

Chapter 488

She stood up, but Old Madam Lowry waved her down. "It's fine. Just sit. All you have to do is look out for yourself, and don't go on missions with him. Understand?"

Janet didn't nod. Instead, she stared at Old Madam Lowry for a while, but that was the answer the lady needed to know. Janet's hardheaded. She won't say yes. Once Old Madam Lowry had gone to the airplane, it was time for dinner.

However, they didn't touch the food. Mason put his newspaper down before going to hold Janet in his arms. He whispered, "Do you really want me to get scolded every time?" The scent of red wine and alcohol wafted from his lips as he spoke.

Janet felt woozy without even tasting the alcohol. She stayed in a stupor for a moment, then she realized what he was getting at.

Mason squinted at Janet's scarlet ears, and he smiled. "Talk to me, babe," he whispered.

"Huh?" Janet looked away, pretending not to understand. As she turned around, her lips inadvertently touched his lips, and she felt electrified. Out of reflex, she took a step back, a frown creasing her forehead. "Can you not come so close? My eyes are almost crossed."

Mason was still squinting, a smile on his face. He then pecked on her nose. "You turned around first."

"Fine, I give up." Janet never won in any arguments with him. A few moments later, she said gently, "Time for dinner."

"Have a drink with me. Dinner can wait." Mason took his glass and finished the wine in it. Then, he gazed into Janet's eyes and smiled before kissing her lips.

Janet was shocked by the liquid that flowed into her mouth. She nudged her head back by reflex, but Mason didn't let her. He clasped the back of her head, overpowering her. The wine was high in its alcohol content, and half a glass was enough to make Mason tipsy. Since Janet was a worse drinker than he was, that single sip was already making her dizzy.

Which madman made this kind of wine? This can kill.

Mason looked around. The servants knew how to read the room and had left before they even kissed. "I love you, babe."

Then Janet smiled. She, in her drunken stupor, mouthed, "I love you, too."

A smile curled Mason's lips. As he peered into her eyes, he saw a raging passion within them, raring to burst forth. Janet held his shirt softly with one hand, while the other slid down to his...

When dawn rose the next day, the autumn breeze danced across the curtains of the bedroom. Janet turned around and opened her eyes, feeling groggy.

“Good morning, babe,” a hoarse voice greeted her. She could feel someone centimeters away.

Grunting a response, she turned around, but she was already at the edge of the bed. In the next instance, she fell down from the bed. Mason wanted to catch her at first, but he was too slow. Janet had already woken up at that moment, and she stood on the ground.

Mason squinted at her. She’s fast. Faster than I am. Is that on instinct? He smirked before pulling her back onto the bed. “You’re fast,” he teased.

“Of course I am.” She looked at him. “Try falling for once. You’ll know why I could react that fast.” She didn’t need to do it consciously anymore. That was just muscle memory.