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But I'm not as heartless as they are, he thought. If Xiao Churan ever has a child, I would never leave her without a word.

Seeing charlie Wade fall silent, Ruyu realized her comparison might have been inappropriate and quickly added, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wade. I'm not very good with words—please don't take it the wrong way."

charlie Wade gave a self-deprecating chuckle. "You were just telling the truth. No need to apologize."

Noticing charlie Wade's complicated expression, Ruyu guessed he must be struggling with his own burdens, so she didn't press the matter any further.

The car soon arrived in the bustling city of Shanghai. Along the way, Ruyu admired the city's dazzling night view, then followed charlie Wade to the Buckingham Palace Hotel.

Tawana and her team were also staying there.

After parking the car, charlie Wade took Ruyu up to the top floor of the hotel by elevator.

He had asked Chen Zekai to reserve a 300-square-meter luxury suite for him. The suite included two independent bedrooms and a spacious shared living room. charlie Wade stayed in one of the bedrooms, and the other was arranged for Ruyu.

It wasn't that he intended to live under the same roof with her—he simply remained somewhat cautious and didn't want her completely out of sight.

In the elevator, charlie Wade explained, "The suite I'm staying in has two independent bedrooms, each with its own living room and bathroom. We won't disturb each other. The only shared area is the main living room for entry and exit. I hope Miss Song doesn't mind."

Ruyu quickly replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Wade. I don't mind at all. I'll go along with whatever arrangements you make."

She understood that charlie Wade didn't fully trust her yet. Since he had made such arrangements, she intended to cooperate and earn his trust.

Seeing that she was agreeable, charlie Wade nodded and continued, "My work in Shanghai over the next few days will mostly happen at night. You'll accompany me during those times. Just tell the team you're my assistant."

Ruyu asked curiously, "May I ask what exactly your job is here, Mr. Wade?"

charlie Wade replied, “I’m serving as the Feng Shui director for an American singer who’s holding a concert in China.”

Ruyu looked puzzled. She blinked and said, “An American singer and a Feng Shui director? That sounds like an odd pairing. Do Americans even believe in Feng Shui?”

charlie Wade chuckled. “Some do. But I’m not sure whether my employer actually believes in it. She didn’t really hire me for that reason.”

Sensing there was more to the story, Ruyu asked curiously, “Mr. Wade, is your employer a female singer, by any chance?”

Having spent recent days at sea and being disconnected from the outside world, Ruyu had no knowledge of current events—including Tawana’s concert in China.

charlie Wade didn’t hide the truth and casually replied, “Yes, my employer this time is Tawana Sweet. Have you heard of her, Miss Song?”

Ruyu’s eyes went wide with excitement. She instantly transformed into a giddy fan and exclaimed, “Tawana Sweet?! Oh my God! Mr. Wade, are you serious?!”

charlie Wade asked with interest, “Why? Even a cultivator like you knows about pop singers?”

Ruyu replied awkwardly, “Even though I’m a cultivator... I still listen to music from time to time. When I was a teenager, I really liked Tawana Sweet... I planned to sneak off to see one of her concerts a few times, but my family was so strict, I never got the chance...”

As she spoke, her expression grew expectant and excited. She asked hesitantly, “Mr. Wade, is there any chance I could meet Tawana Sweet?”

Noticing her sincere tone, charlie Wade was unexpectedly touched.

Even someone like Ruyu—who could kill without hesitation—was still just a young woman in her early twenties. No matter how ruthless she might be, she still had the heart of a girl.

So, he replied calmly, “You’ll get to see her tomorrow. And if you’re interested, you can even watch the concert from up close, right by the stage.”

“Really?!” Ruyu exclaimed with excitement. “That’s amazing!”

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charlie Wade brought Ruyu to the door of the hotel room. Just as they were about to enter, the door to the presidential suite at the end of the corridor suddenly opened. Tawana stepped out and, spotting charlie Wade, exclaimed in surprise, “Mr. Wade, I was just looking for you.”

As she spoke, she noticed Ruyu standing beside charlie Wade, dressed in black. Tawana was immediately struck by the woman’s unique aura and stunned by her beauty.

She couldn’t help but wonder why charlie Wade had brought a woman back to his room so late at night. Was he having an affair? Or had he brought in some escort?

charlie Wade, unfazed, said calmly, “Tawana, let me introduce you. This is Miss Song, my assistant.”

Ruyu looked at Tawana with delight and greeted her politely, “Hello, Miss Sweet, I’m a fan of yours!”

Tawana nodded with a polite smile, stepped forward to shake hands with Ruyu, and said, “Hello, Miss Song. Nice to meet you.”

Still, confusion lingered in her mind. charlie Wade’s role as her Feng Shui consultant was mostly for show—why would he need an assistant?

Not wanting to offer further explanation, charlie Wade simply opened the door and said to Ruyu, “Miss Song, the suite to the left of the living room is yours. Please, go ahead.”

Ruyu nodded respectfully. “Yes, Mr. Wade.”

She then turned to Tawana and added, “Miss Sweet, I’ll head in first. If you need anything, feel free to speak with Mr. Wade.”

Only after hearing charlie Wade mention the separate suite did Tawana finally feel reassured. If there were truly anything improper between them, she knew charlie Wade wouldn’t pretend otherwise.

Once Ruyu entered, charlie Wade turned to Tawana and asked, “What did you want to talk about?”

“Ah... well, yes... and no...” Tawana stammered, suddenly flustered.

She truly had no romantic connection with charlie Wade. She simply found the night too long and couldn’t fall asleep, so she thought chatting with charlie Wade might help build their relationship.

charlie Wade looked puzzled and asked, “So is there something wrong or not?”

Tawana glanced down at her toes awkwardly and stammered, “It’s nothing really. I just have a bit of insomnia and wanted to have a drink with you, Mr. Wade.”

charlie Wade nodded. “Alright, let’s go inside and have a couple of drinks.”

“Really?” Tawana brightened and quickly asked, “I won’t be disturbing your rest, will I?”

charlie Wade waved his hand. “Not at all. Come in. I was just thinking of inviting Miss Song for a drink too. She’s probably tired from the trip and could use one.”

As he spoke, charlie Wade opened the door and welcomed Tawana in.

Tawana had initially hoped for a quiet drink alone with charlie Wade, but she hadn’t expected another guest. Still, seeing how calm charlie Wade was, she felt that both she and Miss Song probably meant the same to him—nothing special.

She followed charlie Wade into the room. He invited her to sit on the sofa in the living room, then walked over to the small bar nearby. The hotel had stocked it with a wide selection of drinks. charlie Wade asked, “What would you like to drink?”

“Red wine,” Tawana blurted out.

charlie Wade nodded, took out a bottle of red wine, uncorked it, and said, “I still prefer Chinese white liquor.”

As he spoke, he retrieved a bottle of premium Moutai from the bar.

Then he called out in a normal voice, “Miss Song, come join us for a drink.”

Tawana smiled and said, “Mr. Wade, your voice is too soft—Miss Song probably can’t hear you. The hotel’s walls and doors are very soundproof.”

As they were speaking, the door to one of the bedrooms opened, and Ruyu stepped out, saying shyly, “Mr. Wade, I’ve never had alcohol before...”

charlie Wade asked in surprise, “You’ve never had a drink in your life?”