

Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 18

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 18—Nicholas' dark pupils contracted as countless scenes flashed through his mind. That night six years ago, when the woman was writhing under him, he could make out in the dark a mark on his shoulder. It was a butterfly-shaped brand with its wings spread.

As Nicholas watched the butterfly mark slip in and out of sight under Tessa's hair, he stepped forward. Feeling movement behind her, Tessa turned to look. Suddenly, Nicholas grabbed her and forced her into the sink.

Tessa was terrified and began to fight.

—Nicholas! What are you doing?!

—Don't move! "The man's big body pressed tightly against hers. Without mercy, she grabbed his struggling arms and pinned them behind her.

As Nicholas looked at the bare skin under the woman's hair, his breathing accelerated. Extending his hands, he pushed away his long hair...

The butterfly mark was well-defined on the skin near the scapula, very similar to the one he saw six years ago. However, it was dark that night, so he couldn't distinguish the color of the butterfly mark on the woman's body.

But he remembered a scar near the skin bearing the mark of the butterfly, and felt it a little rougher to the touch... With that in mind, Nicholas reached out to Tessa's tattoo.

—Ah! — Tessa panicked when registering the unknown sensation.

—N—Nicholas! Let me!

Ignoring Tessa's struggles, Nicholas carefully touched the spot near her tattoo. However, he only felt a smooth skin, very different from the sensation of that night.

Nicholas turned his gaze to the butterfly brand. He refused to give up as his finger inspected Tessa's skin further.

The point was close to the scapula on her back, and Tessa immediately felt a wave of numbness, as if an electric current had passed through her.

She was very confused, and she shouted in her mind: "Nicholas looks like a gentleman, *how* can he do such horrible things so suddenly?"

— Nicholas, what are you trying to do? Don't do this to me!

Tessa's voice was shaking. He was afraid that the man would become aggressive, so he could only speak softly. You could sense the panic between his breaths.

Nicholas could hear her, and her voice was as familiar to him as it was six years ago. It was a fearful murmur similar to that of a dream.

His gaze darkened and then forced Tessa to turn around so that they would meet face to face. I bring her closer to him, so much so that they could feel each other's breathing.

"Wait? Why don't I hate this woman?"

He did not spend the nights with women, as he was not interested in them and perhaps even disliked them. The only woman

That he didn't dislike was that same woman six years ago.

Now, the aura that **emanated from Tessa was similar to that of that woman, an aura that nullifies any feeling of disgust.**

Meanwhile, **Tessa almost stopped breathing. I could feel the palm of Nicholas' hand on his spine.**

vertebral, going down little by little...

—; Nicholas? Tessa tensed, deciding that once he crossed the line, she would discard all courtesy.

Nicholas was silent as he focused on his actions. He could still remember that **the six-year-old woman had a scar on her lower back.**

If Tessa's waist had the same scar, he could be sure that this woman was **Gregory's** biological mother.

Nicholas groped for the scar, but just as his fingers were about to reach her, the towel on Tessa's body came off!

The air seemed to have frozen.

Tessa was a laughing while struggling.

"Nicholas, let me go..."

Nicholas was just as surprised. He realized how rude he was behaving, so he subconsciously moved to let go. However, he remembered that Tessa was not wearing clothes.

Their struggles had produced some friction between the two. The next moment, he could feel a fierce fire coming out of the depths of his body.

It was the first time this had happened in years! Except for that case with Gregory's biological mother...

Nicholas came to his senses and grabbed Tessa's wrist tighter.

"Tessa, if you don't want me to make the next move, you'd better sit still!"

His voice was somewhat hoarse and attractive, with a thick sense of warning in his tone. Sensing the change in a certain area of the man, Tessa widened her eyes and held her breath.

He didn't dare to continue fighting. However, his eyes were already reddening.

This seemed to be too much for her, as fear and injustice invaded her senses. I was so scared that I wanted to cry.

Seeing that, Nicholas didn't suppress the fire inside. Instead, the self-control of which **he was so proud and began to unravel**. The little woman in her arms had tears accumulated in her **watery** eyes.

His pitiful expression was like the morning dew that comes with the dawn, like a fragile cocoon waiting to bloom. He urged him to invade and pluck the flower from its stem...

The sudden impulse **burst from his body**.

«Damn! Am I possessed or something to himself?» He **only wanted to confirm the tattoo, but now it was he who excite** himself .

A strong desire for drought stimulating his sense of reason, and a part of him began to move uncontrollably in one direction...