

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.

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Without his pants, he was a beast, but now that he had worn them, he was the perfect picture of a man in charge.

He glanced at the mirror and made sure that he looked composed before stepping out from the private room.

Meanwhile, upon hearing the sound of approaching footfalls, Henry opened his eyes leisurely and yawned. He turned to look at the empty seat and asked lazily, "Where's Janet, Young Master Lowry?"

"She was tired, so she went to take a nap," Mason answered flatly while adjusting his tie.

"Oh," Henry replied groggily, ready to return to sleep.

Just as his eyes were closing, a cold male voice filled the silence in the aircraft. "Janet doesn't feel like singing as her throat is not well, so I'll pay you thirty million instead."

As soon as he heard that, Henry's eyes fluttered open. He blinked blearily at Mason before he shook his head and asked, "Why did she change her mind? She said she'd be up for it."

Mason paused in adjusting his tie and answered coldly, "If I say she isn't, then she isn't."

Upon hearing that, Henry immediately understood the truth of the situation. How pretentious of him! He's acting as if Janet isn't up for it, but he's the one who refuses to let her sing.

In all the years he had known Mason, this would be the first time where he found himself doubting whether he truly knew the latter at all. However, given how powerful Mason was, he did not want to get on his bad side and he said plaintively, "Well, in that case, you owe me fifty million."

It would be easy enough for Henry to pocket an extra ten million, but why should he settle for less when he could ask for an extra twenty million instead?

However, Mason was unfazed and with a smirk, he answered, "Deal."

After a long six hours, the plane was finally making its descent.

The trip to Markovia had spanned over a couple of days. Upon their return, everyone bid farewell at the airport and went their separate ways.

Lee was going back to the Sanders Family; Henry was headed toward Moss Group; Lara and Desire were returning to the Royal Garden to prepare for their trip to Yobril; and Mason and Janet were bound for the Lowry Residence.

With all that happened over the past few days, Janet had barely caught up on her sleep. She was still groggy by the time they arrived at the Lowry Residence.

Without another word, Mason carried her down from the car and cradled her in his arms. He then carefully tread past the threshold and into the living room.

It was hard to miss the tenderness with which he handled her when she was asleep.

Even the maids in the Lowry Residence could tell how much the dynamics between the couple had changed after the trip abroad—they had grown closer, more intimate.

“Heavens! Did you see the gentle look in Young Master Lowry’s eyes when he gazed at Miss Jackson?”

“Right? And did you see how Miss Jackson snuggled quietly in his arms?”

Another maid clicked her tongue before chiming in, “If I’m not mistaken, this is the first time I’ve seen Miss Jackson fall asleep in Young Master Lowry’s arms.”

“You’re right! They’re acting more like husband and wife after this trip.”

“I think so, too! And don’t you think they’re starting to look alike?”

“Wait, is this what they mean by ‘looking compatible’?”

Upon hearing the word ‘compatible’, Mason could not help but smile.

He tightened his grip on Janet and held her closer against him.

Janet's eyes fluttered open and she glanced around the familiar surroundings. A smile tugged on her lips. It's nice to be back.

Meanwhile, Mason was carefully making his way into the living room when he saw the figure waiting for him. "Grandma?"

"Grandma, what are you doing here?" As his deep baritone resonated above her, Janet snapped out of her slumber and opened her eyes. She hastily turned her gaze to where the sofa was in the living room.

A hush descended upon the room.

It took a few seconds before a surprised Janet composed herself and leapt down from Mason's arms.

Old Madam Lowry gazed at her fondly and answered, "Be careful, Janet."

Janet sauntered over to the old madam and she could not hide her shock or embarrassment as she asked, "When did you return, Old Madam Lowry?"

Old Madam Lowry raised her brows and brought her hand to her mouth, laughing softly as she replied, "I arrived this morning."

"You should be in Markovia, Grandma. Why did you come back?" Mason waved his hand, indicating for the maids to bring them tea.

