to be commenting on the affairs of the family head.” Evelyn and Lucas fell silent at once.

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Chapter 35 Not Easy To Deal With

“**Aunt** Martha, you shouldn’t put it that way. They’re just concerned about Harrison as his older cousins”

At the moment, Owen, who was seated at the front, spoke in a leisurely manner.

“**Besides**, Harrison is now the head of the Spencer family, bearing the responsibility for the rise and fall of our family on his shoulders. How can his marriage be treated lightly?”

As soon as he finished speaking, a deep, cold **male** voice cut through the air, carrying undeniable authority. “My affairs are none of your concern, **Uncle** Owen.”

The moment these words fell, everyone in the room honed toward the source of the mic.

Harrison walked in with Serena held close to his side. The two entered the dining room with a steady and composed pace.

Serena leaned against him. Though she had felt a bit nervous at first, she showed no hesitation at the moment. However, when her gaze inadvertently swept across the Ragdoll cat in Evelyn’s arms, a deep-rooted fear stirred in her heart.

She instinctively tightened her grip on the handbag in her hands, her fingertips turning slightly pale

Harrison immediately noticed something was wrong. He gently patted her waist in silent reassurance.

Serena took a deep breath, doing her best to maintain a calm exterior. She lifted a perfectly measured smile and greeted everyone in the room.

The moment Martha saw Serena, all traces of displeasure vanished from her face, replaced by warmth and delight. She beamed and waved to her lovingly, her voice overflowing with affection. “Serena, come here. Sit with me.”

Harrison led Serena toward Martha as if no one were present. They made their way to the seat of honor, where he sat down

Serena greeted politely, "Grandma."

"Ah, such a good girl" **Martha** responded happily, her fondness for Serena obvious.

The eyes of everyone in the room turned to Serena, examining her closely

The cheerful atmosphere was soon disrupted when Owen suddenly asked, "Harrison, is this the wife you just married?"

Harrison firmly held Serena's hand and, under everyone's watchful eyes, made a solemn declaration, "Serena is my **lawful** wife and the rightful lady of the Spencer family" As soon as these words were told, glances were exchanged throughout the room.

Owen, however, remained as arrogant as ever. His words were laced with ridicule. "Where

did this wild girl come from? With such an insignificant background, she dares to dream of becoming the lady of the Spencer family?

and

"Owen, that's enough!" Martha could no longer suppress the anger brewing inside her and rebuked him harshly. "Serena is my acknowledged granddaughter-in-law and Harry's rightful wife. Anyone dares **to say** another word, I'll have them thrown out immediately,"

Owen was not someone who backed down easily. He showed no regard for Martha's warning

Aunt Martha, our Spencer family is a prestigious household with a century-old legacy. Since Harrison is now the **head** of the family, his wife must be someone worthy of our

Evelyn, stroking the cat in her arms, , echoed her father's words, "That's right, Grandma. My father is absolutely correct. Marriage partners must be well-matched in terms of family background"

"Harrison, I'm not trying to criticize you, but even if things didn't work out with Ms. Quinn, you shouldn't lower your standards by bringing an unsuitable woman into the family,

Lucas deliberately mentioned Ms. Quinn, clearly trying to create a rift between the couple

Hearing this, Serena glanced at Harrison out of the corner of her eye, a silent bitterness rising in her heart.

So, there was someone beloved. No wonder he had been reluctant to marry her at first. In that case, **why** did he agree to it in the end?

Was the one-year agreement simply to appease Martha, or was there another reason!

Martha **was** about **to** speak up in anger, but Serena gently placed **her** hand over Martha's, giving **her** a reassuring look.

"It's true the Linden family isn't a prestigious household. We're nothing compared to the Spencer family. However, unlike Harry's uncle, Harry didn't have to rely on his wife's family to **barely** secure **his** position as the head of the Spencer family"

Her **words**, veiled in sarcasm, made Owen's expression turn visibly grim.

