

Chapter 2

Frank could only lower his head respectfully. He did not dare to think about it.

Usually, according to the boss's temperament, he would be very irritated and disgusted if someone had accidentally touched his body.

This time, the president was bedded by an unknown woman. He couldn't imagine what the president would do if he really found the culprit!

Two days later.

The night carnival began.

Hazel could bear the loud music and screams of people. She covered her ears, lowered her body to make herself tiny as she quickly passed through the crowd before heading to the backstage of the hot striptease dance!

She didn't come to the bar to watch the show, nor to look for fun. She just came to bring clothes for her good friend, Alana Ward.

She and Alana were high school classmates for three years, and later, they attended the same university. They

happened to live in the same dormitory, but in different majors.

She was a student of fashion design, while Alana majored in dancing.

After graduation, Alana worked as a dancer at the nightclub, because it's a lucrative job.

She was very good in pole dancing and performing striptease, as well as other hot and sexy dances.

Alana worked hard to make money in order to pay back the debts her father had owed.

A few days ago, Alana said that her performance clothes had been badly ripped, so she asked Hazel to re-stitch them.

After all, Hazel graduated with a major in fashion design and was working in a fashion design company. Naturally, it was not difficult for her to do simple sewing and cutting work, so she agreed at that time.

After she finished sewing the performance costumes, she rushed over after work.

When Hazel came backstage of the bar, she saw many beautiful women getting busy. All of them were either

putting on make-up or changing into their performance costumes carefully.

Hazel looked around to find Alana.

She had been calling Alana since she got off work, but strangely, Alana didn't answer her phone.

Finally, she saw Alana in the corner of the dressing room, she was lying on the dressing table in front of the mirror.

She quickly walked over and whispered, "Alana, I've brought your clothes."

However, to her surprise, the first thing she saw was Alana's pale face. Not only that, her forehead was covered in cold sweat too.

Hazel saw that Alana was weak and hurriedly asked, "Are you not feeling well?" As Hazel asked her, she reached out her palm to touch Alana's forehead. She wanted to check if Alana had a fever.

However, Alana shook her head and weakly responded, "... Hazel, you're finally here... Thank you. I'm just having a stomach ache..."

At this moment, a man who was holding a walkie-talkie ran over in a hurry. He said, "Alana, what's wrong with you? I

kept calling you! Why didn't you reply... Get ready, you're up next." After that, he ran to inform the next person.

Alana's face turned even paler.

Suddenly, her hand held on to Hazel's wrist, and her eyes were pleading. She begged, "Hazel, please do me a favor, okay? I can't miss this performance. Otherwise, I can't get this month's salary according to the contract. I know the other dancers wouldn't help me, so please help me. I know you also have some experience of dancing. Please, I really need this money to repay the debts."

Hearing this, Hazel's eyes were full of surprise. Her lips trembled, but she couldn't say no after all.

Ten minutes later.

A young woman appeared on the stage. She was wearing a black lace dress, revealing her seductive figure. Under the light, her ivory-fair skin emitted a charming luster.

As soon as she came on the stage, she immediately caught the attention of the audience.

When she began to dance, it was a hot and flirtatious dance, but it gave a pure vibe which made it more attractive.

But in fact, Hazel was forcing herself to dance based on the memory that she had. After all, Alana had once performed this dance in front of her.

She did know some basic dance moves, and if she watched a dance three or four times before, she'd be able to learn it by heart.

Although Hazel was dancing now, she did not like being watched by so many people. What's more, she felt that the performance clothes she was wearing were too revealing, as if they would suddenly fall off her body.

And now, her mind was filled with Alana's sincere request before she went up on stage; Alana had told her that she had to smile while dancing.

Therefore, even though she was afraid and shy, she could only bite the bullet and try to smile while dancing.

However, Hazel did not know her beautiful smile, along with her flirtatious action, were sharp yet seductive contrast.

Then, a man's shout was heard in the audience. "Strip..." This seemed to be a trigger point, and all the audience then shouted, "Strip!"

Hearing this, Hazel became even more flustered.

Although her dance was more of a erotic dance, it was not a strip show

When no one was paying attention, there was shame and panic in Hazel's eyes. She just wanted to finish her dance and quickly step down the stage.

It was then that the shouting became louder and louder in her ears.

During that moment, a group of men in formal black clothing appeared out of nowhere, and they surrounded the whole area in a fast and unified way.

However, Hazel continued dancing, as she only wanted to distract herself. She merely imagined that she was dancing alone, so that she could be relieved of her nervousness.

Therefore, she didn't notice the changes below the stage. Until a deep man's voice came, "Turn around and don't look at the stage!"

At first, people were shocked and didn't take him seriously. They even shouted, "Why? Who are you?"

Soon, the audience understood that they weren't joking. With a gunshot, one of the lights in the middle of the stage blew out.

Everyone present screamed frantically, and it was chaotic.

At this time, Hazel had stopped dancing. She stood on the stage as her whole body stiffed, at a loss of what to do.

What the hell was going on?

The man's deep voice came again. "Turn around and don't look at the stage. Get out!"

This time, no one dared to question him.