

Detective 811

Chapter 811 Behind the case

Mr. Clement's words don't sound problematic on the surface. He just briefly introduced the geographical location of Georgetown and the characteristics of its residents.

Thinking of Mr. Max Millian in the small building just now, Ms. Ingeborg's scolding of Trick Kennedy, and the awkward smile on Trick Kennedy's face, Luo An couldn't help but flash through his mind. Lots of ideas.

One of the words stood out and jumped into Luo An's head: DeepState

Many people in the world do not believe that DeepState exists in the federation, but Luo An believes that it is indeed the case, because when a certain rainbow tie leader participated in the presidential debate, he publicly stated that "the entire political system of the federation has been manipulated."

When the host asked what evidence there was, the other person said: "I know it is manipulated because I have used it."

The answer is well-founded and the host cannot refute it.

In addition, many agencies in the federal government and officials in certain key positions do not need to participate in elections like members of Congress or the president.

Ordinary people have not even heard of them, but these people can sit in the same position for more than ten years or decades, and even pass the position to the next generation of the family.

These people may have limited power individually, but as long as they choose to cooperate and obtain a chain of interests, their power will definitely be enough to influence the entire federation.

The Kennedy family's curse is very famous, but in recent years the curse has slowly disappeared. The Kennedy family has also begun to become active again in the federal government and federal politics. They have most likely made some concessions and deals.

A lot of random thoughts came through his mind. Luo An's expression remained unchanged and he lowered his head in silence. Mr. Clement found nothing unusual in Luo An and continued:

“The Office of Integrity and Compliance at the FBI's Washington headquarters may sound like this department has little work, but this position is important to some people.

This case can be regarded as a revenge by those people against Luo An, but this time the revenge was a bit excessive. Some people broke the rules of the game to bully the big ones.

Trick Kennedy did not discover this in time, and was used as a promoter. This time it is his problem, and he will have full authority to handle the follow-up. Luo An, you don't need to worry too much. ”

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and understood what Mr. Clement meant, that is, the black hands behind this case were those from the Jewish camp.

Thinking back to the experience of chatting in the small building just now, Luo An felt at ease. It seemed that Mr. Maximilian, Ms. Ingeborg, as well as Mr. Clement and Trick Kennedy were most likely to be in the same situation. camp.

As for the Kennedy family as a whole, Luo An has no way of judging.

Ethnically speaking, the Kennedy family does not have Jewish ancestry, but in many cases when issues of interest are involved, it is difficult to explain their position clearly.

After a moment of silence, Luo An raised his head and asked:

“Sir, it's not appropriate for us to be so passive all the time.”

Luo An is not afraid of direct confrontation with real swords and real guns. He also knows how to use a gun from behind, and will not hesitate at all when it is time to take action.

But as the saying goes, there is no way to guard against thieves day and night. Luo An has already figured out the entire story of this case.

That is, the [Polonium 210 Poisoning Case of Veranith] was solved, the Jewish director of the Office of Integrity and Compliance was kicked out, and a chess piece was played in the Jewish camp, making the other party bear a grudge against Luo An, the investigator of the case.

Someone in the Jewish camp chose to take advantage of Mr. Clement's promotion and the opportunity of Trick Kennedy, who had just taken over the job and was too busy with too many tasks, to take advantage of the opportunity of Mr. Clement's promotion and use the hands of the FBI Deputy Director to investigate this case. Fishing in troubled waters was handed over to Trick Kennedy.

Trick Kennedy didn't react, and since his subordinate Luo An had the most outstanding case handling ability, he subconsciously approached Luo An and hoped that he would handle the case.

Trick Kennedy had just been promoted and would have a lot of contact with him in the future. In addition, the case seemed to be just two ordinary and not difficult murder cases, so Luo An took over the case.

The black man in the Jewish camp then contacted Harris, the jacket man in the Judgment Process Church, and planned to use Sister Ellie to quietly attack Luo An.

As for why the black man was able to contact the Judgment Process Church, Luo An was not surprised.

The main messenger of the Loli mourning incident is a Jew. Getting something for nothing and liking to go astray are engraved in the Jewish genes and have not changed for thousands of years.

More than half of the messy things in the Western world that are related to money, are not in compliance with the law, and are not in line with human values have gone away.

Hearing Roan's question, Mr. Clement slowly shook his head and whispered:

"It's not time yet." Roan frowned slightly, and just as he was about to continue saying something, Mr. Clement interrupted him with a wave of his hand, and then said:

"Don't worry, Trick Kennedy will be taken advantage of by the other party this time, and he won't let it go.

In addition, the other party broke the rules this time, so the compensation they deserve will not be less, and your share will not be less either.

Don't worry, after this incident, those people will stop targeting you. "

Luo An was silent for a few seconds, nodded and said nothing more.

The so-called compensation to Luo An is not something he really cares about. Again, there is no reason to guard against thieves day and night. I believe that the Jews are kind and honest, and I believe that they will not continue to take revenge...

Luo An feels that this possibility is even more outrageous than the story that the Federation gave up capitalism and started to adopt Communism.

In addition, Luo An's memory is not very good, and he doesn't like to take revenge overnight for fear of forgetting.

Looking at the rapidly retreating scenery outside the window, Luo An's eyes flashed with an imperceptible cold light.

After a brief chat, the car arrived at the FBI headquarters in Washington after a short period of time.

Mr. Clement got out of the car and signaled to Luo An not to rush, but to ask his secretary to drive him to the "Insomnia Building" and then back.

Under the "Insomnia Building", Luo An smiled and thanked his secretary. The secretary smiled and nodded. The two exchanged brief greetings for a few seconds before the secretary started the car and headed back towards the headquarters building.

Looking at the car's slowly disappearing figure, Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and pondered for a few seconds. He first took out his mobile phone and called Lacey and asked her to bring someone back. Then with a smile on his face, he turned and walked towards the inside of the building.

Not long after returning to the special investigation team, Sister Ellie from the Trial Process Church, the drunk archbishop, the accountant and two men in suits were all taken away by people sent by Trick Kennedy.

As for Team Leader Kraus and others from the Ministry of Justice, they were also taken away for interrogation by people sent by Trick Kennedy on charges of leaking state secrets.

“People from the National Security Department are charged with leaking state secrets...”

Chenier looked at Klaus and others who were being pushed into the car downstairs, and complained speechlessly:

“What is this, excellent technical ability?”

“No, it should be said to be a professional counterpart.”

On the desk behind him, Winslow smiled while holding a coffee cup, then looked around and asked:

“Isn't Lacey back yet?”

“Luo An said it's almost time and he's on his way back.”

Michelle yawned and asked casually:

“Since everyone has been taken away, are we no longer needed in the aftermath of this case?”

“Probably, you can ask Luo An later.”

Chenelle walked to Lacey's desk, bent down and rummaged through a few packages of snacks, and said while eating:

“He and Mona are working on something in the team leader's office.”

The three of them were chatting while eating, and the topic quickly moved to other aspects. At the same time, in the team leader's office, Luo An looked serious, and Mona's cheeks turned red:

“Luo An, are you sure you really want to do this?”

Chapter 812 Identity

Special investigation team office area, team leader's office.

Behind the desk, Mona sat in the chair that used to belong to Luo An. She kept rubbing her hands and her cheek skin flushed with excitement:

“Luo An, are you sure I can hack into WhiteHouse's network system this time?”

Luo An raised his hand and rubbed his temples, with a helpless expression on his face.

When they were in that small building before, neither Mr. Clement nor Trick-Kennedy specified the true identities of Ms. Ingeborg and Mr. Maximilian.

After returning to the special investigation team, Luo An wanted to investigate the identity information of the two people, so he logged into the FBI's internal database and began to check the relevant information of the two people.