"Aller Harry's grandfather **passed** away, you led the Spencer family for three years. Yet during those years, you failed to bring **any** irreplaceable value to the family or Spencer Corporation. This proves that your abilities are quite limited,"

Sema remained composed, her voice soft and gentle. **However**, every word struck precisely where it hurt

"Harry pre you three years, yet you still couldn't hold **onto** the family **beat's** position. Now that he's the one in power, he **has** the right to choose his own wife. I believe it's best if you retrain your drinking"

Harrison sat quietly beside her, watching her with satisfaction. He had deliberately trained her silent, wanting to see how she would handle this situation. Would she endure it, or

would she start to bark!

She had proven his instincts correct, but Harrison looked at her with appreciation and **approval**.

On the other hand, then was **livid**. His face alternated between pale and flushed **as** anger brewed within him

Evelyn could not stand watching it unfold, but with Harrison present, she had no choice but **to** restrain her **usual** arrogance. She disapproved and muttered in disapproval.

"Serena, no matter what, my father is still your elder. Don't you think your words are all out of line?"

She barely managed to put on an expression of

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Chapter 36 In The Spirit of the Agreement

Serena bit her gaze slightly, her gentle yet meaningful gaze sweeping over Evelyn. "As an elder, if one wishes to **earn** the respect of the younger generation, one must first behave like an elder."

Her expression remained calm, and her tone was gentle as she responded "Evelyn, do you agree?"

Evelyn let out a short laugh, both amused and frustrated.

At that moment, Lucas **could** no longer sit still. He immediately cut in, his words carrying a hint of reproach, "Harrison, look at the wife you married. She doesn't even understand the basic principles of respect and hierarchy."

Harrison's gaze humed sharp and cold in an instant. His deep voice canted an indelible authority. "She's my wife. She doesn't need to adhere to hierarchy."

Lucas was stunned by his glare. Though resentment burned inside him, he could only suppress it. He dared not speak another word.

Serena turned to look at Owen, offering a warm smile as **she** said in a soothing voice, "I tend to speak frankly, hope you won't take offense."

Owen's lips twitched slightly. His expression darkened, his gaze turning cold and grim. With anger lacing his voice, he gritted out his words through clenched teeth, "Very well. Harrison, you've truly married a "good" wife."

plied wit

Harrison curled his lips into a faint smile and replied with complete seriousness, "Thank you for the compliment, Uncle Owen"

Upon hearing this, Owen became even more hostile. The atmosphere in the room grew subtly tense and complicated.

Serena sighed inwardly. The people of the Spencer family were truly not easy to deal with.

Suddenly, Harrison gently squeezed her palm. In a voice only she could hear, he said, "Well done."

Serena tilted her head slightly **and** met his gaze. Using the same low volume, **she** replied, "It's in the spirit of the agreement."

The moment those words left her lips, Harrison's expression darkened.

Serena quietly withdrew her hand from his **grasp** and deliberately turned away from him. She faced Martha, presenting her back to Harrison,

At that moment, Marcus arrived with his girlfriend, Lydia Remington, and his younger sister, Lilian. As soon **as** they entered the room, Marcus guided them in greeting the elders one by one with polite respect

As his gaze swept across the room, Marcus **suddenly** noticed the woman seated between Martha and Harrison. "Great—
Grandma Martha, who's this lady beside you? His voice carried a hint of curiosity and reverence

"Oh, this is your Uncle Harrison's wife, Serena **Linden**, Martha introduced with a warm smile.

Hearing her introduction, Marcus was momentarily stunned. He discreetly studied his new aunt, a flicker of **intrigue** flashing within them.

No wonder the always cold and ascetic Harrison had suddenly decided **to** marry. It turned **out** that his wife was incredibly beautiful.

It seemed that even Harrison was not as unattainable as he appeared.

The moment Lydia heard the name, her smile froze. "Serma?"

Serena had already noticed her the moment she walked **in**.

The instant their eyes met, the warmth in Serena's expression vanished, replaced by a cold glint filled with unresolved hatred. There was clearly an unspoken past between them. Harrison noticed Serena's subtle change in demeanor. His large palm rested gently on her waist as if to offer a silent reminder or perhaps comfort.

