## The Weight On Skin by Merry T Chapter 3

Chapter 3

The hangover made Rose's head hurt so much that she spent the day in a daze in the

company. Just as she was about to leave work, the manager informed he r that she should go to dinner with everyone tonight to entertain a big cli ent.

She didn't want to go, but the manager insisted. So she had to endure the discomfort and get

in the car.

When she arrived at the hotel, she realized that Hugo was also there. Be sides her, there was only the manager and Mr. Warner of the cooperation company, a bald middle—aged fat man.

"Rose, help yourself." Mr. Warner moved his chair closer to hers and at tentively picked up the food for her. While smiling, he revealed his yell owish teeth.

Her face turned pale and she distanced from him stealthily. "Thank you, Mr. Warner."

She always felt that something was wrong today, and her mind was in a turmoil..

In

particular, the manager took a phone call and left. Rose now sat betwee n Mr. Warner and Hugo, which made her feel even more uneasy.

"It's rare to see such a beautiful and dignified beauty like you. Your company is really full of talents:" Mr. Warner leaned closer to her and tried to touch her hand.

lodged and forced a smile. "Thank you, Mr. Warner, for the complimen t.

She subconsciously

It's getting late..."

"Oh, what's the hurry? It's still early." He didn't let her go. "I heard that you and Hugo are getting married soon. Congratulations. Let me propose a toast!"

Hugo also said, "Right. Rose, Mr. Warner is being nice. You should drink it. We mustn't turn him down."

"That's right. Our two companies will continue to cooperate in the futur e. You can't act like this."

"Well, fine." Rose tried several times but could not break free from the two of them. She could only drink the wine handed over by Hugo.

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As a result, not long after she drank it, she felt dizzy and fell weakly on the table, unconscious.

Mr. Warner and Hugo exchanged glances. The latter immediately steppe d forward to help her up. They then left the box and went upstairs to the guest room.

When

a young man in a casual suit saw this, he snorted, "Why are there so ma ny stupid women these days? She came out alone with two men when s he knew something would happen...

Hearing this, the handsome man standing beside the young man glanced indifferently at the three people who had already entered the elevator. He then saw Rose and suddenly frowned. "Is it her?"

"Do you know the woman just now?" The young man couldn't help but ask curiously, "She doesn't look very good. It's obvious that she was d rugged. She will cry when she wakes up."

"Damn it!"

The handsome man's face darkened, and he ran after them.

"It's so hot here." Rose

was thrown onto the bed in the guest room. She felt it was so hot and she was burning uncomfortably. She subconsciously tore at her clothes, revealing her fair skin.

She was his girlfriend. He hadn't even touched her yet, but now he was handing her to another man.

Hugo complained in his heart. But when he thought about the benefits of her sacrifice, he quickly calmed down.

With a fake smile, he said to Mr. Warner, who had already started to ta ke off his clothes anxiously, "Mr. Warner, she is here now. The contract..."

Mr. Warner stared at Rose lying on the bed, excitedly. "I'll sign it! Wit h such a beauty, I'll sign everything."

Hugo smiled happily and made a gesture of invitation. "Then enjoy your self. I'll leave now."

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"Quick! Just leave."

Mr. Warner

waved his hand. As soon as the door closed, he immediately took off hi s clothes and pressed against Rose.

As soon as Rose opened her eyes, she saw a big mouth with a stench. T here was a vegetable leaf between his yellow teeth. Her stomach churne d and she almost vomited.

"Go away! Don't touch me!"

She angrily reached out to push him away, who was like a fat pig. How ever, she was weak now. Of course, she failed. Her refusal just made him even more excited. He laughed; his fat body was shaking.

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"Baby, you will be mine after tonight. As long as *y*ou can be a good gir 1, I will treat you wellin the future."

As he spoke, he grabbed her hands and pressed them against the bed, tr ying to kiss her.

"Ouch—"Rose finally couldn't help but vomit on him.

Mr. Warner's face darkened. He then raised his hand and slapped her ha rd on the face.

"Bitch!"

Half of her face immediately swelled up and she rolled out of bed.

While Mr. Warner was wiping the vomit off him with the bedsheet, she held back her tears and scrambled to the door. "Help, someone! Help me!"

"Bitch!" A sinister look flashed across Mr. Warner's eyes when he foun d out what she was doing. Rushing over, he grabbed her hair and pulled her back. "I'm telling you, your boyfriend has sold you to me. No one will save you even if you scream out loud! Just accept it!"

When she heard this, she was filled with despair. When he pulled off her clothes, she could not help but cry.

"No! Stop!"