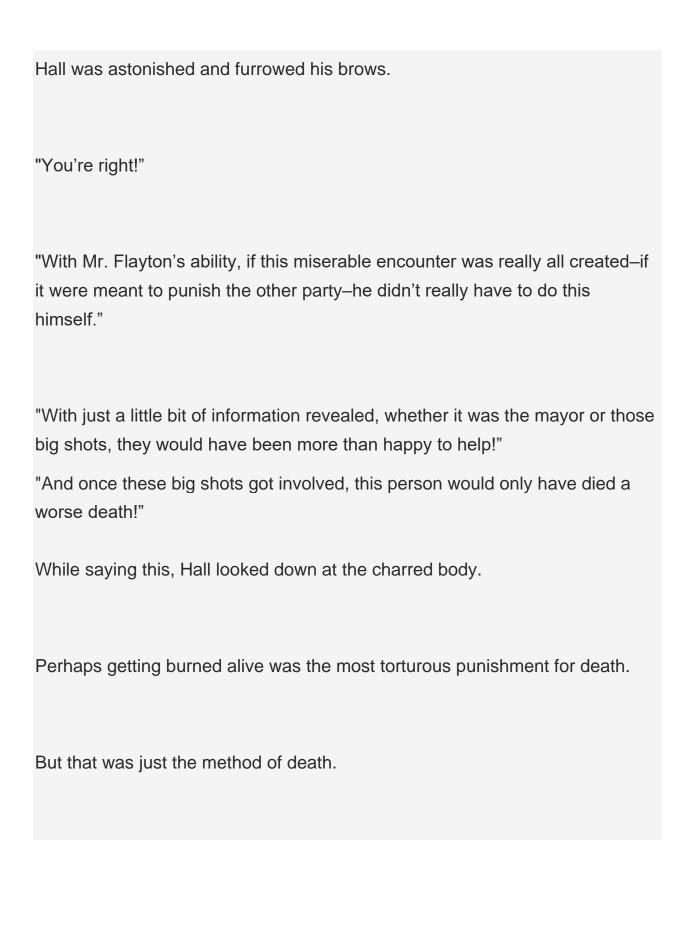
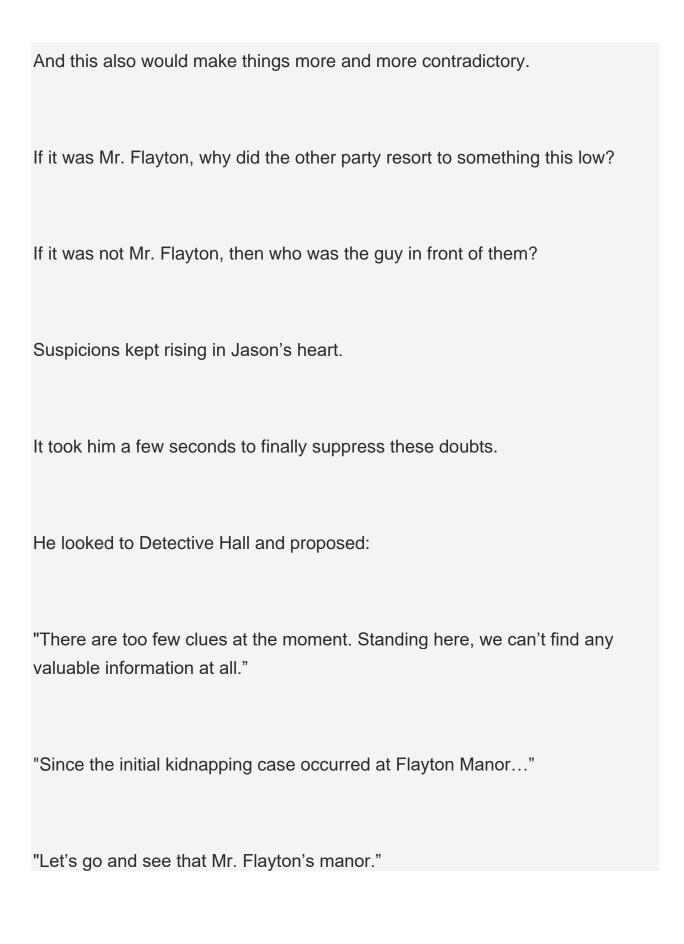
## THE DEMON'S MENU

