# The Weight On Skin by Merry T Chapter 1

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Rose Chaucer stood at the door like a clay statue with the key in her hand.

The loud noise inside the door seemed to pierce through her eardrums.

Rose couldn't bear and kicked the door open.

The door slammed against the wall with a loud noise, and the sound in the room instantly turned into a scream.

Seeing the two familiar faces, the last bit of suspicion in Rose's heart disappeared.

They were her twin sister and her fiancé, who was marrying her in a week…

Rose felt nauseous, retching with her hands covering her mouth.

Seeing Rose standing at the door with a pale face, the man instantly changed his expression. He quickly jumped out of bed and reached out to pull her. "Rose, listen to me. It is not what you think…"

Her head was buzzing, and she turned round and ran out without looking back.

"Rose!" Hugo hurriedly put on his clothes and chased after her, stopping her downstairs. "Rose, listen to me! Believe me, you are the only one I love in my heart!"

Rose only felt disgusted. "Love me?"

She couldn't continue, holding her hand against the wall
and retching again.

"It's because I love you so much that I don't want to force you. But I'm
 a normal man, so I have to do that with
Lena Chaucer.." At the end of his sentence, Hugo looked affectionate a
gain and reached out to pull Rose. "Rose, believe me. I'm thinking abo
ut you…

Rose widened her eyes and looked at the man in
front of her in disbelief.

Was he really the gentle
and polite man she once liked? Was he the Hugo she once loved?

"You're crazy!"

Rose screamed as loud as she could, pushing him away and running to t
he entrance of the community

It rained slightly. The fine raindrops hit people like needles and made pe
ople heartbroken.

Rose had never run so fast before. She turned round and could
only see her shadow stretching longer and longer by the streetlights… It
 was already so late.

When she stopped, she found herself standing in front of a bar in the hu
ge neon shadows. She

bent down, putting her hands on her knees and breathing violently.

Looking at the men and women walking in and out of the bar, she straig
htened up and walked in the bar.

It was the first time in her life that she was drunk.

With the deafening music, she was soon so drunk
that she was almost unconscious.

A faint shadow of a man appeared in front of her. He looked like Hugo,
 but not
very much. He seemed to be taller than Hugo, and his hair was meticulo
usly arranged. He looked at her with his eyes that seemed to be more da
zed than hers.

Rose didn't know how she left the bar with that person, nor did she rem
ember where she

went.

When she woke up, she only felt a splitting headache and a burning pai
n on her body.

Just as she was about to sit up, a deep *v*oice suddenly came from the
side, "Are *y*ou awake?"

Rose turned round and saw a particularly handsome and sexy face.

The man's eyes narrowed slightly, as if he was not used to the morning
sun.

"Yes."

Rose had already realized what she had done yesterday, so she shrank in
to the quilt

awkwardly and didn't dare to meet his gaze.

But the man still looked at her with his eyes full of inquiry.

After a short silence, the
two of them with different thoughts on the bed suddenly said in unison,
"How much is it?"