

CEO's Regret After I Divorced – Chapter 310

Serena's POV

Morning hit Las Vegas with a golden flood of sunlight, pouring through our floor-to-ceiling windows. I stretched lazily in bed, watching Ryan already dressed in a crisp navy suit, typing something on his phone.

“Good morning, workaholic,” I teased, pulling the sheets up to cover myself.

Ryan looked up, his eyes softening as they landed on me. “Good morning, beautiful.” He set his phone down and sat on the edge of the bed. “The jewelry expo opens in an hour. Ready to see some spectacular pieces?”

I practically bounced out of bed. “Are you kidding? I’ve been looking forward to this more than anything.”

Ryan chuckled, clearly amused by my enthusiasm. “It’s just stones and metal to most people.”

“Just stones and metal?” I gasped in mock horror. “That’s like saying the Sistine Chapel is just paint on a ceiling.”

An hour later, we were walking through the exhibition hall of the International Luxury Jewelry Expo. The space was massive, filled with displays that sparkled and glittered under carefully positioned lighting. Security guards stood discreetly at corners, watching over tens of millions of dollars worth of precious gems and metals.

Ryan moved through the space like he owned it, occasionally stopping to greet industry acquaintances with firm handshakes and practiced smiles. I noticed how his eyes quickly assessed each booth—not looking at the jewelry itself, but scanning for branding elements, display techniques, and customer traffic.

As we moved deeper into the expo, Ryan continued his business assessment. “Market segmentation is getting increasingly competitive,” he noted. “Brands are either pushing ultra-luxury or trying to capture the aspirational mid-tier.”

I nodded absently, my attention suddenly caught by a display of uncut gemstones at a small, unassuming booth. “Ryan, look at these,” I breathed, already moving toward them.

The booth belonged to a boutique mining operation from Tanzania. Unlike the polished displays of major brands, their presentation was simple—raw gemstones displayed on black velvet under spotlights.

I picked up a rough sapphire, holding it up to the light. “This is pure magic in its most beautiful form.”

Ryan frowned slightly. “It just looks like a blue rock to me.”

“That’s because you’re seeing it with business eyes, not creator eyes,” I said, placing the stone in his palm. “Look closer. This isn’t just a blue rock—it’s unlimited potential. It’s endless possibility.”

I guided his hand, tilting it to catch the light. “See how the color shifts? How there’s depth even in its raw state? That’s the soul of the stone revealing itself.”

Ryan’s expression changed, curiosity replacing skepticism.

“It’s like people,” I continued, warming to my subject. “Some stones are like extroverts—all flash and brilliance on the surface. Others are introverts—they keep their fire hidden deep inside, and you have to know exactly how to cut them to release it.”

I moved us to another display case with various cut stones. “Look at this emerald. The cutter chose a step cut instead of brilliant. Any idea why?”

Ryan shook his head.

“Emeralds have natural inclusions—what some would call flaws. A brilliant cut would emphasize those inclusions, but a step cut celebrates the color instead.” I picked up another stone. “But this diamond? All about maximizing fire and brilliance. Different stone, different approach.”

As I moved from display to display, explaining the rationale behind different cuts, the varying hardness of stones, the challenges of working with opals versus sapphires, I felt myself completely coming alive. This was my world, my language.

“This design,” I said, pointing to an elaborate necklace, “is perfect for runway shows and magazine spreads. It photographs beautifully, creates drama. But this one,” I indicated a more subtle piece, “is for the woman who appreciates craftsmanship over flash. It’s for your wealthiest clients who don’t need to broadcast their wealth—they want something that whispers, not shouts.”

I was so caught up in my explanations that it took me several minutes to realize Ryan had gone completely silent. When I looked up at him, he wasn’t looking at the jewelry at all. His eyes were fixed on me, with an intensity that made my breath catch.

“What?” I asked, suddenly self-conscious.

“You’re absolutely incredible,” he said simply.

I felt a flush creep up my neck. “I just love what I do.”

“Your assessment of which pieces would appeal to which client segments was dead-on,” he continued. “The Blackwood marketing team spends weeks analyzing what you just figured out in seconds.”

For the next three hours, we moved through the expo with our dynamic completely shifted. I wasn’t following Ryan anymore—we were moving as true partners, with him often deferring to my opinions on craftsmanship and design potential.

When I spotted a small booth showcasing an innovative setting technique, Ryan listened attentively as I explained why it could revolutionize certain designs. When I identified a particular pink diamond as likely synthetic despite its certification, Ryan immediately made notes to have his team investigate the supplier.

By the time the expo was officially closing, I was still buzzing with excitement.

“Can we do just one more quick loop?” I asked, not ready for this magic to end. “I want to take another look at those Tanzanite pieces we saw earlier.”

Ryan checked his watch, then smiled. “The expo director owes me a favor. I think we can arrange a private viewing.”

As we walked back through the now-emptying hall, Ryan’s hand found the small of my back. “You realize you’ve completely changed how I’ll evaluate our design department going forward,” he said.

I laughed. “Always happy to consult whenever you need me.”

“I might definitely take you up on that,” he replied, his tone serious despite his smile.

Walking back to our hotel later, I couldn’t stop smiling. These two days had felt like something out of a dream—being here with Ryan, sharing my passion, feeling truly understood and valued for what I brought to the table beyond just being his wife.

But as the Vegas lights began to twinkle in the approaching dusk, reality started creeping back in. Tomorrow we’d fly back to New York, back to the endless meetings and merger deadlines, back to the carefully balanced act of being mother, wife, and CEO all at once.

Whatever was waiting for us back home, I had the distinct impression it wouldn’t be nearly as magical as these stolen days in the desert.