

Accidentally Yours Chapter 46 – 50

Chapter 46 Can There Be a Future for Them

“My dear Serena, my precious granddaughter-in-law!”

The moment Martha heard from the **maid** that Serena had woken up, she rushed to her room without delay.

Serena had just finished her chicken noodle soup, and her cheeks carried a faint flush of warmth. Her complexion looked much better.

Seeing Martha, she smiled softly and called out, “Grandma

Martha strode to the bedside, unceremoniously pushing Harrison aside before settling herself down at the edge of the bed. She grasped Serena’s delicate hands tightly in her own. Harrison was speechless at that moment

Martha’s kind eyes brimmed with concern. “**Serma**, how are you feeling now? Has your fever completely gone? Do you still feel unwell anywhere?”

Serena took her head gently and replied, “Grandma, I’m fine now. I just had some chicken noodle soup, and I’m feeling much better.”

Hearing this, Martha finally exhaled in relief

“That’s good, that’s good.” Her gaze was filled with affection and care. “You have no idea how frightened I was this morning when I saw you burning up with fever.”

“Grandma, I’m sorry for making you worry,” Serena said, her tone carrying a hint of guilt.

Martha patted the back of her hand and scolded lightly, “Silly one, what’s there to apologize for? As long as you’re healthy, that’s all that matters.”

With that, she shifted her gaze and cast a look of displeasure at Harrison before turning back to Serena with a warm smile, “Don’t worry, Serena. I’ve already given Harrison a proper scolding on your behalf.”

Serena lined her eyes slightly and met Harrison’s gaze. She spoke up, intending to smooth things over. “Grandma, it’s not entirely Harrison’s fault.”

“How is it not?” Martha retorted. “The first time he brings you back to our manor, **he** fails to take care of you properly, and you end up sick. That’s on him.”

Her tone carried a trace of reproach, her dissatisfaction with the situation still lingering

Harrison stood silently beside them. He didn't argue or offer any excuses. After all, he knew he hadn't done enough

Once she was done scolding Harrison, Martha sighed and added, "But at least he's been tending to you all morning, so I suppose that makes up for it"

Just then, Marcus suddenly dashed in from **outside**. Like a guilty child, he stood stiffly at the **foot** of the bed with his head lowered as he called out hesitantly, "Aunt Serena" The moment Martha saw him, she turned her displeasure toward him as well

"And **you**!" she snapped, her voice full of reprimand. "**You and** that scheming fiancée of yours dared to plot against my granddaughter—in-law right under my nose during a Spencer family dinner, no less. A woman like her has no place in this family.

"your mother visited me once and confided that she never liked Lydia she was strongly **against** you being with that woman, but you refused to listen. I had interfering in your personal affairs, but that woman not only bullied **Serena** in the past, she even tried to harm her last night. That, I will not overlook." Marcus stood there with his head bowed, taking in her scolding without a single word of **rebuttal**

Martha carried on, each sentence carrying undeniable authority.

no intention of

"Even though our side of the family never got along with your great-grandfather's and grandfather's generation, things have improved significantly with your father's generation. Our families are much closer now

ship with this family, then you'll deal with

From the time you were a child, neither I nor your Uncle Harrison have ever treated you unfairly. If you wish to maintain your relationship your fiancée accordingly.

step foot in Spencer Manor, attend any family events, or appear

"If you **insist** on being with her, then that's your choice. However, **from** this day forward, she's not allowed to step front of my granddaughter—in-law."

Having said her piece, Martha cast a cool glance at Marcus

"How you handle this is up to you."

This time, Marcus didn't hesitate for long

“Great—
Grandma Martha, Uncle Harrison, Aunt Serena. He led his head, his voice steady with conviction. “I was blind before, failed to see Lydia for who she truly is. But now

His gaze was resolute as he continued, “I’ve already called off the engagement and cut all ties with her. There’ll be no **more** contact between us in the future.”

Hearing this, Martha’s lips curved into a satisfied smile. “**Good**”

Harmon, on the other hand, merely **cast a** cold glance at Marcus and said indifferently, “Serena needs to **rest** Leave.”

hob, alright. I’ll get going now, Marcus said obediently before leaving, he said to **Serena**, “Aunt Serena, please rest well. Wishing you a speedy recovery,”

Serena forced a small smile, though the title “Aunt Serena” will felt strange to her **ears**.