Ms. Ingeborg's information was quickly found by Luo An, and the information showed that the other party served on the Federal Open Market Committee of the Federal Reserve Bank (FRS).

*The overall design system of the Federal Reserve is very complex, mainly including the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Open Market Committee, the Federal Reserve Bank, 3,000 member banks and 3 advisory committees, in addition to many other departments.

The Federal Open Market Committee, where Ms. Ingeborg serves, gathers in Washington eight times a year, on average once every six weeks, and is responsible for deciding and executing open market operations, reviewing economic and financial conditions, and determining appropriate monetary policy stances.

Every time the Federation releases water to harvest the world, there is more or less the participation of certain members of this department.

Although Ms. Ingeborg's specific position is not that high, she has served in a key position in the department for more than thirty years. Her connections and power cannot be underestimated.

Keeping this information in mind, Luo An then prepared to check Mr. Maximilian's information.

As a result, the FBI database only showed basic information such as Mr. Maximilian's name and his employment in the White House Personnel Office.

If you want to see more specific content, the FBI database either shows that it is not available, or that Luo An does not have this permission.

Just before Lacey came back, Luo An called Mona into the team leader's office and asked her to help with the operation.

Mona was busy for a while, and finally came to the conclusion: Mr. Maximilian's information was in the FBI database and was among the most confidential.

She can find a way to get the specific content, but she can't do it without leaving any traces. The FBI Supervision Department will definitely send someone to the special investigation team to question her later.

Luo An immediately stopped Mona after hearing this.

Luo An actually didn't feel too surprised about this. Just like in the country on the other side of the ocean, some departments involved in confidential information only showed the names of the main and related figures, and no other information could be found. The whole world So true.

Knowing that Luo An still felt a little headache, Mona saw the expression on Luo An's face, thought for a few seconds and came up with her plan:

Since the FBI database route is not feasible, it is better to go directly to the WhiteHouse internal network route.

Luo An was stunned when he heard this. Mona seemed to mean: Since the train can't be used, let's just build a plane.

“It's not that exaggerated!”

Mona waved her hand and stood up, walked to Luo An, and explained in a low voice:

“Whether it is an FBI internal network, a CIA internal network, or a White House internal network, the external structure may be different, but the internal structure is actually the same.

That is, at the most superficial level, there is a surface-level information database for ordinary agents; the next level is a mid-level information database for managers; and the next level is the core information database that only the chief personnel of the department have the right to log in to. ”

"I see."

Luo An nodded. He and Mona had studied network knowledge for a period of time and understood the system design idea that looked similar to a pyramid structure. He continued:

"The problem is that WhiteHouse is the political center of the federation, and the network system there is definitely more strict than the FBI."

"You told a very funny joke, Roan."

A strange look flashed in Mona's eyes, and she whispered: "In fact, the number of hackers who successfully invade the surface network of White House every year is far more than the number of hackers who successfully invade the surface network of the FBI's internal database."

Luo An turned his head in surprise. Mona nodded solemnly and introduced Luo An in a low voice:

"For federal network talents, the best first echelon is in the navy, army and air force, the second echelon is in some federal secret agencies and the Pentagon, and the third echelon is in CIA, NSA, NRO, FBI and other departments.

As for White House, the whole world knew that it was the political center, so the truly confidential information files were never kept there.

The network system there is the previous generation network protection system given to them by the Pentagon, and it also plays a role in selecting talents.

A hacker who has hacked into the surface network of WhiteHouse has proven his strength, and then the military, Pentagon or our FBI and other departments will come forward to take him away. "

After listening to the introduction of Mona, a veteran in the industry, Luo An's eyelids jumped. He really didn't expect that things would unfold like this.

Mona chuckled, reached out and patted Luo An's arm, and then whispered:

“The things you want to check this time should not be considered particularly confidential information. They are most likely on the surface network of WhiteHouse.

I'm sure I can hack into it and investigate. What do you think? Do you want me to give it a try? ”

After pondering for a few seconds, Luo An slowly shook his head:

“Forget it.”

Now that we already know that Mr. Maximilian works in the personnel office in the white house, there is no need to continue to look up the following information at the risk and trouble.

Mona's description just now also made Luo An more convinced of the existence of DeepState in the Federation. Thinking of the respectful attitude of Mr. Trick Kennedy and Mr. Clement when talking to Mr. Maximilian, Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly. , many thoughts flashed through my mind instantly.

When Mona heard Luo An rejecting her proposal, she immediately crossed her arms and snorted in displeasure. Luo An put his thoughts aside for the time being, stepped forward and hugged Mona, and said with a few words of laughter:

“By the way, please help me check Chief Trick Kennedy's recent work content and schedule.”

Mona frowned slightly and asked in confusion:

“Why are you checking him?”

“The trial process has taught me that there are many people involved in this case and there are a lot of things going on.”

Luo An rubbed Mona's shoulders and replied with a smile:

“Although Chief Trick Kennedy sent someone to take over the follow-up work of this case, our special investigation team is the main person to solve the case after all. We cannot completely relax in a short period of time. It is always right to be cautious.”

“That makes sense.”

When it comes to business matters, Mona nodded in agreement with a serious face, walked behind the desk, sat on a chair, and started typing on the computer keyboard.

Luo An picked up the coffee pot and poured a cup of coffee, put it on the table and pushed it to Mona, and asked casually:

“Can you find out where Trick Kennedy went today?”

"Um..."

Mona's fingers were flying, she quickly found out the relevant information and replied:

“He went to George Washington University and hasn't come back yet.”

The university is located in the center of Washington, next to the State Department, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and only a few blocks from the White House. It is a well-known private university in the federal government and has trained many world-class figures.

Thinking of what Mr. Clement said about the black hands of the Jewish camp, and thinking of the moment after Trick Kennedy left the building, he drove to George Washington University...

Luo An narrowed his eyes, picked up the coffee pot and poured himself a cup of coffee.

At this moment, there was a knock on the office door. Michelle opened the door and said:

“Lacie is back.”

Chapter 813 Conspiracy

In the office area of the special investigation team, Lacey sat on her chair, picked up the coffee cup and drank it all in one gulp, then let out a long breath:

“I'm really exhausted.”

"Thanks for your hard work."

Michelle picked up the coffee pot and refilled it for Lacey. Roan picked up a bag of snacks from Chenelle's table and put it into her hand, asking:

“How was the journey?”

“This bag of snacks seems to be mine?”

Taking the snack and looking at the package, Lacey rolled her eyes at Chenelle, opened the package and ate while saying:

“When I got your call from Luo An and rushed to Washington, D.C., there was no problem.

As I entered Washington, D.C., not far from the FBI's Washington headquarters, I noticed a suspicious car starting to follow me.

I was about to call you for help when the car suddenly turned away and gave up following me. I didn't see the car again until I returned to the building. "

Winslow and Chenelle frowned and looked at Luo An, who said:

“Mona, Michelle, investigate the surveillance and find out who was driving that car.”

“Leave it to us.”

Mona and Michelle nodded together, sat back in their seats and started typing on the computer. Luo An was silent for a few seconds and said:

“I'm going to the interrogation room.”

Chenelle quickly asked:

“Do you want me to interrogate with you?”

Luo An waved his hand without looking back:

“No, I just have a brief chat with Harris.

Chynielle, call Chief Trick Kennedy and ask him to send someone here to pick him up. ”

Chenelle nodded and accepted the order, found her mobile phone and made a call. Winslow looked around, stood up and walked to the interrogation room:

“I'll go there and wait for Luo An to see if he needs any help.”

"me and you together."

Lacie also got up and followed, and the two of them walked to the door of the interrogation room. The door of the interrogation room was closed and no sound came out.

Less than five minutes later, the door to the interrogation room opened from the inside, and Luo An walked out expressionlessly.

