

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 993

She clenched her jaws stubbornly, unwilling to speak. However, Mason would not release her at that critical moment.

“Janet, try calling me again. You have to address me with the name that you were previously used to.”

She finally could not endure it anymore. She moaned and there were tears in the corners of her eyes. “Mason.” I haven't addressed him in such an intimate manner for a long time, so I am not used to it all of a sudden.

Mason was even more energized when he heard her sensual voice. He ended up focusing all of his strength on one point.

Janet was usually tough, but she was helpless when it came to this. She gritted her teeth before sinking them onto his shoulder. “You are able to bully me because you are a man. If I have one too, I will bully you so hard that you'd surrender to me,” she commented angrily.

“Is that so?” Mason chuckled and his voice was especially hoarse, but he did not stop his movements; instead, he increased the intensity. “I am looking forward to that day. However, before that, you can only stay beneath my body.”

Janet bared her canines and she bit his arm hard.

They were not sure how much time had passed, but they were both exhausted by the time they were done with each other.

She was on his shoulder when she mumbled, “Aren't we going back to bed?” Why do I have the feeling that he isn't done?

“We will be back in bed soon enough.” After saying that, Mason changed positions.

Janet glared at him and she warned him helplessly, but her voice was gravelly at that point, “You should exercise restraint.”

“You should speak less if you want me to end this faster,” his voice was deep and urgent. The sweat on his forehead dripped down her body. I suppose she isn’t aware that her breath and moans excite me immensely.

Janet sighed—her hips and limbs were weak and limp. In the end, she gave up resisting him.

Amidst the night, Mason finally let out a guttural growl and he finally stopped moving. He locked his arms around her waist in a domineering and intimate way. Then, he asked in a husky voice, “Promise me that you will always stay by my side, alright?”

Janet, who was fast asleep, did not answer him.

Mason pinched her nose to punish her while asking her persistently, “Will you stay by my side?”

This time, Janet, who was fast asleep, finally responded. She opened her eyes in a daze. After glancing at the man, who was lying beside her, she answered him, “Sure, we will always be together... We will always be together and we’ll get married.”

Mason’s originally clear eyes turned dark when he heard the words ‘get married’. He felt an indescribable feeling surge through his chest at that moment. I don’t care if she’s just sleep-talking or whether she’s sincere. I have to realize what she just said. He stood up to carry Janet, who was on the basin, into the shower to clean her up.

The two of them came out of the shower after 20 minutes.

He placed her carefully on the bed.

He was extremely careful and gentle, but she woke up anyway.

Janet opened her eyes and the sharp discomfort she felt reminded how hard they were going at it earlier. We did it from 9:00PM until 4:00AM—that is 7 hours long. We did it more than 7 times. Oh, my God! A man who has abstained for too long is worse than a starved wolf.

“Ouch.” She was in pain. She slumped onto the bed again when she tried getting up.

Mason had some medication in his hands when he entered the room. He was amused, but his heart ached for her when he saw how weak she looked. “Stop moving.”

Janet glared at him because she was frustrated. Why should I be tortured and motionless on the bed, but he’s still standing while making fun of me? Well, isn’t it just a rod? What’s so awesome about it?

She was fuming when she commented deliberately, “Mr. Lowry, you have admirable stamina. You are suited to work as a gigolo.”

Mason was at a loss for words when he heard that. He squinted at her suddenly and his gaze flashed menacingly in a warning manner.

He reached out to pick her up from the bed. Then, he placed her on his thighs when he teased her, “In that case, what do you think about my skills, Babe? I suppose it feels good, right?”

“Hmm,” Janet answered weakly. “At best, it’s average, but I think it’s a good choice to order your services once in a while.”

Mason’s handsome face soured straight away when he heard that. Is she treating me as a tool to vent her frustrations?