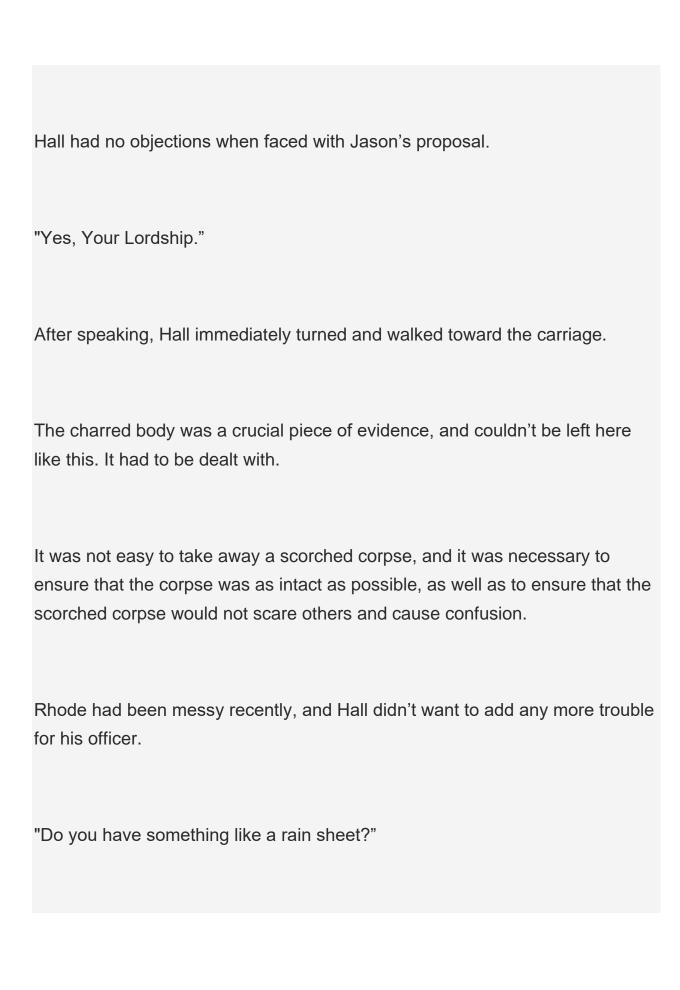
## Chapter 17: Creak

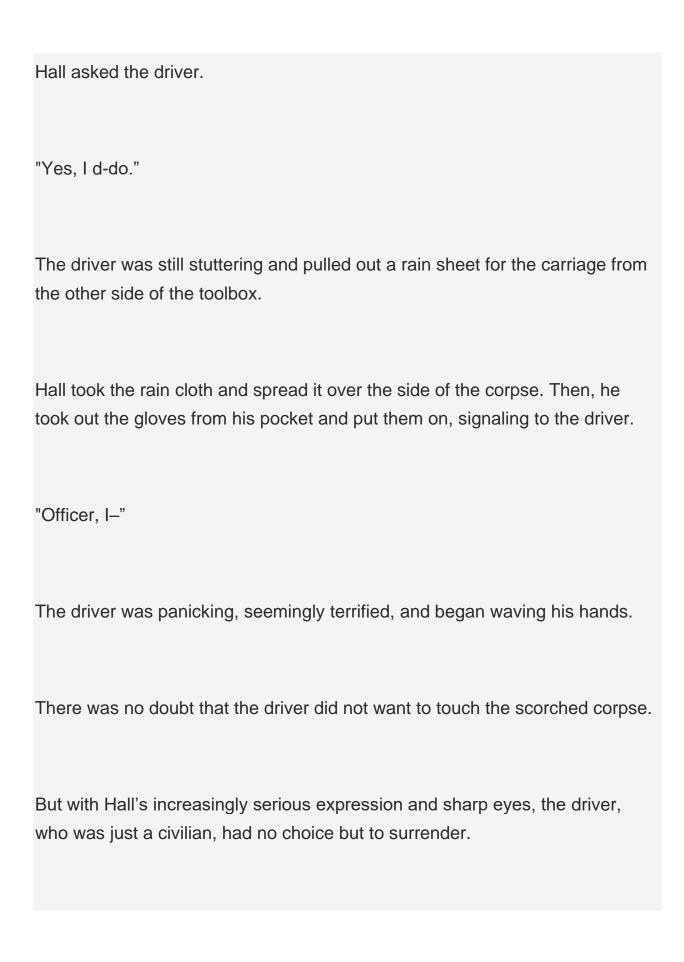
"Identity!"
"It's the identity of Mr. Flayton!"
"Don't forget the power that this identity brings!"
Jason phrased it this way, and before Hall could even speak again, he continued to say,
"Let's just suppose that the fire that Mr. Flayton suffered from was not really an accident, but manmade, and that he created this for the purpose of revenge. But, if that was the case, why did he choose to let us watch from the sidelines through all of this?"



