

Brothel Manager : Unexpected Encounter with A Hidden Family Heirloom

#Chapter 91 : Acupressure (!8+) - Read Brothel Manager : Unexpected Encounter with A Hidden Family Heirloom Chapter 91 : Acupressure (!8+)

Chapter 91 : Acupressure (!8+)

While thinking about Ruth body, Das reached the college on his bike. After parking the car Das directly walked into the class room.

Just as he entered inside the class room, the people started staring at Das with strange looks. Ignoring everyone, Das directly sat on the last bench.

"Hey...!"

Das cried out suddenly, as Sheela touched his cheeks.

"What happened to your face? Tell me which cream are you using...?" Sheela asked with a curious look. Das continued to settle down and completely ignored her question.

"Why are you not answering me? Are you using contact lens?" Sheela asked again as she bowed a little to take a closer look at Das.

"No, they are not." Das replied while checking his mobile.

"Then how did you change your eye colour...?" Sheela asked back with a confused look. Das turned his head towards Sheela to give a satisfying reply. Also, the people around them perked their ears to listen.

"What are you guys looking at?... turn around." Sheela shouted loudly like an angry owl. Das laughed at her brazen behaviour before explaining things.

Previously she used to sit dumbly in the first bench, but now she acting like a last bench bully.

"Sheela, I did not use any creams or eye lens. Check for yourself if you don't believe me." Das replied as he leaned closer to Sheela. Sheela touched his

face and also took a closer look at his eyes. She turned his face left and right to have closer look.

"Das, can you tell me how did you do it? I also want to change my eye colour." Sheela asked in a low voice. Das did not understand how to answer her question. Das thought for a long time for an excuse and finally, an evil plan formed inside his brain.

"Sheela, listen carefully. This is a big secret... so, first promise me that you won't tell anyone." Das asked in a cold whispering tone as he stretched his hand before her.

"I promise... I won't tell anyone." She instantly replied while placing her both hands on the top of his palm.

Yesterday night an angel appeared in my dream. She blessed me with good luck and immediately my body changed like this." Das replied with sly acting.

"What...!? That's not possible. You are lying..." Sheela said with a pouting.

"That's the real truth. Look at my palm... see how big it is. Das directly placed his palm before her face." His palm almost covered her entire chubby face.

"Not only palm, my entire body got transformed... I also got packs." Das directly held her hand and let her touch his ribs. Sheela moved her fingers on his stomach, several times to feel his body.

As they were sitting on a bench, the top portion covered half of their body. So, no one saw Sheela touching Das stomach.

Sheela slowly moved her hand and touched his nipples. Das continued to act normal without rejecting her soft touch. While staring at Das face, Sheela continued to touch his nipple. She is moving her finger around the nipple to cause tickling.

But even after a minute of her attempt, Das stayed calm enjoying the little lady's touch. Sheela got annoyed as she failed to tickle Das body... she immediately removed her hand and directly grabbed his little brother.

Even though his stick is covered in two layers of fabric protection... Sheela accurately grabbed it.

"What are you doing...?" Das asked as he bent down to protect his brother. Sheela laughed at his reaction.

"Nothing... You just said, your entire body got transformed. Did this thing also change?" Sheela asked while continuing to grab his pee-pee. Das did not understand how to reply to her straight question. Das returned to his sitting position and leaned onto her left side.

"Check for yourself...!!!" Das whispered in her ear with a sly look and he waited to see her shy reaction.

But strangely, she did not give a nasty look or shy reaction. She turned her face towards him and stared into his eyes and asked a question which Das did not expect even in his dreams.

"Are you sure?!... there are people around us." Sheela asked in a mumbling voice. Das took a moment to look around before answering her.

"There are no one on our side ways and this bench can cover most of the part. I will also use the book to cover... so, don't worry about it." Das hushed into her ears with a serious face. After listening to his explanation, Sheela felt slight nervousness.

But her excitement and guilty pleasure pushed her brain to proceed forward. Just before she moved her hand from his crouch to Zip hook, Teacher Rosie entered inside the class. With a startled expression, both of them stood up along with everyone to greet the teacher.

After giving a look at strange look at Das, Teacher Rosie continued on her lecture. Everyone sat down relaxedly while opening their text books. Das and Sheela looked at each and a wide grin appeared simultaneously.

