

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

*Chapter 5: chapter 5: Stationary Shop*

Das did not react to her annoying words. He kept himself silent. Amy also closed her mouth. She really wants to see how a poor guy like Das, who always works for a few bucks, will afford this restaurant.

"Sir, place your order, please." A female waiter in a white and white uniform came to take orders from Das.

"For starters, bring me a plate of Apolo fish, and for the main course, I will have juicy mutton biryani; you can also add fruit and nut ice cream as well as Gulab-jamoon for desert."

Without checking the menu, he placed an order like a regular customer at a five-star restaurant.

Das turned his head towards Amy to see why this chatter box was silent. But unexpectedly, she was staring at him with her mouth wide open.

"Sir, today's special is lemon chicken from our chef. Should I add it to your starters!?...of course, it is a complementary dish for special customers like you, sir."

The lady waiter said it with a cheerful look on her face.

"It's ok. I will go with your suggestion." He replied with a short smile.

"Sir, any specific order for ma'am?" While looking at Amy, the waiter inquired.

"She is not with me. I am alone. Please don't misunderstand." He spoke softly while staring at Amy.

"I'm not going to leech off of you. You don't need to worry." Amy said angrily.

The waiter poured him a glass of sparkling water and left after noting down the order.

"Das, where did you get the money to buy this much food? As far as I know, you used to save every penny to take my sister out for good food once in a while. Tell me, did you rob anyone?" She asked with a curious look on her face.

"Amy, you should not look into elders matters. You are growing up. So, you should learn manners." He said it nonchalantly.

"What manners? I'm just asking if you have money to afford food at this restaurant. More than that, I want to know how a poor thing like you eats food in here along with rich kids like us." She said it like a proud woman of a rich family, and she said this so loudly that even the manager could hear it from his room.

Das thought she was just throwing a tantrum like every time she does it when he met her sister. This time, he decided to give her good medicine!

"Relax, little girl; stop blabbering your mouth. I know that you are all boobies and no brain. So, think with your tiny brain before shouting."

He said it playfully with a raised voice.

Hahaha..hahaha..laughter of Amy's friends, and a petite waiter who came to take orders from her friends came from the back side.

"You!... how dare you insult me? You used to be a mauled dog whenever my sister was around. Do you think you became a tiger after leaving my sister? A dog will never turn into a tiger, even in your dreams."

She said this while standing and showing a finger at him threateningly.

"Oh...tiny brain Amy, you are not getting the point. It's not about a tiger or a dog. It is about you. Your father is a clerk in a small factory. Your family is still living in a rented house."

"That is why I'm asking you, "Why are you acting like a rich kid?" It's not like you own this restaurant. Am I right, Amy?"

He said the entire thing like a lecturer. This time, Das did not hold back. He wanted to say this to her many times in the past. Considering the fact that she was his girlfriend's sister, he put up with her every time. But things have changed now. He doesn't need to act nice to her.

Amy sat there dazedly. Her face became pale with tears in her eyes. Even her friends are staring at her back with a strange expression. Amy and her sister usually dress up for the collage. Everyone thinks these sisters are wealthy.

That's why most of the boys flirt with them and pursue them relentlessly. Both sisters well maintained their charisma inside the college. So, no one knows their true background.

"You are talking nonsense. Stop spreading rumours against my family." She said it with bloodshot eyes. She is more sensitive because of her family background. Because her mother left the house with another man and her father raised both girls from childhood.

Das stood up and bent slowly towards Amy, who was sitting opposite him, and said in a small voice that only she could hear.

"One day I followed your sister to give a surprise. But, I got surprised in return. I know where do you live and your entire family history now. Your father is really a good man. So, next time, if you want to mess with me, think about it." He said with an evil smile.

Amy really felt like crying. Even though she bullied Das many times, he never behaved like this. But today, he really touched her reverse scale.

"You... I will kill you if you spread this to anyone." She said it with a sobbing face. After saying it, she left, running towards the restaurant door without turning back.

Her friends did not hear what Das said to her. They also followed her. But a fat guy from Amy's group came walking towards Das.

"Bro, Tell me the truth. Is Amy really from a middle-class family?" He asked while taking a cigarette out.

"Why are asking? Is she related to you?" Das commented with a water glass in his hand.

"She is a leech, bro. Sucking more than ten thousand rupees from my pocket every month. I thought she was a rich girl after seeing her, treating money like paper. She never sent me a single photo, even after using my entire pocket money. Always acting like a proud queen and looking down on me. If she's really a girl from the middle class, I'm going to make her a fucking toy."

He lit the cigarette after saying it. Das can see how arrogant this person is. If he truly tells him the truth, he will undoubtedly treat Amy like a sex doll.

"It's not true; I'm just messing with her. How can a flashy girl like her come from a middle-class family?" He replied with an honest expression.

After listening to it, the entire demeanour of the person before him changed. The person came to his arrogant young master's character.

"Never mess with her again. She is my girl. Remember, my name is Richard, and if you mess with her again, you'll have to face me." After saying it, he left with a trail of cigarette smoke.

"Das stared back at Richard for a few seconds and turned his head while nodding. He doesn't care about Richard's warning. He is thinking about what would have happened to Amy if he had really told the truth to Richard."

Usually there will be one or two rich and arrogant kids in every student group who always treat pretty girls with money. If the girl fails to keep up with him, she will become a toy in his hands.

'Money is like water. You need money to survive, and if you have too much, you will drown.'

After eating the food, he paid the bill, which was around three thousand rupees, and left the restaurant. There is a satisfied expression on his face.  
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For so many years, he ate food to just fill his stomach and never thought about luxurious food, even though he had money. Whenever he had money, he always thought about his orphanage children.

Later, he picked up a transport taxi and went directly to the new Mumbai stationery store. The taxi driver couldn't figure out why this poor looking student had brought him to a stationery store. Das went directly inside the shop.

"What do you want?" A boy who was arranging materials into glass boxes asked Das.

"I want some stationary materials. Can you provide them now?" Das asked politely.

"This is a wholesale supplier shop, and we won't sell a small number of materials here." The shop owner, who is sitting lissomely at the corner, said this while cleaning his ear with a key.

"I came here to purchase stationery in bulk. Do you have enough stock, or should I look elsewhere?" Das asked the shop owner in a questioning manner.

"What do you want? Don't waste our time by asking for a few notebooks." The owner never thought a poor-looking student like Das was the real deal. Hence, he was treating him nonchalantly.

"Pack five hundred notebooks, eighty study pads, forty-six geometry boxes, and pen and pencil sets. Also add sketches, practise books, and class one to ten text books of forty-six sets, and add every basic stationery item like an eraser, a sharpener, and click pencils. Every item should be from a classmate company. Pack them as fast as you can. Don't waste my time."

By the time he completed his order, the owner was staring at him with a wide mouth. Even the boy who was busy arranging materials was watching Das with a strange look.