After he left, Serena finally said, “Actually, I wasn’t Marcus’s faulty and I have had issues **for** a long time. I just never expected her to-

“Serena,” Martha interrupted her, her voice firm yet gentle

“Remember this, in the end, you never have to tolerate intransigent or compromise **yourself**”

Hearing those words, a warm feeling spiraled through Serena’s chest. What should she do? She was beginning to crave this sense of protection. But a year from now, when her contract with Harrison **ended**, would there still be a future for the

em?

Accidentally Yours Chapter 47 –

Chapter 47 Joining Forces Against Her

Arrived at Bayshore Brews earlier than planned She chose a window seat and ordered a cup of lattenbitte wallingt

Naomi, as usual, arrived late. She took off her sunglasses and carelessly tossed them onto the table before sitting across from Fyha Her forehead carried an unmistakable arrogance.” You called me out of nowhere. What do you want?

“I ran into Serena Last night,” Lydia replied.

Naomi scoffed, her voice laced with disdain. “Why bring up that bitch for no reason?

Lydia adly stirred her latte, a teasing smirk playing at her lips. “Guess where I saw Sere na?

Naomi’s patience thinned, irritation flashing in her eyes. “If you have something to say, j ust say it. I don’t have time for your rat

Seeing Naomi’s growing impatience, Lydia dropped the pretense and get straight to the point. “Your dear cousin Serenalias landed herself quite the golden perch She’s now Mrs. Spencer, the wide of Harrison Spencer—the head of the Spencer family.”

At those words, Naomi’s expression immediately darkened, her brows, knitting together in a deep frown. “Harrison Spencer? That Harrison Spot? That nudless, cold— blooded Harison of the Spencer family

Lydia nodded, amusement flickering in her gaze. “So, you didn’t know”

Watching Naomi’s Lace twist with resentment, Lydia found the situation increasingly ent ertaining.

A storm of jealousy ignited in Naomi’s chest Her fists clenched so tightly that her long n ails nearly dug into her palmy.

“That bitch!” Naomi gritted her teeth. “No wonder she’s been acting so arrogant lately as it she **has** nothing to fear. She even dares to go against us so openly. It is out she has Harrison Spencer backing her up!” Her voice dripped with unch ecked hatred and jealousy.

Lydia chuckled lightly “Naturally He protects her fiercely and won’t let anyone lay a finge r on her.”

Then, she shared the events of Last night, strategically leaving out certain details to pai nt herself as the victim.

“My fiancé’s aunt only meant to teach Setena a small lesson, yet Harrison went **berserk** . To avenge her, he completely broke that woman’s spin. By the time she got home, she had collapsed from the stress and **hasn’t** recovered since”

Hearing this, Naomi’s jealousy flared to its peak. Her teeth ground together audibly. “Wh y? What does **she** have that deserves such favor from Harrison

“Who knows what kind of tricks she used to seduce him? Lydiasered. Then, she set do wn her spoon and elegantly picked up her coffee cup. “Then, who has abans been Indiff erent to women, now acts like a tool for her. It’s utterly disgraceful”

The rage in Naomi's eyes gradually sharpened into something more calculating. Her gaze locked onto Lydia with scrutiny and curiosity. "You dragged me out here just to tell me

Lydia let out a small laugh, setting her coffee cup back on the table "Not just that."

Naomi raised a brow. "oh""

want to join forces with you to bring Serena down." The instant the words left Lydia's lips, her eyes gleamed with undisguised malice "she ruined my engagement and humiliated me in front of the Spencer family. If she won't let me have peace, then I won't let her have it

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either," she continued, her voice low and

"She relies on her beauty to seduce men. Fine. Then let's ruin her. I refuse to believe that at once she's tainted, Harrison will still hold her in such high regard" As slow, sinister smile curved Naomi's lips. "So, you already have a plan."

"Of course I wouldn't have asked to meet you otherwise."

Naomi tilted her head slightly, her tone a mix of amusement and wary. "And you're not afraid of Harrison finding out and reissuing after you?"

Lydia lowered her gaze and smiled, a sly glint lurking in her eyes. "Between you and Serena, you're far more beautiful. If you were the one to catch his eye, well Her words dangled in the air, full of implications.

A spark of intrigue ignited in Naomi's heart. Yes, if Serena could seduce Harrison, then why couldn't she?

she could truly win

his favor, then one day, she could crush Serena beneath her feet. She'd be humiliated by her and beat her mercilessly

At that thought, Naomi's lips curled into a slow, knowing smile. She lifted her coffee cup gracefully and clinked it lightly against Lydia's. "Very well Let's work together." Lydia raised her own cup in response, her smile equally wicked. "To a fruitful partnership!"

