

# THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

## Chapter 15 The Hobby Aims at Lunchtime (Please follow and support ~)

Fengter and Wiggins left No. 2 Cork Street.

On the table of the Spirit Medium Parlor, twenty gold notes appeared, along with a promise that seemed to have no limits.

Of course, Arthur merely put the money into his wallet.

And that promise?

He wouldn't take it seriously.

Perhaps Wiggins was quite willing to help him with a little trouble, but when it came to real life-threatening issues, it would be good enough if the other party didn't betray him.

Even then, if such minor troubles were dealt with too often, the other party would start to complain.

What about the fear he's feeling now?

That would fade with time; fear that seemed lethal now, what about in a month, six months, or a year?

People are forgetful creatures.

This is true when facing fear.

And even more so when facing gratitude.

If you aren't aware of this and assume you ought to be appreciated, then you're in big trouble; you might even get skinned alive, and that day would become a festival for the skinners.

Arthur knew all of this.

So, he wouldn't take it seriously. He would only use interests to establish a somewhat closer relationship with Wiggins.

To put it simply, a mutual exchange of needs.

'If only there were such a thing as a real contract!' Arthur sighed to himself.

To Arthur, there was no need for a so-called slave contract. A simple contract of mutual trust in forming a team would be an excellent choice.

While thinking this to himself, Arthur smiled as he escorted Scott to the door.

Unlike Fengter and Wiggins, Scott could be considered a friend—at the current stage, a friend Arthur greatly relied upon.

After all, most of the XP he acquired required the other's help.

"The first and second of the three special issues will be sent out this afternoon and evening, and the third tomorrow morning. I can't wait to see everyone's reactions!" Scott said with excitement.

"I believe it will be an event that, even ten or twenty years later, the people of South Los will talk about fondly. They will recognize me, 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos, and they will remember you, the great journalist Scott," Arthur said very seriously.

And this seriousness affected Scott.

The young journalist excitedly clenched his fist, assuring Arthur.

Arthur smiled, reminding him,

"Remember, tonight."

"Leave it to me!" The young journalist nodded vigorously, assured Arthur, and then ran towards West Mok Avenue to catch a better horse carriage.

Arthur watched as the other's figure completely disappeared before he finally closed the door.

He was also ready to leave.

He was going out for lunch.

After the malicious visit from Dockler, the revelation of Police Chief Lauke as the 'Axe Murderer', discussion about the special issues with Scott, and the side issues with Fengter and Wiggins, it was definitely lunchtime now.

He was certain that Marinda Julius Caesar wouldn't choose lunchtime to send the real thank-you gift with the carriage driver.

Carrying the Spirit Medium Box and donning his top hat, Arthur walked from Cork Street towards West Mok Avenue.

In the memory of his predecessor, several good restaurants had opened recently on West Mok Avenue, helmed by chefs from Inner Bay. Perhaps the food they served would meet the requirements to gain XP.

The original Cork Street was six hundred meters long during the Empire, but after becoming remnants of its former glory and enduring the Seven Years' War, Cork Street was reduced to less than two hundred meters and was sandwiched between Dar Alley and West Mok Avenue. Still, it remained the top choice for the middle class of South Los.

Not only because it was close to the bustling West Mok Avenue, but also because the road was good.

In the old days of the Empire, much effort was put into road construction. Although time had eroded the curbstones, making them uneven and cracked in many places, even so, they were still much better than most roads, which were dusty on sunny days and muddy when it rained.

Even the emergence of West Mok Avenue was due to it taking over much of the original Cork Street.

Arthur stood on tiptoes, carefully stepping over the rain-filled cracks without stopping. His gaze, however, was drawn to a two-wheeled food cart with a canopy.

Not just because the cart's canopy was painted in red and white stripes, standing out starkly against the overall gloominess of the street, but also because in the memory of his predecessor, there had been no food cart at this location.

'Newly opened?'

'Chose a good spot!'

'The food must be good too!'

Smelling the rich aroma of meat, Arthur praised internally.

The food cart in front of him was positioned just as Cork Street was about to enter West Mok Avenue. Whether it was people heading from Cork Street to West Mok Avenue or those strolling along West Mok Avenue, the food cart caught their attention. The rich scent of fried meat served as the best guide.