Winslow and Lacey in the hallway were startled, and Roan was also startled by the two people squatting at the door:

“What are you doing?”

"Forehead..."

Winslow looked embarrassed and turned to look at Lacey. Lacey twitched the corner of her mouth and replied bravely:

“We're just here to see if you need any help.”

Luo An rolled his eyes and guessed that the two were worried about him doing something that violated the rules, so he moved aside to show the two men the interrogation room. Except for his blue face, there was no other abnormality in the jacket man Harris, and he said:

“Don't worry, I didn't do anything to him, I just chatted with him.”

Winslow and Lacey looked at each other, both breathed a sigh of relief, and the stones in their hearts were relieved.

The two have the same ideas in some aspects. The most important person in the special investigation team is Luo An. Luo An can't have anything happen to anyone. They really don't want to see Luo An have problems because of the rules.

After closing the interrogation room door, Luo An patted the two of them on the shoulders, turned and walked towards the office area, and asked loudly as he walked:

“Mona and Michelle, did you find anything?”

"No."

In the office area, Mona frowned, slowly shook her head, and said:

“Michelle and I checked out the area Lacey mentioned.

Unfortunately, the surveillance on the short stretch of road that Lacey drove through happened to be in the maintenance stage, and we found nothing. "

“I also checked the license plate that Lacey mentioned.”

Michelle then added:

“The results showed that it was a fake. The car with the real number is in New York. The owners are an old couple in their sixties. They and the car have not been touched at home today.”

“It seems that the other party is well prepared today.”

Chenelle frowned slightly, walked into the office area from the side, then shook her phone at Luo An and said:

“The people sent by Chief Trick will be here soon.”

“Good.”

Luo An nodded slightly, then clapped his hands to attract everyone's attention, and said loudly:

“Everyone, as I said before, I have contacted Chief Trick Kennedy and asked him to transfer the follow-up work of this case to other departments. The subsequent matters have nothing to do with us.

However, there are a lot of people and things involved behind the trial process. As the leading investigators of the case, we may be targeted by some people.

So in the next period of time, everyone should not be too relaxed and keep in touch at all times. If you feel or find something is wrong, remember to contact others for help immediately. Do you understand?
”

"clear!"

"no problem!"

All the agents responded in unison, and Luo An nodded with satisfaction.

Mona pointed to the computer and asked: "As for the guy who is following Lacey, shall we continue to investigate?"

"Need not."

Luo An looked back at the interrogation room and smiled:

“I'll take care of the rest.”

To investigate and handle the [Trial Progress Church Case], everyone in the special investigation team has been traveling everywhere and working for several days in a row. There is very little rest time and everyone is very tired.

After the people sent by Trick Kennedy took away the jacket man Harris, Luo An made a few simple arrangements and gave everyone a break, allowing them to return to their residences and have a good rest.

Luo An himself drove Mona back to the villa, drank a bottle of [Stamina Potion] to cheer up, and drove to New York.

Murrary Roberts, just 70 years old this year, is a well-known Jewish professor at the George Washington University School of Business. He has trained many well-known figures in society and is respected by everyone.

“Good afternoon, Professor Roberts.”

“Hello, Professor Roberts.”

At six-thirty in the afternoon, Mulally Roberts walked out of the luxurious teachers' office building wearing his usual suit.

The students he met on the road greeted him with a smile and respect. Professor Murali Roberts also smiled and nodded to these students as he walked.

Slowly walking into the parking lot inside the campus, Murali Roberts opened the car door and got into a car that looked a little old and had a style that was from the last century.

The car is Mustang-boss-429, which was only produced in 1969 and 1970. Each one is very rare.

Putting her handbag in the passenger seat, Murrary Roberts tightened her seat belt, pondered for a few seconds, took out her cell phone, found a phone number and dialed it.

The call was quickly answered, and Mullary-Roberts said:

“Good afternoon, old man.”

“Not good at all, Roberts.”

An equally old voice sounded on the phone, saying in a rather dissatisfied tone:

“I told you before that Roan Greenwood is extraordinary and a very good talent.

This kind of talent is more suitable to win over and let him work for us, rather than deliberately targeting him! ”

The voice on the phone sounded like a scolding, and Murrary Roberts was not angry and said with a slight smile:

“What you said makes sense, that's why I called you, isn't it?”

The other end of the phone was stunned for a moment and asked:

"What's the meaning?"

“Oldgame, goodcopbadcop. (Oldgame, good cops and bad cops)”

Mullary-Roberts smiled lightly and said:

“I've done the bad cop role, and the little guy from the Kennedy family took the game prize from me today.

Next, it's your turn to be a good police officer. ”

“Roberts, have you made your brain stupid by teaching every day?”

Everyone on the other end of the phone laughed angrily and said coldly:

"You just sent someone here to attack Roan Greenwood not long ago, and he found out. Do you think he will join us?"

"It is precisely because I sent people to attack him that he joined us."

Mullary-Roberts calmly explained:

"The fact that the little guys from the Kennedy family came to negotiate with me means that they don't plan to get too entangled in this matter and are ready to focus more on future matters.

Croan Greenwood is a young man. The characteristic of young people is that they are easily swayed by emotions. It is impossible for him to swallow this breath. Even if he swallows it forcefully, he will still have a grudge against Maximilian and the others.

The people I sent showed our ubiquitous strength to Roan Greenwood from the side. You "good policemen" came forward to punish me, the "bad policeman", and then promised Roan Greenwood some benefits. , what choice do you think he will make? "

After a long silence, the other end of the phone said:

"Roan Greenwood is a smart guy."

Mullary Roberts chuckled:

"Smart people will think more and be greedy."

Chapter 814 Not overnight

"Smart people will think more and be greedy."

Mully Roberts finished speaking, and the elderly voice on the other end of the phone was silent for a long time, and finally asked:

“What do you suggest as a good police officer?”

“It's very simple, I just said it.”

Murray Roberts chuckled, with a confident expression on his face, and said:

"First punish me, the "bad policeman", and then give Roan Greenwood some benefits.

He is less than thirty years old this year. He is a young, energetic man who likes nothing more than money, women, and power.

We can satisfy him with all these, can't we? It doesn't matter no matter how much he wants, he will get it back in the future. "

The other end of the phone said calmly:

“Sure enough, you are still doing the same thing.”

“The same old thing is the same old thing because it works.”

Murray Roberts still smiles:

"What do you think?"

"Okay, I'll ask someone to handle the rest."

The other end of the phone replied casually and hung up the phone. Murali Roberts didn't get angry even when he heard the busy signal on his phone. He chuckled, put the phone in his pocket, started the car and started driving towards the outside of the campus.

The villa where Murary Roberts lives is in an area not too far from George Washington University.

His wife died of cancer for more than ten years, but Murarry Roberts did not continue to marry her. Outsiders praised him as a devoted man who loved his late wife very much.

However, Murarry Roberts himself knows that compared to remarrying a woman in her thirties or forties, he is already seventy years old and still lacks money. He prefers to interact with young people.

For example, a twenty-year-old girl, an eighteen-year-old girl is fine, or even younger than eighteen years old...Mulali Roberts is a standard wealthy Jew.

Mullary Roberts has a very regular life schedule. After he drives home, he usually drinks a glass of red wine and rests for a while, then takes a shower, changes clothes, and goes to a private club at eight o'clock to enjoy himself.

Early the next morning, he went home, washed up, put on his glasses, resumed his status as a respected professor, and went to school to teach and educate people, speak out for the Jews, and cultivate students to be close to the Jews.

Considering that he is getting older and his physical fitness is not as good as before, Murali Roberts will only have this kind of life trajectory two or three times a week.

Today I happened to be in a good mood and had time. Murali Roberts drove the car into the garage, walked into the villa and went straight to the wine cellar, ready to find a bottle of red wine to taste.