Old Madam Lowry scoffed. "Obviously, I'm back to attend to a couple of things." Then, she turned to smile at Janet with unmistakable glee before she continued. "Janet, I've returned to meet your family."

"My family?" Janet raised an eyebrow, unfazed as she asked. "Why do you want to meet them?"

The old madam cleared her throat and straightened her posture. Her face was somber as she said, "You've been seeing Mason for a while now. I think it's time for my grandson to meet the rest of your family, don't you agree?"

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"No." Janet looked at Mason impassively. "I don't need them to agree to what I like."

Upon hearing that, the man curled his thin lips upward while playing with her hair. In contrast, it made Old Madam Lowry feel a little awkward.

Although she was aware that Janet was not close to her family, the way she phrased it earlier could have touched the latter's tender spot. "Janet, what I meant was to inform them about your marriage to Mason, so that they can attend your engagement banquet."

Engagement party? Mason's hand, which was playing with her hair, abruptly stopped. "Why didn't I know about this?"

Old Madam Lowry glared at him. Just as she was about to admonish him, the red mark on Janet's neck suddenly captured her attention and she awkwardly cleared her throat. "Since the two of you have been together for a long time, marriage is just a matter of time. It would be better to hold the marriage while Janet is still a freshman when she is less busy with her studies now."

Janet picked up the glass and took a sip of water with her face flushed. "Old Madam Lowry, I don't think that we should rush into this. Besides, I won't be busy even when I am a university sophomore or junior, so marriage can still wait for a few more years."

The man nodded and agreed with her. "I agree with everything that Jan says."

Since the President was still on the run, it was expected that she would lack the mood to hold a wedding at this point of time, and at the same time, he did not have the intention to force her as well.

Therefore, the engagement had to be delayed.

As Old Madam Lowry did not expect that the couple to be so uniform with their words and actions, she instantly felt flustered. "I don't care! You guys claimed that you will hold the wedding after the matter has been resolved, but what if the matter can't be resolved? Are you going to remain unmarried for the rest of your lives and not have kids? For Christ's sake, Mason is going to be 30 years old in a couple more years! Do you know what that means to

a man? It means that he is going to be old! Oh, my God. A 30-year-old bachelor is simply a disgrace to the Lowry Family!" As she was speaking, she paid attention to their reaction.

Janet peered at her with a gentle look on her face without giving her any reply, but Mason indifferently answered, "A disgrace to the Lowry Family? I remembered that Grandfather and you were married at about that age as well."

It was obvious that Mason was not convinced.

"Nonsense!" Old Madam Lowry snapped, which caused Janet and Mason to raise their brows in unison.

"It was because your grandfather and I had been travelling so much that we forgot to return to the country to register our marriage. We didn't register our marriage until your father was born. No matter how we look at it, you are still the bachelor of the family who gets married at an old age."

She then rubbed her eyes and pretended to sob. "Janet, you love Mason so much, yet you are willing to let him be a disgrace to the Lowry Family?"

Although Janet did not believe Old Madam Lowry's words, she involuntarily felt her heart softening when she saw the older woman rubbing her eyes in aggrievement. "Old Madam Lowry, let's just allow things to happen naturally. Also, Mason and I still have some unresolved matter. This is really not an appropriate time for that."

"Why is now not an appropriate time?" Old Madam Lowry shook her head while holding Janet's hands firmly. "Although I don't know what sort of difficulty you and Mason have encountered, Janet, have you heard of the saying—a couple of the same mind can easily endure any adversity? Once your relationship with Mason is made official, will you still be afraid of any challenges? By then, you are the Lady of the Lowry Family. No matter who bullies or covets you, if Mason is unable to protect you, I will." Anyone would find the words that she had enunciated impossible to reject.

Yet, the most important thing was Janet's feelings toward him. The 'life or death situation' that she experienced this time had allowed her to see her inner self in a clearer manner—she loved him.

