

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

*Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Confidence matters*

"Hey...hey...slow down. Let me at least note it down first."

The owner took out a notepad to take the order. After noting it down, the office boy started packing the stuff. It took almost half an hour to complete the order.

"Sir, the bill is twenty-six thousand rupees. Are these things enough, or should I add anything?" The office boy said while passing a cool drink to Das.

"Oh, it's still less than what I expected. Please add ten sets of board game pieces, like carrom board and chess, and also place them in the transport van." Das was still thinking of what was needed for the orphanage children.

The boss noted down every order and generated a new bill. It's almost thirty-eight thousand rupees. Still, the boss had a small doubt that Das is bluffing all this. But Das' confident posture made him pack all the stuff he ordered. Das had twenty-nine thousand rupees left after paying the bill.

The taxi driver was dumbfounded after seeing the materials placed in his van. He never expected a poor-looking Das would buy this much.

Das spent another twenty five thousand rupees to buy a brand new 42-inch smart TV and added it to the transport van. During his childhood, he always wanted to see television. He used to watch television outside pawn shops with his orphanage children. Now he had enough money to buy it for his orphanage.

It took more than half an hour of travel to reach the orphanage gate. The orphanage is a single large building with one big hall and kitchen at the side. The van parked directly before the orphanage's main building.

After seeing Das, children started gathering with loud noise. Children of different ages were present around him. The only satisfaction in his poor life is seeing these children's happy faces. This is why he will spend his hard-earned money on them.

"Calm down, every one. Calm down." He made a silent gesture towards the children. He pushed the colour television aside and said, "Carry these items to the storeroom." He opened the van door from behind.

The children started making more noise after seeing the smart TV in Das hands. They are carrying the stationery materials to the storage room with more enthusiasm and laughter.

The children joined into groups and carried more heavy stuff like carrom boards, cricket bats, tennis rackets, etc. They almost emptied out the van in five minutes. Das paid three thousand bucks to the van driver and gave him a send-off with a happy smile.

The warden came outside to see the reason for the children's noise.

"Das, you are the reason for this noise. Haha...come...come... I really missed you on New Year's Eve. Where did you go? And who donated us all these things?" The warden asked with a happy smile.

Das really felt happy after seeing the warden. The only close relative Das has in this world is the warden. From his childhood, the warden was the only person who never left the orphanage. Even after the government stopped funding the orphanage, the warden raised the children with his own money.

"Chacha, I started a new job on New Year's Eve. That's why I missed New Year's Eve. Sorry...chacha." Das said apologetically.

"Oh...so I see... its ok... It is good that you got a job. And don't tell me you spent your salary on buying these things." The warden asked.

"I always wanted to buy these things for the orphanage with my first salary. Please accept these things for the orphanage, Chacha." Das said with a happy face.

"Das, you don't have to do this. You already donated money during your part-time work, and you also took care of these children like siblings. You might have used this money to buy something nice for yourself." The warden said to Das while taking him to the main hall of the orphanage.

The children rushed into the hall after quickly completing the task of carrying materials. Das gave the television box to children to open it.

The innocent laughter and cheering of every child reverberated in that large hall. He can see himself in their happy faces.

Das used sticky screws to mount the TV on the wall. Before he fully set up the television, his mobile phone rang with a basic ringtone and a new number. He picked up the call and held the mobile between his head and shoulder.

"Hello! Who is this?" He asked while setting up the TV angle.

"It's me, John. Where are you, my dear Rolex?" John asked with a loud laugh.

Maybe John was still in traffic; Das can hear the honking sounds of cars from the other end.

"I'm at clock tower. Why do you ask?" Instead of saying the orphanage address, Das mentioned the clock tower position, which is a 10-minute walk from the orphanage.

"Ok. You stay there. I will pick you up in twenty minutes." John immediately cut the call without listening to Das reply.

"Hmm..what a bad timing! He should have called after one more hour." While connecting the television to the power source, he reflected.

Das used his Chacha mobile to screencast and put it on a cartoon channel.

"Chacha, call the cable connection guy to set up a satellite connection. Now I have to leave for my work." After showing the controls to the warden, Das left the orphanage amid cheerful laughter. The children's shouts of Das bayya...Das bayya...brought a big smile to his face.

By the time he reached the clock tower by walking, John was already waiting for him in a black Nova. Das quickly occupied the front seat of the car. The stout, bulky body of John occupied more space than the driver's seat could hold. John moved the car towards the busy streets of Mumbai.

"What are you doing in this place? As far as I know, there is no interesting place near the clock tower." John asked curiously.

"Oh, you are saying it like you know the entire area of the clock tower." Das made an exclamation.

"What do you know, boy? I've lived in Mumbai for thirty years and know every nook and cranny of this city." John said while speeding up the car.

"Haha... leave your boasting to children.....John, first tell me where we are going." Das gave a fake laugh trying to change the topic. He doesn't want to talk about the orphanage matter with John.

"of course, to show you the business network of the happy house. The other night, boss Martin asked me to show you around the business network. That's why I'm taking you personally to see the handling of our colleagues and partners." John explained.

Das did not understand how to react in this situation. He is going to get involved in this underground criminal business, and he doesn't have any other choice. But contrary to his thinking, Das did not feel any guilt towards what he was going to do in the future.

The world was never a fair place. For some people, it gave a stick to control the others, and for some people, it gave brains to survive under that control. At present, he can only think of survival.

John was busy staring at the traffic lights and honking the horn. The car took several twists and turns and stopped at one of the busiest slum areas in Mumbai.

"Why are we here? As far as I know, only poor people live in Dharavi slums."

Das did not get it. What business could a rich, happy house manager do in these slums? That is why he asked John with a surprised face. novE)L&/In

John did not immediately get down the car. He was staring at the huts and pawn shops on the street.

After a long gap, John asked "Rolex... Usually, we keep these network-related secrets to ourselves. The boss, Martin, never liked revealing these locations to outsiders or people who didn't have our trust. So tell me, why do you think I brought you here without doing any background check on you?"

Das replied after a quick thought "I'm an orphan, and I don't know anyone else in this business."

"Nah...Rolex... You thought wrong. It is true that you are an orphan. But the actual reason is that Boss Martin felt you were confident and trustworthy. That's why he spared you that night and gave you an opportunity." John said this while still staring at the pawn shop.

"To survive in this business, you need to be confident, and you should never show your weakness to others. So, my dear manager Rolex, today, wherever I take you, you should look confident. Because one day I'll need you to manage this network chain." John continued.

Just after John finished his speech, the pawn shop owner made a slight whistle sound. Without waiting for Das, John got out of the car and started walking deep into the slums.

Das thought for a long time before getting out of the car. There is a determined look on his face.