

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 992

Janet ate the piece of meat while she answered indifferently, "Oh, it's fine now."

"Huh?" Mason put his bowl and chopsticks down to look at her.

She took a bite of the vegetables and finished chewing it before she spoke again, "In that case, where were you, Mr. Lowry? You better quickly tell me." I am quite curious about the development of his investigation.

He picked up his chopsticks to continue placing different dishes into her bowl. He answered her calmly, "I managed to investigate, but I want to get rid of the root cause, so I will need more time."

Janet did not expect such quick progress in the matter. She placed her chopsticks down to stare at the deep, dark circles around his eyes. "Don't exhaust yourself. You have to pace yourself."

Mason held her petite hand with a smile. "It is worth it." Everything is worth it for her sake. Right now, as I look at her fingers, somehow, I feel as though something is missing. After a life-and-death experience, I am convinced that I can't lose her. Maybe I will promise her my life after this matter has been resolved, but I wonder if she'll agree. He chuckled in a rumbling voice—his laughter was filled with love and tenderness for Janet.

Her fingertips felt ticklish from his touch, so she quickly withdrew her hands. Then, she hid her embarrassment by masking it as a yawn.

Janet's phoenix eyes appeared tired.

"Be a good girl and head upstairs for a shower. You need to sleep soon."

She nodded while leaving the dining table to make her way up to the second floor.

She was too exhausted to use the bathtub; instead, she planned to take a quick shower before heading to bed.

Just when she was removing her last piece of clothing, somebody opened the bathroom door suddenly.

Janet looked up sleepily and before she realized what was going on, she saw Mason walking into the bathroom. He was half-naked from the waist up and his trousers had wet patches.

She was slightly confused. "I am not done with my shower..."

He lifted his arm up to turn off the tap. Then, he picked her up while chuckling in amusement, "You will have to shower again later, anyway."

Janet was rendered speechless when she heard that.

Maso carried her out of the shower. Apart from her last piece of clothing, she was naked.

"I'm sleepy." Janet rubbed her eyes; it was obvious she was not interested in what he had in mind.

However, Mason was not deterred and he instead placed her on the basin top. Then, he bent down to plant a hot and passionate kiss on her corner of her lips. He kissed her in a sensual and lingering manner.

Janet felt as if he was about to suck the breath away from her chest. It had been a long time since he was in such a dire need for her. She could not stop him, so she patted his shoulders. "Mason, back to the bedroom."

He bent down to kiss her eyes and his voice was deep and husky. "No, I can't wait any longer."

Janet took a step back and she cupped his handsome face with her hands. "It's only a few steps away. Is this necessary?" she asked rhetorically. My body is pressed against the basin. It feels cold and hard. How could it possibly feel good for me?

"Check the duration from the last time I've had you. How long has it been? I am a man." Mason gritted his teeth and he started nibbling her icy-cold earlobe. "You are always wearing thin pajamas to sleep while wrapping your hands around me. Isn't that a form of invitation?" he asked, as though he was complaining too.

Does she even know how seductive she is when she says something sensual to me while hugging me to sleep or when she speaks in her dreams? I am already at my limits for enduring it for such a long time.

"Invitation, my a*s." Janet rolled her eyes at him. "Don't try to blame me when you are in the mood for this."

Mason chuckled in amusement when he heard her accusations. "Yes. Yes, I want it. Well, do I have your permission?" he asked in a deep voice.

She did not answer him; instead, she raised her leg to kick his chest lightly.

Janet's fair and small foot traced lightly against Mason's body. I am not a man if I do not do something under such circumstances.

He reached out to grab her foot and he pulled her down to his lower body. Mason mumbled in a husky voice, "Babe..."

Since he did not look like he was in a rush anymore, Janet snorted lightly at him, "Mason."

"I do not like that name." Mason's hands froze and he pinched her waist gently before he added. "Call me something else."

She was at a loss for words.