

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 4: One of the Two! (Please Favorite~ Please Support~)

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In the early morning, the rain that had fallen all night began to pour down even harder.

The people of South Los were already used to this.

Many people from other places in South County would call South Los "the Port in the Rain," and those haughty Inner Bay people would sometimes scornfully refer to the people of South Los as "Rain People."

In response, most South Los people would choose to ignore this, while a few South Los people would smile as they threw those daring Inner Bay people into the river, some even tying stones to their bodies.

Arthur knew from his past-life memories that his uncles, Winters and Drake, and his aunt Cassandra, were such people.

Of course, the former self was the same.

And this trait was completely "inherited" from Grandpa Old Charlie.

Arthur had "seen" in the memories of his former self, his grandfather warning his uncles, Winters and Drake, not to cause trouble, while kicking the Inner Bay person who slapped Aunt Cassandra into a dry well. After shouting "The Kledos Family sends their regards," he covered the well.

What then?

Naturally, he claimed that there was an evil spirit in the dry well that required six weeks of exorcism.

"'Spirit Medium'... quite a convenient profession indeed!"

Standing in front of the stove, Arthur let out such a sigh and then, recalling his actions from the previous night, he nodded slightly and murmured to himself, "Truly, teaching by word and example!"

He did not intend to deceive the journalist.

He was just trying some methods to gain XP for "Omnivorous."

At this moment, naturally—

Two eggs cracked into the frying pan.

The moment the eggs touched the hot pan, they immediately sizzled in the grease, the separation of yolk and white distinct. When sprinkled with some black pepper, the aroma of the food was so enticing it relaxed Arthur, who had hardly slept the previous night.

After taking the two fried eggs out and placing them on a ceramic plate, he picked up the ham and slices of bread that had been prepared earlier and walked towards the dining room.

The kitchen and dining room were connected by a large square table. In the memories of his former self, during festivals, the table at the Kledos home would be filled with food, with the whole family gathering around. Then, as Grandpa Old Charlie announced the start, everyone would raise a toast.

This did not include the younger former self, who could only drink juice or water.

Although the former self was very curious about alcohol, facing Grandpa Old Charlie's strict prohibition, no one dared to offer any alcoholic beverages to the youngest member of the Kledos family.

Want a drink?

You'd have to be an adult, at least.

And even then, moderation was required; you could not become addicted to alcohol.

These festive meals were the happiest moments in the memories of his former self.

But everything changed with the disappearance of Uncle Winters three years ago.

The family meals continued, the laughter remained, but the joy was much diminished.

Everything seemed to be shrouded in gloom.

"The Demon Lurking at Beck Farm,' huh?"

Arthur murmured softly, thinking about the incident that caused Uncle Winters to disappear.

He did not know the specifics.

He only knew that at that time, Old Charlie himself went there and, two months later, returned with a somber face; he stopped the search and forbade any talk about Winters, as well as forbidding Drake and Cassandra to go near the place.

The former self was heartbroken for a long time.

And this also led to Drake leaving home.

Even Cassandra's decision to go to a girls' school was because of this incident.

But this had nothing to do with the current Arthur.

He was just enjoying the breakfast he had made himself.

Breaking open the yolk of one of the fried eggs, the runny yolk flowed out, and a thick slice of ham was promptly dipped into it.

The rich taste of the meat and the semi-cooked egg yolk blended together, creating a savory experience that made Arthur chew with gusto.

Unfortunately, this was not considered a delicacy.

At least not by "Omnivorous."

XP did not increase.

"No good, huh?"

Arthur, who had failed in his attempt, was not annoyed; he was quite aware of his own culinary skills.

Although his mind was full of methods to cook delicious food, these recipes existed only in his head, never put into practice.

Not breaking the eggs during frying was already lucky.

One path was blocked.

Arthur had another way: publishing in the newspaper.

Last night, he had received an interview from Scott, an intern journalist with the Horn Report.

And the latter had assured that today's Horn Report would feature a story about "Spirit Medium" Arthur Kredos—this young man deeply believed in mysticism and had first gotten to know Old Charlie because of this, and it was for this reason that he had chosen him to prove himself.

The former self believed in him.

So naturally, he did as well.

And the intern journalist did not disappoint Arthur—

"Extra! Extra!"

"'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos successfully drives away the evil spirit at No. 333 Russell Street!"

The newspaper boy's clear call reached No. 2 Cork Street.