As soon as he walked into the villa, Murali Roberts' expression suddenly changed, because he found that there was an opened bottle of red wine placed in the living room, and there was a goblet with some red wine poured next to it.

With his eyebrows pounding, Murarry Roberts stepped back and raised his right hand to insert it into his pocket to retrieve his cell phone. At this moment, a sound of laughter rang out in the kitchen:

“Don't get excited, Mr. Roberts, and don't move your hands, otherwise the gun aimed at you may get angry.”

Murray Roberts paused, and his body froze suddenly. He took a few deep breaths to suppress the fear in his heart, and turned around little by little to look towards the kitchen.

At the door of the kitchen, leaning against a man wearing ordinary sportswear and gloves, pointing a pistol at him, with a bright smile on his face.

The man's face was familiar to Murarry Roberts. He had seen it many times in some folders. It was the person he had just discussed on the phone, Roan Greenwood.

“Good evening, Mr. Professor.”

Luo An walked up to Murarry Roberts in a leisurely manner, stretched out his hand to signal him to sit on the sofa, and said with a smile:

“The wine was good, I took a look, it was the last century Lafite red wine from Chateau Margaux.

As expected of a professor at George Washington University, he indeed has extraordinary taste. ”

Sitting on the sofa, Murali-Roberts looked up and looked at the smile on Luo An's face. He slowly showed a stiff smile, but he was very shocked in his heart. He couldn't understand how Luo An silently broke through the villa security system.

While feeling unbelievable, Murali Roberts also had a clearer understanding of the strength of Luo An, the team leader. He took a deep breath, suppressed the fear in his heart, and said with a smile:

“If Leader Luo An likes it, I can give you some.”

"That's no need. I don't know much about red wine, and I don't have the habit of storing wine." Luo An smiled and waved his hand. Just as Murarry Roberts was about to continue speaking, the smile on Luo An's face suddenly disappeared, and his eyes were fixed. The other party asked in a deep voice:

"Let's get straight to the point, Professor Roberts, besides that unfortunate guy Harris, who else have you sent to prepare to attack me?"

Murali Roberts didn't expect that Luo An's face would change so quickly. One second he was smiling brightly, and the next second he was as cold as ice. He was sweating coldly on his back when he looked at the black muzzle of the gun, and he still had a somewhat stiff smile on his face. , tried:

"Leader Luo An, put down your pistol first. We have plenty of time. How about we talk slowly?"

Luo An didn't say anything, but silently turned on the safety of the pistol.

A few drops of cold sweat broke out on Murarry Roberts' forehead. Just as he was about to speak, he suddenly thought of something, and the stiff smile on his face suddenly softened, and he smiled:

"Leader Luo An, there is no need to be so angry, we can talk slowly.

You don't need to threaten me with a pistol. Within a minute of the gunfire, someone will come here to check the situation, and it won't do you any good at that time.

You are still young and have a bright future, so don't..."

Before Mullary Roberts could finish his words, Luo An punched him hard in the face and said expressionlessly:

"What's the digital code for the safe behind the painting in your bedroom?"

Roberts was so dizzy from the punch that his nose was bleeding. He was just about to curse when he heard Luo An ask:

“How many digits are there in the password? Five digits? Six digits? Seven digits?”

What is the first digit, one? two? three? Where's the second digit...”

In less than five minutes, Luo An got the real number and nodded slightly:

“Thirteen digits, starting with 9 and ending with 3. As expected of a university professor, the password is so long.”

At this time, Murali Roberts couldn't believe it. He looked at Luo An with his mouth open as if he had seen a ghost. He clearly didn't say a word. How did Luo An get the real password? Is there really a way to read minds in the world?

Seeing the coldness in Luo An's eyes becoming more intense, Murali Roberts' face changed drastically as he was dominated by a sense of panic, and he quickly spoke out:

“Leader Luo An, you can't kill me. I can give you all my money, or you can pretend that today's incident never happened. From now on, you...”

Murray Roberts was halfway through speaking, Luo An silently put away his pistol. Upon seeing this, Roberts suddenly smiled on his face, and at the same time made a plan in his heart. After today's incident, the other party must be killed!

Click!

The next second, a crisp sound rang in his ears, and Roberts' consciousness completely fell into darkness.

Five minutes later, a thick plume of smoke shot out from inside the villa, and the orange-red firelight that shot straight into the sky instantly attracted the attention of everyone around the villa.

A backpacker wearing a hat shouted to put out the fire. The people who reacted quickly contacted the fire brigade and opened fire hydrants on both sides of the road to put out the fire.

A few hours later, at 10:30 pm, the case report that Murraby Roberts had her neck broken and that the villa was set on fire appeared on some people's desks.

These people were not in the mood to look at Murraby Roberts' autopsy report, but looked at the traces found by the FBI Trace Examination Unit at the crime scene:

They found an inverted cross that was only half burned by the fire and was completely black, and a safe with the door open to the outside.

There are a few gold bars left in the safe, and a lot of U.S. dollars, bonds, etc. were burned by the fire, but there are still some left. There are also many half-burned folders, but the documents inside the folders are empty.

Many people who saw the case report cursed in a low voice. The inverted cross indicated that the murderer either came from the Judgment Process Church; or it was a deception left by the murderer, and the other party wanted to draw attention to the church.

Coupled with the situation of the safe, many people are convinced that the murderer's real goal is to recover the documents, and Roberts has been silenced.

When it comes to the trial process of the church, there are too many things and people involved behind the scenes. Any camp may take action, and there is no evidence at the scene.

Some people thought more and were suspicious of the inverted cross left at the scene. The suspected mastermind behind the incident told them not to continue digging and investigating. After all, everyone is not clean, and it would not be good for anyone to find out anything.

In addition, if the other party takes away those documents, it is impossible to treasure them. Whether the other party is preparing to use them for subsequent transactions or disclose them to the media, they have the ability to detect and intercept them in advance.

After thinking about this, several camps that were sure that it was not their own hands chose to stand still and refused to take over the case, and then turned their attention to the Jewish camp.

Chapter 815 Just More Equality

The Jewish camp was also shocked by the death of Murali Roberts. After these people reacted, they immediately decided...

The investigation is not urgent, internal matters should be dealt with first.

Although Mullally Roberts has passed away, his position within the camp still exists. The position cannot be left empty for a long time, and the overt and covert struggles begin.

Regarding the investigation, they have the same idea as those from the opposite camp. The other side takes the documents in the safe and cannot keep them forever. The documents in the safe will definitely be taken out and traded later.

As long as the other party chooses to make a deal, with the Jewish camp's pervasive ability, it can definitely be discovered immediately, and then decide whether to intervene and intercept based on the situation.

Even if the other party does not belong to a certain camp, but is just an ordinary civilian and intends to disclose it to the media, the Jewish camp will not panic. More than 70% of the mouthpieces in the entire federation are in their hands, and they are sure to intercept the opponent one step ahead.

Compared with these, how to distribute and inherit the position and political legacy left by Mulally Roberts is more important to them.

Jews are indeed very equal, but some are more equal.

For example, that country is full of Jews, and ordinary people must perform military service and go to the battlefield to be Teletubbies. However, the Haredi people are not born to perform military service. They only need to study scriptures, eat, drink, have fun, and create the next generation.

Because their fathers have worked hard. If they work harder, their fathers' efforts will not be in vain.

Each camp has its own agenda. No one took over the burning case of the Roberts Villa in a short period of time, and it was finally left to the Washington, D.C., police department, which used to be a transparent person.

As the police department at the center of federal politics, its business capabilities may be average, but its ability to stand in line is absolutely top-notch.

Seeing that none of the major departments took over the case, the SAR police department waved their hands and made a decisive promise to the media that they would never give up. They would investigate the truth and safeguard the freedom, democracy and noble laws of the federation!

