

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 15: The Sound of Wailing

A middle-aged man in uniform pushed the door open and entered the room. This man looked very strong. He had whiskers, sharp eyes, and a small scar near his brow ridge, which was very conspicuous in the afternoon sun.

This man was Hall, Bondy's best deputy.

After Bondy took most of his men to investigate where the monsters hid, Hall took over Bondy's original responsibility.

"Your Lordship?" Hall exclaimed.

Looking at Jason in the room, Hall was surprised. This detective apparently didn't expect to see Jason here.

"Good afternoon, Detective Hall." Jason waved at him.

"Are you looking for Finch?" Hall asked.

"He was helping me to deliver a message. If there's anything I can do for you, I'm happy to help," Jason said to him.

In the bell tower, Jason had met Hall. Although he didn't know as much about this detective as he knew about Finch, he remembered his name—Hall—while he was chatting with Bondy. And Jason knew what Hall was here for.

It was not difficult to figure out his purpose for coming here. After Bondy took most of the police officers away, the only reason why Hall came to look for Finch was not hard to guess. Finch was on his leave, so it must be that something important had happened, and Hall was short of hands.

Jason was right. As he expected, Hall hesitated for a moment, and when he thought that the night watchman in front of him was newly hired as their special advisor, he told Jason what happened.

"There was a kidnapping," the detective pondered for a moment before adding,

“and it’s strange…”

Being able to be a detective showed that Hall must have rich experience. In general, even if the case was complex, he would say that the case was difficult, and it would never be described as

“strange”.

So this aroused Jason’s curiosity.

"Strange?" Jason repeated the word.

"Yes, it is strange." Hall nodded, then said,

“Let’s talk about it on our way. If you are okay with that.”

"The location of the crime is on the outskirts of the city—a bit far from where we are now—and you need to come back at night." With that, the detective looked at Jason with expectant eyes.

"Of course," Jason replied with a smile.

Although he was hired as a special advisor, he was still in charge of the night patrol.

Now that he was paid, he wouldn't try to wriggle out of this responsibility.

After all, he thought that it was a different kind of promise.

At the door, a carriage, which was apparently expensive, stopped there.

The driver stood in front of the carriage. When he saw Jason and Hall coming out, he immediately turned around and opened the carriage door for them. Then, he stood aside and waited.

"Detectives, please." The carriage driver said to them.

When Jason and Hall walked to the carriage, the driver bowed politely to them.

Although there was nothing wrong with how the driver received them, Jason could see that the driver was nervous before him, and seemed to be always worried about his manners.

Compared with the expensive carriage behind the driver, the driver's nervousness was obviously strange. His worry was not in keeping with the carriage.

However, Jason remained silent.

He didn't forget that he was just a special advisor and that the one who really had a say was Hall.

Hall nodded politely to the driver and went into the carriage. Jason did the same. After nodding to the driver, he followed Hall and got on the carriage.

After they got on the carriage, the driver closed the door. After the driver checked that Jason and Hall were well seated, he immediately returned to his seat. He cracked the whip, and the horse leaped forward.

With a loud sound, the carriage started slowly. Around three minutes later, the carriage began to accelerate. The street scenery on both sides retreated rapidly, but the people in the carriage didn't feel the slightest jolt.

The driver's outstanding driving skills surprised Jason.

Of course, it was also because the carriage was good enough.

Jason didn't know much about carriages, but at first glance, he could see that this big carriage, which was pulled by two horses, was extraordinary. He didn't need to know the details of this carriage. It was his first impression, just like when people saw gold or gemstones.

After he climbed into the carriage, he saw more.

Jason put his hand on the armrest. The cushions and seats were so soft. He also recognized that the ornaments on the armrest were valuable agate and

turquoise. He took a deep sniff, then he smelled ice, food, and drinks in the secret compartments at the side of and beneath the carriage.

"Mobile refrigerator? What a luxury."

Although he didn't know much about carriages, Jason knew how expensive it was to install a mobile refrigerator in the carriage, because it needed to have a cellar with ice storage in winter. It was impossible for ordinary people to dig out a cellar and maintain it. They couldn't even think about this.

"It must be an aristocrat or a rich businessman." Jason began to think about who the owner of the carriage might be.

Then, he looked at Hall.

He didn't forget what Hall said before.

The detective sat up straight and began to introduce the kidnapping to Jason.

"The kidnapped man is His Lordship Flayton. He is one of the richest businessmen in Rhode. He owns a carriage company, a coal mine, a textile workshop, and many other properties."

"Before the fire, Mr. Flayton attended every charity banquet that each mayor of Rhode held, but after the fire, Flayton refused to attend social activities."

"He left downtown and moved to a farm in the countryside. He fired most of his servants, leaving only a few cooks and handmaidens."

Hall felt sorry for Mr. Flayton. It was clear that this rich businessman had a good reputation.

"Fire?" Jason repeated the word that he was interested in.

"Yes, it was an accident. After a dinner party, Flayton was drunk and knocked over the candle, which set the whole house on fire. Including his valet, housekeeper, and handmaidens, all of the people in the house were killed by the fire. Although His Lordship Flayton saved his life, he suffered permanent disfigurement in the fire."

Hall sighed. He looked really sad about what happened to Mr. Flayton. He even shook his head repeatedly when he thought about the fire.

"Is the kidnapped man this Mr. Flayton?" Jason asked.

"Yes, the kidnapped man is exactly His Lordship Flayton. But it's a strange case because the kidnapper only left a letter saying that he kidnapped His Lordship Flayton. Apart from that, the kidnapper didn't say anything about the ransom in the letter." Hall said.

Hall nodded, then stressed,

"The kidnapper didn't say anything about the ransom money or ask for anything! As if the kidnapper took Mr. Flayton just for the purpose of abducting him. But the letter made this theory impossible because the letter is not a low-key act."

"If the kidnapper is deliberately provoking the police or showing off what he's capable of, he shouldn't choose a rich man who lives in seclusion without much protection." Hall made his point.

Jason didn't say anything at all. He just listened patiently and attentively.

He was very clear that the detective in front of him was far more professional and experienced than him.

But the next moment——

"Ah, ah, ah!"

The shrill howl stopped the two people. Jason and Hall could not help but look in the direction where the howl came. Suddenly, their pupils shrank when they saw what was in front of them.