Martha hesitated slightly before asking in a measured tone, "Do you two know each other?"

Marcus also looked surprised. His gaze shifted back and forth between Lydia **and** Serena

Serena suppressed the emotions in her eyes, her lips curving into an almost imperceptible smirk as she asked playfully, "Do we know each other? Harrison's dark, piercing eyes also settled on Lydia

Lydia clearly panicked under his gaze. Her heartbeat faltered for a moment before she forced a **dry** laugh and quickly shook her head.

“No, we don’t. It’s just that this name sounds very similar to someone I know.”

“Oh, I see,” Marcus said without suspicion

However, Evelyn, who had been sitting quietly, keenly sensed something unusual. A calculating gleam flickered in her eyes, and new thoughts began to form in her mind. Seeing that neither of them elaborated further, Martha chose not to pursue the matter. Instead, she turned her attention to something else.

“Marcus, where’s your father? Why didn’t he come?”

Marcus replied, “My father is tied up with work at the research institute. He really **couldn’t** get away, so he asked me to apologize on his behalf.” Martha waved her hand dismissively. “It’s time we’ll part again when he’s available next time.”

Not long after, Lewis approached and reported in a soft voice, “Mrs. Spencer Sector, the food is ready, and the meal can begin at any time.”

Martha **nodded** and responded, “Very well.”

Soon, everyone stood up and made their way toward the dining

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Under the night sky, the outdoor lounge area was bathed in soft light. A small and intimate cocktail party was taking place

Some guests sipped their wine while others engaged in quiet conversations

Serena was not fond of such gatherings, and after having just clashed with their family, she had no desire to exchange more words with them.

At that moment, all she wanted was to find a quiet place

to interrupt him, she quietly set down her wine glass and slipped

away from the noise. She turned her head slightly and saw that Harrison was occupied with a phone call. Not wanting to away unnoticed

Lydia noticed Serena leaving alone. Her eyes flickered **as** she put down her own glass, ready to follow, just then, Evelyn approached her, gracefully holding her two-toned Ragdoll

Upon seeing her, Lydia immediately greeted her respectfully, "Ms. Spencer."

Evelyn glanced at her **with** an indifferent expression. Her face carried an unspoken chill when she asked, "You **know** Serena?"

A ripple of uneasiness stirred within Lila. Her expression grew somewhat unnatural as she was uncertain whether she should respond. "There's no need to be afraid. Just tell the truth" Evelyn gently stroked the cat's fur, though her voice held a trace of impatience.

"you have a grudge against her?"

Lydia nodded and said. "Back in school, she was always flirting around and even tried to steal the guy I liked, couldn't stand it, so taught her a few lessons,"

Her voice was filled with resentment toward Serena, and she deliberately twisted the truth. "Oh, and she **has a** cousin. When she was living in her uncle's home, she constantly bullied her cousin. She's absolutely wrong. We have no idea what Mr. Spencer sees in her."

Hearing this, Evelyn let out a soft, mocking laugh and said slowly, "A woman like her must have used some bewitching tricks to make Harrison fall for her."

Lydia's face was full of indignation.

"Ms. Spencer, you mustn't let that wretched woman into the Spencer family. If she marries Mr. Spencer, she'll turn all your lives upside down."

Evelyn sighed softly, her gaze revealing a hint of helplessness. "Harrison and I have never been on good terms. Do you think he'd listen to me?" Lydia became anxious

again. "Then what should we do?"

A brief silence followed.

Evelyn lifted her eyes to Lydia and asked in a calm voice, "Is there anything Serena is afraid of?"

Lydia thought for a moment before replying. "I once heard her cousin mention that she's terribly afraid of cats."

Upon hearing this, Evelyn lowered her gaze to the Ragdoll cat in her arms, a knowing smile slowly forming at the corners of her lips. She whispered, "If we can't drive her away then at least we can give her a lesson."

Serena walked into the secluded gazebo in the backyard. As she looked up, she saw a bright full moon hanging high in the night sky.

