

CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 306

Serena's POV

I stepped off the private jet into the familiar New York air, Ryan's hand steady at the small of my back.

"How's the side feeling?" Ryan murmured as we walked toward the waiting car, his eyes scanning my face for any sign of discomfort.

"Much better," I assured him, though I still felt a slight twinge when I moved too quickly. "The flight didn't bother me at all."

The city skyline welcomed us back as we drove through Manhattan. I leaned against Ryan's shoulder, watching the familiar buildings pass by.

I'd handed off the Dreamland Studio and Quinn family merger to Maya and Zara Percy, giving myself permission to take a much-needed break. Between nearly dying and reconnecting with my long-lost family, I figured I'd earned some time to focus on what mattered most—my husband and our daughter.

The moment we stepped into the penthouse, I heard her—Vivian's adorable babbling coming from the nursery. My heart soared.

"Someone sounds happy," Ryan smiled, setting down our bags.

I practically rushed to the nursery, finding our daughter sitting in her crib, happily gnawing on her tiny fist. Her eyes widened when she saw me, and she immediately reached up with wet, drool-covered hands.

"Hello, my beautiful girl," I whispered, lifting her into my arms. "Mommy missed you so incredibly much."

Vivian gurgled in response, patting my face with damp fingers.

"Her appetite has been excellent," Nora, our nanny, reported. "And she's been sleeping through the night consistently."

"Such a perfect angel while we were away, huh?" Ryan said, joining us and gently tickling Vivian's tummy. Her resulting giggle was possibly the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard.

Over the next few days, I fell into a blissful routine. Mornings with Vivian, playing with colorful toys and watching her face light up with each new discovery. Afternoons catching up on design sketches while she napped. Evenings with Ryan, rediscovering each other after our time apart.

A month later, my wound had completely healed, leaving only a faint scar as a reminder of the bullet that had grazed me.

One afternoon, I was sitting in the home office, sketching a new jewelry design while Vivian played on her activity mat nearby. Her delighted squeals as she batted at the hanging toys filled me with contentment I never thought possible.

Ryan appeared in the doorway, looking unfairly handsome in a tailored navy suit. He'd been at the office since early morning, handling the backlog that had accumulated during our time in England.

"There are my girls," he said, his voice warming as he crossed the room to kiss me softly before kneeling to let Vivian grab his finger.

I noticed the mischievous glint in his eye. "What are you up to? You have that look."

"What look?" he asked innocently, though his smirk gave him away.

"The one that says you're cooking up something."

"Well," he said, standing and perching on the edge of my desk. "What would you say to a weekend in Las Vegas? Just the two of us."

I couldn't help the smile that spread across my face. "Vegas? Really?"

Ryan nodded, his expression growing more serious. "I thought we could visit the original Blackwood flagship store. And there's a jewelry exhibition I'd like to show you. One that might inspire some new designs for our upcoming collection."

"That sounds wonderful," I admitted, already imagining wandering the glittering streets of Vegas with Ryan. "But what about Vivian?"

"Margaret will take great care of her," he said pragmatically. "So? What do you think? Can Mrs. Serena Blackwood clear her schedule for a romantic weekend?"

I couldn't suppress my smile, eyes crinkling with happiness. "Really?"

Ryan nodded, moving closer until I could feel the heat radiating from his body. "Absolutely. The only question is whether Mrs. Blackwood will have time in her jam-packed schedule."

His scent enveloped me as he leaned in, and though I thought about pushing him away, I found myself completely defenseless against that handsome face of his. His large hands found my waist now, lifting me effortlessly onto the desk.

I laughed softly, feeling giddy. "What are you doing? This is supposed to be an office."

“Our home office,” he corrected, his voice dropping to that low timbre that never failed to send shivers down my spine. “And I haven’t properly kissed my wife today.”

His lips claimed mine, gentle at first, then growing more insistent. I wrapped my arms around his neck, papers crinkling beneath me as he pressed closer between my thighs.

“Vivian,” I reminded him breathlessly when his hand slid under my blouse.

“Is completely absorbed in her toys,” he murmured against my neck. “And way too young to remember anything anyway.”

I glanced over his shoulder to confirm our daughter was indeed happily occupied with her colorful activity mat, oblivious to her parents’ display of affection.

“You’re impossible,” I whispered, but made no move to stop him as his fingers traced the sensitive skin along my collarbone.

“Impossibly in love with you,” he countered, placing a kiss just below my ear. “So? Just you and me? Say yes.”

How could I possibly refuse when he looked at me like that? Like I was his entire world?

“Yes,” I breathed, pulling him back to my lips. “Yes to Vegas.”

His responding smile was triumphant, his eyes darkening with desire as he leaned in to kiss me again, slower this time, more thoroughly. My pulse quickened, heart hammering against my ribs as his hands tightened possessively on my waist.

A sudden loud squeal from Vivian broke the moment, both of us turning to find her having flipped herself over, looking extremely proud of her accomplishment.

“Did she just roll over?” Ryan asked, sounding stunned.

I slid off the desk and hurried to kneel beside our daughter. “I think she did! That’s her first time!”

Just like that, our heated moment transformed into parental pride, both of us lavishing praise on our brilliant little girl. As I watched Ryan lifting Vivian high above his head while she giggled uncontrollably, my heart felt so full it might burst.

This was happiness—unexpected, hard-won, and more precious than I ever could have imagined.