

Menu 251

Chapter 251: Clearly in a Glance

“I feel the presence of death there,”

Jason responded.

Edward’s heart tightened.

If an ordinary person said this, Edward would take it as a joke, but coming from Jason, Edward dared not treat it lightly.

Being able to walk unscathed through a battlefield alone, his perception had to be exceptionally outstanding, and in such perception naturally included some indescribable, inexplicable intuitions.

Unexplainable, yet undeniably real.

“To what extent?”

Edward asked cautiously while turning his gun towards a lower building next to the apartment.

“Not too serious.”

Jason answered.

Although it wasn't the worst response, Edward remained extremely vigilant.

“Bansey.”

Edward signaled with his hand.

Immediately, the assault team split in two.

Edward led the original team to continue searching the apartment.

Bansey took the rest to search the lower building.

This building was also an apartment.

Older than its neighbor, its facilities were much more outdated, with a wooden structure, basic plumbing and electricity, much of which was exposed, clearly added onto the original building after the fact.

The apartment manager, faced with Bansey and a group of armed officers, did not obstruct them and let them pass without hindrance.

After positioning two colleagues at the entrance, Bansey looked towards Jason.

Having experienced the events of the previous night, Bansey had come to deeply respect Jason.

And now, with Jason serving as a special operations consultant, it naturally fell to Bansey to seek his opinion in Edward's absence.

However, Jason's answer was somewhat unexpected to Bansey.

"The third room from the end, inside."

"Second room on the left, second floor."

Jason stated with precision.

Bansey was momentarily taken aback.

But he quickly regained his composure and acted swiftly.

“First team, secure the stairwell.”

“Second team, to the second floor.”

“Third team, with me.”

Bansey commanded and headed towards the room at the far end of the first floor.

Thump, thump-thump.

Bansey leaned against the wall, knocked on the door, and signaled to the apartment manager.

“Mr. Barra, room service,”

the apartment manager called.

But there was no sound from inside the door.

Bansey signaled again.

“Mr. Barra, room service,”

the manager repeated and then skillfully stepped aside.

Bansey turned and kicked the door.

Bang!

The door flew open.

Several guns pointed inside.

The room was small, the bed visible from the doorway, and next to the bed was the small door to the washroom, now open, with someone kneeling in front of the toilet, head buried inside.

Bansey lowered his gun and entered the room.

The floor was cluttered with empty bottles of alcohol, the smell permeating the air. Bansey tiptoed cautiously towards the washroom.

The moment he entered the washroom, Bansey nearly threw up.

The toilet was used, not yet flushed.

And the deceased had 'drowned' in it.

"Is he Barra?"

Bansey asked.

"Judging by his clothes...probably,"

the apartment manager sounded uncertain.

"Leave two people here, the rest come with me,"

Bansey directed and rushed towards the second floor.

In front of the second room on the left side of the second floor, the six members of the second team were stationed, shaking their heads to Bansey, indicating there was no movement inside the room.

This time Bansey was more decisive.

He kicked the door.

Bang!

The door swung open.

However, the scene inside made Bansey frown.

The same situation as downstairs.

'Drowned' in the toilet.

"Another serial killing?"

“Damn it.”

Bansey cursed under his breath.

He was almost driven to nervous breakdown by the serial cases that kept occurring in Newdeth City. The ‘Women’s Serial Disappearance Case’ was solved, but the ‘Nighttime Ripper’ and the ‘Hanged Ones’ cases were not, and now there might be another, ‘People Drowned in Excrement and Urine’?

“Seal off the crime scene.”

Bansey said, turning to walk downstairs.

He pondered how to start investigating the current case.

Taking charge was something he was very good at.

But investigating?

He really was clueless.

And at this moment, Edward entered the apartment with more people.

“How’s it going?”

Edward, who had found nothing in the adjacent apartment, asked Bansey.

“Two people are dead.”

“One of them is almost confirmed to be a resident here.”

“The other one we need to wait for the apartment manager to confirm.”

“And there’s...”

Bansey’s face involuntarily took on a strange expression.

“What else?”

Edward's eyebrows had tensed upon hearing about the two deaths, and he immediately urged Bansey to continue after noticing his hesitation.

"The other thing is that both of them were drowned in the toilet."

"And the toilet was used, not flushed."

Bansey immediately answered.

"What?"

Even Edward was taken aback at this.

He looked at Bansey.

Bansey nodded again in confirmation.

"I'll go see the scene."

Edward began to examine the crime scene.

This process took about ten minutes.

Edward came out holding his nose.

His eyebrows were furrowed even more tightly.

It was because he had found no clues, and also because of the stench.

The entire scene was 'clean'!

The killer had not left a trace.

No signs of a struggle, nor footprints.

The victims' belongings were all there, no signs of being tampered with.

"Revenge?"

Edward thought.

To drown someone in the toilet meant a deep hatred for the victim.

As he thought, Edward turned to look at Bansey, who was now taking a statement from the apartment manager.

“The deceased on the first floor is Barra, can you confirm that?”

“I can.”

“He’s lived here for 6 weeks, I’m very familiar with him.”

“Especially since he had a large mole at the corner of his mouth.”

The apartment manager nodded.

“And the one upstairs?”

Bansey asked.

“The person upstairs moved in a week ago.”

“He claimed to be Damonda.”

“I’m not very familiar with him.”

The apartment manager replied.

Bansey and the apartment manager went back and forth asking and answering questions.

The other officers were questioning the other residents of the building.

Jason stood there, observing the apartment manager.

About forty to fifty years old, with dark hair, receding hairline gone back quite a bit, of average build, with his hands exposed, no calluses on the back of his hands or at the base of his thumb.

Clean trouser legs, clean shoes.

Especially the leather shoes, which were polished to a reflective sheen.

“Sir, do you need anything?”

The apartment manager, feeling uncomfortable being scrutinized by Jason, turned around after giving his statement and asked.

“No, nothing.”

Jason first shook his head.

Then, word by word, he said—

“Did you put the murder weapon in the drawer?”