Accidentally Yours Chapter 48 –

Chapter 48 Determined to Win

Chapter 48 Determined to Win

Naomi stormed into the Linden residence, her temper flaring uncontrollably.

Upstairs, Helena, who had been longing with a plush Ragdollcat in her arms, heard the commotion. She descended the staircase with unhurried steps, her curiosity piqued.

The living room was a disaster with scattered cushions and overturned decorations, evidence of Naomi's unchecked rage.

Helena frowned, concern and confusion flickering in her eyes.

"My **dear**, what's gotten into you?"

Hearing Helena's voice, Naomi forced herself to calm down. She ran a **hand** through her tousled hair before folding her arms across her chest and sinking onto the couch. "Mom, do you know who the man supporting Serena is?"

Helena walked over, her tone indifferent. "Who?"

"It's Harrison Spencer!" Naomi practically spat his name through gritted teeth. "The man who rules Southport with an iron fist—the ruthless Harrison Spencer!"

At the mention of his name, Helena's expression stiffened, shock flashing across her face. "What did you just say?"

"I said, that bitch, Serena, is being kept by Harrison."

Helena slowly settled beside Naomi, falling into momentary silence **before** merging in disbelief, "How on earth did Serena get involved with Harrison?"

"How the hell should I know? **Naomi** snapped. Just the thought of Serena securing such a powerful man made Naomi's blood boil with jealousy.

"That worthless wretch! What gives her the right?" she was seething. "She's a parentless, insignificant orphan. How dare she be favored by a man like Harrison?" Her voice trembled with resentment.

"And that old bastard! Even in death, he only cared about her! His will is filled with ridiculous clauses, all designed to protect her she sneered bitterly.

"And me? No matter how hard I tried to please him, Vincent never even acknowledged my existence. Just because we're not his real bloodline?"

“Shhh!” Helena’s voice cut through Naomi’s tirade, sharp and warming. “The will hasn’t been publicly disclosed yet. If Serena or Linden Group’s board members discover that we aren’t truly of his bloodline, it’ll be impossible for us to inherit the family fortune.”

Naomi clenched her teeth, frustration twisting her features.

“I refuse to accept this!”

Helena sighed, her hand resting lightly on Naomi’s shoulder, patting it in a soothing gesture. “Enough. He’s just a man. If you **don’t** like it, then take him from her.”

She smiled slyly, her voice dripping with confidence. “If Serena—a nobody—can capture Harrison’s attention, then with your beauty, why should you lose to her?”

A glimmer of confidence reignited in Naomi’s eyes. She lifted her chin, and her usual arrogance returned, replacing the initial outrage with cool determination. “You’re right, Mom. I’ll take Harrison Spencer from Serena!”

A pleased smile spread across Helena’s face, admiration **flashing** in her gaze. “That’s my **daughter**. You have ambition.”

Naomi’s lips curled into a slow smirk, **her** voice filled with certainty. “Harrison Spencer—I will have him.”

Helena **nodded** approvingly. “**Good**. Once you win over Harrison, we’ll secure the Linden family and control Linden Group entirely. After that, Serena will be nothing but a pawn in **our** hands”

Helena and Naomi exchanged knowing smiles, the amusement laced with unhidden arrogance.

malice as she whispered, “Serena, you’ll

Just the thought of Serena seduced to a tripless, groveling Liguress sent a wave of satisfaction through Naomi. Her eyes darkened with malice as she neared escape out of their grasp

A moment later, Naomi’s phone vibrated. It was a message from Lydia.

“Harrison has a dinner meeting at Wells Grand Hotel at 8:00 pm the day after tomorrow. This is your best chance. Make the most of it.”

After reading the **message**, **Nand** raised an eyebrow slightly and replied to Lydia with just two words, “Don’t worry.”

Accidentally Yours Chapter 49 –

Chapter 49 Real Feelings

Marcus sat alone in a booth at Twilight Spirits Bar, idly swirling the amber liquid in his glass. The dim lights reflected off the whiskey, casting a golden shimmer. The lively chatter and music around him contrasted starkly with his silence.

Several women had approached him throughout the night, but his cold and indifferent demeanor quickly drove them away.