However, before this, the police department's case handling funds have been shrinking, forcing police resources to decline year by year. The investigation of this case may take a long time. I hope everyone can understand that it would be better if some financial help can be provided...

"These police officers are enough."

The next day, in the living room of a certain villa in Washington, D.C., watching the Chief of the DC Police talking on TV, Mona curled up on the sofa with a doll in her arms, her head covered with black lines, and said wordlessly:

"The low crime detection rate is due to a lack of funds, which leads to a lack of equipment; the patrol police's violent treatment of others is due to a lack of funds, which leads to the inability to pay wages and bad tempers... The lack of funds is really an all-purpose reason."

"Yeah yeah."

Beside them, Lacey, Chenelle and Michelle were also crowded on the sofa, eating snacks and watching TV while holding their dolls.

After Mona finished speaking, Lacey put down the snack bag and licked her fingers, then complained with an annoyed look on her face:

“I have gone shopping with people several times, and I have seen the SAR police use their hands on some female tourists who came to the SAR on suspicion that they were carrying illegal items.

One time a guy tried to stop me. If I hadn't pulled out my FBI gold badge, that guy would have dared to attack me that day. ”

“The quality of the police in some special districts is indeed not high.”

Michelle raised her glasses on the bridge of her nose and analyzed seriously:

“However, it is true that the funding of the SAR police has been declining year by year. Compared with the last century, their funding has been reduced by nearly one-fifth in recent years.

And this trend shows no signs of stopping, and is even getting worse. I feel that in a few years, the police will drastically reduce their manpower and even reduce their wages. ”

Lacey and Mona looked slightly moved. Chenelle put down her snacks and frowned and asked:

“What about our FBI? Will we also reduce funding?”

Among the four women on the sofa, Michelle reads books and watches the news, and knows the most about things. Mona and the others believe in Michelle's analysis.

"possible."

Michelle nodded, then changed the topic and said with a smile: "But we don't have to worry. With Team Leader Luo An here, it doesn't matter if the salary of our special investigation team is less."

"really!"

The worry on Chenelle's face disappeared instantly and she began to laugh. Lacey also smiled, put her arm around Mona's shoulders, and asked:

"Where's Luo An, why didn't you see him today? You had a conflict with him and kicked him out of the villa?"

"Take your hand away, there's still snack residue on it!"

Mona rolled her eyes at Lacey, shook her body to squeeze Lacey away, and replied casually:

"Luo An went to Wall Street in New York, where he had some investments. He happened to have nothing to do these days, so he went there to check out the situation."

"Roan has investments on Wall Street?"

Lacie's eyes lit up, she quickly found a tissue and wiped her hands clean, hugged Mona's arm tightly, and said excitedly:

"What stocks did he invest in? Did you invest with him? Can you show me one?"

Before following Luo An and Mona to the Los Angeles Special Investigation Unit, Lacey had sought investment experience from Luo An, bought some stocks, and made a lot of money.

Since then, Lacey believed in Luo An's vision. Luo An bought stocks of some Internet companies such as Apple and Amazon. Although Lacey believed more in industry and didn't understand the Internet very

well, she still gritted her teeth and followed up, buying two-thirds of her own shares. All the funds were invested.

It didn't take long for Lacey to see that the stocks she bought continued to rise, and she made a lot of money in just two years. From then on, Lacey believed in Luo An even more. It is no exaggeration to say that as long as Luo An dared to recommend, Lacey would Dare to buy!

Chenelle and Michelle, who were next to them, both turned their heads when they heard their conversation, and looked at Mona with interest.

After they joined Luo An's team, they also bought some stocks with Lacey's real evidence.

Joined the game a little late, the two of them didn't make as much as Lacey, but they were still quite a lot. From then on, they admired Luo An even more.

Facing the shining eyes of the three women, Mona twitched the corner of her mouth. Even though she knew that the three of them were not interested in Luo An's body, but only in Luo An's eyes, they still had the unpleasant feeling of being their own toy and being liked by others.

Shaking her head and throwing away the messy thoughts in her mind, Mona spread her hands and explained:

“Sorry, I really don't know much about Luo An's investment in Wall Street. I only know that the qualifications for entry are very high.”

“That's better forget it.”

After hearing Mona's explanation, Lacey immediately gave up the idea. Michelle and Chenelle also shook their heads and stopped asking. The girls chatted for a few words. When the sun was skewed and the temperature outside dropped, they changed their clothes and started going out together. Shopping, eating and drinking.

At the same time, deep in a cafe on a street not far from Wall Street in New York, Luo An was sitting on a chair calmly and calmly sipping cappuccino.

The man sitting opposite him was wearing a suit but had dark circles under his eyes. He had already drank three cups of coffee. It was Michael Bray, the manager who helped Luo An handle CDS financial products.

“Those **** guys!”

“What a bunch of cousins!”

“Shit! I don't know what those people are thinking!”

Michael Bray kept drinking coffee and saying greetings, and his hands were shaking with anger.

Time passed by and Michael Bray finally calmed down. Roan waved to the waiter to take away the cup, looked at Michael Bray and smiled:

“Have you finished venting?”

Michael Bray took a long breath, looked at Luo An with a little surprise, and asked hoarsely:

“Luo An, aren't you angry? Those people are lying, and they are using lies to control federal housing prices!”

Chapter 816 Michael Brey asks for help

Three o'clock in the afternoon, New York, not far from Wall Street, in a coffee shop on the corner of a certain street.

Deep in the store, Luo An and Michael Bray sat opposite each other, with no one else around them.

“Those **** raised by cousins...”

Unlike Roan who was calm and took his cappuccino to taste it slowly, Michael Bray had a very ugly expression on his face. He cursed under his breath for a moment and asked:

“Luo An, you have expected this to happen, right?”

Michael Bray believes in numbers. Many things in this world cannot be judged as correct or not, but numbers can. If the calculation result of numbers is right, it is right, if it is wrong, it is wrong, and if it is not, it is not possible.

Michael Bray therefore calculated that federal housing prices will inevitably begin to decline in 2007 based on federal mortgage default rates, housing loan and other data.

In 2005, Michael Bray approached a Wall Street investment bank and creatively proposed the creation of CDS, a financial product based on legal gambling on federal housing prices.

In the next two years, Michael Brey has been ridiculed as a fool*, but he doesn't care, he knows that the final winner must be himself.

It is now mid-February 2007. As he expected, the federal mortgage default rate is gradually rising at a speed visible to the naked eye, but the price of mortgage bonds has not declined.

In other words, Michael Bray's judgment is correct, and federal house prices have not fallen.

There was no problem with the data, and the facts were in front of him. Michael Brey could not put aside the facts. He carefully analyzed this "free market" that did not develop according to normal logic, and finally came to the conclusion that he least wanted to see it. Conclusion reached:

The federal mortgage market is manipulated, housing prices are controlled, and various departments of the entire federal financial system are working together to defraud retail investors, and they are even defrauding each other.

“This is Wall Street, Michael.”

Looking at the dark circles on Michael Bray's face, Luo An smiled and said:

“The Federation is a capitalist country. Players have their own ways of playing, and the bankers naturally have their own routines.”

“Mother-fu-ker! Sonof than eat!”

Michael Bray understood the meaning of Luo An's words. He inserted his fingers into his hair and cursed in a low voice again with an angry face.

After a long silence, Michael Bray slowly raised his head and said in a slightly hoarse voice:

“Luo An, I need your help.”

"you say."

“I need some funds.”

The various names in CDS, a financial product, are very lofty and fancy, and many people feel that they cannot understand them at all.

But in fact, the financial product itself can be simply understood as two strangers betting on Lao Wang's car. A bets that the car will have an accident, and B bets that the car will not have an accident.

