

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 85

Sean straightened his posture and immediately left the place.

Henry was unfazed by Mason's snarl, wanting to see the kind of charm that Janet had, which enticed the Lowry Family's successor.

Upon seeing that Henry was standing still, Sean instantly dragged him away with his arm around the latter's neck. "Young Master Moss, please forgive me for being rude!"

He would rather offend Henry than his master.

In that short while, she had already popped open the wine bottle. With trembling hands, she poured the wine into a glass.

Mason narrowed his eyes in a menacing manner and unrelentingly pressed on. "Those brats you meant... are they boys or girls?"

She was engrossed in observing the wine in her hands and did not answer him.

When he walked to her to grab the wine bottle, she already drank half a bottle of it.

Janet raised her eyes and looked at the man before her in a pitiful manner as she mumbled, "You are a bad man!"

She looked exactly like a kid whose toy was being taken away from her.

Upon hearing that, the man's chiseled thin lips curved upward into a beguiling arc.

Those who were close to Janet all knew that she excelled in everything except drinking. Her alcohol tolerance was weak—and just a tad bit of it would be enough to transform her into an obedient little rabbit who would do anything that she was told.

In a daze, she looked at the eyes of the man in front of her. They seemed like an ancient well—bottomless, mysterious yet mesmerizing.

She murmured, “Really beautiful.”

“Beautiful?” The man, who had a bewitching smile, was suddenly stunned. With his eyebrows raised, the corner of his lips gently curled up. “Is he the most beautiful man you have ever seen?”

Her face was flushed red before she whispered, “No.”

Mason’s question was initially a joke, but upon hearing that, the smile on his face suddenly froze. He then leaned over toward her and his cold fingers landed on her cheeks. Although there was a trace of ruthlessness in his husky voice, his voice still sounded incredibly deep and sexy. “Then, who’s the most beautiful person you have ever seen?”

Janet furrowed her brows, as if she was seriously contemplating his question. “I think it’s Monalisa.”

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It was a rare occasion where Mason was rendered speechless.

His fair slender fingers landed on her face, gently stroking her faintly heated cheeks. “It’s late. Why didn’t you head home instead of looking for me?”

“Looking for you... Why did I come to look for you?” She was stunned for a few seconds, dumbfounded by his question. After a while, she had a sudden realization. “I’m here to visit Old Madam Lowry... to paint.”

The grin on his face instantly froze. So, it turns out that the young lady is not here because she misses me? “To paint?”

Janet firmly nodded.

Mason had no idea why she had suddenly said so; he merely thought that she spoke nonsense since she was drunk.

However, her silly yet adorable side tempted him to be a bully. “Janet, do you think that I’m important to you?” His gaze was fervent and his attitude was adamant—he was determined to get an answer out of her.

She nodded at first, but then shook her head in denial after a few seconds. “So-so!”

As she was speaking, she softly burped.

Mason smiled, pressing his thin lips. He was quite satisfied with the answer ‘so-so’, but at the same time, he wondered whether the young lady treated everyone in the same way. “How about Sean?”

Sean, who had heard his name from the corner of the staircase, almost stood up and answered. However, he managed to make sense of the situation in time. This is an occupational disease!

Janet shook her head and did not change her answer.

Her reaction made Mason feel delighted as it was a solid evidence that he had a special place in her heart.

The next second, the man gently took her into his arms. “Janet!” He lowered his eyes and uttered in a soft voice. “I want to bully you.”

His words startled Sean and Henry, making the two of them turning to him almost instantly. What does Young Master Mason mean by ‘bully’?

“Mason...” Just when Janet’s lips were parted, Mason pressed his lips against hers in a light and gentle manner, as if she was his most precious jewel.