

# CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 253

Ryan's POV

My world collapsed with a single phone call.

"Mr. Blackwood, there's been an accident at the estate. Your wife has fallen down the stairs. She's bleeding heavily..." Simon's usually composed voice cracked with urgency.

I felt the blood drain from my face. The boardroom full of executives faded into a blur around me.

"Where is she now?" I demanded, already on my feet, knocking over my chair with a crash that silenced the room.

"They're rushing her to Metropolitan General. Maya is with her in the ambulance."

I didn't bother ending the call properly, just shoved my phone into my pocket and stormed toward the door. "Meeting adjourned," I barked over my shoulder, ignoring the startled faces of my executive team.

The twenty-minute drive to the hospital was the longest of my life. Every red light was an eternity. Every slow driver, a personal affront. I cursed and pounded the steering wheel, desperate prayers tumbling from my lips—prayers I hadn't uttered since I was a child.

"Please, not her. Not the baby. Not my family."

The hospital entrance loomed ahead. I barely remembered parking, just found myself running through the emergency room doors, my heart thundering against my ribs.

"Serena Blackwood," I demanded at the reception desk, my voice raw with fear. "My wife was just brought in—pregnant, fall accident."

The receptionist's eyes widened with recognition. "Mr. Blackwood, yes—she's in Emergency Bay 3. They're preparing to—"

I was already moving, following the signs, pushing past orderlies and nurses. That's when I saw Maya, sitting on a plastic chair in the hallway, her face buried in her hands. Blood had dried on her temple, and her clothes were stained with what I recognized with horror as Serena's blood.

"Maya." My voice came out strangled.

She looked up, her makeup streaked down her cheeks, eyes red and swollen. "Ryan, thank God you're here." She stood unsteadily, wincing with pain. "It happened so fast. The stairs—there

was something slippery—we both fell, but she...” Her voice broke. “She landed badly. There was so much blood...”

My stomach lurched. “Where is she now?”

“In there.” Maya pointed to a set of double doors with ‘Emergency Obstetrics’ emblazoned above them. “They wouldn’t let me go with her.”

As if on cue, a doctor in blood-spattered scrubs pushed through the doors, his face grave. “Mr. Blackwood?”

“Yes,” I stepped forward, my legs barely supporting me. “My wife—”

“Your wife is in critical condition,” he said without preamble. “The fall caused placental abruption—a separation of the placenta from the uterine wall. She’s hemorrhaging severely, and we need to perform an emergency C-section immediately.”

“The baby?” I whispered.

“We’re detecting fetal distress. The next few minutes are crucial for both of them.” He hesitated, his expression softening slightly. “I need to ask—your wife’s blood type is AB negative. We’re already using our available supply, but we may need more. Do you know if anyone in your family shares her blood type?”

My mind raced. “I’m O positive. But her brother—Ethan Quinn—he might be compatible. I can make calls.”

“Do it now,” the doctor urged. “And we’ll need you to sign consent forms for the emergency procedures.”

As the doctor hurried back through the doors, I fumbled with my phone, calling Ethan’s private number.

“Ryan?” His voice came through, heavy with suspicion.

“Serena’s had an accident,” I said, cutting through any pretense of pleasantries. “She fell down the stairs. She’s hemorrhaging. The hospital needs AB negative blood donors. Does anyone in your family—”

“I’m AB negative,” he interrupted, his voice tight with fear. “I’m booking a flight now, but I won’t arrive for hours. Let me make some calls—Eleanor is in New York for a conference. She might be able to help.”

“Thank you,” I said, genuine gratitude in my voice. “I’ll text you the hospital details.”

The next hour passed in a nightmare blur. I signed forms authorizing whatever procedures necessary to save my wife and child. Hospital staff mobilized to locate additional AB negative blood. I paced the hallway outside the emergency room, each minute stretching into an unbearable eternity.

