

## **Menu 117**

### Chapter 117: Following Up

The deceased was Bitos.

The young man who had just cleverly tried to recruit Jason to his own camp was found hanged in the stairwell between the third and second floors.

Bitos' eyes bulged, his tongue sticking out grotesquely long. One of his leather shoes had fallen onto the staircase, and a hemp rope wrapped around his neck was tied to a wooden railing near the stairwell on the third floor, knotted in a very secure double slipknot.

With sufficient height, Bitos dangled mid-air, his head nearly touching the stairs leading up to the fourth floor.

Servants and attendants kept the gathering relatives from getting too close.

Several guards protected the crime scene.

When Jason arrived, this was the scene that greeted him.

"Hanged to death?"

Jason looked at Bitos' body, refraining from intervening hastily and instead waited quietly for Gerard's arrival.

Gerard was not only the master of the mansion but also the ruler of Hans Port, and by all reasons, it made sense to leave the situation in his hands.

During this waiting time, Jason's gaze swept over the relatives who were continuously gathering.

There was shock in their eyes.

But,

There was even more gloating.

The kind of gloating that comes when a competitor is gone.

Just as Bitos had said, unlike these relatives, he "should have had quite a 'competitive edge'."

Only...

That competitive edge had now vanished.

Death always takes everything away.

And it also brings something.

Sorrow, yes.

Joy as well.

And at this moment, the latter was obviously more abundant.

Step, step-step.

Gerard, dressed in a blue Knight's uniform, came down the stairs.

The Butler walked by Gerard's side.

Undoubtedly, the Butler had already informed Gerard about what had happened. The ruler of Hans Port, with a somber expression and an air of suppressed anger, did not like the idea of a murder happening in his house.

Gerard was no exception.

In fact, he detested it even more.

Because his status was different.

“Go, lock down the information,”

“Take the body down,”

Gerard ordered the Butler, and then, as the guards began to move, the ruler of Hans Port walked up beside Jason. They stood shoulder to shoulder, watching the guards take down the body.

“Together?”

Gerard invited Jason.

Jason walked forward silently.

He wasn't interested in Bitos' body.

However...

The faint scent on Bitos, the smell of food, genuinely piqued his interest.

It was faint,

So faint that even with Jason's sense of smell being more than three times stronger than an average person's, he could only detect a trace of it from close by.

Moreover, more importantly, there was no such aroma of food on Bitos just before.

If there had been, Jason would not have minded having a conversation in the room.

"Met with 'food' or someone related to 'food' after leaving?"

"Then got killed?"

Jason speculated, his gaze shifting back to the body.

The rope marks were clearly visible.

The hyoid bone was completely broken, indicating that the killer was very strong.

Moreover, the marks were a full circle around the neck, not just half.

Next, Jason climbed the stairs to the third floor, examining the spot where the rope had been tied. There were no friction marks.

Without a doubt, murder was certain.

But he was not directly hanged to death.

Instead, he was strangled in the stairwell and then hung up afterward.

Otherwise, the rope marks should only be on one side of the neck, not all around, and there should have been some friction on the railing. One would know that after being hung, a person would not die immediately but would struggle for a while.

The shoe on the staircase was likely meant to mislead people into thinking Bitos had been hanged to death.

However, why did the killer do this?

Jason was slightly puzzled.

To hang or to strangle, the result was death regardless. The killer went to great lengths to disguise a strangling as a hanging...

“Does this mansion have any legends about hanging to death?”

Jason questioned Gerard.

“No,”

“It has only been built in the past ten years, from the start of construction to now, there has been no accidents.”

Gerard answered with certainty,

while a hint of admiration flashed in his eyes.

He had been pondering the same question just moments before.

And now his cousin had already begun to suspect something, which greatly pleased Gerard.

Just as clever as he was as a child!

Pictures of their childhood popped into Gerard's mind, while at this moment, Jason's gaze shifted towards those so-called relatives.

In Jason's view, these relatives were quite suspect.

In fact, several people started to dodge his gaze as soon as it swept over them.

Gerard saw this scene.

He gestured with a wave of his hand to the butler, signaling something with a nod.

Immediately, the butler, along with several guards, walked over.



“Lord Gerard!”

“It wasn’t our fault!”

“It was Raul who wanted to hang Bitos!”

Before the butler could say anything, the few individuals whose gazes had just flickered spoke up directly.

Raul?

Seems to be a son of one of the uncles.

He used to be a Federation soldier but left the military because of a mistake.

During the previous meeting at the mansion gate, he stood in the middle of the crowd, the only one who showed him a hint of hostility.

A bit of a reckless fellow.

It wouldn't be strange for him to do something impulsive like this.

But...

Jason hadn't seen Raul among the crowd; he instinctively flared his nostrils,

nor did he detect the smell of food.

"Where is Raul?"

Gerard asked with a grave tone.

After exchanging glances, the relatives shook their heads one after another.

Gerard's gaze turned towards his butler.

"Earlier, Mr. Raul said he wanted to go to the beach,"

the butler replied.

“To the beach.”

Gerard immediately headed for the beach,

with Jason following behind.

From a distance, they heard Dennise’s carefree laughter,

which eased the tense atmosphere of the group a bit.

And then...

Everyone saw three people buried in the sand, with Dennise piling a mound of sand shaped like... poop, on each of their heads.

The relatives’ faces changed color.

Many of them knew what those three had come to the beach for,

but this outcome?

It was not quite what they had imagined.

Gerard, however, curled up the corners of his mouth, showing a hint of a smile.

His study also had a view of the beach, and although he hadn't paid attention to this spot, he could guess what had happened and very much appreciated Dennise's way of handling the situation: even having the ability to truly punish the offenders, she chose a lighthearted approach.

A very kind girl.

And those poop-shaped mounds of sand?

What of it?

When someone tried to bully him and Jason as kids, they had thrown cow dung at those bullies.

"Jason!"

“Come play with us!”

Upon the group’s arrival, Dennise immediately spotted Jason and waved her arms frantically.

Jason didn’t even look at those buried in the sand and asked directly, “Did you see anyone else here?”

Before Dennise could answer, Jason’s nostrils flared, and he turned his gaze to the seaside.

Seeing Jason’s actions, everyone around subconsciously followed his gaze.

And then?

Screams erupted one after another!

“Dead!”

“Raul is dead!”