

## The Weight On Skin by Merry T Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

Both of them were shocked to hear each other.

Rose paled with astonishment. Wasn't he a rent boy?

"You took me wrong. I don't want money..."

"Enough, stop pretending." The man was becoming impatient with her and frowned upon hearing what she said. "You did well last night, and I will pay you double the market price."

This woman was not stunning, and she had a bad taste in clothes, but he was too horny to be

picky last night.

However, it was when he stripped off her clothes that he found she had a great figure. Her skin was tender and smooth, and she was so passionate. Even now he was still savoring every moment of last night.

However, no matter how good a woman was in bed, it would be obnoxious if she started to

pester him.

He pulled out a check book impatiently, filled in a decent number and gave a snort before tearing it off and handing it over. "As a prostitute, at least you should have some work ethic. Take the money and leave now. Don't turn up in front of me again."

“You’re the prostitute! Keep the money yourself!”

Rose couldn’t stand it any longer. She slapped off the check in his hand in anger, wrapped herself in a sheet and picked up her clothes before huddling them on and leaving without looking back.

“Damn it!”

It was the first time that the man had been treated like this. Looking livid, he watched the door slam behind her, threw back the covers and leapt out of bed, wanting to run after her.

But when he looked back, he found a dark red blood stain on the most prominent part of the **sheet**

Scanned with CamScanner

Astonished, the man stared at the blood stain in a trance.

So last night was her first time...

Did that mean he was mistaken about her, and that she wasn’t a prostitute at all?

The man knit his brows and ran his fingers through his thick dark hair with mixed feelings.

No wonder that woman was so angry just now. Now this was getting intense!

Rose ached all over, especially her nether regions, where she felt a burning pain with every step she took.

When she got home, there was no one at all.

She took a shower in a hurry and changed her clothes before rushing back to the company.

Her mind in a turmoil, before Rose could figure out how to deal with the betrayal of her fiancé and her little sister, she bumped into Hugo and Lena, who were pulling each other, down the office building again.

“Rose!” Hugo’s eyes lit up at the sight of Rose and he rushed up to her immediately. “Where have you been? Why are you coming back so late?”

Looking at Lena, who was still holding Hugo’s arm tight, Rose flung off his hands with a pale face. “Get out of my way!”

Hugo came up to her regardless. “Rose, listen to me! It’s really not what you think it is. I... I have my reasons.”

Yes, he did have his reasons. It was just because she refused to have sex with him that he went for her sister.

Rose stared at the man in front of her, heartbroken.

“Hugo, why are you talking to her?” Lena took his arm and pressed herself against him. “She didn’t come back all night. Who knows if she was fooling around with some man somewhere?”

Hugo looked back at Rose suspiciously upon hearing that. “Rose, what did you.”

They didn’t even forget to throw mud at her at this moment!

Rose's eyes turned red with anger and she roared in a hoarse voice, "Get out of here, both of

you!"

Hardly had she finished shouting than she turned and rushed into the elevator before the two could react.

"Rose!"

Hugo still wanted to run after Rose but was pulled back by Lena. "Hugo, you promised you would marry me when you are promoted to the deputy department manager. Don't you love me anymore?"

Tears streamed down Lena's face at once as she spoke, and she looked so pitiful.

Lena and Rose were twins, but

Rose was reserved and dull, and she always dressed herself in a more conventional way, which was a waste of her wonderful shape. However, Lena was different. She was beautiful and knew how to make herself look good. Besides, she showed the white feather to play up to men, which was something Rose would never do.

Now that she cried, Hugo felt sorry for her immediately and coaxed, "It's not like that, baby Lena. How could I not like you? You're the one I love the most."

Lena snorted. "Then why were you hanging on her?"

"I did that for our future." Hugo assured Lena,

"She's still useful, and I can't dump her

now. Just hold on a little longer, and I'll break up with her after tonight!  
”

“Then you have to hurry up, or I'll get mad.” Only then did Lena soften. She started to draw circles on his chest with her finger and grumbled, “You naughty boy...”

Lena's voice sent shivers down Hugo's spine, his mind full of the scene of the girl before him acting seductively in bed, and the next second, he put behind the thought of getting Rose back.