

Accidentally Yours Chapter 41 –

Chapter 41 Standing Up for Her

Evelyn felt a wave of relief wash over her, thinking she had avoided all blame.

Harrison silently finished his cigar, elegantly pressing the stub into the ashtray offered by a maid. The ember extinguished, leaving only a wisp of smoke curling in the air.

He remained silent, yet his overwhelming presence filled the area, exerting an undeniable pressure. The atmosphere grew tense, suffocatingly so, and no one dared to make a sound. Even their breaths were unconsciously hushed.

Then, Harrison's deep gaze landed on the Ragdoll cat gripped by Lewis. His tone was **calm** but carried an unmistakable sharpness,

"Even, I don't like your cat."

Evelyn's heart clenched at his words, an ominous premonition creeping over her. She hurriedly assured him, "Harrison, don't worry, I promise it'll never appear before Serena again."

Harrison chuckled, though the mirth never reached his eyes.

"Why should I believe you?"

Before his words fully settled, Lewis swiftly raised his hand and, with a single motion, ended the Ragdoll cat's life before Evelyn's eyes.

Evelyn screamed, her mental state shattering completely.

The onlookers held their breath in horror, their faces frozen with fear at the chilling scene before them.

Harrison slowly unfolded his crossed legs and **stood** up, sliding his hand effortlessly into the pockets of his tailored trousers. His tone was undeniable authority. "I protect those who are mine. **Don't** test my limits."

stone was neither heavy nor

heavy nor light, but it carried

His **words** were directed at Evelyn and those present, a declaration of his principles and the consequences of crossing him. With **that**, he turned and walked away from the pool. Lewis wiped the blood from his hands and faced the people present. "Tonight's family dinner is over. You may all leave."

At those words, the guests scattered instantly, none daring to linger a second longer.

As the crowd dispersed, Wesley immediately dove into the pool, pulling Evelyn—now in shock from the freezing water and gently placing her at the pool's edge Evelyn's eyes were hollow, fixed unwaveringly on the lifeless Ragdoll cat nearby. Her mind **had** seemingly disconnected from reality.

Seeing this, Wesley shook her shoulders, his voice filled with urgency. "Evelyn, are you alright? Don't scare me."

Lucas, finally freed, rushed to her side, calling anxiously, "Evelyn, Evelyn..."

Evelyn gave no response

Owen made a decisive call. "Quick, take **her** away **and** get a doctor."

Wesley wasted no time. He lifted Evelyn in his arms and left immediately, with Owen and Lucas following closely behind.

Meanwhile, Lydia was pulled from the pool by Marcus. Her face was deathly pale, her body trembling from both fear and **cold**. Her coughing was relentless. Marcus frowned, his voice tinged with reprimand. "Of all people to provoke, why did you choose **Serena**? Do you have a death wish?"

"Listen carefully. You'd better find a way to earn Serena's forgiveness. If **you don't**, even I won't be able to

protect you, let alone our engagement." Lydia's eyes widened in panic, and she clutched Marcus' hand desperately. "No! Marcus, I know I was wrong. Please don't break off our engagement. Marcus withdrew his hand, his voice laced with impatience. "The one you need to apologize to isn't me,"

understand,

H

apologize to Serena" Lydia's eyes were red, her expression tinged with guilt. She hesitated before tugging on Marcus' sleeve, her voice trembling "I never meant to provoke Serena. It was Ms. Evelyn who..."

Marcus shot her a sharp look, warning her to hold her **tongue**.

Of course, he knew the truth. But no matter what, Lydia couldn't **absolve** herself from taking responsibility for this matter.

Understanding the warning, Lydia dared not continue.

Marcus cast her a sidelong glance and said flatly, "Let's **go**. El take you home."

"

Accidentally Yours Chapter 42 –

Chapter

Falling II

to the room

After handing the affairs, Harrison lingered outside for a while to let the smell of smoke on him dissipate before returning to Inside Serena had already fallen asleep, but her rest was anything but peaceful "No Let me out Don't hit me... She was trapped in a nightmare and clutched the blanket tightly. Fine beads of sweat focused on her forehead.