As the lecture continued, Sheela moved closer to Das and out of know where her hand landed on his crouch. Das turned his faced towards her with an amazed look... he did not expect this drama.

"Don't look at me... focus on the lecture." Sheela uttered while continuing to look forwards without any emotions.

She is acting like an obedient student with a straight face... but under the study table her hand is moving up and down. She is writing down the class notes with her left hand and her right hand is doing magic for Das.

Das tried to control his laughter while trying to act like a good student. Das little brother is already little wet because of the morning Ruth visuals. That's why Sheela's hand is moving freely without any rough patch.

Maybe Sheela got some experience after the theatre romance, she is moving her hand gently while rubbing his top portion with her thumb.

In between she wrote a sentence on the note book and showed the text to Das. After reading that sentence he smiled with a wild joy..

Chapter 92 : Five Minutes (R18+)

Note: Thank you @Ironize97 for the positive review.

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"It is larger than last time. Am I doing good?... or should I use my mouth?" Sheela wrote on the note book and showed it to Das. With a slight grin, Das wrote a reply on his notes and showed it to her.

"You are doing super good. How can you use mouth now?... teacher is looking at us." Das asked with a smiley symbol at the end.

As a reply to Das question, Sheela intentionally dropped her pen towards Das side and she bent down to pick up the pen. In the process of reaching her pen, she opened her mouth wildly and directly swallowed the stick deep inside her mouth.

She moved her head like a jerking machine and immediately got up with a pen in her hand. Das experienced a roller coaster ride in that short moment. He gripped her thighs tightly as a reaction to her sweet water mouth sucking.

Teacher Rosie looked at Das for a second as he closed his eyes for a deep moment... but she continued her lecture like nothing happened. In that one-hour lecture, Sheela dropped her pen three times. Hard thing is Das stick is still standing without any fatigue.

"I need to release the syrup; it will be painful if I hold on for longer times." Das wrote the sentence on his text book and showed it Sheela who is still pumping his little brother like an eternal warrior.

"Wait... the class will be over in five more minutes." Sheela showed the written text on her note book. Das nodded his head as a reply. Later, the class teacher discussed about the final exams before leaving the class room.

Das followed the teacher and came outside the class room. Shorty, Sheela also stepped outside without leaving any hints. Das directly entered inside the rest room in the corner. Sheela followed him with a straight face.

Even though many people saw them going towards the rest room... No one doubted their activity. Who would think that the ice queen of college is going for shaka-laka-boom-boom. That too Das had worst reputation in the college.

Das scanned the surroundings with his special vision... before entering inside the ladies' rest room. Just as he entered, Sheela dragged him inside a closed toilet room and bolted the door in a flash.

"We only have five minutes... what should I do?" Sheela asked as she tied her hair into a bun.

"Five minutes is really short..." Das replied in a complaining tone.

"Just five minutes... the next class teacher is baldie. He won't allow inside if we late for class." Sheela replied in a hissing tone. Das put on a pitiful face to convince her... five minutes is really short as he expected to at least see her wet cave.

"Tell me fast... I will do what ever you ask!..." Sheela replied while touching his cheeks like she is begging him. Das immediately thought of an idea. He sat down on the toilet seat and gestured her to kneel before him.

"It will be little forceful... are you ok with it...?" Das asked while staring right into her eyes.

"Yes... anything for you. But only five minutes." Sheela replied with sweet smile. An evil smile appeared on Das face after listening to her reply.

"Then close your eyes and open your mouth little wider." Das said as he prepared for water melon dance. He directly inserted his ninety-degree shaft inside her mouth.

Das did not let her suck it... he held her head with both hands and started moving her head against his enlarged antenna.

Sheela did not have a chance to take full breath as her head is moving like a machine gun... while rubbing his bullet casing.

Gawk... gawk...gawk...

Her throat started making weird sounds. As Das is in a sitting position, her head is directly on top of his brother... In his upgraded palms, Sheela's head looked like a small musk melon. (Ignore: Imagine Thanos and Gamora heads). Even though Das is forcing her, Sheela held on to it without complaining...

Finally, after four minutes of intense machine work, Das released the baby making syrup all over her face. Like an obedient girl she closed her eyes and let the waterfall on her face. Most of the liquid stayed on her dimples.