Nathan strolled in and immediately spotted Marcus. He smirked, casually draping an arm over his shoulder before sliding into the seat beside him.

"Drinking alone? That's usual," he teased. "Where's Lydia? How come she's not clinging to you tonight?"

Marcus didn't react much and simply shrugged. "I broke up with her."

"You broke up?" Nathan raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised. "Weren't you two already preparing for the wedding? What happened?"

Marcus didn't respond immediately. Instead, he lifted his glass and downed the remaining whiskey in one gulp.

Nathan studied his face briefly before switching topics. "By the way, did you meet Harrison's wife at the family dinner last night? What's she like? Some rich here?—"

Marcus set down his empty glass and lazily reached into his pocket, pulling out his phone. He tapped on a photo he had secretly taken at Spencer Manor and handed the phone to

Nathan

"Here. That's Uncle Harrison's wife—Serena Linden."

"Serena Linden." Nathan repeated the name under his breath while taking the phone from Marcus' hand. As his gaze fell with a hint of intrigue and amusement

landed on the photo, the smile on his lips deepened, laced

"Well, damn! She's absolutely stunning. No wonder Harrison has been keeping her under wraps all this time—he doesn't want to share." Marcus chuckled and said, "Exactly. Uncle Spencer is extremely protective. Last night, he was furious over what happened with Aunt Serena." Nathan's curiosity **was** piqued. With an eager expression, he asked, "Come on, tell me what exactly happened at Spencer Manor last night?" Marcus then recounted the events of the previous night at Spencer Manor, narrating them like a storyteller,

After listening, Nathan smacked his lips and sighed. Looks like Harrison is truly in deep t his time,”

Then, he turned to Marcus with a knowing look, his tone carrying a hint of reassurance, “But honestly, it’s for the best that you broke off the engagement with Lydia, **Saves** you the trouble of her doing something stupid in the future and dragging you down

moved slightly, and a flicker of hesitation remained in **his** eyes.

“She should’ve thought things through,” Nathan scolded from the side, his voice full of disdain. “The fact that Harrison brought his wife back to the manor shows how much she means to him. And yet, Lydia still had the audacity to provoke her?”

Marrs let out a light sigh and slowly said, “The main reason is that Lydia has done some things to Aunt Serena in the past”

“That’s all the more reason to cut ties,” Nathan said decisively. “Even if last night’s mess hadn’t happened, there would’ve been conflicts down the line anyway. What would you do when the time me?”

Then, he **hit** Marcus with the ultimate question “Will you really go head-to-head with Harrison for Lydia?”

The words made Marcus’s expression shift instantly

A vivid image of Harrison’s fury flashed through his mind, and just one thought of it sent a shiver down his spine. He shook his head sharply, his voice carrying a that day ever came, I probably wouldn’t even know what hit me.

Nathan chuckled “Alright, stop thinking about your ex How about I introduce you to a few beautiful **ladies** later?”

Marcus shook his head again, rejecting the offer outright. “If my mom found out, she’d break my legs.”

“Tak, boring” Nathan leaned back lazily, crossing one leg over the other with a carefree air,

Marcus tilted his **head**, studying him with a curious gaze **before** asking, “Mr. Fowler, have you, **as a** self-proclaimed playboy, really **about** settling down with someone you actually

atrace of fear, “if

never fallen for anyone? You’ve **never** thought

At the way he was addressed, a flash of annoyance crossed Nathan's eyes. "How many times do I have to tell you? Stop calling me that. It makes me sound old. I'm not that much older than **you**

Marcus shrugged, completely unfazed "Can't **do** that or it mess up the hierarchy"

Nathan was speechless

Marcus alerted the conversation back on track and pressed on "Seriously, though, have you ever met someone who could make you willingly settle down and spend the rest of **your** life with her?"

caliswed rame without the slightest hesitation.

He added, "Men like pur a' sued for marriage. Even if ever **do** get itled, it'll only be because my father **forced** me into 1.

"Ain't you worried "As he **spoke**, Marcus suddenly played downward right at Nathan's lower half before trailing off.

Nathan Howard, confused "Worried **about** what?"

Marcus cleared his diurnal berboge finally voking the rest of his thought, "Worried about catching something?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Nathan kicked him lightly screw you. You're the one who's gonna catch ammething."

Marcus curled his lips slightly, lowering his voice just rough so that Nathan could will him clearly. "I was just being considerate and reminding you."