Hannon quietly approached and sat at the edge of the bed.

He reached out to check her temperature. Finding no fever, he gently placed his warm palm over her cold hand

with a jolt, her eyes snapping open as fear flickered in their depths like the last embers of a dying fire. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she gasped for breath. "Bad dream?" "Harrison's gaze was filled with concern.

Setia stared at him blankly for a few seconds before abruptly sitting up, wrapping her arms around his waist and burying her head against his shoulder.

The sudden embrace made Harrison pause for a moment. Then, he slowly encircled her in his arms, holding her gently.

"I-

I dreamed that Helena and the others locked me in a dark room. It was cold, so cold. No matter how much I begged, they wouldn't let me out." Her voice was muffled, heavy

Harrison rubbed her back in slow, comforting strokes, his deep voice carrying a soothing warmth. "It's okay. **You're** safe."

Nestled in his arms, Serena gradually found her anchor. She hesitated for a moment before whispering, "Harrison, can you hold me while I sleep tonight?"

Mamison's eyes flickered with an unreadable emotion. After a brief pause, he answered softly. "Alright."

He then rose and went to the bathroom to wash up.

By the time he returned and was dressed in sleepwear, Serena was **suddenly** overcome with embarrassment and regret. At that moment, she wished she could vanish into thin air. Marion **lay** down on the bed, stretching out her arms as his gaze settled on Serena, who was deliberately keeping her distance.

Didn't you say you wanted me to hold you? Why are you so far away?

Serena's lips parted, but the words got caught in her throat. She was all tangled up in emotions she couldn't quite express. Harrison's voice carried a quiet authority as he said, "Come here."

At her lip, hesitating for a second before **slowly** inching toward him.

Just as she was.

To reach him, Harrison suddenly gripped her wrist and, with a gentle tug, pulled her into his embrace. Instantly, Serena's face turned crimson. Her breathing hitched, and her heart pounded wildly in her chest.

Sensing her slight stiffness, Harrison only held her more tenderly. His voice, low and husky, whispered in her ear, "It's not like we haven't slept like this before. Why so nervous?" "Yes not," she mumbled weakly,

Harrison's lips curved into a faint smile, indulgent and teasing. "Alright, you're not

Serena's embarrassment deepened.

He didn't see further. Instead, he gently stroked her hair and murmured, "Sleep"

Serena obediently closed her eyes. Enveloped in his familiar scent, her taut nerves gradually unwound. Before long, she drifted into slumber.

To the steady rhythm of her breathing, Harrison pressed a soft, lingering kiss to her forehead.

He would never hurt you again, he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper yet it was resolute in the stillness of the night.

The next morning, Harrison stirred. As he shifted slightly, his arm brushed against Serena's body—only to find her burning hot to the touch.

His eyes snapped open. Propping himself up, he reached out to feel her forehead. It was scorching. Her cheeks were flushed, and a thin layer of sweat covered her skin.

unresponsive, lost in a delirium

Without hesitation, he grabbed his phone from the nightstand and quickly dialed Lewis.

“Lewis, get Dr. Holloway here immediately. Serena has a fever.”

After giving his orders, he ended the call

Instantly, Serena trembled slightly. Harrison leaned down, his voice urgent as he called out, “Serena.”

She shut her eyes, burying her face into her hand as a hoarse whisper left her lips. “I feel terrible.”

“Just hold on a little longer. The doctor will be here soon.”

She didn’t say anything else, she just kept repeating his name.

Harrison stroked her hair gently, his voice steady and reassuring. “Serena, don’t be afraid.”

Trap for Her

Accidentally Yours Chapter 43 –

Upon hearing that Serena had fallen ill, Martha rushed to their room in a panic..