She also cleaned his nozzle before asking him to leave for class room. As Das left outside, Sheela cleaned her face neatly... before leaving she also cleaned her wet cave. After checking her face in the mirror, Sheela also walked inside the class room.

"Are you ok...?" Das asked as she sat beside him calmly without saying a word.

"Yeah... my head is spinning a bit. Nothing to worry." Sheela replied while holding his hand. Das felt little guilty... Every time she is helping him without any complaints. Das thought he taking advantage of her.

"Sheela, tell me what you like... I will definitely do it for you. Don't think about money, ask me anything." Das asked trying to do some justice for her hard work.

"Haha... why are you asking? Did you become a rich man?... "Sheela asked with a sweet laughter. She thought Das is asking for fun.

"Nah... trust me. I have a lot of money now. So, tell me what do want the most?" Das asked with eager looks.

"Ok, if you really have money!... buy a big car. I'm not comfortable in the toilet." Sheela whispered in his left ear. She started giggling as Das is looking at her with a shocked face. nove-1b(1n

"Leave the car matter, ask anything for you." Das asked again after moment of laughter.

"My father is also rich man. So, you don't have to buy anything for me." Sheela replied as she stood up to greet the teacher who entered inside the class room.

"One day, I will give a big present." Das whispered with a sweet smile.

Chapter 93 : Verma family from Delhi

New Delhi, Capital city,

Greater Kailash...

Inside a luxurious room on the top of a sky scrapper, a young man named Jethin is showing a brand new neckless to his girl friend Ellen.

"Is it beautiful...?" Jethin asked while showcasing the neckless to her.

"Yeah... it is. How much is it?" Ellen asked with sparkling eyes while taking the neckless from his hands.

"It's just one crore (10M Indian rupees)." Jethin replied with a disappointed face. He expected some romance after gifting this expensive neckless. But Ellen completely ignored him after seeing the neckless.

Even though Ellen's father is a servant under Jethin's father, he never forced or took advantage of her. Jethin really loved her whole heartedly.

"Jethin, it's really beautiful... Thank you." Ellen said without even looking at his face. Although Jethin got depresses, he did not voice out his opinion. He wants to marry Ellen someday... that's why he always treated her like his life partner.

Every month he will spend at least five crores on Ellen as she likes expensive gifts and rich parties. What Jethin don't know was she will do anything for luxury gifts with special edition tag.

Just as he enjoying his sweet time with Ellen, someone directly kicked the glass door of the VIP room and barged inside. Two large sized men entered inside the room and stood at the door as an entry guard.

After a short delay an old man entered inside while walking with the help of a long stick which is decorated with gold dragon.

"Father, why are you here? You should have called me?" Jethin greeted the old man who entered inside the room. The old man completely ignored Jethin, he sat on the sofa in a slow motion. *nove-1b(1n*

"Send the girl outside... we need to talk." The old man ordered as he placed the cane in his hand on the table. Jethin immediately gestured Ellen to wait outside.

"Father, what happened? Why are looking worried?" Jethin asked with a questioning look.

"Did you move the money from Swiss bank...?" The old man asked with a straight face. His sixty years of wrinkled face did not let him express his anger. Jethin became silent after listening his dad's question.

"Tell me Jethin, did you move the money from Swiss bank...?" The old man asked while staring right at Jethin.

"Yes, father. I moved seven thousand crores from your Swiss bank. Sorry father, I should have informed you." Jethin replied in a depressed tone.

"Son, it's ok if you don't inform me. AhhA... But the thing is where did you spend that money!? AhhA... This time you really made a huge mistake." The old man said while controlling the deep cough.

"Father, you don't need to worry, I did not waste that money." Jethin replied hurriedly as he moved closer to the old man.

"Jethin, even if you use that money... I won't be depressed. But you did the worst thing." The old man yelled loudly.

"Father, what are you talking!?... I invested that money for future... why are you blaming?" Jethin asked in an arrived tone.

For this sixty-year-old man, Jethin is the only heir... that is why he always pampered Jethin from child hood. Because of that reason the old man is patiently dealing with Jethin even though he spoiled seven thousand crores.

"You gave that money to Shetty family in Mumbai. Do you call that investment? We lost a ten percent of our wealth because of your stupidity." The old man announced in a retort while controlling his anger.

