

# CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 255

Kane's POV

Amsterdam's luxury hotel suite stretched before us—all marble, gold fixtures, and floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking canal waters that glittered in the afternoon sun.

“To the fall of the mighty Ryan Blackwood,” I declared, clinking my glass against Tiffany's.

“And to his precious little wife,” Tiffany added with a vicious glint in her eye. “Tumbling down those stairs like the pathetic nobody she truly is.”

We drank deeply, the expensive champagne sliding down my throat with all the sweetness of revenge. Ryan... oh, the thought of my almighty nephew breaking down was absolutely delicious.

“You're certain your family's connections here are solid?” I asked Tiffany. It wasn't the first time I'd sought this reassurance. “Ryan has resources. If he suspects—”

“Relax, darling,” Tiffany purred, sliding her manicured hand up my arm. “The Vergara name carries more weight in Amsterdam than Blackwood ever will. My father's shipping empire has greased every important palm in this city for decades.” She kissed my cheek, leaving a crimson imprint. “Besides, as far as anyone knows, we're just newlyweds on our honeymoon. Ryan has no reason to look here.”

I tried to let her confidence wash over me. We had planned meticulously, after all.

“You worry too much,” Tiffany chided, rising gracefully to her feet. “Come. I want to show you the luxury shops on PC Hoofstraat. You promised me honeymoon presents, remember?”

I indulged her, of course. What was the point of eliminating Ryan if not to enjoy the wealth that would soon be mine? We spent lavishly over the next two days—designer clothes, rare watches, jewelry that Tiffany insisted she simply couldn't live without. I found myself relaxing into our new reality, believing we had gotten away with it cleanly.

Then came the text that shattered my newfound peace.

“B's men spotted in Amsterdam. 3 teams. Looking hard.”

My blood turned to ice as I read the message from my last loyal employee back in New York. It wasn't possible. It had only been three days since the “accident.”

“We need to move,” I told Tiffany urgently, showing her the message. “Now.”

She barely glanced at it. “Don’t be ridiculous. They have no idea where to look. Amsterdam is crawling with tourists.”

“You don’t understand Ryan,” I hissed, already gathering our passports. “When he wants something, he’s like a bloodhound.”

Tiffany rolled her eyes dramatically. “Fine. Let me finish shopping first. I want that Van Cleef piece we saw yesterday.”

I should have refused. I should have dragged her out of the city immediately. But Tiffany had a way of getting what she wanted, and I was still foolish enough to believe her family’s influence would protect us.

The jewelry store was quiet when we entered, just one other couple examining engagement rings and a salesperson hovering nearby. Tiffany immediately began trying on necklaces, demanding to see more and more expensive pieces.

I felt it before I saw it—that prickling sensation at the back of my neck. When I turned, the “couple” was gone, and the salesperson was backing away, eyes wide with fear. The door clicked locked.

Two men in impeccable suits appeared from the back room. I recognized one immediately as Ryan’s head of security.

“Mr. Blackwood sends his regards,” the man said pleasantly, as though we were meeting at a business lunch. Then I felt the cold press of a gun barrel against my lower back.

“What is this?” Tiffany demanded, her voice rising shrilly. “Do you know who I am? My father will—”

“Your father has already been contacted, Mrs. Blackwood,” the second man informed her coolly. “The Vergara family has decided this is a... private family matter of the Blackwoods. They’ve graciously agreed not to interfere.”

The blood drained from my face as I processed his words. Abandoned. I’d been abandoned by the very allies I’d counted on.

“Tiffany,” I pleaded, turning to her.

“I had no idea what he was planning,” she said smoothly, removing the diamond necklace and handing it back to the trembling sales associate. “Kane acted alone. I’m as shocked as anyone.”

My world collapsed as I watched her step back, distancing herself physically and symbolically.

“You bitch,” I snarled, lunging toward her, but strong hands restrained me. A sharp pain exploded at the base of my skull, and darkness claimed me.

When I regained consciousness, I was in the back of a moving vehicle, hands zip-tied behind me, a splitting headache making me nauseous. Through the tinted windows, I could see we were no longer in the city center.

“Where are Tiffany’s bodyguards?” I croaked, my mouth dry as sandpaper.

“Paid to look the other way,” replied the driver without turning around. “Money talks, Mr. Blackwood. And right now, yours isn’t saying much compared to your nephew’s.”

Reality crashed over me like arctic water. I had no allies left. Tiffany had evidently struck a deal to save herself, the Vergaras had withdrawn their protection, and I was being transported like cargo back to face Ryan’s wrath.

“Yes, Mr. Blackwood. The package is secure. Mrs. Vergara has made a full statement implicating him alone. Her father has agreed to the terms... Yes, sir. We’ll deliver him directly to the estate.”

