

Menu 27

Chapter 27: The Mysterious Baptism

Right after Jason's reply was voiced, an outburst of warmth spilled from his stomach.

They became many little light spots.

They were like fireflies and were also like starlight.

Then, amid these light spots, characters were born.

S IoT Yn!

Graphical Reiterations!

These Graphical Reiterations, that were just born, began absorbing the light spots. When the light spots completely disappeared, only three groups of characters remained. Right before Jason's eyes, they radiated a sparkling brilliance.

Then, they integrated themselves into Jason's body.

When they arrived, it was through his stomach.

When they returned, it was through his heart.

The Graphical Reiterations that were attached to the wall of Jason's heart would flash once with every beat of Jason's heart.

The blood flowing out of his heart began undergoing an initial change with such flashing of Graphical Reiterations.

Jason was temporarily unable to perceive such a change like this.

But he was able to sense that there was a little bit of a difference somehow.

His vision, listening, and his brain were all gaining clarity.

The most direct change observed was pertaining to their attributes.

Right before the retina, Jason saw some prompters:

[Receiving the mysterious baptism. In the process of assessing...]

[Spirituality +0.2; Perception +0.2]

...

And below the prompters was the introduction of the [Protection from Evil (Novice)]

[Protection from Evil (novice): You require knowledge of the Graphical Reiterations and coordinate it with some hand gestures. Also, in order to stimulate this secret skill of defense against and expulsion of evil, you have to consume a massive amount of physical strength. This is a secret skill that has been inherited by generations of night watchmen, as well as members of some other forces. Acquiring this skill will mean that you are truly in

“touch” with the mysterious side. And you have acquired some ability of self-protection. But you should not expect too much, as you have merely mastered the foundation of this skill. Effect: A special force field will be attached to the surface of the body. Not only can it defend against attacks by living creatures with negative energy (below blade level), it can also expel the energy that they carried with them (below blade level)]

(Note 1: Though it is a magemark that does not require any assistance, if you have sunflower or pollen, it will be much easier for you to complete this incantation seal.)

(Note 2: No fixed time allocated to the completion of hand gestures. Fully dependent on the speed of your hand)

(Note 3: You will meet with counterattacks the moment you run low on physical strength, and you will thus get hurt. But the effects of defense against, as well as expulsion of evil, still exist)

...

"Baptism?"

This word, affixed with a special meaning, cause Jason to freeze momentarily.

He lifted his hand and placed it on his chest. He could feel his heart, nestled within his chest cavity, beating strongly.

He could feel that the scene that happened just a moment ago was not solely a so-called increase in attributes. It was more like a fundamental change.

That was a kind of powerful beginning!

At the very beginning, and during the present, it might not be that significantly conspicuous. But, when it came to the point in time where a certain degree was reached, naturally some qualitative changes would happen.

But that would take a very long time.

While thinking about this, Jason's gaze shifted down to look at the introduction to [Protection from Evil (novice)].

"The secret skill of a night watchman? Or, in other words, one must fully master the [Protection from Evil] before he could be considered a night watchman?"

Jason speculated.

And, linking this back to the message

"that teacher of his" had left behind, such speculation could almost be a certainty.

But some notes that were appended next did not allow Jason to ascertain what he had speculated.

"Below the blade level?"

"And this represents the monster level?"

"If a certain monster can be eliminated with a blade, then it will be of the blade level. Then below blade level..."

Uncertain speculation, as well as a description of

“below blade level”, made Jason extremely insecure. It was almost subconsciously that he looked at what was required of him to rise to the next level of the [Protection from Evil].

[Level up of Protection from Evil (novice → advanced beginner), 6 Satiety points required.]

...

This was a number that fell within expectations.

"There's still 1 Satiety point left. I need even more Satiety!"

Jason briefly took a glance at his [Satiety], then he focused and set his eyes on that notebook that had brought him many surprises.

This time, being able to read without any difficulty, Jason was able to find what he was looking for very quickly.

