



## 151 Safer is not always safe.

"Has Daniel left?" Ryan asked anxiously as a staff member passed by. 1

Terror flashed across the staff member's face, but keeping his eyes cast on the floor, he nodded. "Yes, he just left with his belongings."

Ryan's jaw tightened at the response. He knew he had asked Daniel to leave, but he never thought Daniel would agree to it without a fight.

Without a word, Ryan stepped back into his office and closed the door with a loud thud. The sound made everyone outside flinch but no one dared to utter a word.

Inside the office, Ryan continued to pace. His mind at the moment was a complete whirlwind of emotions —rage, guilt, and a twinge of something that he refused to name. He stopped abruptly, staring at the screen, displaying the endless discussions online that were continuously disapproving of the possibility of his engagement with Arwen.

No longer able to contain his frustration, he grabbed the paperweight from his desk and hurled it at the screen. The glass shattered into countless shards, scattering across the floor but he didn't care.

Instead, the weight of his actions started to settle in. He realized he had acted impulsively with Daniel, letting his frustration at the world last out at the one person who had always stood by him.

"What have I done?" he muttered to himself, his voice laced with regret as the apprehension of his mistake hit him like a wave. His gaze darted to look out of the window, where the city lights flicker against the approaching dusk. The view itself felt lonely, but what made it lonelier was the reality—the reality in which Arwen had shut every possible door for him, and now Daniel might do the same.

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Meanwhile, at the same time, at Winslow Globals:

Aiden sat behind his expansive mahogany desk, working on the plan he had last presented to the board meeting last time. His sharp eyes focused on the papers that were spread before him. The French windows around his office gave a perfect view of the best city lights, but all of it barely interested him. Rather while working, he preferred cocooned in the tense silence.

As he was amid his read, a soft knock drew his attention.

"Come in," Aiden said, his voice was even but held the unmistakable weight of command.

Emyr opened the door and stepped in, holding two files in his hands. As he walked to his desk, he spoke slowly, "Sir, here is the report and the information you requested." He then placed the files on the desk before taking a step back.

Aiden nodded to him before signing his name on one of the files before closing it to keep it aside. He then reached out to check the first file, flipping through the pages slowly. "Are they all?" he asked, subtly, maintaining an air of mystery.

Emyr nodded. "Their resources can match our requirements, sir. It will bring the consistent efficiency to our supply chain."

Aiden nodded as he read through the details. "Then start signing the deals with them," he said and Emyr nodded. Closing the file, he kept it aside before looking at his secretary again. "Anything else?"

Emyr's brows drew together as his expression grew serene. Nodding, he replied, "Sir, someone is trying to look into your details."

Aiden leaned back casually in his chair, his sharp gaze locking onto Emyr. "Go on," he cued.

Emyr straightened as he continued, his expression still remained as serious as before.



"We looked into the intruder. He seems to be an expert who is usually hired around by big families to find the weaknesses of their enemies."

A mocking smile tugged at Aiden's lips as he nodded with interest. "If they are so curious, it would be unfair to keep ourselves behind the curtains," he said before adding slowly. "Let's not play an unfair game then. Allow them to know what they are curious about."

Emyr's brows creased in a slight frown, but then nodding, he politely agreed. It wasn't hard to tell who must be looking into them. But what surprised him was his boss's nonchalant attitude towards someone's prying.

Usually, Aiden would seal off all access to sensitive information, ensuring that no one could uncover either their strengths or vulnerabilities. But today, he was surprisingly open, even inviting the intrusion.

It was uncharacteristic of him, but then again, knowing his boss over the years, he could also tell his boss ways to play any game was far too complex than anyone could comprehend.

"You want to ask something?" Seeing Emyr dwelling, Aiden suddenly asked.

"I don't doubt on your plans, Sir, but ..."

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"But?" Aiden probed, maybe already knowing what Emyr was about to say.

Emyr hesitated slightly but then gave in to his curiosity. "But wouldn't it be safer —"

"Safer is not always safe, Emyr. I thought you knew this already by now." Aiden cut him off before continuing. "Rather sometimes, it's better to let your enemy see what you want them to see. Information is a power, yes, but misinformation can be a weapon far greater."

*Misinformation?* Emyr realized then what his boss actually meant. As he had guessed something far more complex was there in Aiden's plans.

"Make sure you give them what they need," Aiden said and Emyr nodded.

"Yes, sir. I will make sure the right information reaches them."

Just as Emyr finished speaking, Aiden's phone buzzed against the desk. Glancing at the screen, his brows creased slightly, though his expression remained cool. The name of this butler, Mr. Jones, flashed repeatedly before he answered.

"Hello," Aiden said evenly. The moment he spoke, Mr. Jones anxious voice came through the line.



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"Young Master!" the butler greeted, his tone fraught with urgency before quickly explaining his concern. "Young Madam hasn't yet arrived home yet."

Alden's expression darkened, his frown deepening. But he stayed silent, allowing the butler to continue.

"Alfred tried reaching her to ask her about her plans, but her number seems to be unreachable. It has been like that for a few hours now."

A tense silence followed as Alden processed the information, his mind already working through the possibilities.

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