

## Chapter 265 A Jade Comb

Fortunately, Janessa's English was good, otherwise, she would just make a fool of herself in a foreign city.

When they got to the hotel, Rayan arranged for two separate rooms next to each other.

They went to their designated lodgings together and parted in the corridor. "I'm right next door," Rylan said as he handed Janessa her room card. "If you need anything, just call out. I'll probably hear you through the wall."

Janessa rolled her eyes and shook her head. Did he really have to treat her like a child? She hadn't gone abroad much all these years, but she had never run out of business trips. She was more or less used to jet-setting and camping in a hotel.

"I know, I know. Don't worry; I'll be fine."

Still, Rylan was reluctant to let her go just yet. He watched her even as he open the door to his room, and stopped her just as she was about to enter her own.

"Do you need to get over the jet lag?" he asked tentatively. "The nightlife here is very gorgeous and lively." A part of him was hoping she would not refuse his invitation, yet at the same time, he didn't want Janessa to push herself.

His complicated thoughts showed on his face.

"You mean right now?" Janessa asked. Despite their long conversation during the flight, she had still managed to take a two-hour nap, and was rather wide awake at the moment.

She was interested in watching the streets at night, so she might as well accept his offer.

"Well, I mean, if you're tired, then we can go later after you have some rest. The city is pretty festive even at ten o'clock in the evening." Rylan didn't hold back this time. He had seen the curious glint in Janessa's eyes and knew that she was coming either way.

"All right, let's meet up later then. I want to take a shower and relax for a bit." Janessa flushed as she said this. It was awkward telling a man that she was about to take a shower.

"Of course. Give me a call when you're done." A splotch of color was creeping up Rylan's neck as well. He hadn't expected her to say such a thing, and now his blood was bubbling with desire. Images of Janessa taking a shower through the fogged up glass suddenly popped up in his mind.

She averted her eyes and nodded, then practically sprinted into her room. Rylan did the same, instantly feeling guilt and shame at his lewd thoughts.

Luckily for him, Janessa didn't seem to notice anything strange.

When the clock struck ten, Janessa emerged from her room wearing a long Bohemian dress and a silk shawl. Rylan, who had been leaning against the opposite wall of the corridor, froze and stared blankly at her.

"What's wrong?" she frowned, looking down her dress. She thought she looked good when she had put it on. Or was something else the matter?

"No, there's nothing wrong. Your dress is perfect. You look absolutely gorgeous." Janessa had really sprung up multiple surprises at him today. Even if he didn't have any chance of being with her in the future, Rylan was happy to take what he could get.

But for now, it was just the two of them, and he was determined to make this trip an unforgettable experience for her.

It might do her a lot of good if she ended up falling in love with him in the next few days, too.

"It's just something I had in my wardrobe," Janessa said casually. She hadn't thought much of it when she had packed it in her suitcase. Who knew it would shock Rylan to this extent?

"Come on, let's go. Let me show you off to the public. It would be my honor to stroll around with such a beautiful lady by my side." Rylan complimented her with a smile.

Ignoring his words of praise, Janessa walked past him and headed for the elevator.

Moments later, they were sightseeing out on the street, attracting more than a handful of envious looks from passersby.

Janessa was indeed an attractive woman, and Rylan was just as good-looking. When they walked side by side like this, they looked very much like a perfect couple.

But Janessa was oblivious to the admiring stares around her. All she cared about was the scenery and the idea of experiencing a different culture.

"Oh, that shop looks cute," she said all of a sudden. "Let's go and have a look!" She was fond of small ornaments and knick-knacks, and there just happened to be a small souvenir store across the street.

As soon as they entered it, she was engulfed in a warm, cozy feeling.

The shop was rather old, and boasted many vintage items.

"Welcome!"

A little girl appeared at the counter, greeting them with a smile. She looked to be no more than ten years old, but she was already looking after such a shop on her own.

"Are you all by yourself?" Janessa asked, worried that the child might not know her way around and make mistakes instead of favorable sales.

However, the child proceeded to stand on a stool, making her a head taller than Janessa. "Yes, so what?" she snorted. "This shop is mine."

"Oh. Okay." Taken aback by the girl's indignant response, Janessa had no choice but to walk into the store and look around

The little girl scurried next to Rylan. "Sir," she chirped, her eyes still on Janessa. "Your girlfriend has questionable manners. Why did she pry into other people's private matters? You should take better care of her."

Rylan was so pleased to hear Janessa being called his girlfriend that he didn't hear the rest of the girl's words. Sure enough, it was an excellent idea to bring Janessa overseas with him. Nobody knew them here, and now and then, there were innocent bystanders who assumed they were a couple.

"All right, I'll be sure to talk to her about this later," Rylan said before looking for Janessa among the shelves, a bright smile on his face.

As for Janessa, she had seen Rylan speaking with the girl, but she was far enough that she couldn't hear their conversation.

"What did she say to you just now?" she asked when he approached. "You seem to have had a happy little chat." He was still beaming from ear to ear.

Rylan promptly wiped the smile off his face. "It was nothing!"

Janessa smirked and narrowed her eyes, but said nothing more.

If he refused to tell her, then it must have been something bad, in which case, she would rather not know about it.

Janessa shifted her attention back to the store's wares, and her eyes immediately caught on one particular object.

"Oh, this is very nice!" It was a vintage comb, something she had never imagined to find in this little shop.

It wasn't like any ordinary, wooden comb, too—it was made of jade, so delicate and so fragile.

One undoubtedly needed to be careful and diligent in handling it.

"Do you like that? Go ahead and buy it." Rylan had seen her pick up the comb, and thought of how good Janessa would look with it tucked into her long, lustrous hair. It was too bad that her hair currently didn't make it past her shoulders.

"Oh, no. I'm too clumsy to own such an exquisite thing." Although she liked the comb very much, she would probably break it before she even had a chance to put it on her hair. As it was, she couldn't afford to buy it when she was just going to damage it anyway.

Miffed at her attitude, Rylan grabbed the comb with one hand and Janessa with the other. He dragged her over to the counter.

"Please wrap this up for me. How much will it be?"

In all fairness, the little girl had truly sold many things in the shop, but she had no idea how much the comb cost. She ended up asking them to wait while she went to ask an elder for assistance.

She disappeared into an inner room, and after a while, a middle-aged woman came out and hobbled toward Janessa and Rylan. She inspected the comb on the counter and nodded. "This comb was left behind by a customer long ago. Since then, it has been sitting in our shop, waiting for the right person to pick it up. Since it has caught your eye, it is yours now."

Then, before Janessa could even make sense of what was happening, the woman packed up the comb and handed it to her. She looked Janessa up and down as she did so, her eyes full of sage affirmation.