

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1007

"Yeah," he replied in a low voice.

The very next second, he stretched out his left hand and pressed a button to activate the partition in the car.

Of course, she saw his actions and understood what he meant by this. Smiling at him, she teased, "You're a f*cking animal!"

Seven hours last night is not enough? He still wants it today?

Is he a sex maniac?

"Yes." Mason did not deny it and he pounced on her, grabbing onto her waist.

He kissed her and trailed his lips down to her neck. Suddenly, he bit her collarbone gently. Janet's entire body jolted and she immediately returned to her senses.

"What are you doing?"

She felt that there was something off with him, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

He usually wouldn't go this far in the car, unless he's been holding it in for a long time and felt really uncomfortable about it.

But we did it last night already...

On top of that, it lasted for seven hours! Logically speaking, this shouldn't happen!

"Stop speaking and let me kiss you for a while longer." The man left kisses on her collarbone and her neck wilfully. In fact, he was even more passionate than before and his voice had become much hoarser.

Even though he only mentioned kissing, it was definitely not enough for him—Mason had already stretched his playful hands into her clothes.

Janet grabbed his hands and asked in a low voice, “You didn’t really sleep last night and you went to the office today. If you still want it now, can your body handle it?”

She was merely expressing her concern for his body so that he would hold his desires in.

If he doesn’t control himself when he’s young, his kidneys are going to suffer later!

However, her words were only a provocation to him. He chuckled in a low voice and spoke in a rather dangerous tone, “You’ll know in a bit how well my body is.”

“I—”

Before Janet could finish her sentence, he kissed her again and bit her lips as a form of punishment.

This time around, he was more passionate than usual, so much so that Janet thought this might be their last time.

She wanted to reject his advances but under his teases, she was out of breath in no time.

After a while, when Mason stopped to take a breath, Janet quickly took this opportunity to say, “Don’t do it here. Let’s go home.”

“Don’t worry; Sean can’t hear anything. Even if your moans are louder than yesterday, he can’t hear it too,” he teased her deliberately.

Janet shot a sideways glance at him. “Who said that I’m afraid of him?”

As she spoke of Sean, Janet suddenly thought of Black Python and nudged Mason’s chest as she spoke in a serious tone. “Let Black Python go back to Sandfort City for the sake of his happiness for the rest of his life.”

It won’t do to ask him to stay in Markovia all the time.

After all, long distance relationships are difficult to maintain.

“Don’t mention another man at this moment,” Mason suddenly bit her ear and spoke in a tone that showed complete dominance. “Otherwise, you’ll be unable to even speak later.”

Janet was speechless upon hearing that.

Even though he said so, Mason still restrained himself and did not do anything to her.

After all, the swelling from last night had not gone down today.

Seven hours were indeed too much.

“What’s wrong? Something’s off with you.” Janet stretched out her hand to pinch his face lightly.

Facing her question, Mason had a smile in his eyes. "It's just your illusion."

With that, he carried her and put her on his lap. "Sit with me here and enjoy the sunset."

The sunrise and sunset is a cycle, just like meeting each other and falling in love.

Mason suddenly pinched her earlobes. "There's so many things that we haven't done together."

Lying in his embrace, Janet remained silent as she looked at the blurry sunset.

She wrapped her arms around his waist tightly, without any intention of letting go.

Mason bent over slightly and hugged her tight as his eyes darkened. "It's cold; hug me tighter."

In the master bedroom of the Lowry Residence, the water sounds diminished in the bathroom.

Drying his hair with a towel, the man walked out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist. Water dripped from his black hair and slid down his abdomen slowly.

At this moment, Janet was sitting on the bed with a laptop, her beautiful eyes focused on the computer screen.