

# That Can Be Arranged chapter 18

## Chapter 18 Is It Her?

Nicholas's dark pupils constricted as countless scenes flashed across his mind. That night six years ago, when the woman was squirming under him, he could make out a mark on her shoulder in the dark. It was a mark shaped like a butterfly with its wings spread out!

As Nicholas watched the butterfly mark coming in and out of sight under Tessa's hair, he strode forward. Sensing movement behind her, Tessa turned around to look. She was suddenly held down by Nicholas and forced against the washbasin.

Tessa was terrified as she began to struggle. "Nicholas! What are you doing?!"

"Don't move!" The man's large body was pressed tightly against hers. Mercilessly, he grabbed her struggling arms and pinned them behind her.

As Nicholas stared at the bare skin under the woman's hair, his breaths quickened. Reaching out his hands, he brushed her long hair aside...

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

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

"Ah!" Tessa panicked as she registered the unfamiliar sensation.

"N-Nicholas! Let go!"

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

Nicholas trained his gaze on the butterfly mark. He refused to give up as his finger inspected Tessa's skin further.

The spot was near the scapula on her back, and Tessa immediately felt a wave of numbness, as if an electrical current had gone through her.

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

“Nicholas, what are you trying to do? D-Don’t do this to me!”

Tessa’s voice was trembling. She feared that the man would get aggressive, so she could only talk in a quiet voice. There was a discernible panic between her breaths.

Nicholas could hear it, and her voice sounded ever so familiar to that voice from six years ago. It was a fearful murmur akin to sleep talking.

The look in his eyes went dark, and then he forced Tessa to turn around so that they faced each other. He yanked her closer to him, so close they could feel each other’s breath.

Wait? Why do I not hate this woman?

He didn’t spend nights with women, for he wasn’t interested in them and maybe even disliked them. The only woman he wasn’t disgusted with was that very woman six years ago.

Now, the aura emanating from Tessa was similar to that woman, an aura that negates any feelings of disgust.

Meanwhile, Tessa almost stopped breathing. She could feel Nicholas’s palm on her spine, slowly inching downward...

“N-Nicholas?” Tessa tensed up, deciding that once he went over the line, she would discard all courtesy.

Nicholas was silent as he focused on his actions. He could still remember the woman six years ago had a scar on her lower back.

If Tessa’s waist had the same scar, he could be sure this woman was Gregory’s biological mother!

Nicholas felt around for the scar, but just when his fingers were about to reach it, the towel on Tessa’s body fell off!

The air seemed to have frozen solid!

Tessa was terrified as she struggled. “Nicholas, let go of me—”

Nicholas was equally surprised. He realized how rude he was behaving, so he subconsciously moved to let go. However, he remembered Tessa wasn’t wearing any clothes.

Her struggles had produced some friction between the two. The next moment, he could feel a fierce fire leaping to life from the depths of his body!

This was the first time this had happened in years! Save for that instance with Gregory's biological mother...

Nicholas returned to his senses and gripped Tessa's wrist even tighter. "Tessa, if you don't want me to make the next move, you'd better stay still!"

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

She didn't dare struggle anymore. However, her eyes were already reddening.

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

Seeing that, Nicholas didn't suppress the fire inside him. Instead, the self-control he was so proud of was beginning to unravel. The little woman in his arms had tears pooling in her watery eyes.

Her pitiful expression was like the morning dew that came with the dawn, like a fragile bud waiting to bloom. It nagged at his urge to invade and pluck the flower off its stalk...

The sudden urge seemed to burst forth from his body.

Dang it! Am I possessed or something? He just wanted to confirm the tattoo, but now he was the one getting excited.

A strong desire kept stimulating his sense of reason, and a part of him began to shift uncontrollably in a direction...