

## **Brothel Manager : Unexpected Encounter with A Hidden Family Heirloom**

*Chapter 3 - 3: My name is Mohan das*

As he just reached room number 1509, Das saw manager John along with a mature girl whose age could be around twenty-five waiting for him.

This time there was an European guy in his bathrobe causing the problem.

"What happened?" He asked his John while taking a peak at the lady.

"Ask him what he wants and also why he beat this lady on the face." Manager John said while showing his finger towards the white man.

There is a little bit of rage in John's voice, but he did not show it on his face. Das turned his head and started talking with the European guy.

"Sir, can you tell me what type of arrangements you need? Is there anything specific girl type you want?" Das asked politely.

"Listen, kid, I asked for a virgin girl. But this guy sent me a used one. I also thought she was a virgin and started having fun. But after putting my little brother in, I realised my mistake. Please tell that big guy to send me virgin flower, not this used stuff." The foreign customer said with a arrogant demeanour.

"Sir, did you beat her for this?" Das asked back after understanding the situation.

"Of course, I would beat her. She spoiled my entire mood. I will never touch used stuff like her."

The white guy said while putting a cigar in his mouth. He didn't even care about this matter.

"This guy was definitely a narcissistic idiot." Das thought before explaining the situation to John.

"Is there really a supply of virgin girls here? Or should I tell him that there are no virgins available?" Das asked John with a questioning look.

"Young man, are you really underestimating my company? Never forget that if you have money, everything is possible in this country. What virgin girl? I can even provide a big booby loli if the customer has money."

John said with a smirk on his face. There is actually a proud look in his eyes as he is doing national service here.

"Das, Tell him that it will cost around five times more money and he has to wait one more hour." Manager John said he was walking away while making a call on his personal mobile phone.

Das explained to the white guy about the cost and delay of service.

"No problem. No problem. As long as it is a virgin girl, I will pay even ten times." After saying that sentence with an happy face, the foreign customer closed the room door.

Manager John returned after completing his call. He gave some money to the girl, who has a red, swollen punch mark on her face, and said,

"Take rest for today, and I will settle this matter with the first lady tomorrow." John said while offering money to her.

The girl took her cash and left hurriedly. She was also slightly limping her left foot.

"That's it? Are you not going to do anything to that white guy?" Das asked with a questioning look.

"Don't take these things to heart. We will never touch a customer, especially these foreigners who will pay us a large amount." John replied while putting a cigaret in his mouth.

Das, The world revolves around money." John commented while they were walking towards the lift.

In the mean time, John gave a room card to Das and said, "Go rest for now and do not sleep like a pig. If you miss one single call, I will kick you in the face."

After saying it, John left to attend to another customer. The room number, two zero two, is already mentioned on the back of the card. Das took the elevator to the second floor to get a nap in this troubled night.

The second floor was really messy. May be this floor is for low budget customers... There are several people who are drunk and lying on the floor. All the rooms are occupied, and deep moaning sounds are coming from inside.

After reaching room number 202, he placed the card in the left-side socket.

But before he could even open the room door, a girl with a short skirt rushed inside the room without his consent.

"Hey ...hey... stop." He tried to stop her by holding her shoulder. But all he got was a piece of cloth in his hands.

Before Das realised what was happening... The mature girl already occupied the bed and started sleeping like a pig.

Das was staring at her with a stupid face. He was actually thinking that she would slap him for tearing her dress. But all he got was snoring sounds of this lady.

Instead of waking her up, he decided to sit on the chair. Before closing his eyes, he turned his head towards the girl, who was snoring like an elephant.

The girl's face was pretty. There are still some bite marks on her shoulder, and he can see her ample breasts from the deep cleavage of her dress. Her face was drenched in sweat; perhaps she was exhausted from the intense action.

After staring for a few more minutes, Das also fell asleep on the chair. But before he could relax his body, the walkie-talkie in his pocket started beeping like a police siren.

"Das, quickly attend the customer in room number 1609. I'm dealing with another matter at reception." The voice of manager John came from the microphone.

With his sleepy head, Das slowly reached the elevator and pressed the 16th floor button.

He knocked on the door with his two fingers. Immediately the door opened, and a Chinese guy came from inside.

"I need two girls, one young and one mature," the guy said with broken English. Before Das could replay, that Chinese guy already closed the room door.

Das informed the manager about the Chinese guy's requirement.

"I'm a little busy right now. You do one thing... contact the reception and ask them to send the girls to room 1609 and nine is the reception code on wlaki-talkie."

Das arranged the ladies according to John's instructions. After that, he returned to his room. Ironically, the girl was still sleeping on her bed. With a big sigh, he sat on the chair.

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January 1st, 2015. Mumbai. early morning, around 4:30 a.m.

A young man was staring through the window glass; there was a coffee cup in his hand. With his swollen, red eyes, he was staring at the large buildings outside. Several thoughts were running inside his head. The young man's name is Mohan Das.

Instead of killing or beating him, the manager was using him as a communicator. In this single night, he managed to help arrange girls for more than seven foreign customers to relieve their stress.

Inside his room, a girl with big breasts is still sleeping with her mouth wide open. With a heavy heart, he is waiting for the judgement of his crime.

After waiting for another fifteen minutes, John finally came to meet him.

"Hey boy, come quickly. The boss is asking for you." John's knocking came from the door.

Das finished the coffee cup and slowly opened the room door. He thought maybe this was his last coffee.

"Who is the girl on bed?" John asked while peeking towards the girl on bed.

"I don't know. She just rushed into the room and occupied the bed." Das replied helplessly.

"Leave this matter aside. Let's go. The boss was really pissed at you." John said this with an evil smile on his face.

They both entered the elevator. Later, John used a separate key to access the eighteenth floor.

"Don't be afraid; I will ask the boss to spare your poor life." John said while putting his hand on Das' shoulder.

Slowly, the lift doors opened; only two rooms were present on the eighteenth floor. One has glass doors, and the other is completely locked out with secured alarms.

The boys' room was the one with glass doors. Luxurious decorations were arranged on the walls. The room was neatly cleaned and well maintained. On one side, there is a large conference table with several chairs arranged neatly.

On the other side, the boss was sitting on a luxurious sofa. He is around forty years old with a large moustache. He has a cigar in one hand and a glass of whisky in the other, and a young, mature lady is massaging his shoulders. Das and John stood beside the sofa without making any noise.

After taking a sip from the whisky glass, the boss asked, "So, tell me what I should do with you?"

Das did not say anything. He kept his silence. But his entire back was drenched with sweat. He thought, "Instead of killing, these guys are putting me in silent torture with words."

"Why are you not answering? Are you looking down on me?" The boss shouted at him.

"Boy, don't be salient. The boss will be irritated when some don't respond to him. So don't waste his time." John added.

"If you really want to kill me, do it now. I was already prepared for death before coming here. So stop threatening me. Do whatever you want."

Das said with a courageous look. But contrary to his brave words, his legs are shaking like screaming chickens.

Hahaha..hahaha..suddenly both John and the boss started laughing crazily.n/.0vεℓbIn

Oh.... boy...hahaha... oh... boy...yu...you are really fucking interesting. Off all the things, you choose my place to die. What an interesting fella! John, are you seeing this? He said he came to die here.

What is your name, kid? After taking a deep breath, the boss asked with a smirk on his face.

"Mohan Das," he replied.