

Brothel Manager : Unexpected Encounter with A Hidden Family Heirloom

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 : Need a Desi Aunty

Das tried to resist the manager John. But before John's muscle power, his efforts became futile.

"Maybe this is an end for my twenty years of poor life." Das thought with a disappointed face.

Even though there were many people in the corridor staring at him, no one came to his rescue. Some people, even laughed cheerfully. By the time they reached the 13th floor, beeping sounds came from Manager John's walkie-talkie.

For the sake of answering the microphone, John stopped dragging Das.

"What is it this time? Didn't I say, to send Juli to that foreigner's room?." John said with an irritating tone.

"John, that foreigner rejected Juli. I can't understand what he is saying, please come fast. He is also a distinguished servant of our owner. If we can't satisfy him, one of us will lose our job."

A hurried voice came from the other end and A foreigner's voice could also be heard yelling from the side.

"Ahhh.... Number seven, you are really a headache. Can't you settle a single customer?" John shouted angrily.

"John, please come faster. I can't understand a single thing he is saying. If you delay some more time, he will definitely kill me. ahhhh..." The subordinate disconnected the call before John could reply anything.

"Shit, these foreigners are always a fucking trouble." With an irritating face, John started dragging Das back to the seventeenth floor.

"Manger, could you please stop dragging me?... It's really uncomfortable. If you want I can follow you without disturbing your business. Das said in a requesting tone.

But contrary to his expectations, John became more angry with his suggestion.

"Shut the fuck up! You still have guts talk back to me. Do you even know what happened to the last guy who came here to get a free meal?... I've fucking taken his eyes out. After that incident, no one dared come here to time pass. Finally, After so many years, a stinky brat like you dared to come here." John angrily yelled at him with an angry face.

Maybe John was also tired after dragging him up for two floors... he took the elevator to the seventeenth floor.

By the time the lift door opens, there is already a big commotion going on outside the corridor.

A foreign man who is wearing a night coat around his belly is yelling on a subordinate who is in an attender suit. Beside them, four girls stood there with annoyed expressions.

John hurriedly ran towards the foreigner while still dragging Das. Before John asked about the situation, the foreigner started yelling on him.

"You idiot, I said I want a desi aunty with dark skin and big boobs. Why are you sending these white chicks every time? If you send me one more white chick, I will kill you." That foreigner scolded John in an American slang nonstop.

John got dumbfounded with the foreigner's relentless yelling in English language. He did not understand a single word. After thinking for long time, He picked up a beautiful girl who stood beside him and said,

"Sir, no aunty. Fresh.... Fresh" he said fresh continuously like selling vegetables in a market.

"What fresh? I don't want this skinny chick. Please bring me a mature Desi aunty." The foreigner replied with a loud voice.

Manager John really thought that the foreigner was calling the beautiful lady an auntie. John did not understand what the foreigner was trying to say. He already sent four top beauties from his happy house. But the foreigner was rejecting every single one.

"The foreigner was asking for an aunty with black skin and big boobs. Can't you understand that?" Das asked the manager John questioningly in the local language.

"Boy, stop running your stinky mouth. Why would a rich person like him ask for a black aunty? Are you messing with me?" John said angrily with a threatening look. John never expected that a foreigner would ask for Desi aunty.

"I'm not talking nonsense. He really asking for an aunty." Das spoke brazenly.

"Boss, maybe this brat is telling the truth. Should I call Ms. Saggy to come here?" The subordinate standing beside John suggested with a cheeky laugh.

"First, inform Ms. Saggy to come here. I'm also really curious to see if this kid is making any sense. Boy, if I find out that you are messing with me, this will be the last day of your life." Manager John gave a threatening finger to Das.

Instead of arguing with John, Das turned his head and started talking with the foreigner.

"Sir, this time, they are making the proper arrangements according to your request. Please don't spoil your mood by scolding these little ladies. They didn't even understand what you were saying." Das said those words so that the foreigner could understand the situation. The words he said unintentionally, really made the foreigner calm.

"Young man, By any chance, are you a new manager here?... That's good. In the past, I asked the owner to hire a new manager who could deal with foreigners, instead of this bulldozer. Thank God, he finally listened to my request."

After finding a person who can understand him, the foreigner really started sweet talking with Das.

Just before Das prepared to reply, a middle-aged aunty with large saggy boobs wearing a modern sari, who's walking like a small drum roll, came walking to the seventeenth floor.

She came directly near the subordinate and said,

"Why are you disturbing me on New Year's Eve?" Don't you know I will be really busy?" She said while putting her hand on the subordinate. She was really trying to act like a seductive teenager.

"Who in the world will spoil their life with you? Even a thousand-year-old pervert will start running when he sees your saggy boobs. I only called you because manager Jhon asked for you." The subordinate said, Irritatingly.

The saggy women turned her focus towards manager John.

"Did you really ask for me?" She asked John with a little shyness on her face. John felt a cold chill run down his back. Unintentionally, he took a step back.

"Hahha...hahha...yes..yes..I want her. She is the perfect one." Before John could reply to anything, the foreigner started laughing hysterically. Everyone started staring at him with their mouths wide open.

Before anyone could say anything, the foreigner took the black lady into the room and shut the door with a loud thud.

For Jhon, it really took a few minutes to come out of the shock.

"Why are you still standing? Go, attend to the customers. Don't you know what time it is?" John yelled at his subordinates.

After everyone left, John brought Das to the first-floor reception. He let Das sit beside the receptionist's desk. John took the steps at the fire exit and went to the underground floor.

After ten minutes, John came back with a walkie-talkie in his hand. He gave the microphone to Das and said, "The boss said he will arrive in the early morning. So, until then, you stay here and Whenever this red light beeps on the walkie-talkie, you will respond immediately. Understand." n(-0ve11b1n

After saying that, John left for the hotel entrance to attend to the customers.

Das really felt like crying. He could not think of what to do next. Even though he was prepared for death, in the face of the actual situation, he really can't hold up. From outside the hotel, sounds of celebrations for the new year and the cries of people who were cheering loudly on bikes came into his ears.

Usually every new year he will celebrate in the orphanage where he was grown up. By this time, in the orphanage, the children would be singing and dancing with cake pieces in their hands. Because of his stupid decision today, he was stuck here.

"Sir, your order." Suddenly, a delivery boy called him with a food pack.

"I didn't order anything." Das replied hurriedly.

"I ordered it for you. Eat it." The receptionist, who was writing a record book, said it without looking at him.

"But, why... I can't afford it." Das replied bluntly.

"I already paid for it. So you don't need to worry about money. Eat it fast. otherwise, it will become cold." She replied while seriously looking at the bill books.

Das took the package and said, "Thank you." But the girl did not respond to his greetings.

He opened the package to find a medium-sized pizza with steak topping. It was really an expensive one for him. Before this he never ate these types of expensive foods.

Even though Das will earn five thousand rupees every month, he never tries to buy the expensive foods. Because he will donate half of that money to the orphanage and the remaining will be exploited by his ex-girlfriend Moni.

Except for the essential things, Das never brought anything valuable for himself. Das always ate vada pav, or temple food, to fill up his stomach. Although he was in the college hostel for three years, he never went to the canteen.

He did not ate anything from the morning as there is no single penny in his pocket. After seeing food, his stomach also started making sounds. He ate the entire pizza in a few bites.

"It was really tasty." Das thought to himself.

Before he asked the girl why she ordered food for him, a beeping of red light started blinking from the walkie-talkie. He pressed the answer button.

"Room number 1509, come quickly."

The voice of manager John came from the other end.