"Father, the Shetty family promised brothel business and money laundering business for me. The Mumbai city has port area... our business will grow several times if we had control in that city." Jethin gave a justifying explanation. But the anger on the old man face increased after listening to his proud explanation.

"You idiot!... The brothel and money laundering are in the hands of Reddy family. Why are fishing in those troubled waters?" The old man questioned in a fretting tone.

"Father, don't worry, the situation is different now. We had a great chance to take Mumbai into our hands." Jethin said hurriedly while trying to convince his old man.

"Hmmhh... Jethin, I already know about the situation in Mumbai. The rivalry between Reddy family and Shetty family and all other things involved in this feud, the blood duel... I know every fucking thing."

The old said in a loud smirk. As Jethin is staring at him with wide eyes, the old man continued his lecture.

"Yesterday night, the Shetty family lost more than two hundred fighters. All of them are recruited with our money. Do you know that?..." The old man questioned with blood shot eyes. Jethin took a long time to understand what his father is saying.

"Not only the money, Last night, the eight fighters whom you sent personally to the Shetty family also found dead." The old added as Jethin is looking at him with a dumbfounded face.

"Father, what are you talking...? When did this happen?... I personally recruited those fighters from the top ranks of Zebra organisation. Jethin asked with a confused look.

Phat***

The old man stood up and delivered a loud slap.

"From now on, do not involve in the matters related to Shetty family. from here on, I will take care of those troubled waters... so stay away from Mumbai." The old man declared while walking outside.

Jethin's girlfriend Ellen is hearing this entire conversation through her second phone. She had an angry look on her face as she found out that Jethin messed up seven thousand crores of her future wealth.

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Mumbai... Das is raiding his bike towards the brothel house after completing his classes. The next two days were gone peacefully without any surprises. Everyone is talking about Shetty's family loss in the last two days.

Das spent his time busily in the class rooms and training centre.

Of course, he also brought a new Range Rover which has ample space. Das also customised seating with a comfortable seating with reclining bed like structure.

Note: There is a big announcement tonight along with a bonus chapter. Stay tuned. By the way remember this Ellen character... she had a funny part in future. Don't ask for hints. :-P

Q: What do you think about the number of female characters?... According to the story, there is still a large number of girl characters need to be introduced. Should i reduced the number of girl characters? ""Please comment your opinion"" as people are getting confused with the lady characters

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Chapter 94 : Random thoughts (Bonus)

Announcement: Web Novel offered me a contract today. That means my work is going to be premium in few days. I'm releasing this bonus chapter to celebrate our success. As for the power stones bonus, it will delivered as usually.

In this happy time, I want to thank few members who supported this book from the starting...

Thank you @Lemon_Square, @ArvindDel, @jose_1992, @taanish, @rackson, @Gp_Vaa.

You all supported this book from the starting chapters with power stones and comments... Thank you so much.

I think i missed few people... I will definitely mention their names in the next chapters.

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Three days after the incident of massacre at Shetty family training centre, City college,

Mumbai.

At evening five o'clock.

Das stood in the college parking lot along with Sheela. Before them a brand-new Range Rover is parked with new decorations.

"Hey, how much time should I wait?..." Sheela asked with an annoying tone as Das closed her eyes with his right-hand palm.

"Just a second, we are almost here." Das said while taking her near the car.

Surprise...

Das said as he removed his right-hand palm which is covering her entire face. Sheela immediately opened her eyes eagerly.

Sheela took a moment to stare at the brand-new car before her eyes. Even though she asked for a car... she never expected that Das would really do that.

"How much is it?" Instead of feeling joy... Sheela questioned him with a serious face.

"Don't worry about the price... look at the car Do you like it?" Das asked with a sweet smile.

"No... it is a range rover, tell me how much money you wasted because of me?" Sheela asked with a teary eyes.

"Hey... hey, stop blaming yourself. If you cry like this... people will think that I'm forcing you into something." Das said loudly, trying make her laugh.

But Sheela still continued to look depressed. With an impatient face, Das directly dragged inside the car and locked the door. As he customised the glasses for privacy, there is no risk of someone peeking inside.

"Why are you not believing me. Didn't I say that I have a lot of money... At present I'm richer than your father." Das said seriously while holding her cheeks.

