

Accidentally Yours Chapter 6-10

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"Mr. Spencer..." Serena's chest tightened at the mention of Harrison's name. "Yes." Pierce's voice sounded again. "Mr. Spencer would like you to drop by Bluewater Corporation when you have the time. He has some matters to discuss with you." At this invitation, the hope that had been extinguished was reignited again. Harrison suddenly wanted to see her and said he had something to discuss... Did this mean he had changed his mind and decided to marry her? Serena quickly replied, "I'll be there in an hour." Pierce said, "Once you arrive, you can contact me with this number." "Okay," Serena responded. She didn't waste any time after ending the call. Serena tied her hair up with a hairpin and changed into a pale blue, form-fitting dress. The color was elegant and refined, reminiscent of a delicate wash of ink, soft and ethereal. It enhanced her fair complexion and made her look all the more delicate and captivating. The high collar and structured buttons were just enough to conceal the love bites on her collarbone. Once dressed, Serena made her way downstairs. As she reached the corner of the stairs, an unpleasant voice quietly drifted from the living room to her ears. "Serena, that little wretch! I don't know what she's pretending to be." Serena immediately stopped in her tracks. "We raised her all these years. We're only asking her to do us a favor by sleeping with Mr. Hood for a night. What's the problem with that?" Helena's words dripped with disdain and contempt for Serena, her voice cold and biting. Charles shot Helena an annoyed glance and lowered his voice in warning. "Keep it down, or she'll hear you." "So what if she hears? Am I wrong?" Helena appeared completely unconcerned. "For Mr. Hood to take a liking to her is the luck of a lifetime! Does she really think she's worthy of those wealthy young heirs?" Charles remained silent. "Give me a break!" Helena's words remained sharp as ever. Her speech grew increasingly harsh and cutting. "Do you think she's chaste and pure? I just saw the love bites on her neck. Who knows which shady man she was fooling around with last night?" Serena, who had been hiding around the corner and eavesdropping, clenched her fists so tightly her nails dug into her palms. Her usually gentle eyes were now filled with intense hatred. She managed to calm herself and push aside all her emotions after a while. Then, she acted as if nothing had happened and walked down the stairs, resuming her descent. "Uncle Charles," Serena greeted Charles softly. Charles gave her a slight nod, his expression cold. He was just as unfriendly toward her. "How do you plan to handle things with Mr. Hood?" He got straight to the point.

Serena didn't say much and only gave him a vague response. "I'll take care of it." Charles pursed his lips, his sharp gaze lingering on her for a moment. Then, in a commanding tone, he said to Serena, "I'm giving you two days. I don't care what methods you use, but I expect to see the Letter of Intent for the Eastside development project after two days." Serena responded calmly, "Okay, I understand." Finally, she deliberately reminded him, "I hope you and Aunt Helena will keep your word." Charles looked at her icily and replied, "As long as you can secure the project, what we promised to give you will be yours." Serena didn't say anything else and prepared to leave after getting Charles' promise. "Stop right there!" Helena suddenly called out to her. "You just came back, and where do you think you're going now?" Serena was unbothered and kept her tone as calm as ever. "I need to step out for some matters." Helena warned sternly, "You'd better behave, or you might end up dead somewhere out there." Serena sneered inwardly upon hearing this. She understood the meaning behind Helena's words all too well. The underlying meaning was nothing more than if Serena were to die, it had better be after she turned 25 years old. By then, they would have fully acquired Vincent's inheritance. Serena turned to look at Helena and gave her a faint smile. "Thank you for your concern, Aunt Helena. I'll be sure to live my life well." In fact, she wanted to live a better life than them! ... Around 40 minutes later, Serena arrived at Bluewater Corporation. She dialed the first number in her call log. Before long, Pierce's figure appeared in the lobby on the first floor. Serena stood quietly by the access control gate and waited. Pierce passed through the gate and walked slowly toward her. He greeted her politely and gently, "Ms. Linden." Serena turned around at the sound of her name. Pierce introduced himself, "Ms. Linden, hello. My name is Pierce Young." Serena smiled and nodded in acknowledgment. "Mr. Young, it's nice to meet you." Pierce smiled and said, "Ms. Linden, Mr. Spencer is waiting for you in his office. Let me escort you upstairs." She nodded again and maintained her usual politeness. "Thank you for the trouble." People around them began whispering as they observed the two of them. "Hey, who's that woman? Mr. Young came down to greet her in person." "Do you think she's Mr. Young's girlfriend?" "I doubt it. They're too polite with each other. They don't look like they're in a romantic relationship." "Then... do you think she's related to Mr. Spencer?" "But wasn't there a rumor earlier that Mr. Spencer was dating the heiress of the Quinn family?" "Yes! I heard they were childhood sweethearts and were very much in love. However, Ms. Quinn went abroad to pursue her acting career. That's why they broke up." "You know, now that I look at her, this woman does bear some resemblance to Ms. Quinn." "Well, could Mr. Spencer be playing the replacement game?" "Who knows? The world of the wealthy isn't something we working-class people can understand."

