

Great Master 166

Chapter 166: All-knowing and Nonsense!

Arthur solemnly picked up the beard and placed it into a test tube that already contained four others, then placed it all into "Atos's Box."

Afterwards, the young 'Spirit Medium' looked towards Pendragon with a smile.

"Pendragon, you're adorably chubby!"

With that, another fish snack was presented.

Pendragon chewed on the dried fish, its feline face full of confusion.

It couldn't understand why its master's attitude had changed so drastically.

However, it wasn't important, as long as it had food to eat.

Pendragon's dinner was secured, and food from Grandma Andor's Kitchen was also delivered—not just by Alvin alone, but followed by two young men pushing a cart.

From their attire, they appeared to be apprentices of some sort.

"Sir, the total comes to 9 Suo and 4 Zeroes,"

the young baking apprentice reported accurately.

"That's your tip,"

Arthur emphasized again.

This left the young baking apprentice somewhat embarrassed—not that he hadn't received tips before, but as an apprentice, tips were the only source of income for Alvin.

Most tips were usually 1 or 2 Zeroes, so 6 Zeroes all at once made him uneasy.

But Arthur didn't ask further or give any advice.

He had given the tip.

It was now Alvin's money.

He had no right to dictate how others used their money.

Arthur's gaze turned to the dinner.

Two servings of roast knuckle (each a complete pork knuckle with bone, one plain, and one with herb sauce), crispy pot beef (1600 grams of beef), potatoes stewed with onion sausages (pork main ingredient), roasted chicken with mushrooms (no less than 600 grams of chicken), grilled corn apples pears (two of each), two fried fish cakes (main ingredient yellow croaker 300 grams), stewed beet soup (cast iron pot stew), and cream of pumpkin soup (clay pot stew).

Three cream pastries, three strawberry jam pastries, three baked pineapples.

Freshly squeezed apple juice, pear juice, coconut juice (one gallon each, 2L per gallon)

Various white breads, sugar, salt, black pepper (10 grams each), butter, honey, cream (10 grams each).

After confirming the table with Arthur, the two apprentices from Grandma Andor began to set the table, placing a clean white tablecloth, a vase, and inserting fresh tulips, followed by serving and arranging the dishes.

When the exquisite fragrance mixed and hit him, Arthur deemed the meal worth more than its cost.

"We'll come back to clean up the dishes in the morning, or you can set a time,"

inquired an apprentice of Grandma Andor.

"Tomorrow morning is fine,"

Arthur decided after a moment.

"As you wish—if you have any other instructions, please let us know,"

the kitchen apprentices said respectfully and politely as they exited No. 2 Cork Street.

After greeting Alvin, they hurried back to the kitchen in Dar Alley—their rush suggesting that Arthur wasn't their only customer.

"Good night, Alvin!"

"Ah, good night, Lord Kledos!"

The young baking apprentice was still in shock and took a while to regain his composure, stuttering his response and staggering a bit on his walk back.

Arthur didn't immediately return to No. 2 Cork Street, but stood at the doorway watching the other return to the bakery—Fujin and Wuni had already spotted Marinda's conspicuous carriage.

"Good evening, Edwin!"

Arthur smiled, greeting the coachman.

"Good evening, Arthur!"

The burly coachman replied, hopping down from the carriage and opening the door.

Marinda jumped down from the carriage, still in her hunting gear but with a deep brown checkered Deerstalker Cap, her pipe lit in her hand.

Seeing Arthur standing at the door, the lady straightforwardly raised her hand.

Arthur smiled and reached out, leading the lady towards No. 2 Cork Street.

However, as soon as the door closed, the lady immediately withdrew her hand, vigorously wiping it on her clothes.

Arthur, expressionless, picked up a towel he had prepared on the side.

Both felt disgusted by their brief contact.

"Speak, what's the matter?"

Marinda asked as she walked inside, pipe in mouth.

"A new business deal,"

Arthur declared.

But Marinda, who had moved forward, noticed the exquisitely set dining table and immediately frowned, not only halting her steps but also discreetly stepping back.

"What's this business about?

If it's your grandfather who wants to officially meet me, please spare the courtesy—I'll announce in the newspaper tomorrow that our lives, our relations, are all broken off, and I have cleanly detached from you,"

the lady said earnestly.

