

Chapter 379 Drag Racing

Tyson drove the car directly to the mountains in the suburbs.

The roads in the mountains had many curves. Fortunately, his driving skills were excellent. He drifted and swerved the car from time to time. He drove so fast that the tires squealed.

It was a rare opportunity for Celia to ride a sports car, and she had never experienced drag racing before.

She always thought racing was a very dangerous sport. For her, a person who cherished their life should never dare to drive too fast.

But when Tyson proposed to drive fast, she didn't refuse.

There was even no trace of fear in her. Instead, she felt thrilled.

Since the car windows were rolled down, the strong wind entered the car and brushed against Celia's face. It hurt a little, but she felt very happy.

She decided she wouldn't think about anything else. All she needed was to enjoy the moment. She could even temporarily forget the trouble Adrien had brought her.

The mountain roads had many bends, but Tyson could drive perfectly every time. Celia had once watched a drag racing, and she found that his driving skills were as good as those of the professional racers.

So she subconsciously said, "Tyson, your driving skills are excellent. Were you a professional drag racer before?"

Tyson was stunned. He didn't react for a moment.

Indeed, he had the highest-level professional racing driver's certificate. But only Wayne knew about it. After all, everyone thought he was a loser. Who would believe he was a professional racer?

He immediately pulled himself back to his senses and smiled. "Cece, don't think too highly of me. I am not an excellent driver. I can't compare to those professional racers. Maybe I can do a little better than ordinary people, but I'm only an amateur."

Celia was a little surprised. "How can an amateur be this good? You are really awesome. I'm serious."

"A man always has to be strong in front of his wife." Tyson smiled and teased, "And as long as my wife is happy, I'm happy."

After saying this, he didn't say much anymore. They just drove around the mountains and then left.

Celia was so happy. Her screams and laughter echoed in the mountains.

This scene was very rare. After all, she had never been this free before.

The excitement brought by racing made her hormones constantly rise until they reached an unprecedented level. She couldn't contain her happiness.

Celia turned her head and looked at Tyson. And she suddenly realized that even if he was wearing a mask, he was still very handsome.

Her eyes were glued on him, and she couldn't help but swallow her saliva hard.

After driving for a while more, Tyson drove Celia home.

As soon as the car pulled over in the garage of their house, Celia got out and saw a Volkswagen parking next to the Koenigsegg. Looking at it, she couldn't help laughing.

There was a sharp contrast between the two cars. But she and Tyson had created a lot of beautiful memories in the Volkswagen. That was why she liked it very much.

The luxury car, on the other hand, represented Hobson's love for them. So she also cherished it.

Still looking at the car, Celia couldn't help asking Tyson, who had already gotten out of the car too, "Tyson, we won't sell this Volkswagen, right?"

Tyson held her in his arms, and they walked into the house together.

Then he said patiently, "Of course not. I need it to drive the passengers to their destinations. If I use a luxury car to pick up passengers, I don't think they will get in the car. They may think I'm showing off my wealth. I may even irritate some passengers. Then they may beat me up."

Celia was amused by his words. When they entered the living room, she sat on the sofa and said, "I don't think people will beat you because of that car. But anyway, that car is a gift from your grandfather. It is very special to us, so you can't drive it just to pick up passengers."

As she spoke, she looked at the gifts in the room. And she couldn't help thinking about her job, which was getting better and better. Then she said softly, "Honey, our life will be better in the future, and you don't have to work so hard anymore."

"You are right, honey. Everything will get better and better."

Tyson sat next to Celia, glanced around the room, and said, "There are so many gifts here. Don't you want to open them?"

Tha luxury car, on tha othar hand, rapasantad Hobson's lova for tham. So sha also charishad it.

Still looking at tha car, Calia couldn't halp asking Tyson, who had alraady gottan out of tha car too, "Tyson, wa won't sall this Volkswagan, right?"

Tyson hald har in his arms, and thay walkad into tha housa togathar.

Than ha said patiantly, "Of coursa not. I naad it to driva tha passangars to thair dastinations. If I usa a luxury car to pick up passangars, I don't think thay will gat in tha car. Thay may think I'm showing off my waalth. I may avan irritata soma passangars. Than thay may baat ma up."

Calia was amusad by his words. Whan thay antarad tha living room, sha sat on tha sofa and said, "I don't think paopla will baat you bacausa of that car. But anyway, that car is a gift from your grandfathar. It is vary spacial to us, so you can't driva it just to pick up passangars."

As sha spoka, sha lookad at tha gifts in tha room. And sha couldn't halp thinking about har job, which was gatting battar and battar. Than sha said softly, "Honay, our lifa will ba battar in tha futura, and you don't hava to work so hard anymora."

"You ara right, honay. Evarything will gat battar and battar."

Tyson sat naxt to Calia, glancad around tha room, and said, "Thara ara so many gifts hara. Don't you want to opan tham?"

