

# CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 251

Ryan's POV

I stood outside Lucian's office, gripping my phone so tightly my knuckles turned white. The news about the bodyguards had sent ice through my veins.

"Severe injuries but stable condition," Simon reported through the phone. "Both will survive, sir."

"What about the cause?" I demanded.

"Still investigating, but we've retrieved the collision footage. It doesn't look accidental, sir. The timing was too precise, the angle of impact calculated."

I let out a cold laugh. "Of course it wasn't. Find out who's behind this. I want names, evidence, everything."

"Yes, Mr. Blackwood."

When I hung up, Serena was staring at me with wide, questioning eyes. The worry in them made my chest tighten.

"What happened?" she asked softly.

I took a deep breath before answering. "The car you came in was involved in an accident."

Her face drained of color instantly. "How bad is it?"

"The bodyguards have been taken to the hospital. They'll live, but they're not in good shape." I reached out to touch her arm reassuringly. "My assistant will handle everything. Don't worry about it."

Serena opened her mouth, then closed it again. I could almost see the thoughts racing through her mind—guilt, fear, maybe even regret for leaving the mansion.

"You said something about finding who's behind this," she finally said. "This wasn't an accident? Someone was targeting me?"

I nodded grimly. "It has Kane written all over it. That bastard has gone too far this time, going after you."

My jaw clenched involuntarily. That snake had always been lurking in the shadows, but to target Serena—my pregnant wife? This crossed every line.

“You need to go home right now,” I told her firmly. “And please, don’t leave again without proper security. Can you promise me that?”

She nodded quickly, still visibly shaken. I didn’t relax until I saw her safely inside our mansion with the head housekeeper. Only then did I let the full force of my rage surface.

I drove straight to Lucian’s company, a thick folder of evidence clutched in my hand. This had been brewing for a long time, but today was the final straw.

“Mr. Blackwood, what brings you here in such a hurry?” Lucian asked, eyebrows raised at my thunderous expression.

I slapped the folder onto his desk. “This is everything I’ve gathered on Kane from within Blackwood Group. I want him prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.”

“If we work together, he won’t escape this time.”

Lucian flipped through the documents, his eyes widening slightly. “You’re including the car accident that killed your parents too? I thought you were hesitant about—”

“I was,” I cut him off. “But he’s gone after my wife now—my pregnant wife. The man has become completely unhinged. Why should I hold back anymore?”

“Blood for blood then,” he said quietly.

I left without another word. Within hours, Lucian had contacted the police and coordinated with media outlets. The story broke like a tsunami:

“Kane Blackwood Exposed: Using Blackwood Power to Extort Business Partners, Driving Smaller Companies to Bankruptcy”

“Breaking: Evidence Links Kane Blackwood to Fatal Accident that Killed Blackwood CEO and Wife”

I watched it all unfold from my office, a grim satisfaction settling in my chest. By evening, Lucian called.

“They’re bringing him in now. Thought you might want to be there.”

Twenty minutes later, I stood beside Lucian outside the NYPD headquarters, watching as two officers escorted a handcuffed Kane toward the waiting police car.

His face contorted with rage when he spotted me. “You think you’re so clever, don’t you?” he spat, struggling against the officers’ grip.

“No, Kane. I just finally stopped protecting you,” I replied coldly.

Lucian stepped forward, his voice razor-sharp. “All these years, you’ve been the cancer eating Blackwood from within. Your reign of terror ends today.”

Kane’s eyes narrowed to slits. “You two-faced snake. You’re no better than me, West.”

“The difference is I can still look at myself in the mirror,” Lucian shot back.

As the officers pushed Kane’s head down to guide him into the car, he twisted around one last time, his face twisted with hatred.

“This isn’t over, Ryan!” Kane had spat as the officers shoved him toward the police car. “You think you’ve won? When I get out—and I will get out—I’ll make you regret this! That company should have been mine!”

I’d just stood there with Lucian, watching coldly as my uncle thrashed against his restraints.

“Good luck with that,” I’d replied calmly, though inside I was seething. “I have enough evidence to keep you locked up for decades.”

Kane’s eyes had narrowed to slits. “Your pretty little wife won’t always be under your protection. Remember that.”

It took everything in me not to lunge at him for that threat. Lucian had gripped my arm, holding me back as Kane was finally forced into the backseat.

“He’s not worth it,” Lucian had muttered. “Let the law handle him.”

Now, pushing those dark thoughts aside, I hurry through the front door, immediately asking the housekeeper about Serena’s whereabouts.

“Mrs. Blackwood is resting in the bedroom, sir.”

I take the stairs two at a time, desperate to see her, to confirm with my own eyes that she’s safe. When I open the door, I find her propped up against the pillows, reading a pregnancy book. The sight of her—peaceful, beautiful, alive—makes my chest tighten.

“Hey,” she says softly, looking up with those warm brown eyes. “You’re back earlier than I expected.”

I cross the room in a few strides and sit beside her on the bed, taking her hand in mine. “How are you feeling? Any discomfort?”

She shakes her head, placing her other hand on her rounded belly. “We’re fine, both of us. Just a little tired from all the excitement today.”

I can't help but brush my fingers along her cheek. "About that... Serena, I need you to promise me something."

Her expression grows serious. "What is it?"

"No more sneaking out. Not without telling me, not without proper security." I try to keep my voice steady, but the fear I'd felt when I heard about the car accident seeps through. "Kane has been arrested, but I can't be sure he doesn't have accomplices."

"Arrested?" Her eyes widen. "For what?"

"Everything. The corporate sabotage, the embezzlement..." I hesitate before adding, "And the car accident that killed my parents."

Serena gasps. "Ryan... I had no idea you were pursuing that."

"It wasn't just for revenge," I explain, stroking her hand with my thumb. "It was about justice. And now, it's about protecting what matters most to me." I place my hand gently on her stomach. "Both of you."

Her eyes soften. "I'm sorry for sneaking out today. I just felt so cooped up, and I wanted to support Ethan and Maya."

"I understand that. I do. But from now on, if you want to go somewhere, tell me. I'll arrange everything—proper security, a safer vehicle, whatever you need. Just... please."

She nods without argument. "I promise. No more solo adventures until after the baby comes."

"Thank you," I whisper, leaning forward to place a gentle kiss on her lips.

She responds immediately, her fingers threading through my hair, pulling me closer. When we break apart, she's smiling.

"You know, this protective side of you is actually quite attractive, Mr. Blackwood."

I can't help but smile back. "Is that so, Mrs. Blackwood?"

"Mmm-hmm. Though I do expect some compensation for my house arrest."

"Name your price," I say, tracing the curve of her jaw with my finger.

"Ice cream. The expensive kind from that place across town. And foot rubs. Lots of foot rubs."

I laugh, relieved by the lightness between us. "Consider it done."

We talk more about her day, about the baby, about anything except Kane and the danger that almost touched her today. Eventually, her eyelids grow heavy, and I tuck her in, watching as she drifts off to sleep.

Only when her breathing evens out do I allow my smile to fade. Moving to the window, I look out at the darkening sky, a cold resolve settling in my chest.

I nearly lost her today. If she hadn't changed her plans, if she had been in that car...

The thought is unbearable. I've already lost so much in my life—my parents, years wasted chasing a ghost of my past. But Serena... losing her would destroy me completely.

I pull out my phone, dialing Simon.

"Sir?" he answers on the first ring.

"Double the security detail around the house. Background check everyone—staff, drivers, gardeners. And I want the investigator's full report on that accident by morning."