On the top floor of Bluewater Corporation, Pierce knocked on the office door and called out, "Mr. Spencer, Ms. Linden is here." Serena stood at the door, looking in. The tall and well-built figure was facing away from her as he stood before the large floor-to-ceiling window. Just the sight of Harrison's silhouette made her heart race, and a wave of nervousness slowly spread throughout her body. The air of authority he exuded was so overwhelming that it was impossible to ignore. Serena took a deep breath and gathered the courage to call out, "Mr. Spencer." Although she was trying her best to maintain her composure, there was still an unmistakable tremor in her voice. Harrison slowly turned around. As he glanced at her, his gaze involuntarily lingered on Serena. There was a cool elegance to the pale blue, form-fitting dress she wore. It complemented her beautiful and captivating face. She looked alluring yet graceful and exuded a gentle femininity that carried a hint of resilience. A flicker of admiration flashed through Harrison's eyes when he saw how she was dressed. However, he quickly masked his emotions. He lifted his chin slightly to regain some of his usual aloofness. "Sit," he instructed Serena. Serena nodded slightly and stepped inside. She then settled on the black leather couch with grace. Harrison also took a seat. Both of them maintained a proper distance between them. Pierce poured Serena a cup of tea, then exited the office quietly, closing the door behind him. The people in the executive office couldn't contain their curiosity when they saw Pierce emerge from Harrison's office. "Mr. Young, who's that woman who just entered Mr. Spencer's office?" "Yeah! What's her relationship with our boss?" Pierce gave them a stern look and warned in a serious tone, "Stop gossiping about Mr. Spencer's private matters or there'll be consequences." The others smiled knowingly at his words. "Oh, we're just concerned about Mr. Spencer's... personal life," one of them said. "Do you think she could become Mr. Spencer's wife?" "I think it's possible..." Then, everyone turned their gaze toward Pierce, hoping to get an answer from him. Pierce kept his expression serious and remained tight-lipped. "Don't look at me. I don't know anything." The main thing was, nothing had been set in stone yet. He didn't dare to speak recklessly! Besides, when it came to Harrison's personal affairs, it wasn't his place as an assistant to make wild guesses. But in the future... .. In contrast, the atmosphere in Harrison's office felt incredibly stiff and uneasy. It was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. Serena clenched her fingers, her voice trembling as she tried to break the silence. "M-Mr.

Spencer, I heard you wanted to discuss something with me.” Harrison gave a small hum in acknowledgment and slid a black folder toward Serena. “Take a look.” Serena froze for a moment before she reached for the black folder. The moment she opened it, the bold words “Prenuptial Agreement” immediately came into view. “This is…” Harrison replied, “I agree to marry you, but it’ll be a marriage limited to this agreement.” Serena began flipping through the pages upon hearing this. “The agreement lasts for a year. After one year, we’ll divorce. I’ll give you a hundred million dollars and two villas as compensation.” Harrison spoke without a trace of emotion, his tone purely businesslike and indifferent. He continued, “If you agree to the terms, we can go and get the marriage certificate right away once you sign the agreement.” Serena didn’t answer immediately. She looked at the terms of the agreement, slowly drifting into her own thoughts. A year seemed like enough. Harrison noticed her silence and added, “If you need more time—” “There’s no need. I agree,” Serena replied quickly. She was more worried about Harrison changing his mind. “But… there’s no need for the divorce compensation,” she added. After all, she had been the one to mess with him first. She just wanted to use him to inherit the shares of Linden Group that Vincent had left her. How could she accept the divorce compensation he was offering with a clear conscience? Harrison’s expression remained calm and unchanged. He said in a tone that brooked no refusal, “The compensation that is due will be given in full. Nothing less.” Seeing this, Serena didn’t press the matter further. She picked up the pen on the table and signed her name on the last page of the agreement without hesitation. After settling the agreement, both of them quickly went to the city clerk’s office to get their marriage certificate. The entire process took less than half an hour. When she received the marriage certificate, Serena was still in a daze. Has she really gotten married… just like that? Every subtle expression on Serena’s face was meticulously captured by Harrison’s sharp eyes. There was an unclear, indescribable emotion that flashed in his eyes. He asked slowly in a low and deep voice, “Are you regretting it?” Serena snapped out of her daze at his voice. “None.” Harrison didn’t seem entirely convinced, and he cast a brief glance in her direction. His voice was cool and indifferent as he said, “The moment you made your choice, there’s no turning back. Don’t regret it once it’s done.” Serena pressed her lips together and didn’t argue with him. For one, she didn’t dare to. Secondly, she didn’t see the need either. After all, she had the marriage certificate now, and he could assume whatever he wanted. Harrison tucked away the marriage