Among them, A, who bets that there will be a car accident, will give B a sum of money every month. If Lao Wang's car never gets into an accident, A will have to keep paying.

But as long as Lao Wang's car has an accident, B, who bets that there will be no accident, will have to pay A a large sum of money, and A wins the bet.

Lao Wang's car is the federal housing price, A is Michael Bray, and B is the investment banks.

Michael Bray said that in his plan, federal house prices will fall by February 2007 at the latest, so he has only prepared so much monthly premiums to be paid to investment banks.

Now that federal housing prices have been as stable as a mountain, March is only half a month away. Next month's premium still requires a large amount of funds, but Michael Bray can no longer afford it.

Facing Michael Bray, who had red eyes and a pleading look on his face, Luo An chuckled, showed a sunny smile, and said:

“We are friends, Michael, and friends should help each other, right?”

How much money are you short of? Tell me a number. "

Michael Bray's eyes lit up instantly, he clenched his fists hard, and almost jumped out of his chair in excitement.

Michael Bray has normal sexual orientation and does not like men, but now he feels that Luo An is definitely the most handsome man he has ever seen!

Especially the last sentence "say a number", Mother-fu-ker, Michael Bray finally understands what those women feel like.

Taking a few deep breaths and trying to suppress the excitement in his heart, Michael Bray said with a serious face:

"It needs about 23 million U.S. dollars." Michael Bry has more than three billion U.S. dollars in his hands, but he has forcibly tied the money from investors. Those investors also don't understand and don't agree with Michael Bry's bearishness. Federal House Price Behavior.

For two years, those people have been clamoring to divest from Michael Burry's company, putting Michael Burry under a lot of pressure.

Among the people Michael Bray knows, only Roan agrees with him, and he is also bearish on federal housing prices, which made Michael Bray once have the idea that he and Roan are the only smart people in the world.

"\$23 million..."

Roan frowned slightly when he heard this number. Michael Bray's heart skipped a beat when he saw this scene, and he quickly asked:

"Is the number too big? Otherwise..."

"No."

Luo An shook his head and asked:

"This number you are talking about is the premium for one month in March?"

Michael Bray was stunned for a moment, then nodded:

"That's right."

Luo An shook his head slightly, picked up the coffee, took a sip, and said:

“This money is not enough, I can provide you with 80 million US dollars first, and I will contact you if you need it later.”

Hearing Luo An's words, Michael Bree was filled with excitement, shocked and excited. Soon he also realized the problem in Luo An's words, and asked in a low voice:

“Luo An, do you think those people will still control federal housing prices for a long time?”

"I am not sure."

Luo An put down the coffee cup, took a deep look at Michael Bray, and said softly:

“But I know one thing, the banker will not let himself lose.”

Michael Bray understands numbers and data, Roan does not understand these, but he understands the rules of the game in the Federation.

“This group of **** should be thrown into the cesspool...”

Understanding the meaning behind Luo An's words, Michael Bray cursed again with an ugly face. Luo An smiled and didn't care much. He found his mobile phone and called the bank, and transferred \$80 million to Michael Bray. in the account provided.

After chatting for a while, Michael Bray checked out and left with an excited look on his face. Luo An was not in a hurry to leave, he still had to wait for someone here.

Time passed by, and more than half an hour later, a white man, also wearing a suit and with a tired face, opened the door and walked into the coffee shop.

When the visitor saw Luo An, he walked straight to the table where he was sitting, sat down on the chair, waved to the waiter and ordered three cups of coffee.

“Good afternoon, sir.”

Roan looked at Trick Kennedy, who also had thick dark circles under his eyes like Michael Brey, and asked in surprise:

“What's wrong with you? Is the trial process church's case so difficult to deal with?”

Trick Kennedy drank the coffee in one gulp, wiped his mouth and smiled bitterly:

“It's not the judgment process church, it's...”

Halfway through speaking, Trick Kennedy suddenly stopped, waved his hand and changed the topic and asked:

“Luo An, why did you come to Wall Street?”

“I have some investments on Wall Street, so I will come here to take a look when I have time.”

Luo An replied casually:

“The U.S. dollar is depreciating faster and faster, and if you don't invest, you will only lose more and more money.”

Trick-Kennedy nodded in agreement, chatted for a while, then brought the topic to the point, and said:

“I come to you this time with two pieces of good news.”

Chapter 817 [Balloon Delivery Case]

“Two pieces of good news?”

Luo An was a little surprised and asked:

“Is it related to the case of the Judgment Process Church?”

"certainly."

Trick Kennedy smiled and said:

“Remember before I took over this case, I told you that the deputy director started calculating the case-handling expenses of each department this year?”

Luo An's eyes lit up and he nodded, asking:

“The results are already out?”

“That's right.”

Trick Kennedy took out a document from the briefcase he was carrying, handed it to Luo An with a smile, and said:

“The activity funds of your case handling department this year have increased by one-tenth compared with last year.”

One-tenth may sound a bit small, but there are more than a dozen departments in the FBI's Washington headquarters, and one-tenth is by no means a small number.

And from this increase in funds, the special investigation team led by Luo An received the most.

Although the other case investigation teams received less, they were very grateful to Luo An. After all, without Luo An's 100% case detection rate, they would not have been able to get the increased funds. You must know that the last time the case handling department increased activity funds was more than ten years ago. things before.

Looking at the large number added in the folder, Luo An raised the corner of his mouth and then asked:

“Sir, what's the second good news?”

“The second thing is related to the judgment process of the church.”

Trick Kennedy paused slightly at this point and said:

“Mr. Clement must have told you that there are some problems behind this case. It was because I accidentally let down my guard and didn't notice that I let you take over the case.

That day in Georgetown, I went to deal with the matter. Not only did I solve the trouble, but I also got some compensation for you, Luo An. ”

The problem that Trick Kennedy mentioned is exactly what Professor Murally Roberts is doing behind the scenes, and the dark circles around his eyes are also related to this.

Because Trick Kennedy was the last person who met Murali Roberts alone and had negotiation experience with him before the villa was burned.

Coupled with his status as a member of the Kennedy family and his belonging to a certain camp, he was immediately suspected by many people of being the mastermind behind the burning of the Murali-Roberts villa.

For a while, Trick Kennedy's cell phone kept ringing, causing him to barely sleep until now.

As for the identity of the murderer who set the villa on fire, Trick Kennedy seriously doubted that the Jewish camp acted on his own initiative. This kind of thing has not never happened before, and it has even happened many times.

Shaking his head and temporarily putting aside the thoughts in his mind, Trick Kennedy took out a piece of paper with a series of numbers written on it from his pocket and handed it to Luo An, whispering:

"Here are the three million dollars that I helped you get from the other party. I guarantee you that what happened to the church during the trial process will never happen again."

Luo An's eyes moved slightly, he reached out to take the note and looked at it. After a few seconds of silence, he raised his head and showed a smile:

"OK, thank you, sir."

Seeing the smile on Luo An's face, Trick Kennedy breathed a sigh of relief, picked up the coffee and drank it in one gulp, and also laughed.

The two changed the topic to other aspects and talked about their investment experience on Wall Street for a while. Trick Kennedy left first, followed by Luo An who walked out of the cafe, got into his car, started the car and drove towards Washington, DC. .

Over the next half month or so, considering the complexity of things behind the church during the trial process, Mona, Lacey, Chenelle and Michelle always got together to go shopping and eat and drink every day just in case.

Winslow stayed at home, spending time with his wife and son, resting peacefully every day, and enjoying the hard-earned warm time.

Luo An decisively rejected the four bad women Mona and Lacey. On the surface, he invited him to go shopping together, but in fact, he wanted him to be responsible for carrying the bag. He does boxing every day to exercise, watches TV during his breaks, takes time to check stock prices and federal real estate information on the computer, and goes to various delicious restaurants with his four daughters to taste delicious food in the evening. His life is quite relaxed and happy.