"The grizzly hounds belong to a kind of guard dogs that Witch Grizzly reared for the purpose of protecting her herb garden. They are cunning, cruel, and grouped themselves in kennels and packs as they moved from place to place. Their armor of scales had outstanding defense abilities, but the area around their belly is soft. They might be known as hunting dogs, but they are a far cry from the true

hunting dogs. Some people have even suspected that this is a heterogeneous class of dogs. But, following the death of Witch Grizzly, no one knows the true origin of this class of hunting dogs.”

"But the grizzly hounds did not cease to exist after the witch-hunt incident. On the contrary, as they were easier to breed and rear, an increasing number of witches and wizards kept them as guard dogs to protect their properties. Of course, their role was mainly to carry out hunting activities. After all, that was their job. Crossbreeding of grizzly hounds and ordinary species of hounds had once appeared in Encore, with the resulting species inheriting the strength of the grizzly hounds, as well as the loyalty and intelligence of the ordinary hounds. This species was well-liked by high-ranking figures and was tagged with an extremely high price (never seen the real thing, these were based on rumors).

Unlike how he had to stumble his way through previously, Jason easily translated the entire text this time.

Then he read through the text in this notebook, again.

He hoped to find some skill that was similar to [Protection from Evil].

Unfortunately, the entire notebook only mentioned one skill, the [Protection from Evil]. The rest were all introductions of monsters.

"Similar techniques should not be so commonly seen."

"Or rather..."

"It's

"that teacher of mine" who feels that I won't be able to master that much."

Jason thought as he carefully placed the notebook that his

"teacher" had given him in the inner pocket of his jacket, right beside his heart.

Two accidental rescues that he had not expected to receive were enough to make him understand that this was not a simple notebook. It was much more than it seemed.

Though he had already gained the knowledge that he most wanted to obtain, keeping the book as a

"breastplate" was still much better than putting it on a shelf and allowing it to eventually be forgotten.

The next thing Jason did was to begin checking his arms and ammunition.

After he was certain that there were no problems, he walked out of the room.

There would not be any food sent to his doorstep should he choose to stay in the room.

If he wanted to eat, naturally, he would need to go hunting.

Of course, there was still one matter that was even more pressing.

Bondy!

Bondy, who was previously standing in the

“Moon Mask” Club with him.

He had been targeted.

What about Bondy?

The possibility of Bondy being targeted was extremely high as well.

Jason would not disregard the other party’s death. After all, the cooperation between both sides had been quite pleasant. He did not want a sudden replacement.

...

Bondy had just returned from places like Croaker Mine and Bottomline Vault Street. He could not help heaving a sigh of relief as he sat in the carriage.

This was because, in those places, there were no occurrences of bizarre changes that were similar to that of the

“Moon Mask”.

Even Bondy, who was a very experienced sheriff, could not help feeling the shudders coming from deep within his heart as he recalled the scene from earlier on.

He had never encountered such a situation.

Upon comparison, even the monsters seemed to become much more adorable.

Of course, this was also nothing more than a comparison.

If he had to face those monsters, Bondy would not hesitate to pull out his gun and shoot the other party.

"Monsters, moving corpses... When did Rhode become like this?"

Bondy asked himself these questions.

Then, with a wry smile, he shook his head.

He did not know the answer.

He only knew that he should fulfill his responsibility as a sheriff, which was to protect the civilians, as well as to safeguard Rhode.

The rest?

There was a limit to his capability. He was in no position to handle so many things.

Sigh.

With a gentle sigh, Bondy took out his beloved pipe and pressed the threads of smoke down single-handedly.

Exhaustion had called for the need of some tobacco to boost his spirits. But, before he had the chance to light the tobacco weeds, a strong burst of force suddenly hit him from the left, causing Bondy's entire body to crash into the wall of the carriage.

Then, without giving Bondy any time to react, the world around him went spinning around like a whirlwind.