Maya sat nearby, refusing treatment for her own injuries until she knew Serena was safe. “This wasn’t an accident,” she said suddenly, breaking our tense silence.

I stopped pacing and turned to her. “What do you mean?”

“Dr. Lay was acting strange today—nervous, insistent on getting Serena upstairs. Then she suddenly ‘had an emergency’ and left right before we fell.” Maya’s eyes narrowed. “And those stairs—Ryan, they were slick with something. I felt it when I tried to catch myself.”

Cold fury washed over me. “You think someone deliberately—”

A distant, muffled cry interrupted me—the unmistakable wail of a newborn.

My heart leapt into my throat. Our baby was alive.

But the emergency room doors remained closed. No triumphant doctor emerged to announce the birth. Instead, more medical personnel rushed in, carrying units of blood.

“What’s happening?” I demanded of a passing nurse. “I heard a baby cry.”

She paused, compassion in her eyes. “Your daughter has been delivered, Mr. Blackwood. She’s small but stable. She’s been taken to the NICU as a precaution.”

“And my wife?” My voice cracked.

The nurse’s expression tightened. “Dr. Reynolds is still working to control the hemorrhaging. Your wife lost a dangerous amount of blood.”

I staggered back against the wall, legs threatening to give out beneath me. A daughter. We had a daughter. But Serena might not survive to meet her.

“Mr. Blackwood?” A hospital administrator approached. “We’ve managed to locate more AB negative blood, but we still need more donors. Is there anyone else you can contact?”

Before I could respond, the hospital entrance doors burst open.

“I’m Eleanor Quinn,” she announced to the startled staff. “Serena Quinn Blackwood is my sister. I understand she needs AB negative blood.”

“Eleanor,” I breathed, relief flooding through me. “Thank you for coming.”

She turned to me, her eyes flashing with barely controlled fury. “Don’t thank me, Ryan. This is for Serena, not you.” She turned back to the medical staff. “Take me wherever you need me. I’m ready to donate immediately.”

Hours passed in a haze of anxiety and exhaustion. More of Serena’s family arrived—Ethan made it from London in record time, his face haggard with worry. Her dad Liam Quinn, a distinguished-looking man with silver temples, approached me with cold fury in his eyes.

“You promised to protect her,” he said without greeting. “This is the second time she’s nearly died under your care.”

The accusation stung because it was true. “I know,” I admitted, my voice hollow. “I failed her.”

“Damn right you did,” Eleanor spat, returning from her blood donation. “She nearly died today—she and the baby both. A few minutes later, and we would be planning two funerals.”

I flinched at her words, unable to defend myself.

“You said this wasn’t an accident,” Ethan said quietly, his gaze shifting to Maya. “What did you mean?”

Maya recounted the strange behavior of Dr. Lay, the suspicious timing, the slippery substance on the stairs.

Liam’s expression hardened. “I want a full investigation. Now. The Quinn family demands answers.”

“You’ll have them,” I promised, newfound determination strengthening my voice. “I’ve already dispatched security to examine the scene and locate Dr. Lay.”

Just then, Dr. Reynolds emerged, looking exhausted but relieved. “Mrs. Blackwood is stable,” he announced. “The transfusions were successful. She’s lost a lot of blood, and she’s still unconscious, but her vital signs are improving.”

I nearly collapsed with relief. “And our daughter?”

“Small but fighting. Five pounds, three ounces. Her lungs are surprisingly strong for her gestational age.” He offered a tired smile. “You can see your daughter now, if you’d like.”

As I followed the doctor to the NICU, my phone buzzed with a message from Henderson, my head of household security.

“We found traces of industrial silicone lubricant on three steps of the main staircase. Security footage shows Dr. Lay leaving in a hurry, touching the banister. We’re tracking her movements now. She’s disappeared.”

Cold rage settled in my chest. Someone had deliberately tried to kill my wife and child. And I had a sickening suspicion who was behind it.