The shimmer glow cascaded down while the **stars** twinkled. For a brief moment, her mind felt exceptionally clear, and all the frustrations she had been feeling seemed to fade away.

Just as she was enjoying the peace, an eerie noise suddenly shattered the **tranquility**.

The sound carried an unsettling quality. A chill crept up her spine, **and** goosebumps spread across her skin. Her face turned pale as fear gripped her, and she hurriedly stepped out of the bay

However, before she could get far, a furry figure darted out from the darkness and brushed against her ankle,

Seeing that it was a cat, Serena panicked and stumbled backward. Losing her balance in her high heels, she fell straight into the cold waters of the lake.

Flailing in the water, she splashed frantically, her panicked wailing.

"Help I can't win."

Meanwhile, hidden in the shadows, Evelyn and **Lydia** exchanged a triumphant glance.

Evelyn watched Serena struggling in the lake, feeling a rush of satisfaction. She thought to herself, "Serena, how dare you embarrass my father in public? This is the price for

asking, secretly reading in her misfortune "Serena, you think you can marry and have me? Dream on," she thought.

With that, the two of them quickly fled to the shadows.

Just then, a maid passing by the backyard caught sight of the struggling figure in the lake. Her eyes

widened in shock and panic

Meanwhile, Harrison had just finished **his** call. When he turned around, he realized that even he was now to be seen.

His brows furrowed slightly as he prepared to call her. Before he could dial, Marcus approached.

"Uncle Harrison, are **you** looking for Aunt Serena!"

Harrison gave a faint nod and asked in a low voice, "Did you see where she went?"

Matrin erplini, "I just saw her heading toward the backyard"

Hearing this, Harrison was about to leave the party to look for her. However, before he could take a step, a maid **rushed** over in a panic. "Mr. Spencer, something terrible **has**

happened Mrs. Spencer has fallen into the Lake!

The moment he heard this, Harrison's expression turned grim, Without hesitation, he strode toward the backyard with long, urgent steps. Mars, who had overheard, quickly set down his wine glass and followed closely behind

Accidentally Yours Chapter 38 –

Chapter 38 Rescued From The Water

By the time Harrison arrived in the backyard, a few maids had already pulled Serena out of the lake. Her entire body was drenched, and she was trembling uncontrollably. She let out weak, labored coughs

A tight knot formed in Harrison's chest as a fleeting trace of undisguised concern flashed in his eyes

without hesitation, he removed his tailored suit jacket, crouched down, and draped it over Serena's shoulders. His eyes carefully examined her from head to toe.

"Are you hurt anywhere?" His voice was filled with concern.

Serena had swallowed some water, and her reddened eyes made her delicate features look even more fragile and helpless. In a faint voice, she replied, "I think. I twisted my ankle.

Without hesitation, Harrison lifted her into his arms **and** carried her toward the living room.

As they passed through the corridor, Marcus had just caught up

Noticing the grim expression on Harrison's face, he quickly stepped aside and asked cautiously, "Uncle Harrison, is Aunt Serena alright?"—

Harrison did not even spare him a glance as **he carried** Serena straight past

Marcus wisely refrained from pressing further. He could tell that at this moment, Harrison was very angry.

Martha had already heard from the maids about Serena falling into the lake. She stood anxiously in the living room, waiting for them. The moment she saw Harrison carrying Serena **inside**, she hurried forward, filled with worry.

"Serena, are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Serena managed a faint smile; her voice soft and reassuring as she said, "Grandma, I'm fine. Please don't worry."

Hearing **her** response, Martha finally let out a breath of relief.

"As long as you're not injured."

"Lewis." Harrison's voice rang out abruptly.

Lewis immediately responded, "Mr. Spencer."

"No one is allowed to leave."

Harrison's tone was cold and commanding "Keep a close watch on everyone here. Until this matter is fully investigated, no one

Lewis obeyed without hesitation. "Understood, Mr. Spencer."

"Aho, bring Dr. Holloway here"

"Yes, **sir**."

