

Chapter 462 The Mask Was Knocked Off

Tyson's lips lingered on Celia's. He caressed her chest and spread out her legs.

"Celia, let me in, won't you?"

The burning touch on her lower body made Celia tremble. She nodded, coyly. In a low voice she said, "Okay."

Tyson didn't penetrate her with his penis until he'd massaged away the stiffness in her body.

Even though Celia's vagina was wet and moist, she couldn't easily accept such a large penis.

He had just entered only a fraction when Celia's body had stiffened which made it harder for him to go deeper.

Tyson soothed her hurriedly, "Don't be nervous, Cece. Relax and accept me, okay?"

Celia seemed encouraged and she hugged Tyson with both hands.

They tried several times but he still couldn't make it fit. The two of them started feeling a little anxious.

Celia recalled her one-night stand. She had let the man penetrate her successfully because she had been unconscious at the time. She then said to Tyson, "Honey, how about we have some wine?"

Tyson pinched her buttock. "You are a tease."

He took out a bottle of wine from the cabinet, opened it, and carried Celia over to the terrace. He whispered in her ear, "Baby, how about we explore something thrilling? Let's have sex on the terrace."

Celia was so shy that she buried her head in Tyson's neck. She did not refuse.

Tyson then laid her down on the deck chair, took a sip of wine and kissed her.

He teased her tongue and poured some of the wine into her mouth.

The kiss lasted an age before he finally let go of her. He looked at her with adoration in his eyes and said, "Baby, you look so pretty now."

Celia blushed. She looked at Tyson with her seductive eyes.

Tyson bent over and licked her nipples. He put his hand under her body and began to touch her clitoris slowly and suggestively.

Under the effect of the wine, Celia couldn't help but groan.

Hearing these sounds of pleasure, Tyson held his enormous penis against her lower body and slowly inserted it.

Celia felt it. It was huge and burned as it entered her deep. She felt incomparably wonderful pleasure as he rubbed her.

She tightened her legs around Tyson's waist, bringing herself closer to him.

Tyson quickened his movements, thrusting violently.

Celia wrapped her arms around his neck excitedly. She positioned her breast into his mouth.

"Ah... Ah..."

Celia continued to moan with pleasure. Soon, with the repeated intensifying sensation, she reached climax.

"Baby, you've got it."

Celia blushed and bit her lower lip. She didn't know what to say.

With a snigger, Tyson deliberately rubbed his penis against her again and this made her cry out again.

He let her calm down a little. He held her toward the edge of the terrace and uttered, "Baby, hold onto the railing."

Celia couldn't think straight at the moment. She let him lead her and she held the railing obediently.

As soon as she was standing firmly, Tyson lifted one of her legs. He pushed inside as deep as he could go.

"Tyson... Yeah... Ty..."

Celia gasped for air. It felt utterly amazing and she moaned more loudly now.

She was experiencing violent pleasure.

She remembered that man during the one-night stand.

She hadn't forgotten how wonderful she'd felt that night. It was similar now with Tyson.

She felt totally incredible.

Before she really understood why, she was being hugged and kissed by Tyson.

Celia had to give in. She went to touch his face but accidentally knocked off his mask.