Old Madam Lowry took notice of the girl's expression, which showed that the latter was moved by her words. She then took the opportunity to continue persuading her. "Janet, truth be told, the banquet won't take up much of your time. I will arrange the venue and guest list."

"This—" Janet hesitated.

"Grandma." Mason suddenly stopped toying with Janet's hair. "It's fine if Jan has not prepared herself for it. Anyway, she and I will eventually get the chance to build a family together."

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After he said those words, Mason turned to look at Janet with a gentle smile. "Jan, do you think the same?"

Although the man spoke without any expression or tone, Janet could tell from his usual behavior that he had been eager to marry her. Therefore, she knew that the words that he said were not his true intention. It made her distressed when he said things that went against his real thoughts to cater to her feelings.

After being conflicted in her heart, she finally took a deep breath and voluntarily reached out with her hands to hold him before turning to look at the old lady beside them, her voice soft and casual. "Old Madam Lowry, please help us with the venue and guest list."

The moment she said that, the room fell into a silence.

Old Madam Lowry was rooted to her spot. For a moment, she did not know how to react.

"Babe, you—" Mason turned to Janet, asking in disbelief, "Have you really thought this through—"

Before the man managed to finish his sentence, Janet clasped her mouth and firmly declared, "Mason, I have made up my mind. I am yours and you are mine as well. I don't lose anything. As for the matter regarding Corey, we will go to Yobril to find him after our engagement. Old Madam Lowry is right—a couple of the same mind can easily overcome any adversity. On top of that, I will have everyone from the MX over to witness our

engagement. I will announce to them that Mason Lowry, the most powerful person in Asia, also known as Peter Welch, the leader of Hawke Kingdom, is my man. This way, nobody will crave for you—though I know that nobody does.” The girl’s clear, crisp voice was continuously heard.

Faced with her sudden confession, all of his words seemed to choke in Mason’s throat and he fell silent.

Old Madam Lowry blinked while looking at Janet in disbelief as she exclaimed, “Dear, are you serious?”

Janet nodded adamantly. “I’m serious.”

Oh, God! Old Madam Lowry nearly burst into tears. My idiotic grandson has finally gotten his life partner. Janet has finally agreed to become the granddaughter-in-law of the Lowry Family and I am finally able to answer to the ancestors of the Lowry Family.

She gazed at Mason with her reddened eyes. “Mason, say something.”

“Ah.” The man responded to her, looking uneasy. Then, he rose to his full height before he mumbled in a low husky voice and an unfathomable tone. “I need to use the washroom.”

He did not even look at her from the beginning till the end.

Looking at his back, Janet was stunned for a few seconds, but she quickly returned to her usual self. I thought that he really likes me! Theoretically, he should be elated when I agreed to be engaged with him! But why doesn’t he seem happy? He even hid in the bathroom when he heard the news! What’s up with him? She was both perplexed and annoyed.

In the bathroom, Mason stood before the mirror with his eyes involuntarily reddened, but he himself could not clearly describe his own emotions now. He probably felt that his reaction was too naïve, so he turned on the tap and washed his face.

The woman whom he had been dreaming of marrying actually agreed to get engaged with him. On top of that, she gave her whole heart to him and nobody else. I’m hers and she’s finally mine. She must have mustered all her courage to take the initiative to agree to it. Yet, I have never even given her a proper proposal.

The more he thought about it, the redder his eyes became. The next second, warm water droplets fell on the wash basin.

It was the second time he had shed tears since he was a toddler.

The first time was when he saw her lying on the bed in the hospital a few days ago; this time, it was because she took the initiative to confess to him and agree to the engagement.

Although it was two completely different emotions, they were equally unforgettable.

The tears that he shed all revolved around her.

After a while, the man collected himself and made sure that nobody could tell that he had cried. Then, he stuck up his thumb in the mirror. "Grandma, you are awesome." Your interference has helped to make a huge progress in our relationship.

