

Menu 327

Chapter 327: Gradually Becoming Clear

The corpulent figure was desperately trying to curl itself up, hoping to hide behind the counter, but regrettably, his body was simply too large, and while he managed to conceal only his head, the greater part of his body remained exposed.

Seeming to realize the futility of his hiding, he hesitated for a moment before standing up.

His face was relatively young, though a bit balding, his body obese, his cheeks greasy, and his expression full of embarrassment.

"Sorry, I didn't do it on purpose."

"When I came here before, the door wasn't locked."

"So I came in."

He was explaining, seemingly to convince Jason, the female pastry chef, and he immediately added, "I'm Charltay. Collan, a writer!"

"I was gathering material nearby, and when I heard about the esteemed Jason, I wanted to inquire."

Jason didn't speak but just pointed to the corner of the other's mouth.

The man raised his hand and felt the remnants of cake there.

Immediately, the self-proclaimed writer's embarrassment intensified.

"I admit I'm a bit helpless when it comes to food..."

The man wanted to offer more explanations, but as Jason's expression darkened, although he didn't even release any kind of presence, the self-proclaimed writer's knees buckled.

Thump.

He fell to his knees, nearly wailing as he cried out:

"I'm wrong, I won't dare do it again."

"I'm just a mediocre writer, toiling away on manuscripts every day, but they're so poor that I earn next to nothing, I just was really too hungry and couldn't resist."

"I'm sorry."

With that, the writer burst into tears.

"Charltay. Collan?"

The female pastry chef paused, as if she recognized the name.

"You know him?"

Jason asked.

"Mmm, he used to be a columnist for the Newdeth City Daily."

"He had a bit of a reputation back then, but later, rumors said he often got sick from trying street food for material, failed to update his column, and after being mobbed by angry readers, his whereabouts became unknown."

The female pastry chef shared what she knew.

Meanwhile, the kneeling man raised his hand.

After receiving a nod from Jason, the man quickly said.

"Not missing."

"I was recovering in the hospital."

"But hospital fees were too expensive, so I had to run out halfway, hoping to start writing again, and then..."

With that, he once again looked towards Jason.

Without a doubt, Jason was a man of the moment in Newdeth City.

Not only did reporters want to interview him, but some writers also hoped to base novels, biographies, and such on him.

Charltay. Collan was one of them.

However, compared to others, this man was much more honest.

"My editor has promised me that if I can write a novel based on you, Mr. Jason, I'll be allowed back in the column, and moreover, I'll get two days off a year."

"Of course, I'm willing to give you half of my manuscript fee."

"I hope you can give me this opportunity."

The chubby man looked at Jason with pitiful eyes.

"What if you lose this opportunity?"

Jason asked.

At that moment, the man's expression turned downcast.

"If I lost this chance, I guess I'd go deep-sea fishing. Even though I'm afraid of water, heights, and the dark, at least I wouldn't starve on a fishing boat, and I could even lose weight on the side. Perhaps a slimmer me would unexpectedly become popular..."

His mouth spoke of hope, but his expression grew increasingly somber.

The kneeling man, from Jason and the female pastry chef's angle, looked entirely dejected.

"Writers, truly pitiable," the female pastry chef couldn't help but softly say.

Jason nodded in agreement.

Moreover, he had an even deeper sentiment.

"Writing books is truly a road to nowhere."

With such a sigh, Jason walked up to the man.

The man, who was wallowing in self-pity, jumped in surprise, his kneeling posture immediately slumping into a seated position.

His belly was too large to sit up straight.

Even in a slumped seat, it was only because of his elbows propping him up.

Otherwise, he would be lying flat.

"Do you have paper and pencil?"

Jason asked, looking at Charltay. Collan, who was struggling to support himself.

"You, you agreed?"

Charltay. Collan's eyes widened.

He had just thought his hope was gone.

After all, he knew he was unsightly, inarticulate, and unlikely to persuade others. If he hadn't been near starvation, he wouldn't have decided to step out of his home.

The surprise came so suddenly that Charltay. Collan was a bit slow to react.

"You don't want to?"

Jason asked in return.

"Willing! Quite willing!"

Charltay. Collan struggled to his feet, pulled a pencil and notebook out of his shirt pocket, and prepared to start writing, but Jason stopped him again.

"Writing is fine."

"But you must write as I say."

"You can polish, but you cannot change."

Jason said so.

These words made Charltay. Collan hesitate, but...

Grr!

The sound of his stomach growling made him face reality.

"Fine."

Charltay. Collan bit the bullet.

Jason was pleased with this response.

Since he wanted to gain more city recognition through the newspaper, a writer's column was naturally more suitable than a reporter's interview.

It was a long-term effect, not as explosive as an interview on the day, but it was steady and silent.

And choosing a columnist naturally meant selecting one obedient and not exaggerated.

The man before him was undoubtedly the perfect choice.