

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 940

How could a man be turned on with such ease?

Mason stared longingly at her lips as they parted and closed soundlessly, as though it was tempting him to take a bite. He swallowed convulsively before he said hoarsely, "I skipped lunch to finish work earlier and come to see you. Do you really think I can take things slow right now?"

Upon hearing that, Janet clicked her tongue. She pressed her hand against his chest to keep him from edging any closer before she plainly responded, "In that case, we should get lunch, shouldn't we?"

His gaze trailed down from her pink lips to the soft, fair skin of her nape, whereupon he saw the faded marks that were left from their endeavors last night.

The memory was setting him ablaze.

Janet saw the lustful look in his eyes and she asked flatly, "What should we have for lunch, little satyr?"

Little satyr? He narrowed his eyes at the phrase and demanded in a low voice, "What do you mean by 'little satyr'?"

Mason knew exactly what 'satyr' meant—it was good as she calling him a s*x addict.

However, Janet smiled at him and answered innocently, "It's another way of saying that you're adorable."

Query

"Is it?" Mason feigned seriousness as he looked at her darkly.

Her skin prickled when she saw his gaze darken and she began to wonder whether she had just landed herself in trouble.

Nonetheless, she maintained an unfazed countenance as she repeated, "I'm serious. What do you feel like having for lunch?"

“You.”

As soon as he said that, he took her hands and pinned them above her head.

He did so in an almost animalistic manner and it dawned upon her that he was well aware of what she meant when she called him a satyr.

I’ve been tricked! Janet felt a wave of resignation wash over her as Mason kissed and nibbled at the soft skin of her neck.

While the backseat of the Maybach was considerably spacious, there simply was not enough room for their heated and passionate venture. Janet could not help but let out a soft cry of pain when she felt Mason’s elbow dig into her arm.

Her cries pulled him back to his senses. He then looked down at her with concern swimming in his eyes. “What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?”

Janet nodded meekly. “Just a bit.”

When he heard that, he rose up and pulled her into his lap. He held her tenderly as he spoke in a pained voice, “I’m sorry, Janet. I won’t do it again.”

Janet broke into a laugh at the sight of his guilt-ridden and distressed expression; her shoulders shuddered from the effort of containing herself.

Mason blinked. When he realized what was going on, he went from looking incredulous to devilish in seconds. “Were you merely joking?”

“Yes,” she answered, openly laughing at him.

He took a breath before he buried his face in her neck as he responded hoarsely, "I really thought that I hurt you."

Her skin tingled when she felt his warm breath on her neck and cheeks.

Janet suppressed a shudder before she softly responded, "You'll just have to be gentle with me."

"Be good. I won't touch you for now," Mason replied lovingly.

She gaped at him. Who is going to relieve me of the frustration now?

For the first time in her life, she wanted to shoot herself in the foot.

It was dinner time at the Lowry Residence, but Janet did not join Mason at the dining table. Instead, she walked over to the backyard to enjoy the evening breeze.

Without her next to him at dinner, he was beginning to grow irritated and bored.

Janet was currently playing with the wolves in the cage—or more accurately, she was actually teasing them.

He narrowed his eyes and shot a disgruntled look toward the wolf pup, who looked tame.

"Janet," Mason called out.

However, she did not respond as she continued to scratch the pup behind the ears.

The pup nuzzled its face against hers, looking as comfortable as if she was one of its own.

Mason watched the scene with resentment. It was one thing for her to miss dinner with him, but it was an entirely different thing when she decided to spend her time making other male creatures fawn over her.

“Janet,” he called once more as he unhappily raised his voice.