

# CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 250

Serena's POV

I cringed as Ethan pushed open the office door, catching Maya and me in the middle of our girl talk. His face lit up when he saw me.

“My assistant just told me you were here. I came up right away,” he said with that bright smile of his, calling me “Serena” in that sweet brotherly way.

“It’s your opening day—you must be swamped,” I waved dismissively. “I’m hardly a VIP guest. You don’t need to drop everything for me.”

Ethan shook his head firmly. “How could I not make time? Maya and I have been so caught up with the branch opening that we haven’t had a chance to visit you at the Blackwood mansion.”

“Now that you’re here, of course I want to spend time with my sister.”

I clicked my tongue, watching the two of them sitting so comfortably close on the sofa. I couldn’t resist teasing them.

“Don’t waste your time on me. Your future wife needs your attention more.” I leaned forward with a mischievous glint in my eyes. “So when are you planning to make it official?”

Ethan pressed his lips together, clearly caught off guard by my directness.

“Well... that depends on what Maya wants,” he stammered.

“Oh please,” I scoffed. “You dummy, the proposal has to come from you first.”

“Whether she accepts or not—that’s her decision.”

Maya shot me a playful glare. “Ethan, don’t listen to her. We haven’t been together long enough. There’s no rush to get married.” She shrugged casually. “What if we find out we’re not compatible later?”

Ethan’s brow furrowed instantly as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“Not compatible? What makes you say that? What’s not compatible?” His voice was tinged with alarm.

Maya laughed. “I was just saying! Look how worried you got.”

“Wow, you’ve got it bad,” I said, standing up. “Anyway, I just came to check in. Everything looks great, so I can leave with peace of mind.”

“You two carry on with your work. My bodyguards are waiting outside.”

They wouldn’t hear of it, though. Each taking one of my arms, they escorted me slowly downstairs. I decided to use the side exit to avoid the crowds, but who should I run into but Ryan himself.

My heart nearly stopped. He looked just as surprised to see me there—after all, I’d promised him I’d stay home today.

My smile froze awkwardly. Talk about terrible timing—caught red-handed.

Ethan, completely oblivious to the tension between us, greeted Ryan warmly.

“Perfect timing, Ryan! You can take Serena home with you.”

Ryan’s mouth twitched into what barely passed for a smile, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“What a coincidence. I seem to recall someone promising they would stay put at home today.”

Maya frowned, glancing at me. “What’s going on?”

I forced a laugh, guilt written all over my face.

“Nothing! Maya, Ethan, you should get back to your guests. We’ll be heading out now.” I quickly looped my arm through Ryan’s and flashed him my most disarming smile. “Ryan, let’s talk about this at home, okay?”

Though clearly annoyed, Ryan didn’t want to make a scene. “Fine. We’ll see you both later.”

Once we were in the car with the door closed, I immediately went into damage control mode.

“Mr. Blackwood, I’m sorry,” I said in my most pitiful voice, deliberately using his formal title which I knew would soften him up.

The stern look on his face immediately began to melt. Worked like a charm.

“You promised you’d stay home. With your condition, I’m not trying to keep you prisoner—I just worry about you going out alone.”

“If I hadn’t stopped by to deliver a congratulatory gift during my lunch break, I wouldn’t have even known you sneaked out.”

I pouted dramatically. “I was just so bored! Look at me—don’t I look better after getting some fresh air?”

Ryan studied my face carefully before nodding. “You do look better.”

“See? I was only sitting there for a little while anyway and was about to head back.” I pointed toward a car parked around the corner. “I brought bodyguards too. They’re waiting in the car. I’ll tell them to go back without me.”

He made a sound of agreement. “Since you wanted to get some air, why don’t I take you for a drive before bringing you home? How does that sound?”

My eyes lit up instantly and I nodded eagerly. “Yes, please! Mr. Blackwood, you’re the best.”

I snuggled against him, making him smile despite himself. Amazing how quickly I could sweet-talk my way out of trouble when needed.

I called my bodyguards who’d been waiting for me. “You can head back. I’m with Ryan now.”

The bodyguard sounded shocked. “But we didn’t see Mr. Blackwood’s car... Ma’am, could you put Mr. Blackwood on the phone?”

Rolling my eyes, I handed over my phone. Ryan spoke just a few words, and they immediately agreed. So unfair.

“Clearly Mr. Blackwood’s words carry more weight than mine,” I huffed, pretending to be offended.

Ryan just smiled and instructed the driver to start the car.

New York in this season was pleasantly cool. There was something deeply satisfying about going for a drive with the person you love, taking in the natural beauty outside the window. I relaxed into the moment, feeling content.

Meanwhile, the car that should have been taking me back to the Blackwood mansion—the one carrying my bodyguards—was involved in a terrible accident.