A hint of surprise appeared on Arthur's face.

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He had originally thought his deeds would be reported in the second or third section of the Horn Report, or even in the least noticeable corner, but he didn't expect to be included in a supplement issue.

"It seems last night truly made an impression on Scott!"

Arthur thought, with the corners of his mouth turning up involuntarily, his anticipation growing by the moment.

He wasn't worried about the special issue of the Horn Report not selling.

Although there were fewer people in South Los who could read and write than those who would toss people from Inner Bay into the river, the newspaper never worried about sales.

Because, those literate people were not stingy about spending 5 Zeroes to showcase their distinction.

They considered it a matter of dignity.

Others recognized this dignity as well, not just because these people could read, but because 5 Zeroes could buy half a jin of coarse flour, enough to feed the adult men in a family for a day if exchanged for white flour or potatoes.

Most families in South Los earned between 2 to 3 Suo a day.

That was the amount fathers and adult sons could earn by heading to the docks, shops, and marketplaces to work all day, while the underage children did odd jobs alongside their mothers.

Simply put, that was an ideal state of affairs.

More often than not, they couldn't earn that much.

Because odd jobs were not stable.

Because the main breadwinners, the husbands and sons, would fall ill.

Sometimes accidents and other incidents occurred.

Therefore, families in South Los would do everything in their power to gather enough money to secure an apprenticeship for one of their sons, offering more job security.

As for reading and writing?

Like the rest of the people in South County, those in South Los generally considered it a luxury.

A typical family in South Los could save enough for an apprenticeship fee in about three years.

As for the tuition fee to learn to read and write?

That would take 10 years.

And that's without spending on anything else.

And this was just the basic tuition fee, not including the cost of books and pens.

Knowledge was expensive!

This was acknowledged by everyone in South County.

As Arthur went through his predecessor's memories, he found that Old Charlie not only hired a private tutor at great expense to teach the previous Arthur to read and write but also had him learn extra skills like swordsmanship, horsemanship, arithmetic, and etiquette.

All these were now apparent in his "Omnivorous" abilities.

Without a doubt, Old Charlie hoped his grandson would stand above the rest.

Simply put, he wanted him to be a 'Noble'.

Although the witch hunts on the East Coast had ended thirty years ago, and being a Spirit Medium had become safe, in comparison to those with honor and manors, the Spirit Mediums still fell far short.

Even though the newspapers kept saying 'the old-fashioned Nobles are beginning to decline, the future belongs to the Pioneers,' Old Charlie stubbornly believed having his own manor was the best choice.

However, like all teenagers entering a rebellious phase, his predecessor never listened to his elders.

As a result, he now found himself dead and replaced.

As the beneficiary of this situation, Arthur couldn't pass judgment.

He ate his breakfast in silence, and when the last bite of fried egg was gone, a prompt appeared in front of him—

[Being featured in the paper, you've gained a bit of fame, XP +1]

...

The prompt of gaining XP made Arthur's mouth turn up at the corners.

Immediately after, he could hardly wait to add the newly gained 1 XP to his [Basic Swordsmanship],

In such an unfamiliar and perilous place, to save up any XP would be irrational, even if Arthur tended to hoard, he knew that in times like these, any increase in strength was good, no matter how small.

[Basic Swordsmanship Lv2: You have mastered the basic sword moves and can apply them in real combat.]

...

The synchronization of body and knowledge completed in an instant.

His mind gained quite a lot of knowledge, and his body had adjusted; Arthur instinctively drew the longsword beside him and thrust it forward.

Whoosh, whoosh!

The blade created a cold streak of light, and while the sword move was just a basic thrust, it made a continuous whistling sound as it cut through the air.

But Arthur's brow was slightly furrowed.

Because, while the Skill Level improved, the Attributes[Physique][Spirituality]did not increase along with it.

"Is it because the basic skill tier is too low?

Or because the level increase wasn't sufficient?

Or is it because my current [Physique][Spirituality]are too high?"

Arthur couldn't be sure which it was.

But after a glance at the message that had changed to [Basic Swordsmanship Lv2 (0/5)], he knew he needed more XP.

Therefore, Arthur immediately began to ponder how to impress Scott a few more times.

And just as Arthur was thinking about Scott, outside the door of No. 2 Cork Street, this young reporter was ringing the doorbell with a look of unease—
Bell, bell-bell.