

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

*Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Naked women*

John took Das for a tour around the building. Inside the building, several people are training vigorously. At the centre of the top floor, two men are fighting with fists, and an old man is giving advice to a group of muscular people who are sitting around the fighting ring.

Both John and Das started watching the fight curiously. The two men inside the ring are fighting like their lives depend on it. One of the stout guys inside the ring is bleeding from the nostrils. But the fight is going on, and no one came to interrupt them.

All the guys, including the trainer, are seriously observing the fight. There is no shouting or yelling from anyone. Only the sounds of punching are reverberating on the top floor. Finally, the stout guy delivered a knockout punch at end and finished the fight with loud cheering.

"Hey John, you are too late... The previous fight was more entertaining."

The old man came walking towards John with a loud laugh. Even though he is old, he is looking stronger than anyone in this room.

"Haha... It is always a pleasure to see you, master. How is it going? Did you find any useful candidate?" John asked while shaking the old man's hand vigorously.

"No.... John, no... now a days, it is really difficult to find a useful fighter. After you left this centre, I barely found another good martial artist like you. The new batch of youth are not at all satisfying to my requirement." The old man said it with a disappointed face.

"Master, why are you saying that? I think the last batch had a few strong men. I spent a large sum to recruit them." John asked with a questioning look.

"John, it is true that they have strength. But they lack technique." The old man said with a sigh.

"It's ok, master; I have faith in you. You can train them well." John said, and he continued to introduce Das to the old man.

"Master, I came here to introduce this young man. He is the new manager of our hotel grand (the original name of the Happy House)."

Das slightly bowed from the side.

The old man scanned Das from top to bottom and said, "Young man, your build is good, but you need training." The old man said as he patted Das on the shoulder.

Das did not know what to say to the old man. His life is always busy with part-time jobs and studies, and he never thought about training or learning any type of martial arts.

"Master, he joined us recently... Give him some time to fit into this business. If he is interested, he will automatically come for training." John said, trying to cover for Das, who stood silently beside him.

"Hmm... it's ok John... After all, it's his life. I won't force him. Das, if you ever wanted to learn martial arts, you must come to me. I will give you my best training... it's a promise." The old man said it in a serious tone.

Even though Das did not understand why this old man is giving a promise to him... he replied a quick thank you. After a few minutes of talking with the old man, they left the seven-story old building.

Das and John spent another two hours to tour around the network chain of the happy house (brothel).

Finally, at 9:30 p.m., John's car stopped before the happy house.

"Das, there are still several places I need to show you. But you will see them in the future as your work progresses."

John passed on a small key to Das and said, "I have already prepared a room for you. It is in the hotel underground. There is also a manager's uniform and other required items in that room. After you freshen up, select the girls for your priority list and assign them to customers later. It is pretty much all your work today. If you don't understand anything, contact me through the microphone."

After giving a lengthy explanation, John left the hotel in his car. Das was staring dazedly on the hotel sign board with a small key in his hand. After arranging his thoughts and emotions, he entered the hotel.

Das entered an elevator, but there was no button to reach the underground floor.

He came to reception to ask about the underground floor. The girl who gave him a pizza during yesterday night was at the reception. She covered her face with a mask, and there is no makeup on her face. From one single glance, anyone can say that she is a beauty hiding behind the mask.

Das tried to talk with her. But she was busy writing in an account book with her head down. "How to reach the under-ground?" This time, Das asked with a loud tone.

"Outsiders are not allowed to enter inside the underground," the girl replied without lifting her head.

"I'm not an outsider. I'm the new manager here." Das spoke with a confident tone while placing his arm on the reception desk.

The girl slowly lifted her head and observed Das from head to toe. "Take the emergency exit beside the lift." The girl said one single sentence and again started writing on the account book.

Das felt like he was ignored even after saying he was the new manager. Through the emergency exit, he quickly reached his room on the underground floor. The underground floor had ten rooms, a big wine cellar, and a big storage room. With the help of the key, he quickly found his room.

"What a headstrong girl! She forgot to greet me even after saying I'm the new manager."

While thinking about the girl at the reception, Das completed his shower. There is a brand new black suit with a white shirt inside the cupboard. He quickly dressed up. Even though it is not a perfect fit for him, it is super comfortable. Das arranged his messy hair with his hands, applied a new perfume to the suit, and really felt like a new person before the mirror.

'Ahh... at least I can wear some good clothes in this job.'

John thought as he closed the room door.

Das came back to the reception and asked the reception girl, "Where is the girl's room?"

"The girls will be in the first-floor hall, opposite the liquor store." She replied without lifting her head.

Without wasting time with her... Das took the steps to reach the first floor.

He slowly opened the door to the first-floor hall. But he quickly closed the door in a flash. His heart rate went berserk in that single moment. Because inside there is a hall full of women, some of whom are half-naked and some of them are in the process of changing clothes.

Das quickly adjusted his mind. From today onwards, it is a usual thing to see a naked woman for him. This time he opened the door confidently, and he started walking slowly towards the podium at the other end.

"Hey, customers are not allowed in this room."

A few girls started shouting behind him. But he continued to walk without minding them.

The girls stopped shouting after seeing his calm demeanour. He stood on the raised platform and took a long glance from one corner to the other.

He tried hard not to stare at the naked girls. It is really a nose-bleed task for him. His little brother is already standing like the current pole. It is good thing that he already tucked him well inside. Otherwise, he could be a laughing stock in front of these experienced women.

There are all types of girls in this room. Young, petite, skinny, mature, curved—you name it, and you have it. All these girls are wearing revealing clothes, and mostly all of them have the same type of makeup on their faces. Without caring about Das, some girls still change their clothes.

"Hey, cheeky brat, what are you staring at?" One of the women, who was looking different from everyone else here, came walking towards him.

Das already knows her—she is the seventh lady among the seven sisters whom he met during his visit to the Dharavi slums.

"I came here to pick the girls for the foreign customers. Could you help me, seventh lady?" He asked, trying to probe her.

"Stop calling me the seventh lady. I'm not much older than you. Call me Ria." She said it haughtily.

"Ok, Ria... Should I pick the girls according to my taste or do you have any suggestions?" He asked, trying to get her opinion.

"Usually, John's subordinate will come and pick up the girls who are young and have good skin colour to serve the foreign customers. Do you have any other requirements?" She asked while staring at Das curiously.

Das already knows what type of girls foreigners are asking from yesterday's experience. If they want a young girl with white skin, why would they come here?