

Chapter 124 Remembering Her First Time

Celia was stunned by the sudden kiss as she didn't seem to expect it.

She was in a daze, and her mind was blank for a moment. But she instinctively hugged Tyson and responded to his passionate and deep kiss.

Actually, she didn't understand why he suddenly kissed her. And his kiss was so aggressive.

Celia responded clumsily, trying to quell his desire.

However, her moves only made Tyson's desire grow stronger. He was more eager to have sex with her.

That crazy night flashed in his mind, and he seemed to hear her sexy voice echoing in his ears.

Tyson's kiss gradually fell on Celia's collarbone, then his hot lips travelled to her soft breasts. This strange and wonderful feeling made her cry out of pleasure.

Such a wild kiss took her breath away. The lust made her so flustered that she didn't know whether to struggle or to respond.

When Celia pulled herself out of the suffocating kiss, she realized that she had already taken off Tyson's bathrobe.

Looking at his perfect figure made her desire overcome her reason.

"Honey..."

Celia called out in a soft voice, slowly pressing herself against Tyson.

She pecked him on the lips, then thrust her hot and humid tongue into his mouth.

When Tyson wanted to go deeper, she immediately pulled away, kissed his Adam's apple, and bit it gently. She repeated this until his breathing became rapid and rough.

She "kindly" let him go and moved her soft lips somewhere else.

At this moment, an idea came to Celia's mind.

She kissed him from his collarbone all the way down to his chest muscles and abdominal muscles. Every inch of his skin had the marks of her rosy lips.

Tyson seemed to see through her mind, so he let her kiss him. His slender fingers went through her hair, gently smoothing it.

While kissing him, Celia secretly observed his waist. She wanted to take this opportunity to look at the scar clearly. But much to her surprise, there was only a faint trace on his waist, which was totally different from the ferocious and deep-colored scar of that man she had a one-night stand with.

Now she had finally proven that Tyson was not that man.

Actually, she should have realized this long ago. Her one-night stand partner was a wealthy man who lived in a luxurious mansion. Indeed, Tyson was not the same as him.

For some reason, Celia felt a little disappointed.

How she hoped that her first sex experience was with the man she liked.

But on second thought, she was very happy now. She was lucky enough to be with Tyson.

Celia was lost in thought, and Tyson seized this opportunity to take the initiative. He chuckled, turned over, and pressed her under his body.

"Honey, why did you stop?"

By the time Celia found out that she was in a passive state, it was already too late.

Just now, she was so engrossed in the idea of checking the scar on his waist while kissing him that... She seemed to have made a fool of herself.

And in the end, she only aroused his desire even more.

"It seems that you are still shy. But don't worry. In this activity, the man should be the one to take the initiative."

Tyson grabbed her little hand and pressed it on the bed lovingly. He was about to kiss her, but unfortunately, he accidentally touched the scald on her hand.

Caught off guard, Celia gasped and groaned in pain.

At this moment, Tyson's lust disappeared.

He stopped, frowned, and asked anxiously, "Cece, what's wrong? Did I hurt you?"

Celia didn't want to make him feel bad and guilty, so she quickly withdrew her hand and covered the red and swollen scald. She shook her head and forced a smile. "I'm fine."

"Let me see."

Knowing her well, Tyson grabbed her hand and looked at it carefully. It was only then that he found that the back of her right hand was red and swollen.

Celia frowned lightly.

It was the scald left when Cerissa poured hot coffee on her in the Kane family's house.

Tyson's heart ached to see her expression. He stood up and asked, "What happened? How did you get hurt like this?"