When we finally arrived, night had fallen over New York. The familiar winding driveway of the Blackwood estate looked sinister in the moonlight. I was marched through a side entrance, down corridors I knew by heart, until we reached the study—my brother’s study, now Ryan’s inner sanctum.

They forced me to my knees in the center of the room. My shoulders screamed in protest from hours with my hands bound behind me. The room was dimly lit, but I could make out Ryan’s silhouette by the window, his back to me.

“Leave us,” he said quietly, and the men who had brought me filed out wordlessly.

For a long moment, only silence hung between us. Then he turned, and I barely suppressed a gasp. This was not the nephew I knew. This Ryan was something else—something with eyes like frozen steel and none of the humanity I remembered.

“Uncle,” he said, the familiar term twisted into something unrecognizable. “Welcome home.”

“Ryan,” I tried to sound authoritative, to invoke some semblance of the family hierarchy that had always protected me, “this has gone far enough. I am still your father’s brother. I demand to be released immediately.”

He laughed—a sound utterly devoid of humor that sent chills racing down my spine.

“You demand?” Ryan approached slowly, circling me like a predator. “The man who tried to murder my wife and unborn child... demands?”

“That’s absurd,” I blustered, forcing indignation into my voice. “I’ve been out of the country! Whatever happened to Serena was an accident—”

His hand shot out, gripping my jaw with such force I thought the bone might crack. “Don’t. Say. Her. Name.”

Fear, real and primal, flooded through me. I had miscalculated catastrophically.

“Dr. Lay gave us a full confession,” Ryan continued conversationally, releasing my jaw and resuming his circling. “Quite detailed, actually. The industrial silicone. The specific instructions to ensure Serena used those stairs. The payment from Tiffany, traced back to one of your offshore accounts.”

My heart hammered against my ribs. “The doctor is lying to save himself—”

“Then there’s Tiffany,” Ryan continued as if I hadn’t spoken. “Quite eager to cooperate once she understood her options. She provided us with texts, emails... even a recording of you discussing how ‘convenient’ it would be if Serena had an accident.”

I felt the blood drain from my face. “You can’t—”

“Can’t what, Uncle? Can’t handle my own family matters? Can’t protect what’s mine?” Ryan’s voice remained terrifyingly soft. “You seem to have forgotten who I am.”

He reached inside his jacket, and for a terrible moment, I thought he was drawing a gun. Instead, he produced a syringe filled with clear liquid.

“Do you know what this is?” he asked, examining it under the light. “It’s a paralytic. Temporarily freezes every muscle in your body while leaving your nerve endings... exquisitely sensitive.”

Terror clawed up my throat. “Ryan, please—I’m family—”

“Family doesn’t try to murder family,” he said simply. “You chose to be something else. Now you’ll be treated accordingly.”

He nodded once, and suddenly hands were on me again—his security team had never truly left. They held me immobile as Ryan approached with the syringe.

“Wait!” I screamed, desperation making my voice crack. “I’ll give you anything—money, shares, properties—”

“I already have everything of yours,” Ryan replied calmly. “Your accounts have been seized, your assets transferred. Legally, you no longer exist, Kane. No one is looking for you. No one will miss you.”

The needle slid into my neck with surgical precision.

“This won’t kill you,” Ryan promised as the cold liquid entered my bloodstream. “Death would be too merciful. Instead, you’ll have plenty of time to reflect on your choices—in between sessions with my specialists, of course.”

Within seconds, my body began to betray me. First my legs, then my torso, finally my neck—all refusing to respond to my brain’s frantic commands. I collapsed to the floor, unable even to break my fall. The pain when my face hit the hardwood was excruciating, but I couldn’t cry out, couldn’t move a single muscle to ease the agony.

Ryan crouched beside me, his face the last thing I could see before my eyelids froze half-open.

“She lived, by the way,” he whispered, his breath hot against my ear. “Serena survived. Our daughter survived. Your failure is complete, Uncle.”

As I felt myself being lifted, carried like a mannequin through the house and down stairs I’d never known existed, I realized death might have been preferable to whatever fate Ryan had planned.

They brought me to a room deep beneath the mansion—a concrete chamber with drains in the floor and restraints bolted to the walls. As they secured my immobile body, I understood with horrifying clarity: this room had been prepared specifically for me. Ryan had anticipated everything, planned for this outcome from the moment he suspected my involvement.

“I’ll leave you to get acquainted with your new accommodations,” Ryan said from the doorway. “The paralytic will wear off in about an hour. That’s when the real work begins.”

As the door closed behind him with a devastating finality, locking me in darkness broken only by a single overhead bulb, my mind screamed what my frozen lips could not.

I faced the most terrifying realization of all: No one was coming to save me. No one even knew to look.