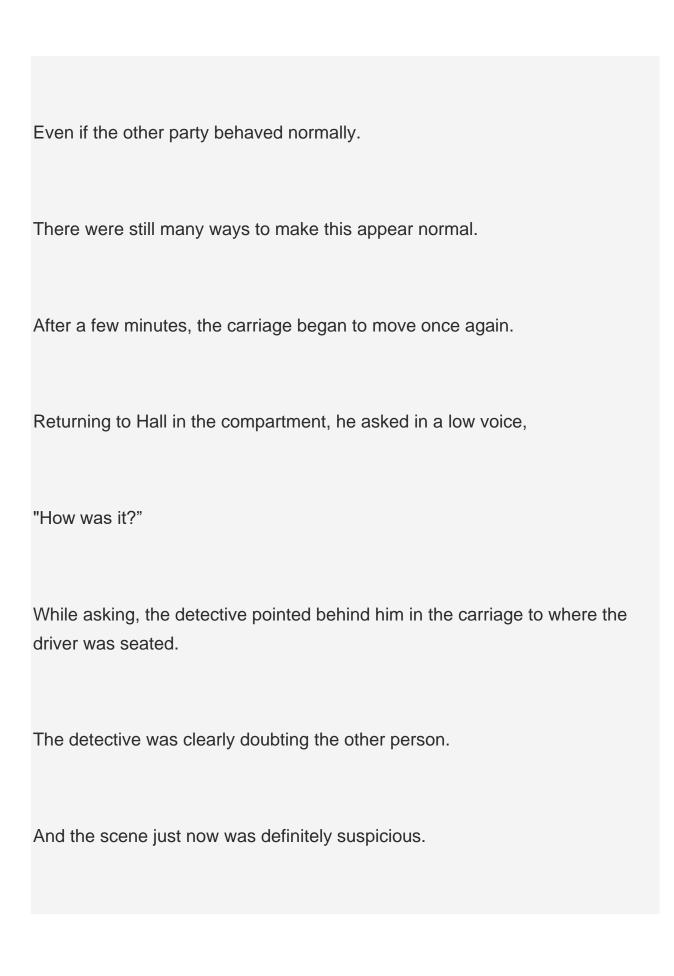
These big shots had many ways to make their victims miserable. Though one would hope to live, one would not be able to live, and even if one prayed to die, they could not die.
There was no need to show too much; just one or two was enough to let the other party understand how unfortunate it was to live, and how lucky they would be to die.
A death like this could even be considered a gift from another perspective
Suddenly, Hall had this idea in his heart.
But Hall shook his head immediately and threw out the idea. It was not appropriate for his identity as a detective to think this way.
Jason saw how Hall was shaking his head, and he knew what Hall was thinking.
Because he himself had thought of something similar.