“Serena, how is she? Seeing Serena lying in bed, pale and weak, Martha’s heart ached. “Oh, my poor Serena! She must have caught a chill after falling into the water last night.” Her gaze then shifted to Harrison, and she directed her frustration at him. “And you! What kind of husband are you? You couldn’t even take care of your own wife properly, letting those with ill intentions take advantage of her right under your nose!”

For once, Harrison didn’t argue. He simply took the blame upon himself. “It was my oversight. I failed to take care of Serena properly.”

Martha huffed, her tone firm and unquestionable. “I don’t care whether your relationship with Serena is real or just an act. All I know is that for the rest of my life, she’s my granddaughter-in-law.”

“She’s a good girl, Harrison. Just like you, she lost her parents 19 years ago. She suffered so much growing up with Charles and his family. You can imagine how difficult it must’ve been. I won’t allow you to let her down.”

Harrison sat by the bed, holding Serena's delicate hand in his. Guilt was evident in his eyes...

Seeing that he remained silent, **Martha** gave **his** shoulder a firm slap "Did you hear what I just said?"

Yes, I did."

His deep gaze never wavered from Serena's face. His fingers lightly brushed against the smooth skin of her hand, his heart filled with tenderness. Moments later, the sound of footsteps echoed outside the door, followed by a respectful voice. "Mr. Spencer, Dr. Holloway is here."

Lewis led Damien **into** the room, and Damien greeted respectfully, Mrs. Spencer Senior, Mr. Spencer."

Harrison immediately stood up and stepped aside, making room by the bed. His **usually** composed voice carried a trace of urgency. "Check on her. Damien nodded and proceeded with a thorough examination of Serena. After completing his assessment, he turned to Harrison and Martha.

"Her fever is due to last night's exposure to the cold after falling into the water."

Martha grew even more anxious. "What should we do?"

"There's no need to worry," Damien reassured her. "For now, Mr. Spencer should use alcohol to wipe her forehead, neck, and underarms to bring **down** the fever through physical cooling"

Harrison listened intently to every instruction

"Once her fever subsides, I'll administer an IV drip with a few days of rest, she'll be fine"

Martha's eyes were filled with gratitude. Thank you, Dr. Holloway."

Smiling humbly, he replied, "No need to thank me, Mrs. Spencer Senior. It's my duty"

Afterward, Harrison dismissed everyone from the room. Following Damien's instructions, he soaked a cotton ball in alcohol and carefully wiped Serena's **forearms**, underarms. His movements were precise and gentle, never once showing negligence.

neck, and

After several rounds of wiping, the redness on Serena's face gradually faded, and the heat from her body dissipated. Once her fever subsided, Damien set up an IV drip to stabilize **her** condition

Serena remained in a deep sleep, but her brows were furrowed as if haunted by lingering nightmares. Harrison sat quietly at her bedside, holding her hand. His gaze was full of both sorrow and tenderness slowly, as if sensing his presence, her expression softened, and her breathing became more even. That afternoon, Pierce arrived at Spencer Manor with an investigation report in hand.

“Mr. Spencer, these are detailed records of Charles’ and **Helena’s** assets. Based on our findings, at least half of these properties originally belonged to Mrs. Spencer’s parents.” Harrison flipped through the documents, his eyes scanning each line. His expression darkened as he read on.

Pierce continued, “Additionally, I looked into Mrs. Spencer’s high school years as per your request.”

He handed over another thick folder.

“During high school, her cousin, Naomi Linden, frequently conspired with Lydia and others to bully her. They spread vicious rumors claiming she sold herself for money! Seeing Harrison’s expression **grow** even colder, Pierce tactfully cut his words short. Instead, he shifted the conversation.

“As for her life in the Linden household, it was nothing short of walking on thin ice, if not for Mr. Linden Senior’s will protecting her, she likely wouldn’t have survived until now! Harrison’s hand clenched around the documents, **fury** flashing in his deep-set eyes.

“Set a trap for Charles and Helena, Every piece of property they took from my in-laws, I want it all back and legally transferred to Serena’s name.”

