

The Man's Decree Chapter 78

"Bro, if you really have connections, do you mind putting in a good word for me? If I'm hired, I'll treat you to a meal at a hotel!" The young man gazed at Jared expectantly. In response, Jared chuckled softly. "Sure! If I get the job, I'll put in a good word or two for you!" "Thank you, thank you! You're too kind..." The young man kept thanking him, his face shining with exhilaration. Shortly after, the interview started. Interviewees after interviewees entered the office nervously, only to walk back out despondently.

Even those few from prestigious universities didn't manage to get the job. When the young man beside Jared saw that the graduates from the renowned universities had failed, he grew all the more apprehensive. His hands curled into loose fists, and his palms grew damp with sweat. "Next, Jared Chance..." Jared's turn came in no time. When Jared stood up, the young man beside him abruptly grabbed him. "You've got to put in a good word for me, bro.

I'm pinning my hopes on you," he implored anxiously. Jared nodded before stepping into the office. The instant he did so, he was greeted by the sight of three people sitting behind a table and the young lady who collected their resumes earlier standing at the side. Zayne sat in the middle, making it abundantly clear that he was the chief interviewer that day while the men on both sides of him were only sitting in.

In other words, a single word from the former determined whether one passed the interview. Looking at Jared, Zayne ordered with a calm and unruffled gaze, "Please introduce yourself." Just as Jared was about to speak, one of the interviewers sitting beside Zayne chimed in, "As you have no resume, you have to tell us about your working experience after graduating from university." Nodding in acquiescence, Jared briefly spoke of his working experience after graduating.

Of course, he also told them about him having been to prison. He didn't hide anything, nor was there anything to hide. Surprisingly, none of them were astonished when he admitted to being an ex-convict. The reason for that was plain as day—Zayne had told them about it earlier. After listening to him, Zayne closed his eyes and crossed his arms as he reclined in his chair, uttering nary a word.

Seeing that, the young lady at the side hurriedly stepped forward and massaged him gently. "Do you know what company this is? And are you aware of who the owner is? You're just an ex-convict who had just gotten out of prison, yet you dare come here for an interview?" one of the interviewers drawled with a bark of derisive laughter. "Why not? Is there a policy in this company stipulating that people who had been to prison can't come here for an interview?

Besides, what's the huge deal about that? Is an ex-convict necessarily evil?" Jared countered with a faint smile. "While there isn't such a policy, you will affect our company's image if you join us since you're an ex-convict. I believe that other companies won't employ someone who served a prison sentence like you either. You'd best have some self-awareness. If I were in your shoes, I would be too ashamed to leave the house!"

The interviewer eyed Jared smirkingly. It seemed that he was deliberately humiliating the latter. That aside, his voice was particularly resounding. As a result, the interviewees outside could hear every word loud and clear. They were all surprised. The young man talking to Jared earlier, in particular, was deeply shocked.

“Damn it! It turns out that he’s an ex-convict! That was a waste of my chewing gum! What bad luck!” He then quickly rushed to the restroom to wash his hands. In the office, Jared didn’t get up in arms. Instead, he riposted smilingly, “If I were in your shoes and couldn’t get it up at all, I would be too ashamed to sit here.

You’ve got dark circles under your eyes. Did you have a sleepless night because you couldn’t do anything though your wife was right next to you?” The interviewer jolted upon hearing that, and he stared at the man with horror in his eyes. *I don’t get it! How did he know that I’m impotent?*