Although Janet looked like she was forced to agree to it, based on his understanding of her, she was not the kind of person who would compromise for others.

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She had loved him a lot to agree to the engagement, yet he was under the misconception that the feelings he had for her was more than that of her for him. It was only until today that he realized that her love for him was nothing less than his.

The man pressed his thin lips together, struggling to suppress the smile on his face before nonchalantly walking over to them.

As soon as he returned to his seat, he said, "I'm back."

Janet's body trembled the moment she heard his voice. She calmly raised her head while a tentative smile appeared by her lips. "Mason, could it be that you went to the washroom just now to cry?"

Her words made the room fall into silence once again.

“Janet, you are so humorous.” Old Madam Lowry, who thought that Janet was making a joke, scoffed. “Mason has never cried before, so it would be impossible for him to shed tears easily.”

Mason chuckled while feigning ignorance. “Grandma is right. How is it possible for me to cry over such a trivial matter—”

“I can tell from your voice that you cried, though. Besides, if I am not mistaken, this is your second time crying.” As she was speaking, she turned to Old Madam Lowry and continued with a calm voice. “So, this is not impossible.”

Old Madam Lowry was dumbstruck by Janet’s words. What does that suppose to mean? Does she mean that Mason has once shed tears in front of her before this?

She looked at Mason and asked, “Mason, is she telling the truth?”

He pursed his lips without saying anything—his silence indicated his acquiescence. In other words, it was indeed the truth.

Therefore, it was true that my stupid grandson has cried in front of a woman before. Tsk, it really is the first time that a descendent of the Lowry Family has done something like this.

Today, Old Madam Lowry discovered two important pieces of news—firstly, Janet finally caved in and agreed to get engaged with Mason; secondly, her idiotic grandson had actually cried before a woman. However, among those two, it was obvious that the second news was not as important as the first.

Old Madam Lowry’s mouth parted as she was about to say something, but Mason suddenly held Janet’s hand and rose to his full height with a stern and serious expression. “Grandma, Jan is tired. I shall take her upstairs to take a rest.”

His words rendered Janet speechless. Tired? I didn’t say that!

However, the man directly held her hand and led her upstairs, refusing to give her any chance to deny.

Old Madam Lowry was at a loss of words. This stupid grandson of mine feels embarrassed? Looking at their backs as they headed upstairs, she involuntarily chuckled in secret.

Janet was forcefully dragged by the man to the master bedroom upstairs.

With a kick by his foot, the door to the room slammed shut with a loud thud.

At that moment, the man was crazy and even a little irrational—his current state even gave her a fright.

She was stunned for a few seconds before she cupped his face. She asked with a frown, “Mason, what’s the matter?”

The man did not reply to her. After some time, he extended his hands and pressed her head toward his chest, causing her face to be in contact with his trembling muscles.

“Mason, you—”

“Listen to me,” Mason interrupted before Janet finished her sentence. Holding her head, he whispered. “Babe, I am really happy. I never thought that I would be lucky to be able to hear you confessing to me. To be honest, it never occurred to me that you would say those words to me. All this while, I thought that you don’t really love me—in fact, there was once I even thought that you agreed to become my girlfriend because you were moved by my unrequited love,” he slowly uttered in a low, deep voice.

Upon hearing that, she was shaken to her core. She shook her head, attempting to refute, “No—”

The man interrupted her once again. “I understand. Now, I finally understand it. It is only until now that I realize that you love me deeply as well. In fact, you are even braver than me in our relationship. Jan, I love you.”

Janet’s tears were replaced by a smile as she reached out with her hands and drew circles on the man’s chest. “Why do I feel that your words sound more like your last words?”

Upon hearing that, Mason could not help but to let out a chuckle. “You can take them as my last words.”

"You shouldn't say this sort of thing." She glared at him with her head raised. "I will take these words as your proposal to me."