

Menu 225

Chapter 225: A Reasonable Explanation for Giselle

The voice coming from behind attracted the attention of the people around.

The speaker was a middle-aged man, his hair neatly combed, without a beard, clean in a suit, dress shirt, and leather shoes, slightly overweight, and with a puzzled expression on his face.

Upon seeing the man, the waiter immediately spoke up:

“Boss.”

“Chef Feng he...”

“Feng!”

The middle-aged man did not wait for the waiter to finish before he saw the head chef lying in a pool of blood and cried out in grief; he instinctively rushed towards the body.

However, he was stopped by Edward.

“Wait.”

Edward stopped the man in his tracks.

“Who are you?”

The owner of Émeraude Restaurant was taken aback.

Edward flashed his police badge again.

After seeing the police badge clearly, the owner of Émeraude Restaurant was startled once more.

Then, the owner explained to Edward, who was staring at him:

“Sorry.”

“I didn’t expect you to arrive so quickly.”

After speaking, he stood to the side, very properly, without further disturbing the scene.

“Hmm.”

“It just so happens that I came here to eat.”

“Your restaurant’s signature dishes are truly a surprise.”

Edward said blandly.

Edward had no fondness for swindlers.

“That’s just some strategy.”

“And...”

The owner started to explain again, but Edward wasn’t listening.

He looked at the guests and waiters in the hall and directly said, “Ladies and gentlemen, as you can see, a murder has occurred here. The head chef ‘Feng’ has been killed in his own rest room. Based on the condition of the body, the incident happened not long ago, so everyone present is a suspect. Shortly, my colleagues will record statements from each of you and check if there is any blood on your person.”

Such words naturally made the guests and waiters exchange glances.

Quiet murmurs arose involuntarily.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please stop talking.”

“Otherwise, it will only increase your suspicions.”

Edward’s voice rose again.

The murmuring stopped.

Then Edward turned to look at Jason, who had come up beside him, and said in an almost subconscious whisper:

“The killer is among these people!”

“He probably used the cover of the rockery and the gap when the waiters were serving dishes to slip in and kill the head chef ‘Feng’.”

“Then he returned to the crowd.”

“When striking chef ‘Feng’ in the back of the head, the culprit likely took off his coat and then used it to cover up any bloodstains, so if we find someone with blood on them, we can identify the killer.”

After speaking, an apologetic expression appeared on Edward’s face.

“I’m very sorry.”

“I was actually planning to dine at another restaurant.”

“But now we need to screen the suspects...”

Edward’s apology was sincere.

Because he knew lunch was ruined.

In fact, forget about lunch.

With so many people in the hall and considering the guests in the private rooms, if they could finish screening by evening, that would be good.

“There’s no need.”

“Just go to the next restaurant.”

Jason said, walking up to the restaurant owner, raising his hand and pointing at him:

“The killer is you!”

Jason’s voice was not loud, yet not low either.

Everyone nearby in the hall could hear.

The people looked at Jason in astonishment, then at the restaurant owner.

The restaurant owner’s face turned pale in an instant.

“Sir, there’s a limit to joking, isn’t there?”

“‘Feng’ and I are not only old friends but also important partners. How could I possibly kill him?”

“Moreover!”

“The officer just said that the killer’s coat has fresh blood under it.”

“Do you see any on me?”

As he spoke, the restaurant owner took off his coat.

A very clean white dress shirt.

Seeing this, the people around immediately chimed in:

“That’s right, it’s a white dress shirt!”

“No bloodstains!”

“Have you made a mistake?”

Hearing the remarks of the people around him, the restaurant owner immediately pressed on, "Please give me a reasonable explanation, otherwise, I will sue you for slander!"

Jason didn't pay any attention to the other party's words, but instead looked toward Edward.

"Go check room 2048."

"You will find something there."

Jason said.

As soon as Jason mentioned the room number, the restaurant owner, who had just been a bit smug, suddenly turned pale.

"How... how do you know?"

"Did you see it?"

"Impossible!"

“No one saw it!”

The restaurant owner questioned Jason.

The people around looked on with horror, distancing themselves from the restaurant owner.

The strange noise startled the restaurant owner into awareness.

Looking at the people surrounding him, the restaurant owner gave a miserable smile.

“I didn’t want to... who...”

It seemed that he wanted to plead his hardships, but in the next moment, the restaurant owner’s miserable smile turned into a sinister grin.

He charged directly at Jason.

“It’s all because of you!”

“You ruined my perfect plan!”

“I’m going to kill you!”

The angry roar quickly turned into a scream of agony.

The charging restaurant owner was sent flying back even faster.

Bang!

He crashed heavily against a door.

Crack.

The door collapsed.

A set of blood-stained clothes just lay there in the room.

This was none other than room 2048.

The restaurant owner lay beside the bloody clothes, completely unconscious.

Jason withdrew his raised foot, urging Edward on.

“Change of plans, let’s eat somewhere else.”

Edward was somewhat stunned.

“How did you know he was the murderer?”

Edward asked Jason.

But Jason did not respond.

Instead, it was the female pastry chef who spoke:

“It’s because he didn’t recognize you, Officer Edward!”

“Just now, when the body was discovered and chaos ensued, you had already revealed your identity. Everybody here should know it, unless they were inside the room.”

“But earlier, the waitress said that the boss hadn’t returned from going out, and even if he had come back he would have had to pass through the main hall. Based on the timing of his appearance, he should have already entered the restaurant and would have been near the hallway; therefore, he could not have failed to hear your introduction of identity.”

“As for why Jason could zero in on room 2048...”

“It must be because that room is the closest to here!”

The female pastry chef rested her left hand’s back against her right elbow, with her thumb resting on her chin and the second joint of her index finger touching the tip of her nose while the remaining three fingers were slightly curled into a fist, analyzing seriously with a thoughtful expression.

After completing her analysis, the female pastry chef smiled at Jason.

“Am I right?”

“Mmm.”

Jason nodded.

But deep down he thought—

“So that’s how it is.”

He, who had just been eager to go to another restaurant for a meal, had not thought of any of this.

The only reason he knew the other person was the murderer...

Was because of...

[Death Perception]!

This professional skill, derived from the [Tomb Guardian], allowed him to see the death qi contaminating the man from the corpse in the room – ‘Maple’.

Of course, he would not explain.

He found the female pastry chef’s reasoning quite sensible.

Clap, clap clap.

Suddenly applause broke out in the hall.

It started with one person clapping, followed by everyone clapping.

People showed Jason approving, astonished smiles.

However, Jason was suddenly taken aback.