

Becomes 51

< Divorced By Mistake: My Ex-wife Becomes a CEO

Chapter 0051

Serena's POV [WwW.noVèL\(w\)òRm.com](#)

I'm in the middle of the exhibition, surrounded by the most beautiful jewelry I've ever seen. Each piece seems to shine brighter than the last, from intricate bracelets to elegant necklaces. I'm drawn to a collection of artisan rings, each with its own unique design.

Looking around at the bustling crowd, I can't help but comment, "I didn't realize there were so many jewelry connoisseurs in LA.

Calvin laughs lightly. "Yeah, it's a pretty passionate crowd when it comes to things like this."

Calvin is dressed sharply for the occasion, in a crisp, dark blue button-down shirt that complements his jeans perfectly – not too formal but far from casual, paired with sleek, polished boots.

I glance down at my own outfit, a simple floral dress paired with comfortable sandals, and can't help but feel a bit underdressed standing next to him.

"You look great, Calvin. Sorry if I'm a bit underdressed. I threw this outfit together last minute," I admit.

Calvin gives me a kind look. "Don't worry about it. You look fantastic, Serena," he says.

Calvin offers his arm for me to hold on to, a gentle smile on his face. Shall we?" he asks, ready to guide us through the crowd to the next display.

I smile, then gently loop my arm through Calvin's. I feel this unexpected flutter, kind of like butterflies as I get closer to him. I catch a hint of

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25 BONUS

"This is nice, Calvin. Thanks for bringing me here," I say, grateful for the moment and the company.

Calvin looks down at me, his eyes warm. "I'm glad you're enjoying it. It's a lot more fun with you here," he responds.

We pause in front of a display showcasing a jewelry set by a French designer. The pieces are elegant, with flowing lines that mimic natural forms there are necklaces with pendants like delicate leaves,

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bracelets that wind around the wrist like vines, and earrings that dangle with the grace of dewdrops. The metals are a mix of silver and gold, and they're complemented by stones in soft hues of green and blue, evoking a garden under the moonlight. It's breathtaking in its simplicity and intricate detail.

Then, something or rather, someone

catches my eye in the back. It

takes me a second, but I realize it's Marjorie. You can't miss her, she's got this way of standing out with her bright clothes and the way she carries herself.

I decide to go over to her. "Marjorie? So glad to see you here," I say.

Marjorie turns, her face lighting up when she sees me. "Serena! What a surprise," she responds, then quickly adds, "Do you have jewelry on display here?"

I shake my head, smiling. "No, I don't. I'm just here as a jewelry lover, taking it all in," I explain.

"Oh, I sure hope at the next exhibit, I'll be seeing some jewelry you've made," she says with a smile.

"Well, that's the goal," I reply.

"Hey, there you are," Calvin says, making his way through the crowd to rejoin me.

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"Hi, Calvin, this is the lady I mentioned to you about. This is Marjorie," I say. "Marjorie, this is Calvin

"Richardson," Marjorie finishes, cutting me off. "I think my husband has met you before."

Calvin smiles and reaches out to shake Marjorie's hand, saying, "I'm happy to finally meet you, Mrs. Munger."

Marjorie frowns slightly and tells him, "Please, just call me Marjorie."

"Of course, Marjorie. It's a pleasure." Calvin quickly adjusts, his smile unflinching.

Marjorie looks between Calvin and me, a hint of curiosity in her eyes. So, are you two on a date?"

I laugh, a bit awkwardly, and shake my head. "Oh, no, we're just friends."

"That's too bad," Marjorie says. "You two look great together."

Calvin and I catch each other's eyes for a moment, a silent

acknowledgment passing between us. It's true, there's something there, a hint of something that might be more than just friendship. Feeling suddenly self-conscious, I drop my gaze.

Sensing the tension between Calvin and me, Marjorie decides to take her leave. "Well, I probably should get going. My husband will be looking for me," she says.

"Oh, of course, Marjorie. It was really nice seeing you here," I reply.

After Marjorie leaves, Calvin and I go back to looking at the jewelry, but things feel a bit weird now. We're both kind of quiet, not really talking like we were before. It's like we're both thinking too much about what just happened. I keep looking over at him, trying to figure out if he's as mixed up about this as I am.

6 BONUS

As the crowd thins out, Calvin turns to me and asks, "So, how do you like the exhibit?"

"It's been amazing," I reply. "I feel so inspired looking at all these displays."

"That's great," Calvin says, his eyes lighting up with a new idea. "But I have something else beautiful to show you."

Curious, I can't help but ask, "What is it?"

"Just follow me," Calvin says.

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I follow Calvin as we head towards the rooftop. Just before I can open the door, he gently places his hands over my eyes. I trust Calvin completely, so I let him guide me forward, stepping into the unknown with him leading the way.

"Are we close?" I find myself asking.

"Here we are," Calvin responds, and we come to a stop. He carefully removes his hands from my eyes. "On the count of three, I want you to open your eyes," he instructs softly.

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Calvin counts down, "One... two... three." I open my eyes and am greeted by the most breathtaking sunset.

The sky is a canvas of vibrant oranges, pinks, and purples, blending seamlessly into one another. The sun, a fiery orb, hangs low on the horizon, casting a warm, golden glow that bathes everything in a soft, ethereal light. The city below us stretches out, the buildings and streets taking on a golden hue, making the whole world seem aglow.

"Wow, this is so beautiful, Calvin," I say, my voice filled with wonder. "I never knew LA could look this breathtaking."

"That's not everything I want to show you" Calvin says Turn around

I do as he asks and find Calvin holding a small Cartier box. My heart skips a beat when I see it he opens to reveal a jade necklace; the very same one he gave me when he was in the hospital believe it is yours," he says

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I'm stumped to see the necklace again I never tagined Bill world menuhm it to Calvin 7 don't understand, Calvin What does this mean??".

Calon takes a deep breath, his hands fidgeting sighay with the two means i like yok, Serena i always have, and always will be confesses

"And I'd be the happiest man alive if you be my gehiend" Calion says, his hazel eyes looking deeply to mode