

The Man's Decree Chapter 57

Chapter 57 It Does Not Matter

The dancer yelled as she was abruptly pulled down.

The moment she fell onto the ground, a group of men rushed toward her and started groping her.

They all wanted a piece of her.

"F*ck off! Do y'all have a death wish?" a woman in formal attire thundered. She was heavily made-up and had a few burly bouncers behind her.

Upon hearing that, the men scattered instantly.

"Jenny..." the helpless dancer cried out. The men's touches lingered on her skin and even her bra was pulled out of shape.

"Get lost." Jenny furrowed her brows.

The dancer quivered in terror and ran toward the backstage.

Jenny then took a glance around the stage and saw that Jared was still standing there alone. She ignored him and looked at Hilda. "Hilda, come here."

Hearing her name, Hilda stopped dancing and walked down the stage. "What's the matter, Jenny?"

"The boss is here. He wants you to entertain him," Jenny said straightforwardly.

Hilda was stunned for a moment. Despite her reluctance, she dared not say much and could only leave with Jenny.

When she walked past Jared, she deliberately avoided him by keeping her head down.

"Hilda." Jared reached out and grabbed her arm.

"Do you know him?" Jenny asked with a frown.

"No... No, I don't." Hilda shook her head before staring into Jared's eyes. "Who are you? Let me go. I need to work!"

After shaking Jared off, Hilda followed Jenny backstage.

Jenny glared at Jared silently for a second before walking away.

"Hilda, the boss likes you a lot. Behave yourself around him. More importantly, don't find yourself a boyfriend. If you can please him, you don't have to worry about those loan sharks anymore. In fact, it doesn't matter who comes after you because he'll take care of you. Heck, I might even have to work for you by then," Jenny said.

Although Hilda wasn't happy, she tried her best to put on a smile. "Jenny, why would the boss be interested in me? I think he likes you more."

As a matter of fact, Hilda was disgusted by the boss. He was a bald man with a bulging belly. Even though she had no choice but to become an exotic dancer at the bar, she never wanted to be someone's mistress.

"I'm too old, now. You can still make it," Jenny said, looking at Hilda enviously.

Indeed, age was very important in that particular industry.

Soon, they arrived at a spacious and luxurious office.

Inside, a bald, middle-aged man was sitting on the couch and in front of him was a bottle of red wine.

Upon seeing the man, Jenny bowed and said, "Sir, Hilda is here."

"She hasn't entertained other customers privately, right?" the man asked.

"No, of course not. I dare not go against your order, Sir." Jenny shook her head.

"All right, you can leave now." The man waved for Jenny to leave the room.

Jenny gave Hilda a wink before she left and closed the door.

Hilda was trembling with fear now that she was alone in the room.