

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?"

Hall was astonished and furrowed his brows.

"You're right!"

"With Mr. Flayton's ability, if this miserable encounter was really all created—if it were meant to punish the other party—he didn't really have to do this himself."

"With just a little bit of information revealed, whether it was the mayor or those big shots, they would have been more than happy to help!"

"And once these big shots got involved, this person would only have died a worse death!"

While saying this, Hall looked down at the charred body.

Perhaps getting burned alive was the most torturous punishment for death.

But that was just the method of death.

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.

And this also would make things more and more contradictory.

If it was Mr. Flayton, why did the other party resort to something this low?

If it was not Mr. Flayton, then who was the guy in front of them?

Suspicious kept rising in Jason's heart.

It took him a few seconds to finally suppress these doubts.

He looked to Detective Hall and proposed:

"There are too few clues at the moment. Standing here, we can't find any valuable information at all."

"Since the initial kidnapping case occurred at Flayton Manor..."

"Let's go and see that Mr. Flayton's manor."

Hall had no objections when faced with Jason's proposal.

"Yes, Your Lordship."

After speaking, Hall immediately turned and walked toward the carriage.

The charred body was a crucial piece of evidence, and couldn't be left here like this. It had to be dealt with.

It was not easy to take away a scorched corpse, and it was necessary to ensure that the corpse was as intact as possible, as well as to ensure that the scorched corpse would not scare others and cause confusion.

Rhode had been messy recently, and Hall didn't want to add any more trouble for his officer.

"Do you have something like a rain sheet?"

Hall asked the driver.

"Yes, I d-do."

The driver was still stuttering and pulled out a rain sheet for the carriage from the other side of the toolbox.

Hall took the rain cloth and spread it over the side of the corpse. Then, he took out the gloves from his pocket and put them on, signaling to the driver.

"Officer, I—"

The driver was panicking, seemingly terrified, and began waving his hands.

There was no doubt that the driver did not want to touch the scorched corpse.

But with Hall's increasingly serious expression and sharp eyes, the driver, who was just a civilian, had no choice but to surrender.

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.

Even if the other party behaved normally.

There were still many ways to make this appear normal.

After a few minutes, the carriage began to move once again.

Returning to Hall in the compartment, he asked in a low voice,

"How was it?"

While asking, the detective pointed behind him in the carriage to where the driver was seated.

The detective was clearly doubting the other person.

And the scene just now was definitely suspicious.

"Nothing of suspicion."

Jason slightly shook his head.

"If he is really the accomplice, there will be loopholes."

"Along with the people at Flayton Manor."

Obviously, this detective was not a person who gave up easily. He had not only set his sights firmly on the driver, but he also carefully investigated everyone in Flayton Manor.

With regards to this, Jason had no objections.

This was what he wanted to do as well.

Now that there was someone to help, it was even better.

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 unpleasantness.

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.

Then, the other party continued,

"Sires, please follow me!"

"I have got someone to lock up the master's room, nothing has moved..."

As the butler said this, he was about to turn and lead the way. However, at that moment, the other party's words came to an abrupt halt, and the calmness on his face disappeared, replaced with sheer panic.

The other party stood rigidly, staring at Jason and Hall with wide eyes, his mouth widened uncontrollably.

Crunch, crunch!

There was a sudden chewing sound behind them.