

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1051

As he nipped at her collarbone, Janet could feel herself growing numb with pleasure and she let out a soft sigh as she moaned, "It was good."

She was shocked at the sound of her own voice. Her hand flew to cover her mouth and she shook her head.

When he saw that, Mason broke into a small laugh and pointed out roguishly, "You can't hide these things, Janet."

Flustered, she stomped her feet and frowned at him, blushing furiously as she snapped, "I'll be going now."

Just as she was about to turn, he pulled her back. Before she knew it, her face was buried in his chest and she could hear the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

He narrowed his eyes and chuckled in amusement. "Look at you getting all worked up, Babe, and we haven't even started yet."

Mason's warm breath stirred against Janet's ear as he whispered slowly, "Make sure to keep your voice down later or everyone would hear what's going on. I'm sure the girls would be shocked to learn how passionate their leader is behind closed doors. After all, you've always put up a cold front with them. Then again, I wouldn't want anyone else to hear your breathing, let alone your moaning. So, don't be afraid and just relax."

His words were a mixture of fire and ice, causing her to cave into him.

She did not dare to make a sound, but it was hard to suppress the primal need to call out for him.

It did not help that she was anxious about doing something like this on a plane.

He growled next to her ear, "I can feel how tightly wounded you are, Jan—'tight' being the operative word."

Janet blushed at his words, frustration building up in her at the unfairness of it all. How could he make such witty remarks while doing this on a plane?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she grew. She turned and nipped at his throat before she threatened, "If you don't let go of me right now, I'll moan in a loud voice."

She knew he was possessive and he would not risk letting anyone else hear her like this.

True enough, upon hearing what she had said, he stopped moving.

However, just as she was beginning to think that they could leave the private room, he reached up and roughly clasped his hand over her mouth. Then, he groaned, "Blackmailing doesn't work on me, Jan."

"Sh*t." Janet wanted to cry out in frustration. She reached out and gripped his thigh instead while straining to say, "I want to be on top."

She did not want to be pinned down like this.

Upon hearing that, Mason paused and lay down obediently.

A devilish smirk tugged on his lips as he drawled, "Be gentle. We don't want to give the others a shock now, do we?"

Janet did not know how much time had passed, but several rigorous rounds later, she could barely keep her eyes open. Mason, on the other hand, did not look tired at all. In fact, he looked invigorated.

The energy he had was inexplicable and she wondered if it was because they had discovered a new place for their passionate endeavors.

No longer able to suppress her curiosity, she cupped his face with her hands and asked with what could be her last strand of rationale, "What's going on with you today?"

He reached up and wiped the thin layer of perspiration on her forehead. Then, he grinned as he asked, "Are you asking me why I can still continue like this?"

Janet hummed weakly.

Mason's eyes glimmered and he gave her a gentle peck on the lips before saying contentedly, "Well, it could be the excitement of doing it in a new place, but it's mostly because you've made a grave mistake today."

She blinked and mumbled lazily, "What?" A grave mistake?

His face darkened and the jealousy was thick in his voice as he explained, "You can't sing for other men."

You can't sing for other men.

Janet's mind tried to wrap around those words, and finally, she understood its meaning.

Is he talking about my deal with Henry to sing in lieu of payment? Was his passion in bed fueled by his jealousy and anger over something as trivial as this?

She wanted to laugh.

With abject jealousy, Mason continued, "When you go out later, tell Henry that I'll be paying him the thirty million."

Janet could not summon the strength to protest, having been drained of all her energy in the last few hours. She lay stoically on the bed as she answered, "Suit yourself."

I must be insane, she thought to herself. She had gone from spending the better part of the morning fretting over how she was going to track down the President to lying next to Mason after doing the deed with him in the confines of an aircraft. The worst part of it was that she actually enjoyed it and she wanted to curse him for corrupting her like this.

Slowly, her thoughts began to blur and before long, she drifted into sleep.

Meanwhile, Mason gazed at Jason while she slept, his lips slowly tipping up into a smile.

He pushed himself off the bed and wore the pants that he had cast aside.