More than half a month passed quickly. In late March, the special investigation team received another case, a murder that occurred in a hidden woods in a corner of a park in Washington, DC.

The victims were two young white men, a man and a woman. The man had wounds on his forehead and back of his head from being struck by a stick. The cause of death was that his throat was cut with a dagger-like weapon.

The body of the young white female victim was lying on her back, her abdomen had been cut open, and blood was everywhere. The scene was horrific.

The cause of death was the same as that of the man. The trachea at the throat was cut, and the blood was poured back into the body and he was suffocated to death.

After taking over the case, Luo An immediately led a special investigation team to investigate. In less than two weeks, he got clues from a friend of the male victim before his death, and then found and caught the murderer.

The case behind the scenes is actually not complicated. The male and female victims were lovers before their death, and the boy owed a lot of loan sharks. In desperation, he gritted his teeth and chose to make quick money by smuggling reading materials.

Girls are brainwashed by boys in the name of love and choose to join in.

The two of them did make a lot of money at the beginning. After successfully repaying the loan shark, the boy decided to continue working because the money in this business came too fast and he could no longer accept normal part-time work to earn wages. It was too slow to make money.

The girl initially made a fuss and sternly refused, but soon she couldn't stand the ordinary working life, so she found the boy and decided to do it one last time, agreeing to stop completely after this time.

The final result was no surprise. The last time turned into one more time, and one more time turned into just this one. Two turned into three, and three turned into four. The two of them were completely caught up in it.

Frequently walking by the river, the water must be dropped. The two smuggled into the federal again. The accidents in the girl's body broke down.

The girl who didn't want to die begged the boy to take her to the hospital. The two of them had not gone far before the book seller chased after them. After killing the two, the book seller cut open the girl's abdomen and took away the balloons with blood...

"damn it."

In the office area of the special investigation team, Chenier walked out of the interrogation room with an ugly face and threw the interrogation records onto her desk.

Mona frowned slightly when she saw this scene and asked:

"Why, isn't that book seller not cooperating?"

"No, he is cooperative, or he is too cooperative."

Behind Chenelle, Lacey walked out of the interrogation room, her face also looked very ugly, and she replied:

"This guy took everything on himself. He would rather go to jail and have his **** kicked than identify the leader of the reading organization behind him."

The murderer of the young lovers was indeed this book seller. The problem was that he was just a little guy who followed orders, and the boss hiding behind him was the culprit.

"It's okay, don't worry."

Just as the women frowned and didn't know what to do, Luo An opened the door and walked in, followed by a white man who looked to be in his forties and had a big beard.

Luo An patted the bearded man on the shoulder and introduced with a smile:

“This is Deputy Team Leader Paul from Investigation Team No. 5 upstairs. He has a way to convince the guy in the interrogation room.”

Deputy Team Leader Paul grinned, showing his white teeth, and said with a smile:

“Don't worry, everyone, just leave this guy to me.”

With that said, Deputy Team Leader Paul nodded towards Luo An and walked into the interrogation room under the leadership of Michelle.

The door to the interrogation room was closed, Mona approached Luo An and asked in a low voice:

“Luo An, this deputy team leader Paul, it seems I haven't seen him in this building before?”

Chapter 818 The Famous Luo An

At 10:30 am, the office area of the special investigation team.

“Luo An, it seems you haven't seen this deputy team leader Paul in this building before?”

Seeing Mona looking at him with a puzzled look on her face, and Lacey, Chenelle and Winslow also looking puzzled, Roan smiled and replied:

“Deputy leader Paul has been working in gangs and bookstores. Most of the time he wears casual clothes and hangs out with people from the underground world. He rarely comes to work in this building.”

In many federal law enforcement agencies, there is a group of people: they are violent, drunk, and foul-mouthed. They are more gangsters than gangs and more criminals than criminals, but they work for the federal government, so they are "good people."

This is the content of deputy team leader Paul's work. He walks between the black and white world. Most of the time, it doesn't matter to him what method he uses, as long as he can complete the task.

Winslow, Mona and Chenelle frowned immediately after hearing Luo An's introduction.

They are not discriminating against Deputy Team Leader Paul. After all, this kind of work that walks between black and white is dangerous and precarious.

Several people are a little dissatisfied with the FBI's approach to setting up this kind of work content, because it is entirely based on the lives of people like Deputy Team Leader Paul to perform tasks.

Lacie nodded calmly, crossed her arms across her chest, and said:

"I had contact with these agents when I was in the intelligence service.

At that time, my superior also invited me, saying that I had excellent abilities and hoped to join them.
"

Chenelle turned her head to look at Lacey in disbelief, then breathed a sigh of relief and reached out to pat Lacey on the shoulder:

"Fortunately you didn't agree."

"I did not agree, and I kicked the old guy in the lower body."

Lacie chuckled, spread her hands and said:

“Then I was transferred to the No. 5 Investigation Team for “confronting the superior”. Later I met Luo An and Mona, and successfully reached the pinnacle of my life in solving crimes and making money.”

A few people looked at Lacey speechlessly. Winslow's head was full of black lines and he complained:

"So, you should also thank the ill-intentioned officer."

Lacie raised her feet with interest and said with a smile:

"Will have the opportunity next time."

Mona waved her hand to interrupt Lacey, turned to Roan and whispered:

"Deputy leader Paul, are you sure he won't... uh, violate the rules too much?"

After Luo An's introduction just now, Mona is now a little worried about whether the interrogation room door will be filled with bright red when the door opens.

Luo An smiled calmly:

“No, Deputy Team Leader Paul has a sense of proportion.”

A few days ago, the news that the case handling department's activity funds for this year increased by one-tenth has spread throughout the FBI's Washington headquarters.

After asking each other, almost everyone knew the decisive role played by the team leader named Roan Greenwood behind this incident.

Almost overnight, all the junior detectives in the case handling department and their team leaders knew the name Roan Greenwood and his specific face.

As soon as Luo An went to work the next day, no less than ten agents greeted Luo An with smiles on their faces in the short few steps from the door to the elevator, and several agents claimed that they accidentally bought too much for breakfast. Yes, I gave several copies to Luo An for free.

For a long time after that, when he left the office area to go to the bathroom during the day, Luo An was greeted with smiles by the agents he met along the corridor.

If it weren't for the inconvenience of saying hello in the bathroom, Luo An felt that when he resolved his internal conflicts, there might be someone to chat with him.

During the handling of the balloon case, when the special investigation team encountered difficulties, many detectives or team leaders from other investigation teams learned that Luo An had encountered difficulties, and they took the initiative to come to chat and bring some clues.

Some of these clues are useful, some are not, but they do speed up the special investigation team's handling of the case.

Luo An expressed his gratitude for this and went out to drink and chat with these team leaders after get off work. While mingling with everyone, he also got to know deputy team leader Paul through other team leaders.

Deputy team leader Paul and others, who have been out in the field, are also the beneficiaries of the increase in case handling funds. They reciprocated the favor. He was happy to help Luo An solve some minor problems and took the initiative to express his willingness to chat with the book seller. After listening to Luo An's explanation, Winslow, Chenelle and Mona looked at each other in confusion, and had no choice but to stretch out their hands and give Luan a thumbs up.

Lacey rolled her eyes, grabbed Mona's arm and pulled her aside, whispering mysteriously:

“I heard in the past few days that many female detectives are discussing Luo An behind his back. I heard that he is not married yet, and they are very excited...”

After listening to the gossip that Lacey got, Mona asked with a calm expression on her face:

“Are those women older than me?”

Lacey was stunned for a moment, glanced down, and said with a strange expression:

“Most of them don't have it, but there are a few who are gifted.”

