

## Accidentally Yours Chapter 4-5

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“Listen, Harrison. If you don’t bring me a granddaughter-in-law within a week, you’re going on blind dates,” Martha demanded. Her first step was to threaten and bribe. “Otherwise... I don’t want to live anymore! Just let me die with regrets. Let me go to the afterlife and apologize to your dead parents and grandfather!” Martha exclaimed dramatically. Her second step was to use death as leverage. Harrison let out a helpless sigh. “Grandma, you’re being completely unreasonable.” Martha huffed and said matter-of-factly, “Yes, I’m being unreasonable. Now, go figure it out yourself!” Harrison couldn’t do anything about her, so he had no choice but to give in. “Fine. I’ll find one for you right away.” Her third step was to seal the deal. Martha’s lips curved up into a triumphant smile as she reminded him, “Don’t forget. Within a week!” Harrison rose to his feet in silence. His expression was dark as he strode out of Martha’s room. Lewis finally spoke once he was certain Harrison had left, “Mrs. Spencer Senior, aren’t you afraid that Mr. Spencer will truly get angry if you push him like this?” The smile on Martha’s face gradually faded, and a trace of sorrow surfaced in her timeworn eyes. “Harry’s parents died when he was very young, leaving only him behind,” she explained. “All his uncles may appear respectful after Albert’s passing, but in reality, they’ve always been watching like hawks. They’re just waiting for their chance. “The reason I’m pressuring him like this is because I want him to start a family soon. It’ll ensure this bloodline of ours will continue.” Her words carried both helplessness and concern. ... Pierce Young, who had been waiting by the black Maybach, opened the door to the back seat as soon as he saw Harrison step out of the manor. “Mr. Spencer,” Pierce greeted. Harrison stopped beside Pierce and instructed, “Find out everything about the woman from last night. Leave no stone unturned.” “Yes, sir,” Pierce responded. Harrison lowered himself into the car as the door slowly closed behind him. Pierce quickly got back into the front passenger seat. With the low hum of the engine, the car slowly pulled away from Spencer Manor. ... Serena left the hotel and went straight to a pharmacy to buy emergency contraception. Since Harrison had rejected her marriage proposal, there was no need for her to be entangled with him. He was not someone she could afford to provoke, after all. She would treat last night as if it was a stroke of bad luck. She didn’t suffer much damage, anyway. Serena then hailed a cab and headed straight to Chandler Group. Memories from the previous night at Hotel Imperus came flooding back as soon as she arrived. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. When she opened

them again, they were clear and filled with resolution. Serena wore a small smile as she walked into Chandler Group's lobby, her heels clicking on the floor. She stopped at the front desk and said, "Hello, I'm Serena Linden from Linden Group's Project Management Department. I'd like to schedule an appointment with your vice president, Mr. Jeremy Hood." The receptionist looked up and gave her a once-over. "Serena Linden?" Serena nodded slightly and maintained a polite yet measured smile. The receptionist's attitude shifted instantly, and her tone turned impatient at Serena's confirmation. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hood has said he's not taking any visitors today." Serena instinctively tightened her grip on her handbag upon hearing the response. She kept the smile on her face as she said with sincerity and humility, "Could you please tell Mr. Hood that I'm here to apologize?" The receptionist ignored her. Serena continued to plead humbly, "Please, let him know I do have something urgent to discuss." The receptionist finally relented at her persistence. She said, "I'll call Mr. Hood's assistant and check." "Alright. Thank you," Serena said. The receptionist then dialed the internal line. After a brief exchange, she put down the receiver and relayed the message to Serena, "Ms. Linden, I apologize. Mr. Hood's assistant said he's currently busy. He asked that you wait in the lounge area for now." Serena knew perfectly well that Jeremy had instructed his assistant to say this on purpose. He was making things difficult for her because she had injured him last night. She decided to let it be. Sometimes, one had to swallow one's pride. Serena nodded and said nothing. She turned around and walked over to the lounge area to sit on a couch. Over an hour later, Jeremy's assistant finally came down. "Ms. Linden, Mr. Hood's schedule is full today. He really doesn't have time to see you." The assistant stepped in front of Serena, and his gaze hinted at something unsaid. "But Mr. Hood said that if you're truly sincere about apologizing, he'll be waiting for you tonight in Room 888 at Nightshade Bar." Serena's smile froze for a moment upon hearing that. Then, the assistant added, "Mr. Hood also mentioned that if Linden Group wants a shot at the Eastside project, you'd need to show some sincerity and conviction." The corner of Serena's lips twitched. Then, she forced a bright smile as she replied, "Alright, I understand." There was no way to reclaim her parents' belongings if she didn't secure the Eastside project. But if she went to Nightshade Bar tonight, she might never escape Jeremy's grasp. What should she do? Was she really going to go down with that scumbag? In the end, Serena left Chandler Group with a heavy heart.

