

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1050

Janet reached out and dabbed his lips with her finger, giggling as she said, "You have milk on your lips."

Mason raised his brows and quickly held her hand before she could retract it. His voice was low as he murmured, "Wipe it off for me then."

She blinked, but just as she was about to wipe the milk foam off from his lips, she felt a sudden warmth encase her finger.

Mason's mouth had gently clamped over her index finger and he gave it a teasing bite.

Janet quickly withdrew and stared at him with wide eyes.

He laughed and picked up the bottle of milk that he'd left aside. Then, he downed it slowly, deliberately spilling the milk over the corners of his lips. When he was done with his drink, he slid the tip of his tongue out and slowly swiped it across his lips, eyeing her suggestively as he did so.

She swallowed and hastily broke eye contact by turning to face the other direction.

He blinked slowly and drawled with amusement, "Janet, were you looking at me by any chance?"

Janet coughed and tried to keep her voice even as she retorted, "No, you must have been mistaken."

"Really?" Mason reached out and turned her to face him, appraising her with a dangerous gleam in his eyes as he purred. "Could it be that you wanted me to lick your lips instead?"

"Don't be ridiculous," Janet sputtered as she was flustered.

She marveled at his audacity, although it should not have been a surprise, given his devilish good looks.

All he had to do was look at her and he would stir her deepest desires awake.

She shuddered. She had not always been like this—in fact, lust and physical pleasures had hardly ever crossed her mind. Now, it seemed as if Mason had corrupted her and it was tardy for her to pretend otherwise.

“Jan.” As if he read her thoughts, Mason leaned closer toward her and pressed his lips to her cheeks. Then, he continued in a low, raspy whisper. “It’s only natural for you to feel this way. You don’t have to be embarrassed by it.”

Janet flushed at his words and hurriedly clasped a hand over his mouth. She then turned to glance at Henry. The man may not be paying any attention to them, but she cringed at the thought that he could overhear them. “Okay, I get it. Please stop talking.”

However, Mason only chuckled and unbuckled both their seatbelts. He pulled her up from her seat and said, “Fine. Then, we’ll just have to talk elsewhere.”

“What are you doing?” Janet hissed in bewilderment, trying to keep her voice low.

If Lara and Desire saw her flustered like that, she would lose all her dignity as a leader.

However, she was seized with such panic that she could not hold her ground. She was practically frog-marched toward the private room in the plane, which was not quite as exclusive as its namesake, given that the only thing segregating it from the rest of the aircraft was a piece of curtain.

If there was so much as a breeze, everyone would see that they were hiding in there.

Janet took a cautious step back, but that only invited Mason to step closer to her.

He laughed softly, his low voice only audible to the both of them, and he drawled, “Babe, now that we’re all alone, you can kiss me.”

Janet swallowed and looked away from him, casting her eyes on the floor. “I told you—you must have been mistaken.”

“Is that so?” He smirked and pressed his lips to hers, as though tracing the curve of her mouth with his own. “What if I want you to kiss me?”

Mason sounded stubborn and with his hands clutching her, she could tell that there was no way for her to escape. “Kiss me, Janet,” he said again, though with an air of authority this time.

Janet knew that he would be more inclined to push her boundaries if she did not accede, so she braced herself before she pressed her lips to his.

His lips were cold, but there was something soothing and familiar about them that made her lower her guard.

It was only a kiss, but it was enough to make her heart beat erratically as she melted into him.

Janet did not dare to make another move, afraid that it would only encourage him.

“Is that all you’ve got?” he asked hoarsely and wrapped an arm around her waist before she could respond. His lips found hers once more with an urgency that had not been there the first time.

As much as she hated to admit it, Mason was an expert in kissing. Within minutes, she felt as though every part of her body, even her breath, ached for him.

Mason lowered his head and buried his face into her chest. His voice sounded as if it came from the back of his throat as he demanded, "How was it?"

Janet bit her lip, refusing to answer.

However, he showed no signs of backing down and instead reached under her shirt as he growled, "Answer me, Janet."

"What do you want me to say?" she asked, feigning innocence.

He bent his head and nipped at her collarbone before saying in a gravelly tone, "Tell me how the kiss was."