

## Menu 120

Chapter 120: Can't Hold Back

Amy is dead.

Poisoned.

The butler who rushed over confirmed this and brought with him more bad news:

"The ritual didn't work on Bitos and Raul."

"Their souls dissipated completely upon death, seven days faster than usual."

The butler said so.

Jason did not leave at Gerard's signal.

The banquet hall, bustling just moments ago, now held only Gerard, Jason, Dennise, and a personal attendant.

Gerard was frowning deeply.

If he hadn't been concerned about the two previous murders, the appearance of a third had put the master of Hans Port on high alert.

Especially the failure of the ritual, which made Gerard sense danger.

"Go and arrange a team to protect our mother's convoy."

Jason's aunt would be returning from the estate outside the port to attend the wedding the next day, and she would likely be nearing Hans Port by then.

"Yes, my lord."

The butler immediately bowed in assent.

Just as the butler was arranging for the attendant to go, Gerard spoke again.

"Wait."

"Send another team to the embassy."

Gerard ordered.

Although he didn't like the daughter of the Duke of Fort Swallow, that didn't mean he would let anything happen to her in Hans Port.

Two teams of attendants left the mansion one after the other.

The butler then arranged for another attempt at the ritual, meanwhile starting to question the servants, the chefs, and the relatives.

Jason was not among them.

He walked around the dining table.

Before that, Jason had carefully examined Amy's body.

Unlike Bitos and Raul, who had a faint food scent, Amy had no food scent on her at all!

"Was it not the same person?"

"Or..."

“Did they use a different method?”

Unlike Bitos and Raul, Amy was murdered in public.

The former were more secretive, with a greater variety of methods used.

The latter?

It required much more precise planning.

Planning so precise that the killer could be certain Amy would be the first to go for the roast leg of lamb!

This was not an easy feat.

After all, Amy was quarreling with Dennise.

He had seen quite clearly before; Amy had been fixating on Dennise.

That meant that Amy would only choose what Dennise chose.

And to be sure of Dennise's choice...

Subconsciously, Jason turned his head and looked at Dennise, who was standing on one side of the table, glancing left and right, discreetly reaching out to tear off a piece of the leg of lamb and stuffing it directly into her mouth.

Hmm, not difficult.

Very easy to determine.

As for the poison?

Ever seen the dead afraid of poison?

Watching Dennise's eyes shine, reaching for another piece of lamb, Jason grabbed her by the nape of the neck.

"This is one of the pieces of evidence."

Jason said.

“It’s also food.”

Dennise retorted.

But she didn’t touch the lamb again; instead, she turned her attention to the crispy roast suckling pig on the side, grabbed the whole pig, opened her mouth considering where to bite, and eventually chose the protruding snout.

Watching Dennise munching with delight.

Jason found it hard to imagine how, just moments ago, she had been so fixated on that roast leg of lamb.

Hmm?

Jason suddenly paused.

Given Dennise’s character, she wouldn’t be interested in something for no reason.

And while the roast leg of lamb was tasty, the crispy roast suckling pig was no less so.

Dennise would most likely hesitate between the two.

Not go straight for the lamb!

Was there a prior hint?

Jason wondered silently.

“Dennise, did someone mention the roast leg of lamb to you beforehand?”

Jason asked.

“Yes!”

“On my way to the beach this afternoon, I overheard the waiters talking about how today’s roast leg of lamb was made with a special recipe. The fragrance during marination was so strong, and it came out even better after roasting—crispy skin, tender meat, and so juicy...”

Listening to Dennise's description, Jason looked at the still warm roast leg of lamb and secretly swallowed.

No!

You can't eat!

You can only resist weak, minor toxicity in food, not this kind of lethal toxicity!

Jason warned himself in his heart.

But,

he couldn't help but raise his hand.

The churning stomach made Jason's brain rapidly lose its reason.

It's all nonsense to talk about toxicity without discussing dosage!

I have a digestive system that can resist weak, minor toxicity, a little taste should be no problem, right?



Jason thought as his fingers gently touched the roast leg of lamb.

Oil and sauce immediately coated his fingertips.

Jason put his fingers in his mouth.

The sauce was slightly sweet, and there was no mutton smell in the fat; instead, it was full of the fresh flavor of lamb, hmm... My mouth is a bit numb, but Jason quickly became sober.

Then, he saw Dennise looking at him with a strange look in her eyes.

As if she had seen a kindred spirit.

Jason felt a sense of humiliation.

"I'm investigating."

Jason emphasized.

Dennise looked at Jason with a skeptical face.

“This kind of fatal toxin should be very rare.”

“Based on where it grows and where it circulates, it can effectively help us to narrow down the suspects.”

“Even, catch the perpetrator directly.”

Jason explained earnestly.

“Is that so?”

Dennise was still a bit unconvinced, she always felt that Jason was being defensive at this time.

“That’s right!”

“Jason is correct!”

“This toxin comes from the burning iris, a rare flower species that exists only in one place!”

Gerard came over, agreeing with what Jason had said.

“Which place?”

Dennise immediately had her attention piqued.

“Fort Swallow!”

Gerard said in a low voice.

“Fort Swallow?”

Dennise blinked.

It sounded familiar, but she couldn’t remember where.

Then, looking down at the half-eaten crispy suckling pig in her hand, she remembered.

“It’s the domain of your fiancée, Gerard!”

“Yes!”

Gerard nodded, then turned to Jason straight away and asked, “Jason, would you wanna come with me to the embassy?”

The ruler of Hans Port had anger and relief in his eyes.

Jason was well aware that the anger and relief stemmed from a reason.

The anger came from the murderer’s repeated killings.

Relief?

Naturally, it was the possibility of getting out of the engagement due to this incident.

Jason, who was closely following the main mission, naturally did not want to miss anything or fail the task.

So, he nodded succinctly.

“I’ll go too!”

Seeing Jason was about to go, Dennise immediately raised her hand.

“Arrange the carriage.”

Gerard would naturally not object and promptly gave the order.

Minutes later, a carriage accompanied by a team of guards quickly set off toward the embassy district of Hans Port.

Unlike the dock area and the business street which are connected, the embassy district is separate, situated outside. To get there from Duron Street, one has to pass through at least two business streets and a residential area.

And just as the carriage had barely left that residential area and was nearing the embassies, Jason’s nostrils couldn’t help twitching; he smelled the fragrance of food!

Rich!

And familiar!