Pierce nodded without hesitation.

“Understood. I’ll have my men start working on it immediately.”

“From this moment on, begin acquiring shares in Linden Group,” Harrison ordered, stone sharp and decisive.

“And bring Marcus to see pile—now.”

Hence lowered his head. “Yes, Mr. Spencer.”

Accidentally Yours Chapter 44 –

The moment Marcus received Pierce’s call, he didn’t dare waste a second. He drove straight to Spencer Manor in a mish..

Inside the living room, a tense and commanding atmosphere loomed.

toyed with a

Harrison sat in the center of the couch, dressed in dark loungewear. His legs were crossed, and in his hand, a blower lighter. His expression was cold, devoid of

warmth of emotion.

H

Marcus' legs nearly gave out as he walked in. Without hesitation, he dropped to his knees before Harrison, his voice filled with remorse. "Uncle Harrison, I was wrong" Harrison's voice was deep and actionless "What are you wrong about?"

Marcus answered, "I tried to keep Lydia in check. She let her jealousy get the better of her and caused Aunt Serena to fall into the water. Aunt Serena was frightened and suffered because of it

The moment his words fell, Harrison tossed a thick stack of documents in front of him. "These are all the things your fiancée has done.

Marcus picked up the heavy folder and flipped through it, scanning the detailed investigation report page by page. With each revelation, his heart **sank** further, "Uncle Harrison, I had no idea about any of this."

He quickly stood up, urgency and innocence in his gaze. Afraid that Harrison wouldn't believe him, **he** immediately placed a hand over his heart, his eyes filled with sincerity. "I swear, I really had no idea about any of this."

Harrison didn't respond right away. He simply continued fiddling with the lighter, his deep-set eyes giving nothing away

This silence—cold and unmeasurable—made Marcus' spine go numb.

"Uncle Harben." His voice trembled slightly. "A person like her, **with** no integrity, has no right to step foot into the Spencer family's home," Harrison said, his tone firm and

immediately, or I'll remove you from the Spencer family and from this day onward, you won't have the right to call me Uncle Harrison."

The weight of Harrison's words hung heavy in the air. An undeniable authority filled the room, freezing the entire space in silence.

Marcus pressed his lips into a tight line, hesitation flickering across his

s his face. Harrison's meaning was clear he had only one choice, which was to cancel the engagement with

Hamson said nothing more. He simply waited for Marcus to make his decision. Along moment passed

Marcus finally said, "Uncle Harrison, I'll call off my engagement to Lydia. I won't have any more contact with her from now on. Bearing his answer. Harrison's gaze softened slightly, a hint of approval flashing in his eyes.

Just then, a maid came downstairs and approached. "Mr. Harrison, Mrs. Spencer is awake."

Henson immediately uncrossed his legs and stood up. "Bring the chicken noodle **soup** from the kitchen and serve it to her."

H

Marcus, who was still lying on the floor, hesitated for a moment **before** raising his hand slightly in request. "Uncle Harrison, may I go see Aunt Serena? I want to apologize to

Harrison. Catch in a glance and replied coolly, "Handle your own mess first"

Marcus pursed his lips and slumped onto the floor, rubbing his sore knees. Then, pulling out his phone, he dialed Lydia's number. **Gone** was his usual gentle tone.

"My engagement is over. Don't ever contact me again."

On the other end of the line, Lydia froze

"What? But last night, you promised for and said **you** wouldn't break off the engagement!" She hesitated **for a** second, then quickly **changed** her approach. "I—I'll apologize to

you. I'll be there for you, his eyes landing on the black towel **lying** on the ground. His voice turned even colder. "Uncle Harrison has already uncovered everything you've done to me. I've seen the proof with my own eyes. You should reflect on your own actions."

