

## Menu 21

Chapter 21: Graphical Reiteration

Right in front of Jason's eyes, the familiar text began to appear again.

Alas, the hint this time was different.

[Found

"Graphical Reiteration (Passive)", Yes/No Consume 1 point of Satiety to learn?]

...

It was no longer about upgrading.

Instead, this was about learning!

Jason was surprised.

He had never thought that he would also be able to learn new skills in addition to developing his current skills.

He had always thought that he had to learn the basics of a skill first, and then rely on Satiety to improve the skill's level. The scene before him was contrary to what he had thought.

However, Jason was not happy about this.

On the contrary, he looked at the book in his hands hesitantly.

This was because it was not the first time he had encountered written records in this world.

The previous newspaper had written records as well, but, unlike this one, no hints had appeared.

Then...

Could it be that this book itself was special?

Or was it because the person who wrote it was special?

Remembering that this was from his teacher, Dan, Jason could not help but lean toward the latter conclusion.

It was because of the book that Dan had written that he became special and powerful!

Or to be precise, Dan had written powerful

“words” that had made everything powerful!

Looking at the hints for

“Graphical Reiteration”, Jason couldn’t help but think about this.

Of course, he had thought of other things.

And that was the real reason behind the change in his expression.

For example, his

“teacher”, who had doubted Jason’s identity.

There was no doubt that the other person must have had his own reason for coming to Rhode City. Because of this, the other party also had no energy left to personally verify the authenticity of his words.

But the other person was still very concerned about his disciple.

Therefore, he chose words that contained special powers to test himself.

According to what the other person had said, the knowledge recorded in these words would be able to solve the troubles he was encountering.

However, these words would not be able to be understood by ordinary people at all. At the very least, they would need help from a trained night watchman.

Jason wondered whether the so-called

“Green Grass” trial was actually related to the study of Graphical Reiterations.

Fortunately, Graphical Reiterations was unique enough!

In his heart, Jason felt relieved. Then, without further hesitation, he chose the

“Yes” option.

[Graphic Reiterations (Passive) (Foundation): Graphical Reiterations is an ancient language that only spread amongst hidden organizations and mysterious forces. According to rumors, it will be produced through corresponding combinations in conjunction with rituals. Incredible effects follow after these rituals, but these are too advanced for your level. You have only mastered its basics. At your current level, even with reading, it will be quite difficult. You will need to spend more energy to discern its meanings.]

...

Complex knowledge began pouring into Jason's mind.

This was an indoctrination that far surpassed the previous skill's energy.

As if being punched, Jason couldn't help but snort.

"What's wrong, Jason?"

The young police officer, who was standing in front of Jason, noticed something was wrong. He looked at Jason, who was suddenly pale, and he immediately stepped forward to help him.

Jason took a step back and shrugged it off.

"It's okay. I'm just too tired."

"You know, I haven't had a rest since last night."

He said.

Of course, these words were not addressed to the young police officer.

These words were addressed toward Bondy, who was walking over to them.

Compared to the young police officer, Bondy, who was already a sheriff, would not be fooled that easily. Without a reasonable explanation, Jason was worried that the other party would notice that something was amiss.

After all, when Finch had handed him the book, Bondy had been by his side the entire time.

"Sorry, Jason."

"This is my bad."

"I forgot that you have been fighting without rest."

Bondy said apologetically.

As a sheriff, Bondy was very clear about the difference between the usual staying-up-late type of work, and the staying-up-late-to-fight type of work.

The former would result in dark circles and possible baldness.

As for the latter?

The consumption of energy was beyond imaginable for ordinary people.

Almost every time, every ounce of energy would be exhausted.

Because it was like walking on a thin thread between life and death.

The slightest mistake would result in death.

How would anyone dare to not give it their all?

And Jason, who had experience with continuous fight-'til-the-death situations, must have already reached his limits.

The sheriff, who was thinking the same thing, began to reallocate the tasks accordingly.

"Leave the rest to us."

"You go take a good rest first, and I will notify you if we need any more help."

"As for tonight's patrol, I will arrange for someone else to take over, as well."

After he said that, the sheriff turned and gave a slight nod to Jason.

"Thank you."

Jason thanked him politely.

But Jason did not actually rest. He followed beside Bondy and walked towards Hall.

When he saw this, Bondy hesitated but did not say anything else.

The sheriff thought about the persistent rumours about the night watchman.

As long as the night watchman would honor his promise, it would be a success!

No matter how dangerous it was, even if you lost your life, you would try to keep the promise as best as you could.

Previously, he had only heard this as a rumour.

But now?

He figured it was real.

For a dutiful sheriff like himself, he had a lot of respect and admiration for this trait.

Alas, this did not prevent him from harboring motives toward Finch and the young police officer, to take care of the tired night watchman.

Just recently, Detective Hall already learned the layout of the entire estate from the butler and inquired with most of the servants.

"Sir, Your Excellency Jason."

"According to the butler's description, in the entire estate, only Mr. Flayton's study hall and the bedroom are connected to it, and they were not allowed to approach it without permission. Some servants even heard hissing from the study hall."

"And..."

"Mr. Flayton was abducted in his study."

After Hall gave him a rundown, he added this sentence.

Immediately, Jason and Bondy glanced at each other.

At this point, no one would regard Flayton's kidnapping case as a normal kidnapping case.

The place where the other party was abducted was naturally of top priority.

As soon as Bondy raised his hand, five capable police detectives came forth with guns, and more than twenty young police officers were scattered around, patrolling vigilantly.

"Follow me."

Bondy immediately walked toward the study.

Jason followed suit.

Finch entered the manor's main building with the five detectives.

Hall was left to command the police officers outside and was also responsible for handling and managing accidents.

However, as Jason had inferred before, there were no more monsters in the main building of the manor—only luxurious decorations.

A huge crystal chandelier, with the diameter of a round table, stretched down from the three-story staircase to the velvet carpet in the lobby. There were paintings from indiscernible periods of time, and gold-plated tables and chairs.

An erect bronze statue stood in the middle of the hall where everyone who entered would immediately see it.

There were no doubts about it; this bronze statue was that of Mr. Flayton.

From the bronze statue, Mr. Flayton was a personable, middle-aged man with a handsome appearance.

But in real life?

Who knew?

He and his party did not stay in the lobby for long, heading straight for the study on the third floor.

Cautiously opening the door of the study, everyone couldn't help but stare once they got a clear view of the situation.

The entire study was empty, with only one rectangular desk in the middle of the room.

Placed on the desk was a thick stack of paper.

With the airflow brought about by the opening of the door, the papers began to flutter with a sharp sound, like butterflies dancing, or falling white petals.

Bang!

Jason raised his hand and grabbed a piece of paper in his hand. As he looked up, his eyes narrowed.