

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 16: Invitation!

In the afternoon, the radiant sunlight cast a glow on the glass display of the White Rose Restaurant, making it even more bright and resplendent. This was further augmented by luxurious touches—fresh white roses were no cheap affair in South Los, one had to venture out to a specialized estate outside the city to purchase them.

Moreover, rumors stated that the head chef was from the largest restaurant in Inner Bay, "Clark's Diamond."

With such a backdrop, the White Rose Restaurant naturally attracted the pedestrians on West Mok Avenue.

People cast curious, investigative glances at the newly opened establishment, but that was all.

As for entering?

That would not happen.

The White Rose Restaurant had prices as extravagant as its decorations, especially the chef's recommended specialties, which were frankly prohibitive.

Who knew what such dishes tasted like?

They must be delicious!

No!

They are charming!

Every passerby who walked past the White Rose Restaurant thought so.

Suddenly—

Ding-a-ling!

The wind chimes rang as the door of the White Rose Restaurant opened and under the gaze of many, a figure rushed out of the restaurant.

Of course, that wasn't what attracted people most.

The most captivating scene was when this figure placed the takeout food into the arms of a roadside beggar.

"Who is that?!"

"Isn't that a bit wasteful?!"

"No!"

"It's generosity!"

"Truly a generous lord!"

Amid the astonished cries behind him, Arthur ran faster and faster, covering his mouth. He feared that if he ran any slower, he might end up slaughtering the restaurant's chef and perhaps blow up the White Rose Restaurant as well.

Whoever made lamb tripe with lamb offal and lamb filling so unpalatable?

Not to mention the strong smell of offal, and the cleaning of the lamb offal was also inadequate, especially since the lamb intestines weren't cleaned properly. Yet, they had the shamelessness to declare it all-natural?

"I curse your nerve! This swindler!"

Arthur cursed darkly in his mind.

If at the moment the haggis was served, Arthur still could deceive himself with the excuse "It doesn't look appetizing, but maybe it tastes good", once he had

cut open the lamb tripe and the mixed contents of offal and lamb fat came oozing out and he took a bite, that reasoning no longer stood.

Because, it was too unpalatable.

Worse than what he made himself.

At least he knew offal should be cleaned properly and heavily seasoned.

Of course, these matters were no longer important for Arthur now.

The important thing was that he still had a mouthful of that so-called haggis in his mouth.

He wanted to spit it out, yet felt that he shouldn't.

Yet, swallowing it down made him uncomfortable.

And just holding it in his mouth was even worse.

Ultimately, he gritted his teeth...

And spat it out.

A long-held good habit was broken, darkening Arthur's complexion even more. Unconsciously, he turned his head back toward the White Rose Restaurant, his eyes flickering with a dangerous gleam.

Arthur never claimed to be a good person.

He would eat anything, but he never took losses.

This time he was clearly bamboozled, and he thoroughly remembered this White Rose Restaurant.

He planned to properly repay them in kind.

But, not now.

There were too many people around now.

And, there wasn't enough time.

Lunch time was nearly over, and he remembered that Marinda Julius Caesar's driver was due to send a true gesture of gratitude.

Without further delay on West Mok Avenue, Arthur wisely chose to bypass "Eivor's Mobile Snack Cart" and took another alley back to Cork Street.

Following his memory of the positions of the butcher's shop, bakery, vegetable and fruit store, and cheese shop, Arthur visited each store to buy the food he needed—under normal circumstances, this wasn't necessary, all he had to do was submit a list of desired groceries to the shop assistant in the morning, and the food would be delivered at lunch, dinner, or the specified time, the bill being settled monthly.

For a long-time resident of Cork Street like the Kledos Family, settling the bill quarterly was even an option.

Carrying a basket borrowed from the bakery, Arthur took the filled food and sorted it back into the cabinet. After which, he handed the basket back to the waiting bakery assistant at the door.

At the same time, he gave 2 Zeroes.

This was the tip for just running errands, usually 1 Zero was enough, but the situation just now was unique, as the apprentice who had just been sent to the bakery had followed him along many roads to buy food.

Thus, Arthur, drawing from his predecessor's memories, gave an additional Zero.

"Thank you, sir, you are truly generous."

It should be that the baker's apprentice came from a civilian family in Old Town South Los; his face lit up with excitement, and after showering thanks, he finally skipped away, basket in hand.

The civilians in New Town are wealthier and more willing to send their children to positions requiring more education in the Shire District, especially if they can learn things like bookkeeping, which is ideal.

Only the civilian families in Old Town would opt for the hard labor type apprenticeships.

And this was already quite decent.

At least they had scraped together the money for the apprenticeship.

Those who hadn't?

Many would end up like their forebears, heading to the docks, depending on their bodies to gather enough money for their household to fund an apprenticeship.

Of course, that might be for their sons or even grandsons.

Or they might never see it happen.

South Los has more opportunities than other places, but it is also far crueler, one misstep can lead to the unhappiest of scenes.

An accident, a disease could shatter what seemed like a stable family.

"Good luck!"

Arthur watched the apprentice leap joyously away, thinking silently in his heart, then his gaze drifted towards the end of Cork Street leading to Dar Alley.

A familiar horsed carriage appeared there.

Arthur stood at the doorway without closing the door, waiting.

The coachman Edwin obviously saw Arthur as well, and immediately quickened the pace with a flick of the reins.

"Lord Kledos, you've been waiting."

More polite than in the morning, Edwin hopped down from the carriage and jogged to Arthur, bowing slightly before handing over an invitation letter with both hands.

After a glance at the driver, now noticeably more respectful, Arthur was well aware that this was the result of his previous confrontation with Police Chief Lauke.

It was not about bullying the good and fearing the evil.

It was merely the proper deterrence of daring to shoot a police chief.

Even if that police chief deserved it.

Naturally, many people would think he was young and impulsive.

But wasn't that the effect Arthur wanted?

Youthful and impulsive, ready to act!

Thinking this, Arthur's gaze turned to the invitation letter.

The invitation was wrapped in black silk, sealed with a wax stamp bearing a moon pattern, known to anyone with some significance in South Los as representing something specific.

"Lady of the Eternal Night"!

Arthur accepted the invitation without any resistance.

Firstly, it suited the identity of Arthur Kledos.

Secondly, he believed that there, he could gain more XP.

"This Saturday, there is a gathering, and I will come to fetch you!"

"Looking forward to your arrival!"

"And...within Lauke's household's secret room, we've found those hard-to-dispose-lost items!"

After saying this, Edwin bowed again but did not linger, merely stating that he needed to report back to his master before departing.

"Master, not employer?"

"Does he have a noble status?"

Compared to that former police chief, Arthur was more concerned about this lady.

But then, he shook his head.

These were temporarily irrelevant to him, what he needed now was more XP.

The rest?

That could wait for another day.

Thinking this, Arthur prepared to close the door and cook.

But just at that moment, Arthur felt a gaze on him.

Without making a sound, Arthur glanced over with the corner of his eye.

Immediately, a chill ran down his spine.