

# CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 252

Serena's POV

Two weeks had passed since Kane's arrest, but the relief we'd all felt was short-lived. The news that the Vergara family had posted his bail sent shockwaves through our household, particularly affecting Ryan. His protective instincts, already heightened by my pregnancy, had escalated to near-paranoia.

"I don't understand why he couldn't stay where he belongs—behind bars," I muttered, absently stroking my growing baby bump as I lounged on the plush sofa in our living room.

"Money talks, darling," Maya replied, sipping her herbal tea. Her presence was the only thing keeping me sane during what had essentially become house arrest. "And the Vergaras have plenty of it."

I sighed, shifting positions to get more comfortable. "I just wish Ryan would ease up a little. I haven't breathed fresh air in fourteen days."

"He's terrified," Maya said softly. "Can you blame him? After what happened with your security detail..."

The memory of that car accident still made my stomach clench. Those men had nearly died protecting me. And now Kane was free to roam, his threat hanging over us like a storm cloud.

"I know," I conceded. "But turning this place into Fort Knox isn't helping my pregnancy anxiety."

Maya laughed, her red-brown hair catching the afternoon sunlight streaming through our floor-to-ceiling windows. "Speaking of your pregnancy, isn't Dr. Lay supposed to be here soon?"

I checked my watch. "Any minute now. These weekly check-ups were Ryan's idea, though I have to admit it's nice having medical attention without having to venture out."

As if on cue, Mrs. Henderson, our head housekeeper, appeared at the doorway. "Mrs. Blackwood, Dr. Lay has arrived for your appointment."

Dr. Lay entered behind her, medical bag in hand. I'd grown fond of her over the past few months—she was typically calm, professional, and had a reassuring bedside manner. Today, however, something seemed off. Her smile appeared strained, and her eyes darted nervously around the room.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Blackwood," she greeted, her voice slightly higher than usual. "How are you feeling today?"

“Quite well, actually,” I answered, studying her face. “No swelling, no unusual pain. The baby’s been kicking regularly.”

Dr. Lay nodded, but seemed distracted as she set her bag down. Her hands trembled slightly as she took out her stethoscope. “That’s... that’s good to hear.”

Maya raised an eyebrow at me, noticing the doctor’s strange behavior too.

“Perhaps we should go upstairs for the examination?” Dr. Lay suggested abruptly. “More privacy there.”

I frowned. We’d always done my check-ups in the comfortable sitting room adjacent to the living room. “Is that necessary? We’ve always managed fine down here.”

Dr. Lay’s smile tightened. “I’d prefer it today. Some of the tests I need to run... more comfortable for you lying down properly.”

Before I could respond, Maya jumped in. “Oh, I just remembered! Serena, don’t you need those new prenatal vitamins Dr. Lay prescribed? The ones in your bathroom cabinet?”

“They’re not urgent—” I began, but caught Maya’s meaningful glance.

“I’ll go get them,” Maya offered quickly. “Which bathroom are they in? The master suite?”

Dr. Lay’s expression flickered with what looked like annoyance. “Mrs. Blackwood can take them later. Right now, we should focus on the examination.”

The tension in the room was becoming palpable. Something was definitely wrong.

“Actually,” I said slowly, pushing myself up from the sofa, “I should probably get them myself. I reorganized the cabinet yesterday, and they might be hard to find.”

“I can help you,” Dr. Lay insisted, moving forward to take my arm. “In your condition, stairs can be dangerous.”

Her grip on my elbow was firmer than necessary, her palm sweaty against my skin. Every instinct in my body screamed danger.

“That would be helpful,” I replied with a forced smile. “Maya, would you mind coming too? You can help me remember which other supplements Ryan wanted me to start taking.”

The three of us made our way upstairs, Dr. Lay staying unnaturally close to me. When we reached the master bedroom, I made a show of searching through the bathroom cabinet.

“Here they are,” I announced, pulling out a bottle of prenatal vitamins. Dr. Lay’s shoulders visibly relaxed.

“Excellent,” she said, checking her watch. “Now, shall we proceed with the examination?”

“Actually, Maya and I were going to step out onto the balcony for a moment,” I said, moving toward the French doors. “It’s such a beautiful day, and Ryan rarely lets me outside anymore. Just five minutes of fresh air?”

Dr. Lay’s smile froze. “I’m on a tight schedule today, Mrs. Blackwood...”

“It will only take a moment,” I insisted, already sliding the door open. “You can set up your equipment in the meantime.”

Once outside, I whispered urgently to Maya, “Something’s wrong. She’s acting bizarre.”

“I noticed,” Maya hissed back. “Should I call security?”

Before I could answer, my phone buzzed with a text from Dr. Lay : “I need to leave now. Family emergency. Reschedule soon.”

We watched through the glass as she hastily packed her bag and practically fled from the room.

“What the hell was that about?” Maya muttered.

“I don’t know, but—” My words were cut short by the shrill ring of Maya’s phone.

She answered, her expression quickly shifting to concern. “Now? But I’m... Yes, I understand. I’ll be there as soon as I can.” She hung up, looking apologetic. “Emergency at the studio. The client for the Maxwell project is threatening to pull out.”

“Go,” I urged. “I’ll be fine. The security team is all over the property.”

“Are you sure? After whatever that was with Dr. Lay ...”

“Positive. Ryan will be home in a few hours anyway.” I squeezed her hand reassuringly. “Let me at least walk you to the door.”

We made our way back downstairs, Maya filling me in on the client drama to distract from the unsettling encounter with Dr. Lay . As we reached the grand staircase’s midpoint, I suddenly felt my foot slide forward unexpectedly.

Time seemed to slow down. I looked down in confusion to see something glistening on the stair beneath me—some kind of clear liquid. My heart leapt into my throat as I lost my balance, my center of gravity shifting dangerously forward.

“Maya!” I gasped, desperately reaching for the railing.

Maya spun around, her eyes widening in horror. “Serena!”

She lunged for me, her fingers grasping at my outstretched arm. For a split second, I thought she had me—then I felt the sickening sensation of falling. Maya's grip tightened on my wrist, but my momentum pulled her forward too. We tumbled down the remaining stairs together, a tangle of limbs and terrified screams.

Pain exploded through my body as we hit the marble floor. For a moment, everything went dark. When my vision cleared, I was lying on my side, a warm wetness spreading between my legs.

"The baby," I whispered, my hand moving instinctively to my stomach. "Oh god, the baby..."

Maya was sprawled beside me, blood trickling from a cut on her forehead. She pushed herself up, wincing. "Don't move, Serena. I'm calling an ambulance."

But I already knew something was terribly wrong. The cramping pain that seized my abdomen was unlike anything I'd felt before. I looked down in horror to see blood staining my dress.

"Help," I whimpered, tears streaming down my face as fear consumed me. "Please, someone help us."

The last thing I heard was Maya's frantic voice on the phone: "Emergency at the Blackwood estate! Pregnant woman fell down stairs, she's bleeding heavily..."

Then darkness claimed me completely.