

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4532

“Romina, I’ve heard your alcohol tolerance is legendary—that you can drink a thousand cups without getting drunk. Is that true, or just a rumor?” River asked with a smirk, noticing how quickly she emptied her glass.

“What, you want to challenge me?” Romina arched a brow. “You’re probably scared I’ll drink you under the table. Everyone who competes with me ends up passed out.”

River laughed. “You’re probably right. I don’t dare. I’d just end up being your punchline for the rest of my life.”

Romina snorted. “Exactly what I thought. No guts.”

She leaned closer. “Tell me—what *exactly* did you say to my grandfather? I just know he’s going to give me hell when I get home.”

River grinned. “I told him I’d come to complain.”

Romina glared. “River, you have *no shame*. That’s *my* grandfather, not yours!”

River shot back, “You called me husband. That makes us husband and wife. Your grandpa is my grandpa too now. Mine passed away years ago—I’d love to call someone grandpa again. And hey, you’ve got one, so why not share?”

Romina was fuming. She seriously considered throwing a glass of wine at him.

This guy was *unbelievable*.

“I should’ve slapped you harder,” she muttered.

River smiled. “Yeah, I told him the truth. That my sister-in-law came to visit, you saw me with her, jumped to conclusions, and slapped me in public.”

Romina was speechless.

She scowled. “River, all this because I didn’t treat you to one stupid meal?”

“You refused to apologize,” River replied. “I think you owe me a meal.”

Romina took a deep breath and gave in. “Fine. I’ll treat you to lunch at Eaglioncile Hotel tomorrow. You can order whatever you want—drinks, too.”

River grinned. “One meal isn’t enough. You made me wait so many days—there’s interest to consider. Ten days’ delay equals a month of meals. That’s just fair.”

Romina’s face darkened.

“River, you are so shameless.”

River shrugged. “Then take responsibility. You called me husband, didn’t you? You can’t call me that for free.”

Romina’s anger turned into a sly smile.

She reached out her hand.

River raised an eyebrow, unsure what she meant. Did she want to hold hands?

Not one to miss an opportunity, he reached out and gently took her hand. He even caressed it twice.

“Bad temper, but soft hands. Cute,” he said.

“You have a bad temper, too. And you *definitely* just took advantage of me,” Romina snapped, yanking her hand back.

Her fake smile sharpened. “River, if I called you husband, then you can’t call me wife for nothing, either. Husbands are supposed to give their wives spending money. I’ve got my eye on some jewelry, a few limited-edition bags, and tons of designer clothes. So... cough it up, *husband*.”

River’s smile froze.

This woman was dangerous.

She turned the tables on him in an instant.