

CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 307

Serena's POV

I zipped up our suitcase while Ryan double-checked his laptop bag. The morning sunlight streamed through our bedroom windows, casting a golden glow across the room.

“Do you think we packed enough?” I asked, mentally running through our weekend checklist again. “Vegas is so much hotter than New York this time of year.”

Ryan glanced over, an amused smile playing on his lips. “Serena, we’re going for two days, not two weeks. Besides, I’m pretty sure Las Vegas has stores if we forget anything.”

I rolled my eyes at him but couldn’t help smiling. “Very funny. I just want to be prepared.”

We made our way to the nursery where Margaret was already entertaining Vivian. My heart squeezed watching my daughter’s chubby hands reaching for the colorful blocks Margaret was stacking for her.

“There’s my princess,” Ryan cooed, kneeling down to kiss Vivian’s forehead. She immediately grabbed for his tie, a new favorite activity of hers.

I knelt beside them, breathing in her sweet baby scent. “Mommy and Daddy will be back before you know it, sweetie.” My voice caught slightly. This would be my first time away from her overnight since returning from England

“She’s going to be perfectly fine,” Margaret assured us, her experienced hands gently prying Ryan’s tie from Vivian’s determined grip. “We have a full schedule of tummy time, story time, and plenty of naps.”

“And you have all our numbers,” I confirmed, handing her a piece of paper with contact information she already knew by heart. “The hotel, cell phones, Ryan’s assistant, my assistant—”

“And the President’s direct line,” Ryan teased, wrapping an arm around my waist. “Honey, Margaret has this under control.”

Margaret nodded confidently, bouncing Vivian on her hip. “Go enjoy yourselves. Consider it practice for your anniversary trip next month.”

I kissed Vivian’s soft cheek one more time. “Be good for Margaret, okay?”

Ryan checked his watch. “We should get going if we want to make our flight.”

With one last wave to Vivian, we headed out. The drive to the airport was quick, and before I knew it, we were settling into our first-class seats on the direct flight to Las Vegas.

As the plane climbed into the sky, I watched New York grow smaller beneath us, buildings turning into miniature models before disappearing altogether beneath a layer of clouds.

Ryan wasted no time getting to work, pulling out his tablet and flipping through documents. I glanced over, catching glimpses of floor plans and inventory lists.

“Already working?” I teased, nudging his shoulder with mine.

He looked up with a slight smile. “Just reviewing the Vegas store’s quarterly reports before we arrive. Their numbers are strong, but I want to understand the layout better before we tour it.”

I nodded, returning my gaze to the window. The sea of clouds stretched endlessly, bathed in golden sunlight. There was something strangely peaceful about being above the world like this. No cries for diaper changes, no feeding schedules to maintain.

“It feels weird, doesn’t it?” I said after a while. “Being without Vivian?”

Ryan set his tablet down, giving me his full attention. “It does. I’ve gotten used to her babbling in the background of everything we do.”

“Who would have thought that Ryan Blackwood would miss baby noises?” I smiled, taking his hand.

“There’s a lot about me that might surprise you,” he replied with a wink.

The flight attendant brought us drinks—sparkling water for me and black coffee for Ryan—as we settled into a comfortable conversation about our Vegas itinerary.

“So,” Ryan began, pulling up the schedule on his tablet. “We land around noon, check in at the Bellagio, and then head straight to the flagship store for a tour and staff meeting.”

“And tomorrow is the Crystal Origins exhibition, right?” I asked, excited about the exclusive showcase of rare gemstone specimens I’d heard so much about.

Ryan nodded. “It’s small but exceptional. Some of the most valuable raw gemstones in the world will be there, including a few rare pieces that haven’t been displayed publicly before.”

“That sounds incredible.” My mind was already racing with design inspirations.

“And of course,” Ryan continued, his voice dropping slightly, “I’ve made dinner reservations at Le Cirque for tonight and Picasso for tomorrow.”

“Fancy,” I commented, raising an eyebrow.

“Only the best for Mrs. Blackwood.” He lifted my hand to his lips, pressing a kiss to my knuckles.

“Trust me,” he said, his voice dropping to that intimate tone that still made me blush after all this time. “There will be plenty of time for the romantic part.”

The flight attendant interrupted to offer us drinks, and I was grateful for the distraction from the heat rising in my cheeks.

As we began our descent, I peered out the window again. The landscape below had transformed—gone were the lush greens of the East Coast, replaced by dramatic desert oranges and browns stretching endlessly toward the horizon. In the distance, the unmistakable silhouette of the Las Vegas Strip glittered even in daylight, an oasis of excess in the middle of the stark desert.

“It’s so different from New York,” I said, feeling a flutter of excitement build in my chest. “So bright and open.”

Ryan leaned over to look out my window, his shoulder pressing against mine. “Wait until you see it at night. It’s like another world.”

As the plane touched down on the runway, I couldn’t help feeling a thrill of anticipation. Despite the business aspects of our trip, something told me this weekend would be special. Just Ryan and me, away from the daily responsibilities of parenthood and work.

A weekend in Vegas with my husband. I smiled to myself as we taxied toward the terminal. Who knew what might happen?