There was a knock on the door in an office room of Bluewater Corporation. "Come in." With permission granted, Pierce pushed open the door and stepped into Harrison's office. He walked over to Harrison's desk at an unhurried pace and placed a neatly compiled file on it. "Mr. Spencer, this is all the information you wanted me to gather on the woman from last night," Pierce said. Harrison looked up slightly, his gaze immediately locking onto the file. He picked it up and began flipping through the pages. "The woman from last night is Serena Linden," Pierce explained. Then, he changed the topic. "Coincidentally, Ms. Linden's parents also passed away in a car accident on that rainy night 19 years ago. However, the accident happened on the way back to Southport from Clouthaven." At those words, long-buried memories resurfaced. The atmosphere around Harrison instantly turned frigid as if the very air could freeze. That rainy night 19 years ago had left a wound in his heart that would never heal. The sudden car accident had taken his parents' lives on that stormy night. He had only been ten years old at the time. An indescribable feeling welled up in his chest at the thought of Serena suffering the same fate. Harrison asked coldly, "Are you sure it was an accident and not intentional?" Pierce shook his head and replied, "We can't be certain yet. It's been so many years, and there's some difficulty in the investigation. It'll take some time." "Look into it thoroughly. Investigate it alongside my parents' case," Harrison instructed. "Yes, sir." Pierce nodded. He then steered the conversation back on track. "Mr. Vincent Linden—her grandfather—fell ill when he heard about the accident. He was unable to bear the blow and passed away when Ms. Linden was eight years old. "After that, she was raised by her uncle and aunt, Charles Linden and Helena Warren. Charles also took over the Linden family and Linden Group." Pierce continued, "Before his death, Mr. Spencer Senior left a will stating explicitly that his inheritance could only be claimed by Ms. Linden once she turned 25 years old. So, Charles Linden hasn't officially inherited the Linden family or Linden Group as of now." As Harrison listened, he continued flipping through the thick stack of documents. After a long while, he finally asked, "Why was she at Hotel Imperus last night?" Pierce gave a prompt response with the findings from his investigation. "Linden Group wants to take part in Chandler Group's Eastside project. Charles knew that the person in charge of the project was Jeremy Hood. Jeremy is infamous for his lecherous ways, so..." Harrison's expression tensed slightly, and his expression darkened. So, Jeremy had drugged Serena last night, and she had nearly been violated by the scumbag. In that instant, Serena's graceful figure flashed through his mind. The way she had exuded an irresistible allure in the hotel last night had made him lose all reason. She had awakened a desire he couldn't suppress. Her timid yet resolute demeanor in the morning had also inexplicably caused a faint stir in his long-frozen

heart. Marriage? It didn't seem too bad. Harrison's eyes grew darker, carrying an inscrutable expression. He closed the file in his hands and instructed Pierce, "Get in touch with her. Have her come look for me, and tell her I have something to discuss." "Yes, sir," Pierce responded. ... Serena left Chandler Group and took a cab back to the Linden residence. She planned to take a shower and change into some clean clothes. But she ran into Helena the moment she stepped inside. Helena was lounging on the living room couch. She was casually stroking her beloved Ragdoll cat that was nestled in her arms. A wave of fear washed over Serena the moment she laid eyes on the cat. She instinctively took two steps back, every hair on her body standing on end. The Ragdoll cat glared at her with a fierce, menacing stare, as if it was ready to pounce on her at any given moment. Serena fought to hide her anxiety and softly greeted, "Aunt Helena." Helena didn't even spare her a glance. Instead, she immediately adopted an accusatory stance. "You still have the nerve to come back? Did you go apologize to Mr. Hood? Did he forgive you?" Helena's tone was cruel and cutting. Serena clenched her teeth and answered in a low voice, "Don't worry, Aunt Helena. I'll take care of things with Mr. Hood. I won't make Linden Group suffer any losses because of me." "That better be true." Helena let out a cold scoff, her words dripping with distrust and threats. "If you don't handle this properly, don't bother coming back here. You can also forget about getting any of your parents' belongings back." A surge of defiance rose in Serena, but she forced herself to hold it in. Reason told her that enduring this moment was more important than any argument. A little impatience would derail the bigger plan! After all, her parents' belongings were still in the hands of her uncle and aunt. She couldn't afford to completely sever ties with them just yet. But she wouldn't let them keep threatening her with this. She had to find a way to break free from their control. Serena tugged at the corner of her lips but said nothing. She simply turned and headed upstairs in silence. Once she was in her room, she filled the bathtub and soaked in the comfortable, warm water. Just as she stepped out of the bathroom, she heard the abrupt ringing of her phone from the vanity table. She walked over and glanced at the screen. It was an unknown number. Serena hesitated for a second before picking it up and answering it. "Hello?" "Hello, Ms. Linden. I'm Pierce Young, special assistant to Mr. Spencer." The man on the other end of the call introduced himself politely, his tone warm and respectful.