



## 30 Arwen, are you stirring up the trouble again?

Arwen knew Aiden's eyes were captivating, but she never imagined she would so easily get lost in them. The way it stares at her, so deeply, it feels as if he was eagerly waiting to swallow her whole. 1

Thankfully, before she could have become completely entranced with no way to escape, Emyr's voice pulled her out of her daze. She immediately shifted in her seat and composed herself.

"Ah, you can take me towards the Tulip Society on the East Street," Arwen said quickly, making Emyr nod at her request. She then turned to Aiden to explain. "I still need to return to my friend's place for today. How about I pack my things and come to you tomorrow."

Aiden didn't respond immediately. He simply stared at her for a moment, causing Arwen to add, "Okay, I know this might sound like an excuse, but it's not. I just want to take some time to explain everything that happened today to my friend. Tomorrow, I will —"



"I will come to pick you up." 1

"Huh?"

"Tomorrow evening, I will come to pick you up."  
Aiden didn't need her to explain anything, but when she spoke, he found it hard to resist listening to her.

Arwen blinked in mild surprise but nodded. "I am okay with that. Just give me a call when you arrive," she said, and handed him her phone "Here, please add your number to my contacts."

Aiden looked down at her phone and then at her. Sensing his hesitation, she added, "I am not good with passwords, so I don't usually keep them unless absolutely necessary." She didn't support this careless habit, but it was just who she was. She didn't have much to hide, especially on her phone, so she never cared about putting a password.

Aiden took the phone, but the moment he switched it on, he paused, his brows tugging into a deep frown. Arwen has her gaze on him, so when she saw his reaction, she glanced down at the phone, only to realize she had forgotten to close her chat with Delyth. The obscene picture of the two was now displayed on the screen.



Arwen didn't know how to react. Talking about her history with Ryan was one thing but—

Before she could overthink it, Aiden calmly closed the chat and moved on to save his contact in her phone. Arwen watched him type the number first before, then add his name. She expected him to input 'Aiden', but instead, he typed 'Husband' with a heart before saving it. 5

"I will call you when I arrive tomorrow," he said as he handed her the phone back.

Arwen looked at him briefly before nodding. She didn't know if he truly didn't care about what he saw, or if it was out of respect that he didn't ask her about something she didn't want to discuss yet. But whatever it was, she felt relieved.

After a while, they felt the car come to a stop, and when Arwen looked out, she recognized the familiar building. Just then, she heard Emyr announce, "Madam, we have arrived."

Arwen hummed, but realized something and asked, "By the way, this may be a small change, but I have to ask —Mr. Ethan, didn't you use to address me as ma'am? Why have you started calling me 'madam' instead?"

Although it was a subtle difference, the way



Although it was a subtle difference, the way Emyr emphasized it every time made her curious. She could sense there was some tale behind it.

Emyr's gaze instinctively shifted to Aiden, recalling what had happened earlier. But when he saw his boss's nonchalant expression, he knew he couldn't complain.

"Madam' sounds more appropriate to address you," Emyr explained. "After all, your identity is not simple. You are our Lady Boss, and that's someone we all should respect."

Arwen couldn't help but be confused by his logic. Wasn't 'ma'am' and 'madam' the same thing? And what was with the Lady boss title?

Unable to understand, she turned to Aiden, thinking to ask him, but just then, her phone rang. Seeing that Gianna was calling, she quickly dismissed her curiosity and said, "My friend is calling. She must be worried. Since we have already discussed everything, let's meet tomorrow."

With that, she didn't wait for a response, opened the door, and left.

Emyr sighed with relief, but soon caught Aiden's cold glare. "I-I didn't mean to spill it that way."

Emyr sighed with relief, but soon caught Aiden's cold glare. "I-I didn't mean to spill it that way. But I didn't know how to explain to the lady that you wanted us to refer to her as 'Madam!'"

"I can see your communication skills has sufficiently improved. Would you like to take on another role at Winslow Global?" Aiden asked, his words sending a shiver down Emyr's spine.

Shaking his head quickly, Emyr replied, "My communication skill are much more beneficial when I am around you, sir. I dare not think of bringing losses to the company. Besides, there is no vacancies at the reception desk; we have recently recruited all the talent we need." 1

"Then drive. Use your skills only when they are needed." 1

Emyr nodded and immediately started the engine.

Meanwhile, at Foster Ventures, Ryan sat behind his desk, working on some files when his phone rang. His brows furrowed, but when he saw it was the call from the family house, he answered.

"Mr. James, what's going on?" Ryan asked, picking up the call.

The butler spoke something to which Ryan



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The butler spoke something to which Ryan responded, "Fine. Tell mom to wait for a bit. I have not finished my work yet. Once it is done, I will come home." He was about to hang up when his mother's exasperated voice came through the phone.

"Ryan Foster, you better be here in the next half hour, or else, don't blame me for humiliating you in front of your employees."

"Mom!"

"Come home soon. I am waiting for you." Beca said in a much calmer tone, though the storm beneath her words still left an impression.

Before Ryan could say anything, the beep of disconnection made him realize the conversation was over. His grip tightened on his phone, and his jaw clenched in frustration.

"Arwen, are you stirring up the trouble again?" he muttered angrily. 9