

Tycoon 37

Chapter 37 The Inexpensive Wine

In the end, Tyson and Celia made two dishes for dinner. However, Colia thought that it was not good to only have seafood, so she made a salad from the available ingredients.

Tyson put the dishes on the table, and she offered to take charge of setting the table. When she inadvertently glanced at the dishes on the table, mixed motions surged up in her heart.

She was not good at cooking, but she felt that the dish she made today looked presentable, and it should taste good. The dish Tyson prepared was hard to describe.

In short, it was hard to tell if it tasted good or not.

Obviously. Tyson also noticed the difference between their dishes. With an awkward expression on his face, he said, "I haven't cooked my other dishes except sandwiches.

y not be delicious. I will do my best to learn to c**k it well next time." Calia couldn't help laughing. "No wonder the lunch tasted so different from the sandwich in the morning." Tyson held her hand, looking sad. "I'm sorry to make you suffer." But she shook her head and said, "No, I don't feel that way at all. In fact, I'm very happy. Your love is precious." Although she said so, she still looked at the strange dish and added, "From now on, Leave the cooking to me. If you want to c**k in the future, you can learn it slowly first. You can take over once you're good at it." Tyson looked at Calie with yos full of pity. "You still have to go to work. It will be too hard for you." "I'm doing it willingly, so I don't feel it's hard." As soon as she said this, her fx. turned crimson. Although she had experimced falling in love with someone else before she met Tyson, she had never said such svet words before. When Tyson sa har blush, he couldn't help teasing. "Cace, it seems that you are already used to being my wife. Am I right?" Celi. was shocked and ashored at the same time. She cleared her throat and changed the topic. "Let's wat now. The dishes are getting cold." Tyson gently patted her back and stopped teasing her. "Let's drink first." He opened the wooden box and took out the red wine inside, frowning slightly. He didn't expect that Briar had brought the bottle of wine worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Kano family should be able to afford such kind of wine. If Calia had drunk this kind of wind before, wouldn't he expose himself? How should he explain it to her by then? Calia stared at the bottle of wine in Tyson's hand for a while. She was not familiar with the brmd, but it looked expensive. She subconsciously said, "What brand of wine is this? I can't remember seeing this before. Is it asponsive?" Tyson was relieved that Calia was not familiar with the wine. He lied confidently. "I don't know. It was on sale and very cheap, so I bought it. I just want to wish you good luck on your intervui, so let's make do with it first. After you pess the interview, I'll buy a bottle of good wine for us to celebrate."

Celia couldn't help complaining inwardly. Every time I go to the wet market, I don't see my sale. But Tyson got discounts everywhere when he went to buy ingredients. Is it because of my bad luck or his good luck?'

But still, she was happy. After all, getting a discount ment they saved some money.

"Well, you are a frugal man," Celia complimented. Tyson was much more skillful in opening the wine than cooking seafood. He must often drink. She was not a drinker, so she wanted him to teach her wine drinking etiquettes. He looked at her helplessly and said dotingly. "Cace, I said a lot of times that you don't have to pay attention to those so-called etiquettes in front of me. You keep forgetting it. Those are unimportant things between us, so don't mind them that much." Celia felt a little embarrassed. But when she was about to explain, Tyson smiled flirtatiously. "If you keep forgetting it, I will remind you again and again until you remember it." "Okay." Calia replied with a nod and smiled sweetly. Then she took a sip of the wine. It tasted sour at first but became sweet later, just like their marriage. Shocked by such a wonderful taste, she blurted out, "How much is this wine?" Tyson replied casually. "559." He just removed the three zeroes from the price he quoted, which he thought was not a lie. Celia's eyes lit up. "Wow, it's a good deal! I thought it cost thousands of dollars." She was happy, and so was Tyson. With a dotting smile, he said, "It's good as long as you are happy." He felt that the timing was good, so he took the initiative to raise his glass, walked to her side, and bent over. He clung to her but maintained an appropriate posture. Then he said in a flirtatious but not frivolous tone, "We didn't drink wine on the wedding day. Let's make it up now, okay?"