"Hmm,"

Arthur sneered, not entertaining the woman's ludicrous words, and instead took out the black, gold-embossed invitation—unopened and laid it on the dining table.

"What is this?"

Marinda reached for the invitation but was stopped by Arthur's raised hand.

"This is an invitation from Auburn—care for a trade?"

Arthur chuckled.

"Auburn!"

Marinda narrowed her eyes, asking directly.

"What do you want?"

"The Core Mystical Arts of Cat Hole!"

"Are you joking?"

"It was you who joked with me first—I don't believe with your intelligence network you wouldn't know that my grandfather is still in Barny performing an 'Exorcism'.

Or is it that you are still holding a grudge against Fujin and Wuni?"

Arthur sneered, exposing the woman's petty schemes.

"Tch, petty man."

Marinda curled her lip, pulled out a chair, and sat down; without hesitation, she grabbed the sauce-covered roast elbow and tore into it with her teeth.

Arthur didn't mind, took the remaining one, sprinkled some black pepper on it, and began devouring it even more quickly than Marinda, grabbing the coconut juice and gulping it down.

Marinda glanced at it, then directly flipped open the crispy lid of the clay pot beef and stuffed the pastry into her mouth without leaving any.

"I licked it."

Arthur said indifferently.

Marinda coldly laughed, tore off some of the pastry from the corner of her mouth, licked it, and then held it out towards Arthur, raising an eyebrow provocatively.

"he tui!"

Arthur mocked with a sound effect.

Marinda frowned, wanting to retort, but ultimately didn't take a bite; instead of throwing the pastry in the trashcan, she set it aside.

And then, she changed the subject.

"I have a secret technique here—it can control flames, something I acquired only recently. I think you might be interested.

After all, he was just your cab driver this morning."

Her words carried a clear test, but Arthur remained unperturbed.

"They are merely pawns—haven't you found that 'Death Poetry Society' guy yet?"

Arthur said, picking up a piece of cream pastry.

"No—I suspect that guy has used the most risky method."

Marinda's eyebrows knitted together, but her hand moved towards the invitation.

This time, Arthur didn't stop her.

The lady smoothly took the invitation.

As her gaze swept over it, her brow furrowed again.

Immediately, without any contemplation, she directly asked,

"What would be your price to be the bait?"

"If I hadn't agreed with that guy, I would have set a price that satisfied me—unfortunately... as a 'Spirit Medium' I need to keep my promises."

Arthur sighed with feigned helplessness.

The gesture seemed quite fake, but oddly enough, it also felt genuine.

Even Marinda couldn't tell the difference for a moment.

As Arthur picked up another piece of cream pastry—when preparing to sell this information to Marinda, he had already thought over this issue and how to refuse.

His encounter with Jennifer this morning had given him endless inspiration; he just needed to keep acting.

Why refuse?

Arthur hadn't forgotten why he was selling the information to Marinda.

He could not bear the risk!

An unknown enemy who had sent the invitation clearly felt certain of dealing with him—successive victories had not clouded Arthur's mind; he was well aware of his own limitations.

What he knew even more clearly was: acting as bait did not imply reduced risk.

In fact, it might be even more dangerous!

Because—

In any trap, the bait is always the first to be consumed.

Only then can the fish be hooked.

Gazing at Arthur, Marinda took a puff from her pipe; only when the smoke began to spread did she, moving before Arthur could reach out, take the last piece of cream pastry.

The lady leisurely ate the pastry, while Arthur, unable to do anything, leaned back in his chair and picked up the coconut juice.

A full half minute later, the lady finished the pastry.

And just as she finished her pastry, Arthur also just finished his coconut juice.

Picking up a napkin beside her, the lady wiped her hands and then asked,

"So, what if they come to No. 2 Cork Street?"

The young 'Spirit Medium' half-leaning in the chair, softly laughed, with his left hand supporting his chin and the index finger lightly touching the corner of his eye, and his right hand tapping the chair's armrest.

Thump, thump, thump!

One after another.

Crisp and forceful.

Just like the words Arthur slowly and deliberately spoke—

"Let them come!"

Boom!

As his words fell, suddenly, a thunderclap echoed through the night; even Pendragon, who had been resting in the Cat's Nest, gave out a startled growl.

Miaow!

This moment—

Thunder lingering, the cat's howl emerging.

This moment—

Marinda Julius Caesar was also slightly taken aback.