

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 16: Fire Execution

Flames!

The flames were rising to the sky!

The thick smoke was continuously billowing!

In the open space on one side of the road, there was a pile of burning wood. A bound figure was struggling fiercely in the flames, and wailing sounds were coming from the figure's mouth.

But the voice was fading quickly.

In the next moment, there was no sound left.

All that remained was the crackling sound of flames, firewood, and grease coming in contact with each other.

"Stop!"

Hall's loud shout woke the driver, who had no idea what was going on. The driver pulled on the reins, stopping the carriage decisively. Before the carriage had even fully stopped, Jason and Hall had already jumped off the carriage.

At the same time, an MF92 pistol appeared in Jason's hands.

There was no doubt about it; this was definitely a homicide.

The bushes, firewood, and restrained person clearly spelled this out to Jason.

And the murderer, who had created this murder scene, was probably still nearby!

Without the need for Jason's reminder, Detective Hall had pulled out a revolver and walked forward, while vigilantly looking around their surroundings.

But even by the time the two had reached the burnt remains of the deceased, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

There was no sight of the murderer, nor any imminent signs of danger.

As a detective, Hall kicked away the burning wood and then shouted at the driver,

“Do you have a tool that’s like a shovel?”

“Yes, I do,” the driver answered, stammering. He unlocked the toolbox under the driver’s seat. It contained a short-handled shovel, a wrench, and other tools that were intended for situations such as carriage damage, boulders, or other accidents.

The driver picked up the short shovel and ran over in a hurry. He even tripped during this time.

The other party was obviously frightened by the scene in front of him and could no longer keep his composure as the driver of the luxury carriage.

In fact, it went without saying that those who had just been hired had yet to be integrated into the upper society. Even those who had fully integrated into the upper society would not have been able to remain calm.

As the driver handed the shovel to Hall, he immediately turned to the road with no intention to help and bent over, vomiting.

At this point in time, the other party had already forgotten about his own identity.

If it were possible, he would have wanted to leave that place as quickly as possible.

Jason only took a glance at the vomiting driver, and, unable to understand the cause of the fire, frowned and looked around.

The sight in front of him was just too odd!

They were located on a straight road on the outskirts of the city. There were no forks, and, to the side of the road, it was just bushes and forest. According to common sense, since the other party had enough time to clear out the plain, why would they not go deeper and choose a more secluded, inconspicuous place? Instead, they chose this part of the suburban road that was easily exposed.

Also, why not use another method?

Wasn't burning someone to death the cruelest and most conspicuous method?

And it happened when they were passing by!

Was it meant to send a warning?

Jason thought of something, and, frowning even deeper, walked to the side of the driver, who was still throwing up.

"Hey, may I know if there are many people who will pass by this road?"

Jason asked in a gentle manner.

"Not that many."

"Because this only leads to Flayton Manor."

"If it wasn't for visiting the manor, there would be no need to come through here. But the host has already declined most of the guests, especially after some of the older friends got deported, so nobody ever comes here anymore."

This was the first time the driver had encountered a corpse in such a tragic state. He didn't hide it at all, wiping his mouth and answering Jason's questions fearfully. He had said something he should never have said as a servant.

"Ah, thank you."

Jason nodded. He already had some guesses at the bottom of his heart.

For the other party's plan to be this way, it is likely they were targeting them.

According to Detective Hall, Flayton stood alone, and nobody would visit it at all.

And now, Mr. Flayton had been kidnapped!

The only people that would pass by would be police detectives.

It took a lot of effort for the other party to make such a scene!

So, why did they do this?

Almost subconsciously, Jason thought that the kidnapped rich person, Flayton, had also suffered in a fire.

Revenge?

Jason, who was subconsciously in thought, moved to the edge of the open space.

The shrubs and trees were cut down before and neatly piled up. The area that had been cut was neat, regardless of whether they were the small branches of shrubs or the thick trunks that were like sea bowls.

Jason squatted down, carefully looking for traces of marks on the trunk.

On each trunk, the axe landed on the left, which meant that the person's dominant hand was the left hand.

Basically, in two or three swings, the person was able to cut down a tree. Obviously, the other party was very strong.

Judging from the height of the remaining stump, although the opponent was strong, he was not tall and should be similar to ordinary people.

Jason, who had reached these conclusions, turned around and continued to walk along the edge of the clearing.

He had hoped to find traces—like footprints—but was unable to find anything.

After searching again and confirming there were no clues, Jason walked toward Hall.

At this point, the fire had been extinguished, revealing the scorched, unrecognizable body inside.

Detective Hall frowned while squatting in front of the corpse, hoping to find some clues from it. However, faced with a corpse burned to such an extent, even the most experienced detective, Hall, did not know where to start.

"Damn it!"

"How can this happen?!"

Hall was furious at the murderer's savagery, and, at the same time, was thinking about how to solve it.

To find the murderer behind this murder, naturally, they would have to start from the charred body in front of him. From his experience, as long they could figure out the identity of the corpse, it was equivalent to solving half the case.

And this required a lot of manpower!

But at this time, Sheriff Bondy had already taken most of the staff to figure out the whereabouts of those

"monsters." It was too difficult for the remaining people to complete the investigation.

"Your Lordship Jason, do you have any findings?"

"Is Mr. Flayton left-handed?"

"Same height as ordinary people, but very strong?"

Jason did not answer directly but asked Hall questions instead.

"Yes."

Detective Hall nodded. The detective subconsciously looked at the fallen trees in the distance, and then looked at the scorched corpse at his feet. He was not a fool and, as a detective who was full of experience, seemed to have thought of something.

"You mean..."

Hall attempted to probe.

"It's just as you think."

"Everything at the scene has told me this."

"There's just one point that I can't figure out."

As he said this, Jason once again frowned really deeply.

Hall asked hurriedly,

“Which point?”