After giving the orders, Harrison turned to Martha, his tone softening slightly "Grandma, I'll take Serena upstairs first"

Martha nodded in agreement "Go quickly and have her change out of those wet **clothes**, or she'll catch a cold."

"Alright"

Harrison adjusted his hold on Serena, securing her more tightly in his arms. He strode upstairs without delay

He carried Serena into the ensuite bathroom and gently placed her on the countertop. He crouched down, holding her left foot into his hands. Seeing the faint swelling around her ankle, a trace of distress flickered in his eyes.

“You hurt your foot Can you manage on your own?!”

Serena nodded. “I can.”

Harrison stood **up**, **his** arms wrapping around her **waist** as he carefully lifted her off the counter and placed her on the floor

“Be careful. I’ll be just outside. Call me **if** you need anything.”

“Alright”

Without another word, Harrison turned and left, closing the bathroom door behind him

As soon as he was gone, Seres quickly undressed, gripping the wall for support as she carefully moved under the shower. The moment the warm water cascaded down, the chill that had seeped into her bones finally began to dissipate.

A few minutes later, a series of knocks sounded from outside the bedroom door. Harrison planerd toward the bathroom before striding toward the room door.

When he opened the dour, Lewis’ figure appeared.

“Mi Spencer, Dr. Holloway has arrived”

Damien Holloway greeted respectfully, “Mr. Spences.”

Harrison pave a slight nod and said **in a** steady voice, “**She’s** still in the shower. **Walt h ere** for a moment.”

Damien replied, “Lundenstand ”

Lewis **then** spoke up to report, “Mr. Spencer, there are no surveillance cameras in the **backyard**, but I did flad two people who seemed suspicious.”

As he spoke, he skillfully operated the tablet in his hands and pulled up footage from the outdoor loungearen

“Ms. Evelyn and Mr. **Marcus**’ Hancée, Lydia, were both missing for **a** period of time. Th at gap coincides exactly with the time when Mrs. Spencer fell into the lake Harrison’s narrow eyes darkened slightly, a dangerous glint flashing in their.

I be best to heat fr

from Mrs. Spencer first”

Lewis remained radious. “Mr. Spencer, we can’t jump to conclusions just yet. It’d be I “Lunderstand,”

A moment later, a **soft** and somewhat **anxious** voice care from inside the room. “Mr. Spencer”

Accidentally Yours Chapter 39 –

Chapter 39 Rescued From The Water

Hearing her call Harrison immediately turned and **walked** swiftly toward the bathroom

“What is g

From the narrow gap in the bathroom door, Serena perked out, her face flushed with embarrassment. Her voice was barely a mynichtwe? And also

“And also what?” he asked gently.

She hesitated before lowering her voice even more. “My... undergarments.”

A flicker of awkwardness passed through Harrison’s expression. He cleared his throat lightly before responding, “Wait here.”

Soon, he returned with the requested clothing

“T–Thank you.”

Serena quickly took the items from him and shut the door, hastily changing into her nightwear.

above a whisper. “Mr. **St**

“Mr. Spencer, could you bring me

When she finally emerged, Harrison stood quietly outside the door, his gaze landing on t he droplets of water still clinging to her damp hair Without a word, he stepped forward a nd effortlessly lifted her into his arms before placing her on the towel– covered vanity counter.

Serena was startled “W–What are you doing?”

“Your her is still wet”

As he spoke, Harrison retrieved a hair dryer from the cabinet.

Seeing this, Serena quickly protested. "I can do it myself"

She reached out to take the hair dryer from his hand, but he effortlessly avoided her grasp, leaving her empty-handed.

"Don't move. Sit still." His voice carried a firm command that left no room for refusal.