Nathan insried. "I don't sleep with theris How would catch anything h

"Then you"

"H's all just for show."

Accidentally Yours Chapter 50 –

Chapter 50 A Final Struggle

"Marcus " A sudden voice cut in at an inopportune moment, interrupting Marcus and Nathan's conversation.

Both men barked their heads simultaneously, and Lydia's figure entered their view

Nathan was the first to withdraw his gaze. He then glanced at Marcus with a look full of unspoken meaning

Marcus frowned upon seeing Lydia approach, making it clear he had no intention of engaging with her.

However, Lydia remained undeterred. She shamelessly walked over and sat down beside him as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Marcus, why did you block my number?" she asked softly, her voice carrying a tinge of grievance

Marcus kept his eyes fixed straight ahead, unwilling to spare her even a glance.

"I already made things very clear over the phone this afternoon," he said coldly. "Since we've broken up, there's no reason to keep in contact." Unwilling to give up, Lydia clung to his arm, her gaze filled with desperation and humility as she made one last attempt to salvage things. "Marcus, I really know I was wrong. I shouldn't have harbored such malicious thoughts or targeted Serena. Can't you forgive me past this once?"

Seeing his expression remain icy and unmoved, she added more sincerity to her plea. "I swear, from now on, I'll listen to you. I won't provoke Serena anymore, and I won't **cause** you any trouble."

However, Marcus' face remained devoid of emotion. Instead, he coldly shook off her hand.

"There's nothing more to say," **he** stated decisively. "There's no future between us, so stop pestering me."

Seeing his firm stance, Lydia's eyes instantly turned red, and silent tears began rolling down her cheeks.

Choking up, she said, "Our wedding is in just two months. The news has already spread. Now, you're suddenly canceling everything. What am I supposed to do?"

Looking at her pitiful act, Marcus **suddenly** felt a wave of disgust. He had truly been blind before. How could he have ever liked a woman like Lydia, let alone considered marrying her? If they had actually gotten married, his life would've been a living **hell**

In hindsight, he should be grateful—
grateful that he saw her true colors before it was too late.

"What should you do?" Marcus let out a mocking chuckle. "Either cancel it or find a new **groom**. Your choice."

"But no matter what you choose, it has nothing to do with me or the Spencer family" His gaze remained indifferent, and his tone was completely detached.

Lydia was furious yet unwilling to accept defeat. She immediately tried another approach, playing the emotional card. "We've been together for two years. Do these two years of feelings mean nothing to you?"

"If I really didn't care, do you think you'd still be standing here unharmed after what you did—given my Uncle Harrison's method?—

Marcus' words left Lydia momentarily speechless. He continued, "Lydia, did you really think I didn't know about all the things **you've** done in the past?"

Hearing this, Lydia's heart skipped a beat. "What are you talking about? I don't **understand**" Her voice trembled slightly, tinged with both confusion and panic.

Marcus' gaze bore into her, his tone ice—cold as he issued one final warning "If you want to retain even a shred of dignity, then stop clinging to me. And don't provoke people you shouldn't be messing with "

with that, he stood up, turned to Nathan, and gave him a slight nod. "Mr. Fowler, I'm heading out"

Nathan, who had been watching the drama unfold with amusement, nodded in response .

Without the slightest hesitation, Marcus strode away, leaving Lydia behind.

Watching him walk off so decisively, Lydia clenched her hands tightly in the shadows, her knuckles turning white from the force.

Once Marcus left, Nathan also stood up, ready to leave.

Seeing this, Lydia quickly hatched a new plan. She followed suit, rising from her seat with a delicate and pitiful expression as she **parted her** lips hesitatingly. "Mr. Fowler, could you please

Nathan saw right through her intentions and cut her off before she could even finish her sentence. His indifferent **gaze** swept over her before a look of utter disdain appeared on his face. "I may be a flirt, but that doesn't mean just any woman can catch my eye. Especially someone like you.."

He suddenly passed, as if searching for the right word—something accurate yet **not too** crude. But no matter how he thought about it, he couldn't come up with anything more fitting. After a brief silence, he spat out three words, **blunt** and cutting, "Achrap whore."

Wch that, he turned and walked away, leaving **behind** only the sight of his proud and un touchable figure

Lydia's face formed an ugly shade of green from humiliation. Her teeth clenched so tightly that they **made** an audible grinding sound.

*Serra Linden, this is all because of you! just wait! I'll make you pay!"