Arthur stopped in front of the cart, eyeing the little blackboard that stood there—

Eivor's Mobile Snack Stand (Inherited from Ancestral Craftsmanship)

Fried Meat (3 Zeroes)

Fried Fish (2 Zeroes)

...

Grilled Pineapple (5 Zeroes)

Special 1: Barley Sauce Sandwich (6 Zeroes each)

Special 2: Cupcake (8 Zeroes each)

Special 3: Orange Juice (1 Zero per cup, cup deposit 1 Zero)

...

The prices scared off most commoners, but compared to the cost of dining in West Mok Avenue's restaurants, it was extremely cheap. This pretty much guaranteed that business would be good in the future.

Arthur looked curiously at the owner,

a chubby fellow in a clean chef's uniform, all smiles and approachable.

Noticing Arthur's gaze, he immediately called out.

"Customer, what can I get for you?"

"Grand opening, everything 20% off!"

Arthur's eyes swept over the fried meat, fried fish, grilled pineapple, barley sauce sandwiches, cupcakes, and orange juice. Without any fuss, he pulled out 2 Zeroes.

"One of each."

It wasn't that he was greedy.

He just wanted to taste it.

It was like trying the appetizers before the main course.

He had inherited the memories of his predecessor indeed, but the images from those memories couldn't bring the actual taste.

That kind of elusive experience could never compare to the real feeling of food entering the mouth.

What's more, previously, to maintain the 'Spirit Medium's' mystery, they rarely dined out. The Kledos Family's food was mostly Old Charlie's cooking.

His predecessor was very curious about the outside world's delicious food.

So was Arthur.

Eivor watched as the 2 Zeroes were handed over, his smile growing even wider, his eyes squeezed into mere slits.

He hadn't expected a stroke of luck on his first day of business.

After taking the money, the chubby proprietor immediately started preparing Arthur's order.

The fried fish and meat were fresh from the fryer, the grilled pineapple got another coat of syrup, the biggest barley sauce sandwich was picked out, the cupcake chosen was fully frosted without falling apart, and the orange juice was served in two cups.

"This one's on the house!"

The plump owner said with a grin, pointing to one of the wooden cups filled with orange juice.

"Thank you."

Arthur said his thanks and then stood to the side of the stall, ready to finish it all before heading to West Mok Avenue. After all, the wooden cup was not free—it had a deposit.

Moreover, carrying these foods into a restaurant would attract unnecessary trouble; Arthur did not want to be mistaken for someone trying to cause a disturbance.

As for whether he could eat more after finishing them?

A physique 1.6 times that of a common man brought him not just strength and speed, but also a very good stomach.

Arthur believed he had no problems.

But when he bit into the cupcake—a product he found most appealing—Arthur's face instantly changed.

Sweet!

Way too sweet!

Sickeningly sweet!

Almost instinctively, Arthur was about to spit out the cupcake he had just taken a bite of, but a long-standing habit forced him to gulp it down.

Then, without a change in expression, he downed the orange juice in one go.

Sour!

A sourness that made his scalp tingle!

It was so sour he felt his teeth might dissolve!

Fortunately, Arthur had just consumed something incredibly sweet, and the strong sour flavor began to neutralize the cloying sweetness; otherwise, his facial features would have been contorted by now.

"Pack it up, pack it up!"

Arthur pointed to the remaining food and mumbling unclearly, laid 1 Zero on the stall. His eyes briefly revealing a rare hint of existential doubt.

It wasn't until he walked onto West Mok Avenue, basking in the sunshine, that Arthur came back to his senses.

With a lingering sense of alarm, he looked over his shoulder at the waving, smiling proprietor and then turned away, quickening his pace.

Once he was sure the chubby owner couldn't see him, Arthur placed the food and the wooden cup filled with orange juice into the hands of a begging man at the roadside.

Without waiting for the beggar to thank him, knowing full well he was just avoiding waste and didn't deserve any thanks, Arthur quickly headed to a nearby restaurant.

After trying the cupcake and orange juice, Arthur wisely decided to give up on tasting the rest—even if they seemed perfectly normal.

'Eivor's ancestral skills are truly frightening!'

'I hope it's normal here!'

Arthur thought to himself, looking at the restaurant in front of him, embellished with flowers, appearing to be quite expensive. It was also one of the new restaurants from his predecessor's memory, with a blackboard displaying today's chef's specials—

Welcome to White Rose Restaurant!

Today's Chef's Recommendation: Haggis!

...