Faced with his insistence, Serena had no choice but to obey

banj the hairdryer and tested the temperature with his **hand** before gently moving it toward Serena's damp hair.

named cold, and there was a faint trace of displeasure between his brows. However, his actions were surprisingly gentle. His tall and imposing figure stood like a

enveloping her pet:

lingering in the air was the fragrance of her shampoo carried by the warm air and his signature fresh mint scent.

peut quickened, sending ripples through her chest, she lifted her gaze cautiously, stealing a glance at him. Perhaps he did **care** about her,

Harrison's hands paused momentarily. His eyelids lowered slightly, and their eyes met.

would Serena's heart. She quickly lowered her head, avoiding his gaze.

if he continued drying her hair. Before long, the soft hum of the hairdryer ceased. His expression turned serious **as** he finally asked, "What happened earlier? How

Setia bit her lip tightly, her voice carrying a trace of lingering fear. "I was resting in the gazebo when I suddenly heard a cat meowing. I **was** so frightened that I lost

track of her. "You're afraid of cats?"

Serena pressed her lips together tightly. Memories of her childhood resurfaced, causing her hands to clench involuntarily.

Smiling at her. Harrison placed his warm palm over the back of her hand, holding it with a firm yet gentle grip.

Serena took a deep breath,

herself before revealing her past

“Helena loved keeping cats. After my parents and grandfather passed away, whenever they were unhappy, they’d lock me in a **dark** room with those cats. They would deliberately

Let cats lash out at me...

As she spoke, her voice

gradually weakened, it was clear she was unwilling to recall those painful memories.

and the dark. I’ve tried to overcome these fears, but I never could.”

He frowned tightly. A deep, barely contained anger flickered **in** his dark eyes, his hands unconsciously curling into fists.

After a deep breath, he asked, “You know Lydia? What happened between you two?”

Serena nodded

and answered in a low voice, “In high school, she and my cousin bullied me together.”

Harrison’s anger deepened.

Without a word, he said nothing more and simply carried her out of the bathroom. Stepping into the hallway, he called Damien, who had been waiting outside.

He then conducted a physical examination before reporting, “Mr. Spencer, rest assured. **Mrs.** Spencer’s foot isn’t seriously injured. It appears the only bruise is where she fell. Applying some cream should help, and she should be fine in a few days.”

Hammon gave a slight nod, his expression easing a little. “Alright, I understand.”

He then took his leave, Mr. Spencer. Damien set down the tube of cream and exited the room with his medical kit.

“I can do it

from the side and reached for the cream, ready to apply it for her. However, Serena was quicker and took the cream first.

softly.

He glared at her for two seconds before silently rising at the edge of the bed. With effortless ease, he took the cream from her hand. Without giving her a chance to argue, he pulled her injured leg toward him. His movements were firm yet undeniably gentle.

“You don’t need to pretend to be strong in front of me,

Serenar a epelastiested as a mix of emotions surged with her.

had someone be liked it not for that fateful night, a man like Harrison would never have had anything to do with her.

she who had grown greedy, wanting more than she should

After carefully applying the cream, Harrison said in a low and gentle voice, “Get some rest. I have things to take care of.”

Seema quarkdy posted side

wandering thoughts **and** nodded.

Harrison stood up and let the room

Outside the room, Lewis stood wating by the door.

The

the door shut behind him, Harrison’s expression turned ice—cold as a chilling air radiated from his very **being**. **His** voice was razor—sharp as he ordered, “Throw Evelyn and Lydia into the pool. Make everyone watches”

Lewis responded immerly, “Got it, Mr. Spencer”

“And bring me vete’s cal”

Accidentally Yours Chapter 40 –

Chapter 40 An Eye For An Eye

Harrison sat leisurely in a hand—carved wooden chair with his long legs crossed. He held a lit cigar between his slender fingers.

He wore a dark—colored shirt with a few buttons undone at the collar, his appearance exuding an effortless yet commanding presence. Through the swirling smoke, his face appeared even colder and more intimidating

In the pool, Even and Lydia were being held down by two bodyguards, their heads forcefully submerged under the water.

