



133 Exclusive: Arwen Quinn surprises everyone with a marriage with mysterious CEO.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Kimberly went to knock on Daniel's door at Foster Ventures. She was on her wit's end, and Ryan was not picking up her calls. 1

"Please come in," came Daniel's voice and she pushed the door to walk in his cabin.

"Daniel," she greeted with a voice laced with concern. "I need your help."

Daniel looked up at her, and his brows drew together. "The PR team is directly under the orders of Mr. Foster. I think it would be better if you reach out to Ryan directly."

Kimberly shook her head. "I tried calling him but he wouldn't accept the call. And I am on my wit's end. I don't know what to do. Daniel, please help me. We can't delay for more."

Daniel frowned, not because he couldn't help Kimberly, the Chief Communication Officer, but because he truly didn't want to get involved in



this mess. It was too exhaustive to even think about it. But then it was also the responsibility, he couldn't shake away.

Gesturing her to take the seat, he asked, "What do you need my help in?"

Kimberly quickly extended out the tablet she was holding. "Here check this?" As Daniel took the tablet in his hand, she further explained, "I am not able to understand what should I do. I am all confused. Isn't Ms. Quinn supposedly Mr. Foster's fiancée??"

Daniel glanced at the screen, his expression growing serious for a moment before curling up in a smile. "Oh, she announced it?" he muttered to himself, but at his words, Kimberly looked puzzled. 3

"So, this is true, Ms. Quinn has truly married someone else?" she asked, trying to confirm. Though it was never announced officially, it was known that Arwen was going to become the favoured daughter-in-law of the Fosters.

Daniel looked at her with a smile of obviousness. "Her post is shared by *TheScoop*. If not real, what else are you expecting it to be," he said before shrugging in nonchalance. "Well, anyway,



tell me. What's the problem here?"

Kimberly hesitated as if she still couldn't understand anything. On top of it, Daniel's nonchalance wasn't helping her a bit. She had expected him to be equally shocked as her but seeing him all so casual only meant that he knew it already.

"That post itself is a problem. I mean though it was never made official, almost everyone in the city knows that Fosters and Quinns have got a marriage arrangement. This arrangement has helped both the companies and the family over time. But now with Ms. Quinn announcing her marriage with someone, it would be getting hard to handle if the media starts prying into it. If that happens it will become a full-blown crisis. It might even give way to investors and partners to question Foster Venture's stability over a personal matter," she said.

But at her words, Daniel remained calm.

"Kimberly," he began slowly, taking in a deep breath and setting the tablet down on his desk.

"You are just getting anxious over nothing and that's one of the reasons why you can't find the solution to this. Otherwise, I can see the solution to the problem in your words itself."



Kimberly didn't understand. "What do you mean?" she asked, and Daniel leaned in to the desk to say.

"Didn't you yourself mention that their engagement was never made official? If it hasn't been made official, all of it can be easily as people's imagination. If not, why else would Ryan stand for Delyth while putting Arwen in the wrong? It wouldn't be hard to make people easily believe it." 1

"But ..." Though it sounded right, still Kimberly felt like something was amiss. "So, you are suggesting to acknowledge Ms. Quinn's announcement?"

Daniel nodded, "There is not much that could be done here. Ryan's earlier statement has already limited us. So, here is what you can do. First, draft an official statement —nothing too personal, but something that hints at Fosters and Quinn's aged friendships without diving into the specifics. We will position it as a standard announcement to affirm the confidence in Foster Ventures."

Kimberly sighed in relief, nodding as taking notes. "That makes sense. A neutral statement should help us get some control. And at the same



time wouldn't put sith party in the wrong light." 1

"Good," Daniel replied, "And in the meantime, monitor the responses online and be prepared with the follow-up questions. Keep the tone professional and more focused on business."

"Thank you, Daniel. I understand now what to do. I will handle the rest," she gave him a small, grateful smile. To which Daniel nodded. Then getting up, she was ready to leave when suddenly she paused to ask, "By the way, Daniel, is it true that Mr. Foster likes Ms. Ember? I mean though he had suggested it in his statement earlier, I don't feel it to be real. His concern for her looks merely out of responsibility."

She was in the middle of words when Daniel cleared his throat and interjected, "Kimberly, I don't think it's a topic that requires your concern. Whether Ryan's feelings for Ms. Ember are real or not is his business, and ours is to manage the fallout, Let's keep the focus on that."

Kimberly's cheeks flushed slightly at the gentle reprimand, and she nodded. "Of course, you are right. I will stick to the statement and keep monitoring the responses."

Daniel gave a small, approving nod, then added.



"And one more thing —try to keep this as low profile as possible. There is no need for everyone at Foster Ventures to be involved in details. We don't need this turning into an office gossip."

Kimberly agreed, gathering her things to leave. Once she was gone, Daniel pinched the space between his brows. *Maybe now with Arwen announcing loud and clear, Ryan will be able to see things right and move on.*

While at same time at East City Hospital, Delyth was scrolling through her social media feed casually when a notification dinged on her alternate account. When she switched to check it, it was a latest headline from *TheScoop*, which was already trending online. The headline read, *'Exclusive: Arwen Quinn surprises everyone with a marriage with mysterious CEO.'*

"What?" Delyth was taken aback. "How is this possible?" Muttering to herself, she was quick to check. 3