certificate. Then, he strode right toward the black Cayenne parked at the entrance. Serena quickly kept her copy in her handbag and hurried after him.

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Inside the car, Harrison glanced sideways, briefly sweeping his eyes over Serena. "Where to?" he asked casually. "Shiwa Law Firm," Serena replied softly. Harrison's brows furrowed slightly when he heard the name. However, he said nothing, only signaling the driver with his eyes. The driver immediately started the car engine, and the two fell silent in turn. About 20 minutes later, the black Cayenne pulled up steadily in front of Shiwa Law Firm. "We're here." Harrison's deep, magnetic voice echoed in the confined space of the car. Serena heard him but merely glanced out the window, making no move to get out. She suddenly called his name, "Mr. Spencer." He turned his head at the sound. She hesitated momentarily before carefully reaching out and tugging at his sleeve, her eyes hinting at a plea. "Could you... come up with me?" Her voice was tight, trembling slightly. Harrison looked down at the hand gripping his sleeve, then back at her face. There was a fleeting trace of warmth in his deep gaze—so subtle it was almost imperceptible. His silence made her feel unsettled. After an internal struggle, she finally decided to tell him the truth, "Actually, I married you with a purpose." His brow arched slightly, his expression unreadable. "Before my grandfather passed away, he secretly left me a will, giving me an 18% share of Linden Group..." Despite her nerves and turmoil, Serena forced herself to continue, "But to inherit it, I have to get married first, so—" "So, you used me as a stepping stone?" Harrison cut her off, his sharp gaze locking onto hers. His directness made her panic. "I..." Her words got stuck in her throat, and her grip on his sleeve loosened. Ultimately, she could only say, "I'm sorry." She knew the kind of man Harrison was. Now that he realized she had been using him, he was surely furious. However, she had no choice. If she didn't come clean now, she would never be able to reclaim what was rightfully hers. Besides, she still needed Harrison's influence to deal with Jeremy. Otherwise, she wouldn't make it through the night. If that were the case, she would take her chances with Harrison instead. Harrison studied her intently. He saw fear and a tangled mess of emotions that he couldn't quite decipher in her eyes. Was she really that afraid of him? Was he that terrifying? He cleared his throat, and without realizing it, his tone softened. "I had my own reasons for marrying you too." For a split second, Serena thought she was hallucinating. For the first time, she caught a glimpse of something in his eyes—something almost gentle. He looked away, his expression unreadable. "My grandmother has been pushing me to get married. I agreed to this arrangement to keep her off my back." Hearing that, Serena let out a quiet sigh of relief. The weight on her chest

lightened considerably. She nodded, understanding dawning on her. So, they each had their own motives. That made things easier. Still, to show her sincerity, she made him a promise. "Since you helped me this time, I'll play my part in front of Mrs. Spencer Senior." Harrison gave a soft hum, adjusted his suit, and urged, "Let's go. Time is valuable." With that, he pushed the car door open and stepped out. Not wanting to keep him waiting, she quickly followed. As he walked ahead, he kept Serena in his peripheral vision. Noticing her slightly hurried steps in high heels, he instinctively slowed his pace. Just as she caught up and walked alongside him, she suddenly stumbled. He reacted instantly, his arm wrapping securely around her waist, steadying her with ease. They were closer than ever before, so close they could hear each other's breathing and feel each other's heartbeat. Serena found herself in Harrison's arms while fully conscious for the first time. Her heart was in complete chaos, pounding uncontrollably against her chest. Harrison's gaze lingered on her, his Adam's apple bobbing slightly. The air between them shifted, charged with something unspoken. Snapping back to reality, Serena quickly stepped away, her movements flustered and shy. His hand hovered in mid-air for a split second, his fingers curling slightly as if lingering in the warmth of that brief moment. Her face burned, and her eyes darted everywhere but at him, avoiding any direct contact. Harrison slipped his hand into his pocket and said calmly, "Watch your step." Serena nodded quickly. "Got it."