After about 30 seconds, they were allowed to surface and desperately gasped for air. Just as they managed a single breath, they were shoved back underwater, continued. Their desperate cries for help echoed intermittently across the empty pool area

“Dad... Save **me**...” Evelyn’s voice trembled with helplessness and pleading as she repeatedly called out to Owen at the edge of the pool

Lydia, on the other hand, cried **out** to Marcus, “Save me. Marcus. ”

and the cycle

Watching Lydia struggling helplessly in the water, Marcus hesitated. He swallowed hard and carefully spoke up, “Uncle Harrison, could you, for my sake, let Lydia go just this

However, Harrison did not even spare him a glance. His expression remained indifferent, his heart unmoved. Instead, his voice turned even colder as he warned him, “If you say one more word, I’ll break your legs and throw you in there with her.”

Hearing this, Marcus immediately fell silent, not daring to utter another word.

Lydia’s cries for help still echoed in his ears, but he could only watch as she struggled in the water. He was powerless to do anything.

He knew that if he continued pleading, not only would he fail to save Lydia, but she might suffer an even harsher punishment

Meanwhile, Owen’s expression was dark with fury. Seeing his **daughter** humiliated like this, his rage burned uncontrollably. He demanded harshly, “Harrison, what is the meaning of this? Are you openly provoking us?”

“Harrison, let Evelyn go!” Lucas was equally enraged.

Harrison remained impassive. He took a slow drag of his cigar before lifting his **hand** slightly, signaling to the bodyguards beside him.

In an instant, Owen and Lucas were also restrained by the guards, unable to move. Being restrained in front of everyone was a humiliation Owen could not bear. His expression darkened like a storm cloud.

“Harrison, I’m your uncle. Treating me like this is outright rebellion!”

Lucas struggled with all his strength but was unable to break free. Gritting his teeth, he shouted, “Harrison, no matter what, I’m still yo

Before he could finish, Harrison's cold voice cut him off. "It's **so** noisy."

The moment those words fell, Lucas received a swift punch to the stomach before his mouth was sealed with duct tape.

Owen was livid, his eyes nearly spewing fire "Harrison

"Uncle Owen, have been too mint the past two years, making you think I've grown soft? Harrison's voice was as frigid asce Owen's expression darkened further. "You..."

your cousin. You-"

His gaze swept toward Owen. "I'm merely returning the favor. Since you dare to meddle in my affairs, should you not expect some punishment in return?"

Owen clenched his teeth. Knowing he was at a disadvantage, he could only swallow his anger.

Harrison exhaled a puff of smoke, his voice laced with warning. "Uncle Owen, I'm the one in charge of the Spencer family now. The only thing you should be concerned about is knowing your place."

The air was hony with tension.

Finally, owen shut his eyes in reluctant submission and muttered, "understand. I'll stay in my lane."

Sensing the situation turning against her, Evelyn, who was still in the pool, swallowed her pride and pleaded humbly, "Harrison, I was wrong. Please let me go." trembled, and t he was completely devoid of her usual arrogance.

Lydia, her eyes filled with tear, followed suit. "Mr. Harrison, I was wrong. I truly know my mistake now."

Harrison raised is hand slightly, signaling the bodyguards to stop

"Her voice

Both women, having swallowed large aounts of water, broke into violent tits of coughing. Once the suffocating sensation subsided, Evelyn no longer dared to put on any airs. Her voice carried both fear and desperation, "Harrison, I was wrong. truly know my mistake. Please let me go."

"Wrong? What exactly did you do wrong? Harrison's voice was deep and steady.

Evelyn's eyes quickly dated before she immediately **shifted** all the blame onto Lydia "I shouldn't have bebed Lydia's words, nor should have let her manipulate me into

Lyrluan's Body tamaubled violently at those words. "Ms. Evelyn —"

"It was all her!" Evelyn, tested that Lydia **would** speak up, hurriedly cut her ofl. "She was the one who told me Serena was **afraid** of cats. She also said she couldn't accept Serena marrying you and wanted to teach her almon

Standing by the poolside, Marcus tell a chill run down a spare. At this point, no matter what he said, it would be useless.

* Lydia tried to protest But before she could finish, the bodyguards grabbed her head and forced her back under the water