

Great Master 165

Chapter 165: Pan's Surprise!

Dear Mr. Kledos:

If you wish to know more, please wait for my carriage by the path lined with trees at midnight tonight.

Auburn

1797.9.26

...

The font was not handwritten but cut out from a newspaper.

There was no special scent on the invitation.

Clearly, the sender was very cautious.

Arthur understood this and...

found it amusing!

Arthur could receive an invitation from anyone.

Even from the Old Lion of Inner Bay, but certainly not from Auburn.

Could a dead man send out an invitation?

Possibly.

But certainly not Auburn.

No one knew Auburn better than Arthur.

Arthur knew exactly what condition Auburn was in and where he was.

After all, their current relationship meant they saw each other every day.

As Arthur looked at the black invitation with gold embossing, unknowingly placed on the gate at No. 2 Cork Street, his furrowed brow had already smoothed out—although Arthur was not sure who had sent the invitation using 'Auburn's' name.

But it was likely one of three possibilities.

First, that fellow from the Death Poetry Society.

Second, a descendant of the Bloodline Clan.

Third, someone muddying the waters.

Each of these possibilities was malevolent.

Yet, their malevolence also proved that 'Auburn' was alive and that 'Auburn' had committed murder.

This was naturally good news for Arthur!

As for the hidden dangers?

Arthur decided to employ someone more professional to handle them—

"Go to No. 6 White Bird Street, tell the lady there that her lover is waiting at No. 2 Cork Street to have dinner with her."

Arthur pulled out two Zeroes, waving at a group of children standing at the entrance to Dar Alley, eagerly watching this place.

The child who was chosen ran over quickly, visibly excited.

Especially upon seeing the two Zeroes, he even said,

"I assure you, I will deliver the message with utmost speed."

Having said that, the child turned and ran toward West Mok Avenue.

The remaining children looked dejected, having lost the opportunity to earn some pocket money, and from the most generous one—recently, the generosity and miraculousness of the owner of No. 2 Cork Street were well-known within Dar Alley.

Arthur then pulled out another Zero.

Instantly, the children's eyes were drawn once again, all of them becoming impatient.

Arthur didn't have the habit of keeping the children in suspense and directly said—

"Whoever can find the bakery apprentice Alvin for me first, this is his!"

The invitation to have Marinda come home for dinner was genuine, but who said he must cook himself?

Apart from Pendragon, no one else had tasted his real skills.

Marinda?

A fine lady and quite a good business partner, but compared to his cat?

She was somewhat lacking.

"Me! Me! Me!"

As Arthur spoke, the children raised their hands enthusiastically.

Arthur smiled and pointed towards the distant bakery.

The meaning was clear without words.

The next moment, a group of children crazily rushed towards the bakery.

By the time Arthur had just taken off his coat and let Pendragon out of the cage, Alvin had already appeared at the doorstep of No. 2 Cork Street.

The bakery apprentice rang the doorbell with a puzzled look.

Arthur then succinctly stated his needs—

"For dinner, I need some food that can entertain close guests, preferably readymade, however, good half-made ones could also work, no need for alcohol, but we'll need juice—Alvin, do you have any recommendations?"

In South Los, private kitchens were nothing unusual.

During festivals or special days when housewives were too busy, private kitchens always provided timely support.

In Shire District, almost every street had its own private kitchen.

But Cork Street was an exception.

Because the private kitchen on Cork Street was inside Dar Alley.

And from the memories of his previous self, there was no mention of this private kitchen.

Because—

At No. 2 Cork Street, Old Charlie would cook every day.

Moreover, according to his previous memories, Old Charlie seemed to have considerable culinary skills in certain dishes, always managing to create a unique feeling.

His predecessor didn't understand why his grandfather focused only on a few dishes.

Arthur, however, already had a guess.

'he tui, Old Handsome (damn) Grandpa!'

After silently cursing his grandfather in his heart, Arthur waited for Alvin's recommendation.

The bakery apprentice did not disappoint Arthur-

"Grandma Andor's kitchen can meet all your needs. She has great skills, and she's a kind person. She even used to work as a chef in a bigshot's mansion, but she resigned and returned to Dar Alley because of her age. Do you need me to take you there?"

"I'll leave it to you."

Arthur promptly took out a gold note and handed it to the bakery apprentice.

Watching the confused expression on the bakery apprentice's face, the young 'Spirit Medium' said with a smile.

"I trust your judgment concerning food as a bakery apprentice, so I'm asking you to do this food shopping—and of course, the remaining money will be your tip."

"But this is too much..."

The honest bakery apprentice, holding the gold note in his hand, walked out of No. 2 Cork Street, muttering to himself.

Clearly, the bakery apprentice couldn't imagine what kind of food a gold note could buy.

He really wanted to tell the generous 'Spirit Medium' that he was not sure he could handle it.

But seeing No. 2 Cork Street already shut, the bakery apprentice hesitated for a moment, then finally, gritted his teeth and headed towards Dar Alley—being an apprentice at the bakery on Cork Street, if he couldn't satisfy the customer, his apprenticeship would be terminated.

Especially with such reasonable requests.

Thus, the bakery apprentice had already begun racking his brains to complete the task Arthur had assigned.

About this, Arthur was very clear.

That was why he chose Alvin.

He believed that he would do his utmost.

Of course, tipping generously and being cautious were essential.

Fujin flapped its wings and followed the bakery apprentice, taking everything in.

Wuni continued to scan the surroundings from the rooftop of No. 2 Cork Street.

Only Pendragon was different.

After eating three dried fish, he curled up and fell deeply asleep in Arthur's arms.

Feeling the warm touch in his arms, Arthur squinted his eyes and began to ponder what he could exchange from Marinda with the invitation in his hand.

Give it away for free?

That was not an option!

Even if Marinda was, in a way, solving a problem for him.

'Anytime, anything, don't ever give away something for free as a 'Spirit Medium', even if you have other intentions, and even more so...

You have to set a high price!'

That's what Old Charlie had said.

His predecessor disagreed, but Arthur very much agreed.

Because he knew free things were the least cared for and the first to be discarded when crucial.

And expensive things?

They would carry weight.

They would still be considered even in crucial moments.

However, ever since learning about Old Charlie's deeds, Arthur always felt there were hidden meanings in his words.

"Ah, can't understand, can't understand."

Muttering to himself, Arthur hugged Pendragon and completely closed his eyes, and then, he simply floated up.

The usefulness of the 'Hand of Void' was undeniable.

Therefore, Arthur practiced even harder.

He needed to make himself fly faster, better, and more smoothly.

And he had to make his breathing as light as a gentle breeze.

Half a minute later—

He huffed and puffed.

Exhausted, Arthur gasped for breath and looked at Pendragon in his arms.

"Pendragon, you need to lose weight!"

"Meow???"

Pendragon turned his head, seemingly unable to believe his owner could say such a thing, his cat eyes wide open, and his mouth slightly agape.

A whisker consequently fell off.