The line went dead. All that remained was the **empty**, lifeless hum of a disconnected call

In a fit of rage, she hurled her phone to the ground. Her eyes blazed with hatred, her fists clenched so tightly that her nails dug deep into her palms. "Damn you, you wretched woman! What **makes you so** special? How did you manage **to seduce** Harrison Spencer? Why didn't you just drown in that lake last night?" After writing a letter, a thought suddenly crossed her mind she bent down, picked up her phone, and dialed another number.

i low vooce, her tour bared with nudice.

Accidentally Yours Chapter 45 –

Chapter 45 Comforting Her

Harrison pushed open the door and walked toward the bed with quiet, measured steps. His gaze, filled with warmth, rested on Serena

“Feeling any better now?”

His voice and expression carried a gentleness that softly stirred Serena’s heart.

Leaning against the headboard, she still looked a line pale, and her lips were slightly dry from weakness.

“I’m doing much better. It’s just feel weak,” she replied softly

Harrison sat on the edge of the bed and reached out to feel her forehead. Confirming that the fever had subsided, he silently let out a breath of relief.

“The fever is gone. Have some chicken noodle soup later, then get some more rest. You’ll feel better soon.”

Serena pressed her lips together, a trace of guilt flickering in her eyes as she whispered, “I’m sorry for troubling you. You’ve been taking care of me all morning.”

Seeing her so frail yet still worrying about inconveniencing others, his heart tightened with even more tenderness. Even when sick, she thought about others before herself.

Harrison held her hand, his deep voice **carrying** undeniable warmth. “We’re husband and wife. **You** never have to worry about troubling me.”

Serena’s heart skipped a beat, her eyes welling up with tears. But she kept her emotions in check and lowered her voice as she murmured, “But we’re only bound by an agreement

The moment those words left her lips, Harrison’s gaze darkened slightly, a flicker of displeasure creeping into his expression. His **brows** furrowed, and his tone deepened. “Even if it’s an agreement, we’re still legally married. As your husband, it’s my duty to take care of you when you’re sick.”

Duty? Was that all it was?

Perhaps it was because she wasn't feeling well or because one's emotions were more tr agile when one was unwell, but his words struck her heart at its most sensitive spot. Tears welled up and slipped down her face

Harrison froan, a rare panic surfacing in his eyes

"Why are you crying?" His voice carried an unusual stiffness. It was the first time he had ever faced such a situation, and for once, he didn't know what to do.

Senatured her head away, quickly wiping at her tears. Snubbomly, she denied it, "I'm not crying"

Harrison let out a quiet sigh. Reaching out, he gently tilted her chin, turning her face toward him. The moment was firm yet tinged with tenderness. His warm fingertips brushed against her soft cheek before he leaned in and kissed her lightly on the lips.

The suddenness of it made Serena freeze in place. Her wide eyes fluttered, her damp lashes trembling slightly.

Harrison pulled away just as

as quickly as he had kissed her; it was just a fleeting touch.

Still dazed, she barely registered the sound of his deep voice beside her ear. "Don't cry."

"I'm just comforting you

His words, spoken so matter-of-factly, sent her heart **into** disarray.

Sere's voice altered. "I'm still sick You'll catch it?"

Harrison's hand brushed away the last traces of tears from her face, and he replied in a gentle voice, "I don't mind."

At that moment, her heart pounded even faster. She lowered her gaze in embarrassment, yet the dull ache in her chest had been replaced with something much lighter and softer.

A short while later, light footsteps sounded from outside the room. A maid entered, carefully carrying a bowl of steaming chicken noodle soup.

"Mr.Spencer, the **soup** is ready"

Harrison nodded.

The id placed the bowl on the bedside table before quietly retreating

Harrison picked up the bowl, stirring it gently to help it cool. Then, scooping up a spoonful, he blew on it lightly until it reached just the right temperature before bringing it to

Watching his careful actions, Serena's heart **rippled** with unspoken emotions. Yet feeling a little uncomfortable with the attention, she hesitated.

"Don't more." Harrison didn't give her a chance to answer. He continued to feed her with patient, unwavering care.

Seeing this, Serena could only obediently accept it.