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Harrison and Serena walked side-by-side into Shiwa Law Firm. Gail Levine, the lawyer handling Vincent's will, was already waiting at the reception desk. He was a man in his middle years. His sharp eyes exuded both professionalism and keen insight. Serena greeted him politely, "Hello, Mr. Levine." Gail nodded in acknowledgment before his gaze shifted to the man beside her. A flicker of surprise crossed his eyes. "Harrison?" Harrison's lips curled slightly, his tone carrying an unusual hint of respect. "Mr. Levine." Gail's eyes darted between them before finally settling on Harrison. "What brings you here today?" "I'm here with my wife to handle some inheritance matters," Harrison said matter-of-factly, showing no sign of hesitation. Gail's surprise deepened. "Your wife?" Harrison gave a slight nod, then effortlessly wrapped an arm around Serena's slender waist, pulling her in closer. He introduced her succinctly, "This is my wife, Serena Linden." Gail turned to Serena as if seeking confirmation. "So... he's the one you married?" She smiled slightly and nodded. "When did this happen?" Gail asked next. "Just now," Harrison replied. Hearing that, Gail chuckled. "Alright. Let's talk inside." With that, Harrison kept his arm around Serena as they followed Gail into a quiet conference room. Once Gail sat across from them, his expression shifted into a professional seriousness. "First, I need to see your marriage

certificate.” At his request, they presented their marriage certificate. As Gail examined it, he explained, “This is just standard procedure—nothing more.” Serena nodded. “I understand.” Looking over their marriage certificate, Gail couldn’t help but remark, “I never thought you’d actually settle down, Harrison. You’ve got good taste.” Harrison’s lips curled into a faint, effortless smile. “The timing was right.” Serena played along, offering a polite smile. When everything checked out, Gail retrieved Vincent’s will. “Ms. Linden, you have now met the conditions for inheritance. As per Mr. Linden Senior’s wishes, you’ll officially inherit an 18% stake in Linden Group. Regal Majesty Manor in the western suburbs will also be transferred to your name.” After reading the will aloud, he slid the documents across the table to Serena. “Review them and sign here. Once you do, the will takes immediate effect.” She stared at the papers, a storm of emotions churning inside her. After a long silence, she picked up the pen and signed her name as required. Once done, Gail continued, “There’s another part of the will that can only be disclosed when you turn 25, which is in six months. But in the past few days, Charles and Helena have been asking about it. They seem impatient. You should be careful and stay alert.” His gaze flickered toward Harrison as he spoke, carrying a deeper meaning. “Of course, you have nothing to fear with Harrison backing you. He’ll make sure you’re safe.” Serena turned her head slightly, looking at Harrison. His expression remained unchanged—calm, composed, and unreadable as always. A man like him never showed his emotions. She couldn’t help but wonder if he would really protect her. But after contemplating, she concluded that he would as they were partners in this. With the inheritance matter settled, Harrison and Serena left Shiwa Law Firm. The sunlight outside cast long shadows, but it did little to lift the heaviness in Serena’s heart. She had secured her shares in Linden Group but felt no joy—only a stifling sense of unease. Harrison studied her out of the corner of his eye. When he remembered everything she had been through, his gaze softened. “Is there anything else?” he asked suddenly. Serena snapped out of her thoughts. “What?” Seeing that she hadn’t caught his question, he didn’t show the slightest impatience. Instead, he repeated himself, his tone even, “Do you need my help with anything else?” Serena pressed her lips together, thinking about tonight. She said, “Yes.” “What is it?” “Well... could I borrow your influence for something tonight?” She looked at him directly as she asked the question in a cautious voice, almost testing the waters. Harrison said nothing, only gazing at her with those deep, unreadable eyes as he waited for her to continue. Taking a deep breath, Serena decided to be upfront. “Tonight, Jeremy Hood, the vice president of Chandler Group, wants to meet me at Nightshade Bar to discuss a business deal. I suspect he has other intentions. I need your influence to ensure my

safety.” She knew that with Harrison’s resources, he had likely already investigated what had happened the night before. There was no point in hiding anything, so she chose to be direct. She was gambling on whatever trace of sympathy he might have for her.

