

CEO's Regret After I Divorced

#Chapter 238 Homecoming - Read CEO's Regret After I Divorced Chapter 238 Homecoming

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Ethan's POV

I sat in our family's front hall, nursing a cup of tea and my pounding headache. The hangover from last night's celebration with my sisters was brutal. My eyes felt like sandpaper, and I'm pretty sure I looked like death warmed over.

"Stop playing those drinking games with your sisters," Mom scolded, shaking her head at the sight of me. "Just look at yourself, Ethan. Still feeling sick?"

I nodded weakly, not even getting a chance to respond before we heard movement at the entrance. The front door opened, bringing voices and footsteps into our home.

"Sounds like Serena and the girls are back," Mom said, standing to greet them.

I straightened up, trying to look somewhat presentable despite my hangover. When they walked in, I immediately noticed Ryan following behind my sisters. So last night's drunken phone call had actually worked. Interesting.

Mom went straight to Serena, clasping her hands and checking if she was alright. Then she turned to Ryan with a welcoming smile.

"You must be the Mr. Blackwood that Serena keeps talking about. Please, come in."

I could read Mom's assessment immediately. If my sisters had brought this man home, they must have decided he was worthy. Mom was tough but practical that way.

Ryan nodded respectfully. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Quinn."

Once everyone settled in the sitting room, I caught Ryan's eye. "Ryan, you made it." I couldn't help the small grin that formed on my face. My late-night effort hadn't been wasted after all.

Then Serena dropped her bombshell. "Mom, I remember everything now."

The room went still. Mom's eyes widened, then immediately filled with tears. "Serena, you truly remember? Everything?"

Serena nodded, and I watched as three years of my mother's grief and worry dissolved in that single moment. "Yes, everything. You and Dad must have missed me so much these past three years."

Mom was crying openly now. "My foolish girl, as long as you've come back safely, we can let the past stay in the past."

The emotional moment hung heavy in the air until Zoe, practical as always, broke in. "Mom, don't cry. We have company, remember?"

Mom wiped her tears away, forcing a laugh. "Look at me carrying on! Mr. Blackwood, please forgive me. I'm just overcome with happiness."

Ryan stepped forward, his expression serious. "Mrs. Quinn, please don't apologize. The fault is mine for not taking better care of Serena during her time away from you. I promise that going forward, I'll never let her suffer or feel lonely again."

I watched Mom's face carefully. Ryan had just hit exactly the right note - taking responsibility while promising future care. Mom was already nodding approvingly.

"Good, good. Knowing Serena has found someone who cares for her brings us peace," she said, her voice warm with acceptance. "Serena can be stubborn sometimes, so you'll both need to be patient with each other."

I almost laughed at the understatement. Stubborn didn't begin to cover it when it came to my eldest sister. But watching Mom symbolically place Serena's hand in Ryan's, I felt genuinely happy for both of them.

Dinner was surprisingly comfortable. Ryan fit in seamlessly with our family dynamic, and for the first time in years, the Quinn household felt complete again.

After dinner, I watched Serena pull Ryan toward our gardens. I gave them their privacy, but couldn't help feeling satisfied. My plan was coming together perfectly.

Later that night, Ryan called me.

"Is the ring ready?" he asked without preamble.

"All set," I confirmed, feeling a surge of excitement. "Are you really planning to propose here in London?"

"Serena's birthday is the day after tomorrow. I want to host a birthday celebration and propose to her then."

I couldn't contain my enthusiasm. "That's perfect! She'll be thrilled."

But then I remembered something crucial. "Though, there's one thing..."

"What's wrong?" Ryan asked, immediately alert.

"Miss Carter is Serena's best friend. If you propose without her being there to witness it, she might actually kill you both."

Ryan chuckled. "I've already thought of that. I was planning to contact her tonight to arrange the surprise."

I was impressed. The man really had thought of everything. "Let me handle contacting Miss Carter," I offered quickly. Any excuse to talk to Maya was worth grabbing.

"Fine by me," Ryan agreed, and I could hear the knowing smirk in his voice.

After discussing a few more details about the birthday celebration, we hung up. I immediately dialed Maya's number, sitting by the window with what I'm sure was a ridiculously hopeful smile on my face.

It took several attempts before she finally answered, and when she did, I was greeted with a furious bark.

"Ethan, what the hell? Why are you calling me in the middle of the damn night?"

My smile dimmed. "I'm calling about something important."

"Well, spit it out. Some of us are working here." Her tone was acid.

Since Serena had left New York, I knew Maya had been drowning in extra work. "You're still working this late?" I asked, genuinely concerned.

Maya made an exasperated sound. "Ethan, if I wasn't working, that would mean your multiple calls just woke me up. Which would be worse?"

I grimaced, taking the verbal beating in silence. After a moment, she finally calmed down.

"What is it? Just tell me."

"Ryan is going to propose," I said.

The sharp intake of breath on the other end was immediate. "Propose? In London? Why the hell would he do that?"

"It's complicated," I explained. "The day after tomorrow is Serena's birthday. Ryan wants to throw her a birthday party and propose then."

"Do you want to come?" I asked, trying not to sound too eager or desperate.

Maya was still stuck on the logistics. "What is Ryan thinking? Why not wait until they're back in New York? Who's even in London?"

I hesitated, knowing I was about to blow up her entire understanding of the situation. "The thing is... Serena is actually my sister. My real sister."

"Three years ago, she had an accident at sea and lost her memory. Now she's remembered everything. London is her actual home."

The silence that followed was deafening. I started to panic.

"Maya? Look, I wasn't trying to hide this from you. I barely had any contact with Serena myself, and I couldn't be certain until now. That's why I didn't say anything sooner."

The silence stretched on, and my heart sank lower with each passing second.