"Hehe... nice joke. Don't try to fool me. Do you even know how much wealthy is my father?" Sheela asked with a playful laughter.

"I don't know about your father... But, trust me that I have a lot of money." Das said while poking his finger on her dimple.

"Hey, don't touch me like that..." Sheela replied while covering her cheeks.

"Ok... now tell me, did you like the car?" Das asked as he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Yeah... it's really big with good space. The seats are comfortable too. I like it..." Sheela replied with a sweet smile.

"Now you like it more." Das said as he switched on the recliners. Slowly the seats moved back to ninety degrees and a flatbed formed inside the spacious car.

"Wah... It's really comfortable here." Sheela said as her body laid beside Das on the flat seat bed.

Das felt little happy after seeing her sweet smile... He sat in the car show room for three hours patiently to customise this bed.

"From now on this is our place." Das said as he leaned on her face to kiss her lips. Sheela did not reject his action and let his tongue inside without any resistance.

As the cold air circulating inside the car, Das continued to taste her sweet lips. He locked her tongue with a deep sucking and enjoyed the taste of her sweet mouth.

Gradually his hand moved from her face to lower mountains. He slowly massaged her petite mounds without giving a chance to breath. He removed her middle shirt button and inserted his hand skilfully inside her brasier.

Just as he pinched her baby pink nipple, Sheela phone started ringing with a thundering noise and coincidentally, Das mobile also began ringing like a loud speaker.

Even though Das tried to ignore the ringing noise, Sheela stood up like a startled fish after seeing the caller id.

"Das, my father came to pick me up. I need to go. Bye." Sheela directly kissed him on the cheek and left the car in a flash. Of course, she arranged her clothes neatly before getting down from the car. With a disappointed mood, Das stayed alone inside the car.

As the mobile is still ringing like a morning chicken, Das picked up the call.

"Das, my father is conducting big meeting with all supporters... he also asked me to invite you for the meeting." Das heard a sweet voice of Luna while enjoying the cool breeze from the air conditioner.

"Why is he conducting a meeting now? Is there anything important?" Das asked in a questioning tone.

"Hmmhh... I already guessed that you will forget about this important matter. Tomorrow is the day of peace meeting. Abdullah family already sent invitations for both families." Luna explained with a serious tone.

"Hey, why are you talking like that? Did anyone upset you?" Das asked questioningly as Luna is speaking little unusually.

"Idiot... you are the one who upset me. Do know how many days it is?!... You didn't even come to visit me once." Luna yelled loudly and directly disconnected the call without listening to his reply.

Hey... hey... n0ve)ℓb-1n

Das called out for Luna... But only a beep sound came from the other end.

"What a silly girl, I should do something... Otherwise, she will act like a little witch." Das muttered while thinking about the meeting at Reddy family villa. Das lied on the car seats for half an hour as the thought of Leela is disturbing his mind.

He did not understand the link between Leela and the organisation which came to clean up the massacre at the Shetty family training centre.

"Next time, I need to ask Maria about the details of that organisation and also need to check the background of this Leela."

Her acting is perfect in the role of the receptionist... even Das took a moment to recognise her at the training centre as she came to clean up.

"I don't know how many days I can hide in this low life... things are changing pretty fast. One day the hidden family will come after me and you. But before that I need to find a good support to protect you and also me." Das uttered while looking at the baby's face on his mobile screen.

Stella sent the picture of the playing baby as Das instructed her to send baby pictures for every half an hour. On the mobile screen his face is reflecting on the glass screen. Das is staring deeply at his eyes as its colour is matching with the left eye of the baby.

"Maybe that mountain goat spirit is the reason for this sky-blue colour of our eyes. Then how did you get the golden-brown eyes?!" Das questioned as he sat alone in the new Range Rover.

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Chapter 95 : Meeting

"Das, where are you...? The meeting is going to start soon." Luna cried out from the other end.

"Half an hour more..." Das replied while driving through the busy streets of Mumbai. As he is driving a big size car, it is taking more time for him to reach the Malabar Mountain area from his college.

"Whatever... come fast." Luna yelled before disconnecting the call.

"Haaa... what a headache." Das exclaimed as he honked the car horn with an irritating look. "Bike is the best thing on Mumbai Roads." Das thought as he increased the car speed on the highway road.