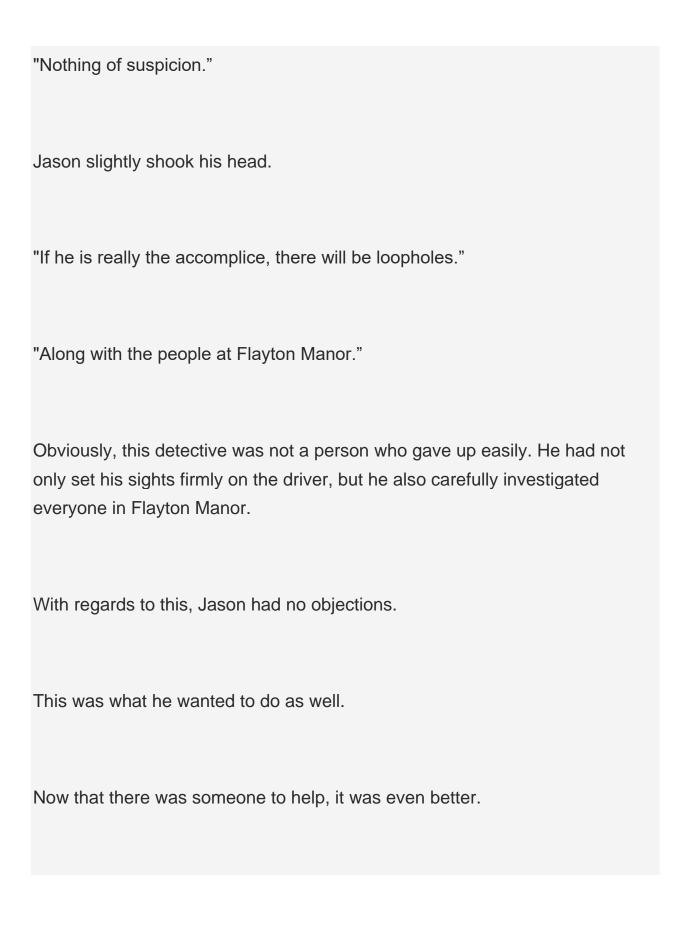






He put on the gloves handed to him by Hall, walked across the road, and began to help the detective move the body.
Eventually, the rigorously wrapped body was placed on the roof of the carriage and secured with ropes.
Jason stood on the side during the entire process and silently watched the driver.
He didn't believe anyone.
Especially not a stranger who had
"brought" them to the scene of the crime.
Also, the other party was Mr. Flayton's servant.
If all this was really done by Mr. Flayton, the possibility that the other party was an accomplice was extremely high.





On the journey, Jason did not speak again. He leaned into his chair. A soft cushion supporting his waist allowed him to listen to Detective Hall's account in a more comfortable posture.
This time, it was everything about Mr. Flayton.
Through the talk, Jason clearly understood the status of the rich man in Rhode City.
Perhaps the other party had not held any official position in Rhode City, but any official who might see this rich man would treat him with courtesy-even the mayor.
Moreover, the other party was also in close contact with certain gang members.
He was involved with both the legal and underground sides!
Jason could not help but think of this.

But quickly, when the carriage turned into the side road of the manor, Jason began to gain a deeper understanding of the rich man.

In the afternoon sun, the road paved with finely broken cobblestones emitted a soft light, and the trees on both sides had changed from shrubs and mixed woods to tall pine trees.

At the end of the road, a three-meter high courtyard wall blocked people from peeping, and the iron gate was dark and sharp. After the carriage approached, several servants opened the door. A water bottle-shaped fountain immediately appeared before their eyes—the water column spouted, and the water landed on the surface, making loud splashing sounds.

The horse carriage went around the fountain, and a garden corridor supported by six marble columns appeared. The carriage stopped at the entrance of the corridor.

The driver opened the door and took off his hat, bowing slightly.

"Officers, we are here."

The other party said.
Hall was the first to leap off the carriage and vigilantly glance around. Jason followed.
A middle-aged man in a butler's suit and white gloves stood erect at the door, waiting quietly. When both men stepped out of the carriage, the housekeeper rushed over quickly.
Although he moved quickly, his movements felt methodical and sounded just like what they had heard.
"My Excellencies, we have been expecting you for a while."
After speaking, the other party showed a smile full of politeness, but there was a hint of unpleasantry.
Compared with the driver, the butler was much more natural, and obviously of extraordinary origins. It was probably a professional butler or a person from high society.

