

## The Weight On Skin by Merry T Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

On the other side, Rose returned home. As soon as she opened the door, Selma Young, her mother, who was watching TV on the sofa, looked over.

“Didn’t you say you would be home the afternoon before yesterday? Where have you been?” Selma looked at her discontentedly and curled her lips. “Go look your miserable face in the mirror.”

Rose had grown numb about her harsh words. After greeting her mom, she, with her red eyes, went straight to her room. She needed to calm down and think about what she should

do now.

She couldn’t marry Hugo now, who could get together with her sister behind her back, making her feel disgusted. But what did she have to tell her family about this? After all, it also involved her own sister.

“Wait, what are you doing? Clean up the table and wash the dishes.”

Selma’s loud voice made her head buzz. Rose looked at the messy table full of takeout boxes and helplessly avoided her. “Mom, I have a headache. Let me sleep first.”

“Why do you sleep in the daytime? I don’t know what you’ve been doing in these two nights. You can only make excuses and be lazy.”

The door closed, and Selma’s voice was clearly heard from the noisy TV commercial.

Rose closed her eyes tiredly and slid against the door.

Although she had long been used to this kind of life, the thought of her disappearing for two days in a row and still not getting a single word of concern when she returned home made her feel terrible.

After silently gritting her teeth and crying for a while, Rose wiped away her tears and kicked her shoes away, going into bed without changing her clothes.

In a daze, she slept until the sun was set.

In a trance, the door was pounded so hard that Selma's sharp voice sounded outside. "Get up.

Do you know what time is it now? Go and cook!"

"Coming."

Rose lifted the quilt and got out of bed. Although her head was no longer hurting, her waist was sore and the private part was still hurting faintly.

Recalling the madness of last night and the lingering traces of intimacy on her body, she smiled bitterly.

After three years of dating, she refused to let Hugo go any further because she wanted to keep the best for him on the wedding night. She didn't expect that the man who she wanted to entrust for the rest of her life had already slept with his sister, and even wanted to use her as a sacrifice for his benefit. And after she was drunk, she also gave her first time to a stranger.

Now she and Hugo were no different.

“Come out quickly. What are you doing?”

Rose sighed and went out to cook numbly.

When the night drooped, her dad, Martin Chaucer with a bad look, came back in an ill-fitting

suit.

Rose greeted him but didn't receive any response.

She lowered her eyes gloomily and turned back to the kitchen.

When Rose took the soup out of the kitchen, Lena also came back. She sat at the table holding Selma's arm and showing off the bracelets she had just received. Selma was smiling, and Martin was listening, saying a few words from time to time.

The harmonious atmosphere of them pricked her heart.

Her eyes were a little red. She blinked hard and forced a smile. “It's time to eat.”

Martin and Selma glanced at her from the dining table and picked up their chopsticks as if they hadn't seen her.

Lena snorted and turned to Selma. “Mom, Hugo's parents are coming the day after tomorrow. Which dress do you think will look good on me?”

“As you like.” Selma smiled and picked up a rib for her. “Our Lena is naturally beautiful.”

Rose felt her heart was stuffed with panic. She bit her lower lip and sat down in her seat, resisting the urge to run back to the room.

“What about Rose? What are you going to wear tomorrow? Or are you going to wear your rags?” Lena said provocatively, “Auntie Jasper is not too satisfied with your dead face. If you still dress like an old woman to embarrass our two families tomorrow, maybe you won’t get married. Mom, do you think I’m right?”

Selma glanced at his eldest daughter, who looked pale. Just as she was about to speak, Martin interrupted, “What are you saying? The day after tomorrow, the Jasper family will send a betrothal gift. No one is allowed to talk nonsense!”

“We are just gossiping. Why did you say this?” Selma said unhappily and turned to glare at her expressionless eldest daughter. “And what Lena said is true.”

Rose paused with her chopsticks and did not answer.

Martin slapped his chopsticks and said fiercely, “No one is allowed to talk nonsense anyway. This marriage must be done!”

“Dad, mom.” Rose put down the bowl and chopsticks calmly and took a deep breath. “Forget it. I won’t marry Hugo.”

“What did you say?” Martin’s fierce eyes immediately moved over. “How dare you!”

Selma was also angry. “You dared to say it at this juncture? How dare you despise such a good young man as Hugo?”

“Don’t be angry.” Lena picked through the dishes with chopsticks and g  
loated. “Maybe she suddenly feels that she is too cheap to marry Hugo.”

Rose turned to look at her, simmering with anger. “Don’t you know bes  
t why I’m not going to marry him?”

“Mom.” Lena immediately pretended to be afraid and hid directly besid  
e Selma. “I was just joking. I don’t know how pitiful Hugo will be if he  
marries her”

“You will get what you want if I don’t get married, right?” Rose clench  
ed her hands into fists, tears blurring her vision. “You’ve been fighting f  
or everything against  
me since we were kids. ; Now that I leave him to you. How can you be  
so cruel? I’m your sister!”

“All right! What nonsense are you talking about?” Martin slammed the  
table hard, not giving Rose a chance to explain. He said firmly, “It’s yo  
ur blessing that the Jasper family can take a liking to you. I warn you, b  
ehave well tomorrow. If you dare to make any mistakes, I will kill  
you!”

Rose’s heart ached so much that she could hardly breathe. Looking at he  
r cold parents, tears rolled down her face and she said in a hoarse voice,  
“I won’t marry! Even if I die, I won’t marry that scum!”

“Slap!” Martin slapped Rose hard, and an obvious palm print appeared  
on her face.

“As I said, no one is allowed to back out of this marriage, even at the c  
ost of your life!”

Rose gritted her teeth and hurriedly opened the door to escape.