

Menu 118

Chapter 118: True Thoughts

The body entangled with seaweed was washed up on the beach.

There were marks of binding around the ankles.

It must have been tied to a heavy object and thrown into the sea, and then, after the rope broke, the body was washed ashore.

Jason, having examined the body, was thinking this as he flared his nostrils.

A faint scent.

It seemed that the scent of food, already very light, had become even fainter after being washed by seawater, and would be impossible to detect without being close.

But one thing was certain, the scent was the same as the one on Bitos.

Both were from the same food source.

“Raul was first drowned.”

“Then Bitos was hanged.”

“What is the assailant trying to do?”

“Provoke a struggle?”

Jason subconsciously glanced over at the group of so-called relatives.

That uncomfortable voice came from the crowd again.

“Amy!”

“It was Amy!”

“Amy once cursed to drown Raul!”

People were saying this as they all turned their eyes toward the beach.

Amy.

The daughter of Uncle Gerard, though unlike those distant relatives, her father's relation to Gerard's father was much closer, at least, her family in Golsai was far better off than the others.

And at this moment, she was being buried in the sand by Dennise.

She was the girl who had crushed Dennise's sandcastle with a kick.

"I don't know!"

"It has nothing to do with me!"

"I was just saying it!"

Amy, dug out of the sand, didn't care about the mud and sand on her, and simply denied it all, but the surrounding relatives didn't believe her, showing outright hostility.

"Who knows if you're lying?"

"You walk around with servants, acting all high and mighty, maybe you held a grudge because Raul offended you."

“Exactly, exactly!”

Everyone crowded around, pointing at Amy.

It seemed they already considered Amy the murderer.

Miss Amy from Golsai was certainly not one to be trifled with; after getting over her initial shock, she quickly regained her composure.

“You’re saying I killed someone?”

“What about you?”

“You whispered that you wanted Raul to die a horrible death!”

“And you?”

“Just because Bitos got a new outfit, you planned to burn him alive!”

“And you!”

“You cursed behind my back that I should fall to my death, I know about it!”

Amy, having collected herself, began to point at people around her one by one.

These people were taken aback by Amy’s retorts.

Then, they accused Amy with even louder voices.

Amy, alone and outnumbered, quickly found herself on the defensive.

But she wasn’t without a strategy to fight back.

Slap!

After a slight pause, Amy from Golsai raised her hand and slapped one of them across the face.

The person at first was stunned.

Then he kicked Amy hard in the stomach.

Seeing Amy fall to the ground, one maid rushed to help her up while another rushed forward and started fighting with the man.

Cries of outrage and sounds of scuffle.

The beach descended into chaos.

Jason stood not far away, watching this scene unfold. If the killer intended to provoke a dispute, then he had succeeded, and quite spectacularly at that.

But Jason wasn't too concerned about these things.

He was more eager to find the source of the food scent.

Yet, he found nothing.

As soon as the fighting started, Dennise shrank back behind Jason.

“Jason, your relatives are really scary.”

“Just like the mad dogs outside of Karl Town.”

“Those mad dogs often gnaw on corpses in the cemetery.”

Dennise, though not smart, could tell that those people were truly enraged and out for blood.

“When one’s dark secrets are laid bare, anyone would fight like mad.”

Jason said dispassionately.

In his eyes, these people were just as Dennise described, a pack of mad dogs blinded by reason, desperately fighting over a piece of bone.

Gerard, who was beside him, could no longer restrain himself.

“Enough!”

The master of Hans Port commanded in a low shout.

Instantly, the people who were fighting just a moment ago ceased and abruptly separated.

Their heads bowed, they dared not look at each other, let alone the displeased Gerard.

However, the heavy breathing, clenched fists, and resentful glares revealed their true feelings.

As for those who had not been involved and were merely onlookers, they wore schadenfreude smirks.

They knew they had eliminated a number of competitors.

This only served to irritate Gerard even more.

“Take them to have their wounds treated.”

“And bring back Raul’s body.”

“Spare no effort in pursuing the murderer.”

The master of Hans Port instructed.

“Yes, my lord.”

The butler bowed and immediately began to make arrangements.

As the guards left with the body, Jason did not return with them; he hoped to search the nearby area for more clues related to the murder.

Gerard did not go back either.

The master of Hans Port simply did not wish to face those bothersome relatives.

And Dennise?

It still wanted to pile up sand.

“I never thought that, apart from you, Jason, I would have so many relatives.”

“Even though I had no expectations before they showed up.”

“But they are greedier than I imagined!”

Gerard followed behind Jason, walking and speaking, his face showing a hint of melancholy but mostly irritation.

“It was bound to happen when they learned you were the master of Hans Port,”

“It’s just that...”

“It was indeed more intense than I had expected.”

Jason sniffed hard, trying to catch scents while responding to Gerard’s words.

“It was fine at first, but when my mother, your aunt, saw so many relatives appear in the banquet hall, she promised in her joy that she would choose a few capable ones among them to help me manage Hans Port,”

“After that, everything became complicated.”

When mentioning this, Gerard's face showed helplessness.

He knew what his mother meant.

She merely hoped that someone would help him.

Gerard could not refuse his mother.

And he had even prepared several inconsequential positions.

But he had never imagined that it would turn into murder.

Although Gerard could not yet determine who the murderer was, the master of Hans Port was highly confident that the culprit was among those present before.

As to who the murderer was, or how to accurately pinpoint them,

Gerard did not care.

Because it was something easily discovered.

The scientific side requires a plethora of evidence and reasoning.

And the Mystical Side?

Just ask the deceased directly.

Gerard trusted that his butler would handle it even better.

Jason offered no opinion on the matter.

He neither criticized his aunt's actions as wrong nor endorsed them, nor would he discuss those relatives.

Because he was completely distracted by Gerard's next statement.

The master of Hans Port suddenly stopped in his tracks and spoke seriously—

"I don't want to get married."