Chapter 38 My Dear Husband

Celia couldn't help but blush, completely immersed in the romantic atmosphere. Seeing the eagerness in Tyson's dark eyes, she reached out and wrapped her arms around him. Tyson let go of her hand and poured all the wine from her glass into his own. Gently, he swirled the glass in his hand, allowing the liquids to mix evenly. Afterwards, he poured half of the wine back into her glass. She placed the drink back in Celia's hand, and they both took a sip from their respective glasses. "You have me in your heart, and I also have you in mine." After drinking the wine, Calia felt that she was becoming drunk, intoxicated by Tyson's gentle and sweet words. "Do you like the wine, Ceca?" Tyson asked her in a low, soothing voice, gaze focused on her red face. Calis felt his hot breath caress her skin and couldn't resist a shiver. "Yes. I like it very much." Tyson leaned towards her, lips brushing lightly across her cheek until he found her ear. "But you smell better," His voice was dripping with charm, and he smiled at her teasingly, flirtatiously. Calis looked at him with flushed cheeks and then buried her face on his chest. She nuzzled against the material of his shirt, breathing in the rich, masculine scent of his skin.

At that moment, she wanted to tell Tyson that he smelled good, too. She couldn't forget the kiss they shared earlier today at the restaurant. Suddenly, she had the urge to kiss him again, right now. But Celia quickly dismissed that thought. What was she thinking? Why was she shamelessly thinking of throwing herself at Tyson? Noticing her reaction, Tyson reached out and held both sides of her face, causing her to meet his gaze. "What are you thinking about, Cace? Why are you blushing?" Flustered, she quickly shook her head. "I. I wasn't thinking of anything. My face always turns red like this whenever I'm drunk!" Tyson couldn't help but pinch her cheek gently. "Your blushing face is cute." Calia's cheeks and neck flushed a deeper red. She told him to hurry up and continue eating. Tyson obeyed whatever she requested, but his eyes were always fixed on her no matter what he was doing. Celia was staring back at him, but she didn't notice the gentle affection in his gaze. She was just fascinated by the elegant way he was tasting his wine. To be honest, she was so curious about his real face behind the mask, but unfortunately, he refused to take it off for the time being. However, Calia believed that he would reveal his face to her someday. She also believed that her feelings towards him wouldn't change no matter what he really looked like. "You're so good at cooking. Cace. This food is hundred times better than the dishes from any Michelin 3-star restaurant," Tyson said admiringly, using every praise he could think of

to describe what he was feeling. (olis lowered her head whyly. continuing to ret the food that he cooked. 11 she were being honest, the taste vaati't very good, but she couldn't bring herself to

stop eating Tyson looked at her and instantly felt sorry. "I know it's not delicious at all. You can stop sting it, Cace." Calis shook her head and took a few more bites. "My husband made this dish himself. or couri. I can't let it go to waste." The retort that was ready on the tip of his tongue suddenly froza, and he inevitably swallowed the words. He honestly didn't expect that she would suddenly call him her husband

He falt his heart leap with joy. Leaning close to her ear with a smile, he teased, "You

finally called me your husband, Cece." Calia hadn't even realized that she said it until he mentioned it just now. She instantly blushed and was so embarrassed, she wanted nothing more than to dig a holo on the ground and hide harselt thuru. She had barely called him "husband" except when she introduced him to other people. But earlier, for some reason, the word "husband" just came out of her mouth so naturally Tyson pretended not to notice her embarrassment, his lips curving into mischievous smile.

"Call me that few more times, Cece. I'd like to hear it again." Celia was too embarrassed to say a word. Her fac. was flushed crimson at this point, Somehow resembling • ripa apple. Tyson wasn't in a hurry. He held har hand and pressed a kiss on her fingertips, his warm breath caressing her skin. "Ceca, if you don't know how to pronounce, I can tesch you." Celi. felt like she was about to pass out. However, she couldn't bring herself to look imey from Tyson's lips. She stared at him for · while, mesmerized, before finally opening her trembling mouth. "My dear husband."

She gathered up the courage to say it one more time, but just as she was about to speak Tyson's lips were suddenly on hars, swallowing the rest of her voice. He was kissing her. The scent of the wine spread Kross her lips and teeth, making her feel dizzy. It was an intoxicating sensation. Tyson's tongue was burning inside her mouth, consuming har bit by bit. He just couldn't get Hough of her. She was more addictive than the finest wine in the world.

Tylon felt his heart pound when he heard the sound of a groan escaping her lips. This feeling wes so enjoyable, like an addiction that he never wanted to quit.