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After a brief pause, Harrison let out a soft chuckle, amusement laced in his tone. “You really don’t hold back, do you?” Serena was upfront with him—almost too direct—but he could see the careful calculations in her mind beneath that honesty. He knew but just chose not to call her out on it. Her cheeks flushed slightly as she lowered her head and murmured, “It’s fine if you’re unwilling. I’ll find another way.” She had no way of gauging his thoughts. Just as she was about to give up, his deep voice sounded beside her ear. “I’ll have Pierce take you tonight.” At his words, an inexplicable sense of relief washed over her. She looked up quickly, gratitude shining in her eyes. “Thank you, Mr. Spencer!” When he saw her reaction, the corners of his lips lifted ever so slightly as a trace of indulgence flickered in his gaze. ... At Bluewater Corporation, Pierce immediately picked up the documents from his desk and followed Harrison as soon as Harrison returned. “Mr. Spencer, these are the latest reports from the Project Management Department, along with two urgent documents requiring your signature. Also, you have a conference call with the KG Group from EloIn in 30 minutes.” Harrison entered his office in silence, unbuttoning his suit jacket before settling into his chair. Pierce placed the documents in front of him. After swiftly signing them, Harrison suddenly spoke, his deep voice unusually soft, “What’s an appropriate first gift for a woman?” Pierce froze for a second, visibly taken aback. “A gift? For whom?” “My...” Harrison hesitated briefly before answering with certainty, “My wife.” When Pierce heard what Harrison said, he was surprised. “You’re really... married to Ms. Linden?” Harrison gave a soft hum in confirmation. Pierce gasped. But he quickly gathered his thoughts and responded, “Since it’s for Mrs. Spencer, jewelry would be the safest choice.” Harrison seemed to consider this. After a moment of silence, he asked, “Is that colored diamond ring from the auction still here?” “Yes.” “Bring it to me later.” “Understood.” Just as Pierce was about to leave, Harrison stopped him again. “Serena is meeting Jeremy at Nightshade Bar tonight. Take some men with you and ensure her safety.” Pierce’s lips curled into a subtle smile, his expression turning enigmatic. He replied, “Got it.” ... That evening, Serena arrived at Nightshade Bar as planned, with Pierce and several bodyguards trailing behind her. Inside Room 888, the dim lighting cast an indulgent glow over the lavish decor. Jeremy lounged on the plush couch with one leg crossed over the other and an arm draped around a hostess dressed

in a short, tight dress. He swirled a glass of liquor in his other hand. The moment Serena stepped inside, his eyes lit up with predatory excitement. “Ms. Linden, you’ve finally arrived.” His tone was laced with suggestion, a smirk tugging at his lips. “How do you plan to make it up to me tonight? If your apology doesn’t satisfy me, I won’t accept it.” Serena said nothing, only responding with a faint smile. Seeing her remain silent, Jeremy continued his lewd remarks, “How about this? You drink this entire bottle, then come over and entertain me. Do that, and I’ll forget about what happened last night.” His grin widened as he grew more arrogant. But just as he finished speaking, the door to the private room burst open. Pierce entered with a team of well-trained bodyguards. The hostesses surrounding Jeremy paled with fear and quickly fled the room. Meanwhile, Jeremy—who had been smug just moments ago—immediately shrank back. His arrogance disappeared in an instant. He uncrossed his legs and sat up straight as he stammered, “M-Mr. Young, what brings you here?” Pierce’s voice was icy. “Jeremy, you’ve got some nerve, disrespecting Mrs. Spencer.” “M-Mrs. Spencer?” Jeremy was dumbfounded. His eyes darted around the room before locking onto the only woman present. Serena stood there, watching him coldly. He blurted out in disbelief, “You mean... her?” “She’s Mr. Spencer’s wife.” Pierce’s tone was firm and absolute. At those words, Jeremy felt his blood run cold. Only one thought echoed in his mind—he was screwed. Everyone in Southport knew what happened to those who crossed Harrison—especially those who dared to offend someone close to him. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that Serena was Harrison’s wife. Now, he wouldn’t escape unscathed even if he survived this.