



60 Is she our Lady Boss?

Arwen looked out of the car window and saw that they were driving into the underground parking area of a well-known skyscraper. "This — Are we not going to the lawyer's firm?" 1

Emyr glanced at Arwen through the rearview mirror and smiled politely. "Madam, we are driving into Winslow Global. Sir has arranged for the lawyers to come to the company to assist you. So, there's no need for you to visit them at their firm."

"Won't that be an inconvenience?" Arwen asked, a little skeptical of the idea. She already thought Aiden was a busy man. If he catered to her request personally, wouldn't it delay his work?

Emyr smiled, clearly proud of his boss.

"Definitely not, Madam. The lawyers are getting paid handsomely each month for this."

Arwen nodded but was still doubtful. Maybe she was overthinking. Not everyone was like Ryan — obsessed with work.

After parking the car, Emyr got out and opened



the door for Arwen. "Madam," he said, and Arwen stepped out. "This way, please." He gestured towards the main entrance.

However, Arwen looked behind him, noticing an elevator tucked discreetly away. She knew that private elevators were often designed to keep important dignitaries away from the hustle and bustle. Even at Quinn Corporation, her father used a separate elevator that connected the basement directly to the floor of his office. Seeing a similar setup here made her realize Aiden likely used the same privilege.

"Are we not taking that elevator?" Arwen asked, gesturing towards it.

Emyr glanced behind him before smiling apologetically. "You may take that some other day, Madam, but Sir has requested I escort you through the main entrance today. Please," he added, gesturing toward the main entrance again. 1

Arwen didn't want to make things difficult for him, so she nodded with a smile and walked alongside him. Emyr stayed a step behind her as they entered the building. Arwen noted the



interior—elegant and luxurious, but not ostentatious. Subtle yet undeniably impressive.

"Secretary Chief, Mr. Ethan is escorting her personally. Who is she? Some foreign delegate or is she —" 1

Arwen heard several gasps. Although she couldn't make out all the whispers, she knew people were trying to guess her identity and her connection to their boss. Would anyone have guess she was his wife? Amanda had mentioned something that Aiden usually didn't get involved with women, so perhaps they wouldn't suspect that.

Just as Arwen thought they wouldn't figure it out, Emyr's voice rang out loudly, as if he was making an official announcement. 1

"Mrs. Winslow," he said, his voice several decibels louder than usual. It was as if he was declaring that his mission had been accomplished. "Sir has requested that you take his personal elevator. This way, please," he added, gesturing toward the elevator on the other side of the lobby. 1

Arwen raised an eyebrow at his obvious intent



before letting her gaze follow his lead. If she had any doubts before, they were gone now. It was clear Aiden had arranged for her to enter through the main entrance today in order to pull off this surprise reveal of her identity. 2

Had she been wrong to think Aiden would want to keep their relationship private? 1

Judging by what had just happened, she had definitely misjudged the situation. Aiden clearly had no problem revealing their relationship to everyone. "If that's what my husband wants, please lead the way, Mr. Ethan," she said. Her words caught Emyr off guard for a moment, but he quickly recovered, nodding as he guided her toward the elevator, leaving the sunned employees in their wake. 1

As Arwen walked, she flashed a confident smile at the onlookers. Her smile was so dazzling that it only deepened their shock, sealing a confirmation on their obvious guesses.

It wasn't until she disappeared into the elevator that the employees finally snapped out of their stupor.

"Did Mr. Ethan address her as Mrs. Winslow? Is

she our Lady Boss?" someone finally asked, breaking the silence. That question probed a wave of discussions, each sparking another.

Normally, company policy prohibited employees from gossiping, but oddly enough, no warning notification appeared on anyone's phone today. It was as if the company was allowing this one concession for the day.

"Mr. Ethan, was that what Aiden asked you to do?" Arwen asked once the elevator door closed.

Emry turned and nodded politely. "Yes, Madam. It was his order. He wanted the company's employees to know who you are."

Arwen smiled. Of course. This was his way of doing things — subtle, but firm.

When the elevator doors opened, Arwen found herself in a space that was vastly different from what she had expected. While the lobby had been bustling with people, this floor was quiet and serene. "This ..."

"This is the Presidential Floor of the Winslow Global, Madam," Emry explained, anticipating her question. "It only houses the CEO's office and

the chamber of his few secretaries. The rest of the employees don't have the access to this floor." He gestured for her to move forward.

Leading her towards the conference room, Emyr added, "Sir is waiting for you inside." With that, he opened the door, revealing Aiden sitting at the head of the table.

Arwen's eyes met with his, and he immediately stood to walk over to her. "You are here," he said, smiling.

Arwen returned the smile and nodded before glancing around the room. Not one, not two, but a team of seven people sat around the table. Her eyes widened, and before she could fully react, Aiden interrupted her thoughts. 4

"Come, sit." He had already pulled out a chair for her. Arwen hesitated for a moment but, seeing the warmth in his eyes, she walked over and sat in the chair he had originally been using. "Thank you," she said as Aiden pulled up a chair next to hers and sat down. 1

Just as they said, one of the lawyers greeted with a smile. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Winslow. It's an honour to meet you."