Finally, Das reached the Reddy family villa after a hectic journey. He parked the car outside villa gate and directly walked on his feet. Maybe because of the large size meeting, the entire villa of the Reddy family is filled with all type of luxury cars without any space for parking.

By the time Das entered inside the meeting hall... the patriarch already started his meeting speech. The old man who sat beside the patriarch at the head of the table, gestured Das to come closer.

The old man asked Das to sit across him where Luna reserved a seat beside her. At first some of the supporters among the guests remembered Das, but after seeing his strange eyes and body structure, they thought Das is a different person.

"What happened to your eyes?" Luna asked immediately after Das sat down beside her.

"We will talk about later." Das replied while shifting his focus on to the meeting contents.

"Gentlemen, it is sure that the Shetty family is going to offer peace tomorrow. Now the ball is in our court, the outcome of the peace meeting is in our hands. The event of the blood duel will depend our decision... what do you think about it? Should we accept their peace with a compensation or challenge them to a blood duel?"

The patriarch asked with a cheering smile. He never expected that the Shetty will suffer a big loss... that too they lost all their fighters. That is why he is laughing happily while delivering a proud speech.

The patriarch is thinking the victory is in his hands as the Shetty family patriarch lost his own son and a brother in single night. But Das thought differently on this matter. While Das is thinking deeply on this matter, the supporters started announcing their opinions about tomorrow's peace meeting.

"Patriarch, this is a golden opportunity for us. We can completely annihilate the Shetty family with a blood duel." One of the family members of the Reddy

family said loudly with a proud face. Most of the members who sat in the first row supported his suggestion.

But an old man who sat among the business people opposed his suggestion.

"Patriarch, it is best to take a compensation from the Shetty family. Because of this blood duel, many business sectors are suffering with lack of funds and most of the black-market activities are shut down as we need to submit the market rights to Abdullah family on tomorrow's peace meeting." The old man explained patiently with a worried expression.

Business people are the true donators of the money for this challenge, that's why it is natural for them to oppose this blood duel. The argument continued among the supporters of the Reddy family. Das leaned towards the old man who is deeply thinking about the opinions of his family supports and members.

"What is it?" The old man asked as he turned his attention towards Das.

"The Shetty family won't agree for peace tomorrow. I'm hundred percent sure that they will still challenge us to the blood duel." Das said in a whispering tone. The old man stared at Das face for a long before falling into a deep thought.

"Why are you so sure about it? Didn't the Shetty family lose two hundred fighters and close family members recently." The old man asked with raised eye brows.

"What you are saying is true. But the Shetty family had a backer now." Das replied while staring right into the old man eyes. The old man thought about Das words for a long time before gesturing the patriarch to sit down.

"What is it father?" The patriarch asked as he leaned closed to the old man. The old man passed on the same news to his son Michael.

"Das, who is the backer?" The patriarch asked in a whispering tone.

All the supporters who came to attend the meeting are watching the patriarch with a curious look as he completely ignored about the meeting. Ember, the chief minister daughter who also came to attend Das meeting got irritated as she was ignored completely.

"Hey Das, why are you whispering your opinion to the patriarch? we are all the supporters and members of the Reddy family... you should announce your opinion loudly." Ember said with a proud look like a dictator.

Many people also voiced out in support for Ember as she is the daughter of the chief minister. Das gave a silly look to Ember and continued to discuss things with the old man and the patriarch. Ember felt humiliated as Das looked down on her completely.

"Father-in-law, this is not a good manners to ignore your guests. You allowed an outsider to sit on the same seats of your family members and now you completely ignored your supporters who came to discuss about the peace meeting." Ember said loudly as she stood up to condemn Das.

"Miss Ember, I'm discussing an important information with patriarch... don't blame him with unnecessary tags." Das replied as the patriarch is feeling head ache because of the Shetty family matter as well as Ember's firing.

"If it is important matter... you should share with everyone. These are all the supporters of the Reddy family." Ember announced in a retort.

"Ahhh... I need to spank this brainless girl. Why don't she think for a bit before shouting like a loud speaker." Das thought before replying to Ember who is staring at him with an angry look.

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Note: Thank you for reading... if there are any desktop readers... I suggest that please switch to mobile app as you get daily login benefits to read the book freely in the future. Thank you everyone for your support.