

CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 254

Ryan's POV

“Stay with her, Ethan.” I instructed, my voice low and controlled despite the rage boiling inside me. “If anything changes—anything at all—call me immediately.”

Ethan's eyes, so similar to Serena's, narrowed with concern. “Where are you going?”

“To find out who did this.” My jaw clenched so tight I could feel a muscle twitching. “Someone deliberately hurt your sister and my child. I won't rest until I know who.”

He straightened his shoulders, the protective brother emerging. “Let me help. Anyone who tries to harm my sister answers to me as well.”

I shook my head. “This is New York, my territory. I have resources here you don't. Stay with Serena—she needs family right now.”

As I strode down the hospital corridor, my phone vibrated with an incoming message. My security team had located Dr. Lay, our family physician for the past eight years, attempting to flee with his family. The betrayal stung, but not as much as the realization that I'd allowed this snake so close to my pregnant wife.

“What are your orders, Mr. Blackwood?” my head of security asked when I called.

My voice came out colder than winter steel. “Get the truth. Find out who paid her to do this. If he cooperates, his family stays untouched.”

I didn't need to spell out the alternative. My men understood.

The drive to the secure location where they were holding Dr. Lay felt endless.

When I arrived, Dr. Lay was already broken, her professional demeanor crumbled to nothing. Tear tracks stained her face as he looked up at me.

“Mr. Blackwood, please,” her begged, his voice hoarse. “It was Miss Vergara. Tiffany Vergara. She threatened my family—my children. She said if I didn't do as she asked, they would disappear one by one.”

The name hit me like a physical blow. Tiffany. My uncle Kane's new wife. The pieces fell into place with sickening clarity.

“Tell me exactly what she asked you to do,” I demanded, looming over her.

“She gave me a vial of industrial-grade silicone lubricant. Said to apply it to the main staircase before Mrs. Blackwood’s prenatal check-up.” Her words tumbled out in a desperate rush. “I was supposed to ensure she used those stairs. I’m so sorry, Mr. Blackwood. I never meant for anyone to be seriously hurt!”

I laughed, a hollow sound devoid of humor. “You applied a slippery substance to a staircase used by my heavily pregnant wife, and you didn’t think she would be seriously hurt?”

Her face crumpled. “Please, my family—”

“Your family will be fine if you’re telling me everything.” I turned to my security chief. “Keep her secure. I’m not finished with her yet.”

I stormed back to my car, fury building with each step. “Take me to Kane’s estate,” I instructed my driver.

I would destroy him.

When we reached Kane’s sprawling mansion, I didn’t wait for security protocols. I strode straight to the front door, my men fanning out behind me. The elderly butler’s eyes widened at the sight of us.

“Mr. Blackwood, this is unexpected—”

“Where is Kane?” I demanded, my voice carrying enough force to make the man step back.

“I—he’s not—”

“Don’t lie to me. Not today.” My patience had evaporated hours ago.

The butler’s shoulders slumped. “Mr. Kane and Mrs. Vergara left this morning, sir. They said they were taking an extended honeymoon.”

Honeymoon. The coward knew what he’d done and had already fled. I felt my lips curl into a cold smile.

“Where did they go?”

“They didn’t say, sir. Just that they’d be unreachable for some time.”

I exchanged a look with my head of security, who nodded imperceptibly. Without a word, my men moved past the butler into the house.

“Sir!” the butler protested weakly. “What are you—”

“Consider this estate seized,” I said flatly. “Kane forfeited his right to Blackwood property when he tried to kill my wife and child.”

I watched dispassionately as my security team tore through the mansion, searching for any clue to Kane’s whereabouts. Computers were confiscated, files boxed up, safes cracked open. In my grandfather’s day, family disputes were handled more discreetly, but Kane had forced my hand.

“I want him found,” I told my team. “Use every resource we have. Contact every ally. Freeze every account. I don’t care where he’s hidden—I want Kane Blackwood on his knees before me in three days.”

The drive back to the hospital was marginally calmer. I had set the wheels in motion. Kane would be found, and he would pay. Not just for this attack, but for every scheme, every betrayal, every moment of stress he’d caused Serena during her pregnancy.

By the time I returned to the hospital, evening had fallen. Ethan met me in the hallway, his expression brighter than when I’d left.

“She’s awake,” he said simply, and those two words lifted a weight from my chest I hadn’t realized I was carrying.

“The baby?” I asked immediately.

“Stable. Small but mighty, the doctors say. They’re keeping her in the NICU as a precaution, but her vitals are strong.”

Relief washed through me, followed quickly by a renewed determination. I wouldn’t let anyone threaten my family again. Ever.

As Ethan led me toward Serena’s room, I could see her family gathered around her bed—Eleanor stroking her hair, her father holding her hand. They looked up as I entered, and though there was still wariness in their eyes, they respectfully filed out to give us privacy.

And then it was just the two of us.

Serena looked so fragile against the white hospital sheets, her skin nearly as pale, dark circles shadowing her eyes. But she was awake. She was alive. The monitors beeped steadily, confirming what my racing heart needed to hear.

I sat beside her bed, carefully taking her hand in mine. Her skin was cool to the touch, and I gently rubbed my thumb across her knuckles, trying to warm her.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, my voice rough with emotion. “I should have been there. I should have protected you both.”

She attempted a smile, though it was a ghost of her usual radiance. “Don’t be silly,” she murmured, her voice barely audible. “The baby... she’s okay?”

“She’s perfect,” I assured her, squeezing her hand. “Small, but strong like her mother.”

A tear slipped down Serena’s cheek, and I brushed it away with my thumb. “Rest now,” I said softly. “Focus on getting stronger. I’ll take care of everything else.”

I pressed a gentle kiss to Serena’s forehead, feeling the steady pulse beneath her skin.