



111 Dinner Date.

Arwen was on her way out when she received a call. Checking her phone, she realized that it was Aiden. Her brows raised slightly, but then she smiled and accepted the call. "Hello. How may I help you, sir?" she joked, only to hear Aiden ask in his usual tone. 1

"Do you have plans this evening?"

Arwen paused at his casual yet serious tone, an odd blend of both. "You sound serious; is something wrong? Where are you?"

"In a meeting," came the reply.

And that made Arwen raise her brows again. "A meeting?" she asked and Aiden replied, "Just a small meeting with a few board members to discuss the shift of our headquarters." His tone sounded more like a husband explaining his spending to his wife, providing the details as if it were very necessary.

Arwen almost choked. "Small meeting?" Since when did the meetings with the board members start being 'small'? And it was to discuss something as major as the headquarters relocation! There was no way it was simple



enough to casually make a call to her in the middle of it.

"Isn't that an important meeting, husband?" she asked, almost crying to understand what he meant by the small meeting. "Relocating the company headquarters is no small decision. Your board members might not appreciate you being casual about it."

"It's fine. They won't mind." Aiden said, and his tone was so nonchalant that if Arwen didn't know things better, she might have believed him.

Rubbing her nose, she thought to answer him quickly so that he could return back to his work, specifically to the meeting. "I am on my way somewhere now, But I will be free this evening. If it's important, tell me, and I can help."

"If you free, let's go out for dinner tonight," Aiden said, and Arwen was rendered speechless. He called her from the middle of an important meeting just to ask her for a date.

Was he serious?

"A dinner?" she asked, biting her lips in surprise. "Is it important?"



Aiden hummed. "My friends invited me out for a celebration of getting married. Being my wife, you should accompany me."

Arwen scratched her brows, nodding as if she understood. "Fine, let's go and give them the treat. Pick me up later in the evening. I will wait. But for now, why don't you get back to your meeting? I am sure if you don't end it on time, we will be late."

"Okay then, send me your location. I will pick you up." 1

"Sure," she said and after a brief hum, she heard him hang up. Once the call was disconnected, she couldn't stop herself from shaking her head. *This man was incredulous.* Just when she thought that she understood him, he surprised her with something different.

Giving out a deep exhale, she looked around for Mr Jones. When she spotted him, she said, "Mr. Jones, we won't be having dinner here tonight. Please don't bother the chefs to prepare it."

Mr. Jones nodded to her before asking, "Madam, you are going out. Should I ask Alfred to prepare the car?"

Arwen smiled and nodded. "Let me know when



he is ready." She then turned and walked to take a seat in the living hall.

After a small while, the butler came to inform her that Alfred was ready. Arwen nodded and then left for the hospital. 1

While back in the conference room of Winslow Globals, tension hung heavy in the air as the board members exchanged wary glances. The proposal to relocate their headquarters had stirred unease among them. But amidst all of this, Alden's cool demeanour over the call surprised them greatly.

While Aden was over the call, they were given the time to think. But none of them could focus. It was only when Alden's cold voice resounded in the room, they were able to shrug off the shock they were trapped in.

"Have you all decided?" Alden asked, keeping his phone back on the table. His movement was slow yet carrying the weight of his aura perfectly. His eyes scanned through each and every one sitting there.

One board member, an older gentleman named Mr. Hart, adjusted his glasses and cleared his



throat before speaking, "Mr. Winslow, I must say, the idea of relocating to Cralens, though intriguing, comes with substantial risks. We have a well-established network in New York City. Our suppliers, partners, and clients are all accustomed to it. Relocating could disrupt these connections and cause an unpredictable dip in productivity."

Several other members nodded in agreement, their expressions almost mirroring Mr. Hart's concern. Another board member, Mrs. Smith, added, "Additionally, Cralens, while growing, is still not on par with New York City. It might not fully support the scale of our operations, especially for the initial phase."

Aiden listened intently, his gaze steady as each person voiced their concerns. He allowed the murmurs to settle before finally standing up. His presence commanding in the room.

"Your concerns are valid," Aiden began, his tone calm but firm. "However, extensive research has been done on this move. Cralens might not match New York now, but it's precisely where the opportunity lies. By relocating here, we would position ourselves not only as a leader in a growing region but also as a trailblazer, setting



an example of forward-thinking for our competitors."

He then paused, letting his words sink before continuing; "We are on the brink of a digital revolution in Cralens, and Winslow Globals has the resources to lead it. We have already begun establishing the networks and partnerships to secure our operations during the transition. By relocating, we will lower operational costs, increase efficiency, and strengthen our global influence."

The board members exchanged uncertain glances, their previous objections now wavering under Aiden's confident resolve.

Sensing the shift, Aiden leaned forward, his eyes narrowing with determination. "This isn't merely a proposal," he said, his voice now a low command that reverberated through the room. "It's a decision. We are moving the headquarters to Cralens, and I expect each of you to work with me in making this seamless transition. Winslow Globals will Lead in Cralens, not follow. So, if any of you still have reservations, know that I will handle them —personally."

A heavy silence fell over the room as Aiden's words settled in. The board members, sensing

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his unshakable resolve, quietly nodded in agreement. Even Mr. Hart, who had been vocal in his opposition, bowed his head, defeated.

With the decision secured, Alden straightened. With his usual cold indifference, he spoke ending it for all, leaving no room for argument. "That's all. Meeting adjourned." 1

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