Mona then asked:

“Do these people have legs as long as mine?”

Lacie thought about it carefully and shook her head.

Mona chuckled, patted Lacey on the shoulder with disdain, and calmly sat back at her work station.

Lacie: “...”

Roan, Chenelle and Winslow ignored Lacey and Mona's whispers. When the two women walked aside, the door to the interrogation room opened from the inside, and the three of them hurried over after seeing this.

“Fortunately, I live up to my destiny.”

Deputy team leader Paul walked out of the interrogation room, smiled and said:

"This little guy Yoon has already told the boss behind him, and pointed out the boss's hiding place, trading habits, trading location, etc. I believe the rest will be very simple for you."

“Thank you for your hard work this time, Paul, thank you so much.”

Luo An laughed, reached out and hugged Deputy Team Leader Paul. The two exchanged a few words. Luo An then led him to the side and said in a low voice:

“I heard, Paul, your wife is pregnant?”

“That's right.”

Paul nodded and replied with a happy face:

“We went to the hospital for a check-up and it's a daughter.”

"congratulations."

Luo An smiled and patted Paul on the shoulder, then whispered:

“Do you still plan to do this field work after your daughter is born?”

Deputy team leader Paul is forty years old this year. Due to work issues, he and his wife finally had a daughter. It is too dangerous for him and his family to continue to wander between black and white.

Deputy team leader Paul understood the subtext of Luo An's words, a flash of excitement flashed in his eyes, and asked in a low voice:

“Team Leader Luo An, can you help me transfer from the field?”

"No."

Luo An shook his head, and the excitement in Deputy Team Leader Paul's eyes suddenly disappeared. Just as he was about to say something, Luo An added:

“But I have a way to help you accumulate merit and get promoted.”

The reason why Paul is still a deputy team leader at the age of 40 is mainly because the person behind him has a low status, and he does not come forward for many of his achievements, and even is robbed by others.

Luo An is not from that department and cannot help Paul transfer his position, but he has the ability to help Paul get the share that should belong to him.

Some people would not go out of their way to embarrass Paul for the sake of Luo An and his reputation behind him. In addition, Paul's own qualifications were sufficient, so he could naturally be promoted and leave the field to sit in the office.

Luo An not only gained a good friend from another department afterwards, but also the materials and information obtained by his friend from wandering between black and white over the years can also help Luo An when he handles other cases in the future.

Some thoughts flashed through his mind, and the smile on Luo An's face became brighter. He patted Paul on the shoulder and chatted with him slowly in a low voice.

Chapter 819 Company Bankruptcy, Prelude

“Goodbye, Paul! Thank you so much for today.”

“That's an exaggeration, Team Leader Luo An, it's just a small matter. I should be the one to thank you. Let's go out for a drink together later!”

Looking at Roan and Paul standing in the corridor laughing at each other outside the office area, Lacey had a strange look on her face. She moved her chair to Winslow's side and asked in a low voice:

“Have you heard that their relationship is so good?”

Winslow looked at Lacey in surprise:

"As long as there are no excessive conflicts between men, they can chat together in a few words. Is it okay to go out for a drink together?"

Lacie rolled her eyes at Winslow and was too lazy to talk to him. She snatched away the snacks on Winslow's table, moved her chair and moved closer to Mona, asking:

"Mona, you..."

"Let's deal with the matters in this case first."

As soon as Lacey started speaking, Mona turned around and grabbed the back of Lacey's chair, pushed her back to her workstation, and said:

"If I'm not wrong, now that the book dealer Yoon in the interrogation room has confessed everything, we will be busy again."

Lacie muttered a few words and stopped asking. She put down her gossip and began to seriously deal with the case information at hand.

Outside the corridor, Paul took the elevator and left shortly after. Luo An turned around and walked back to the office area, opened the door, clapped his hands and said loudly:

"Everyone, look at me, look at me, I'm going to announce something."

Mona, Winslow, Lacey, Chenelle and Michelle all looked up at Roan, who turned around and closed the door to speak.

Jingle Bell-

The ringtone of his cell phone suddenly rang, making Luo An hesitate. He looked at everyone a little apologetically, picked up the phone and pressed the answer button.

“It's me, Michael.”

Michael Bray's voice came over the phone. He was extremely anxious, lowering his voice and speaking quickly:

“Luo An, do you have time now? If you have time, come to Wall Street quickly, something happened here!”

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and asked:

“What kind of thing are you referring to? Is it related to people or money?”

“Both!”

Michael Bray was very agitated and replied:

“It's not convenient to discuss things on the phone. It's better to come here as soon as you have time.”

“OK, I get it.”

Luo An nodded, replied casually and hung up the phone.

After pondering for a moment, Luo An walked straight to the front of the office area and turned on the small TV hanging on the wall under the puzzled looks of Winslow, Mona and others.

Turning on the TV, Luo An picked up the remote control and kept changing channels. He quickly adjusted to the economic news channel, where the blonde female host was introducing a piece of news:

“...Three minutes ago, at 10:44 this morning, New Century Financial, the second largest federal subprime mortgage company located on Wall Street, declared official bankruptcy...”

“What?”

“W-T-F?!”

“New Century Finance is bankrupt?!”

Before Luo An could say anything, Winslow, Chenelle and Lacey in the office area stood up from their chairs and exclaimed with shock on their faces.

Michelle, who had always been quite emotionally stable, also had her eyes widened with emotion. She raised her hand and covered her mouth tightly.

"How can this be?"

Federal New Century Financial Investment Company is very famous throughout the federation because many people can buy villas with zero down payment loans and wait for the villas to appreciate in value through loans obtained from this company.

This company was established in 1995. In just 10 years, it became one of the largest issuers of subprime loans in the federation. Its stock price also reached an all-time high, making it a very dazzling star enterprise in the entire federation.

Although Winslow and Chenier have never bought a house with a loan from New Century Financial Company, they have many friends around them, so they have all heard of the company's reputation.

The second largest subprime mortgage company in the federal government has declared bankruptcy. This news immediately went to the minds of several people, and they subconsciously suspected that this might be fake news. Compared to Winslow and others who looked shocked, Luo An only narrowed his eyes slightly when he saw the news on TV, with almost no change in his expression.

After a few seconds of silence, he turned off the TV, turned to look at the crowd, and said in a deep voice:

“Everyone, have you ever taken a loan from this company?”

“No.”

"No."

Chenier and the others looked at each other and shook their heads.

Since joining the special investigation team, the economic level of the agents has skyrocketed, and they are hardly short of money.

Even if they are short of money, they have almost accumulated enough funds by following Luo An to solve a few cases, and they have almost never taken out a loan since then.

Luo An nodded slightly and then said:

“In this case, let's put aside the news from Wall Street for now and deal with the case at hand first.”

“OK.”

"no problem."

Everyone nodded in unison, suppressed the shock in their hearts, and began to listen carefully to Luo An's arrangements for the balloon case.

“Everyone, this is the record of Deputy Team Leader Paul's interrogation of Reader Youn just now.”

Luo An opened the folder and said:

“Youn said that the boss behind him is named Omarian, and he is generally called “White Cobra” on the road.

Because this guy sells flour and rock sugar, he is also vicious and cunning, he has several bases, and he chooses his accommodation location completely randomly on weekdays.

Our next goal is to find a way to catch this guy. ”

Winslow thought for a moment and asked:

"Since Omarian has several bases, shall we find a way to conduct a reconnaissance next? Or we may carry out arrest operations at each base at the same time."

“No need, we will wait for the news and be ready for action.”

Luo An waved his hand and said that Deputy Team Leader Paul would find a way to investigate Omarian's whereabouts and then report it to the special investigation team, who would arrest him.

Winslow and Chenelle looked at each other in confusion after hearing this. After a few seconds of silence, Lacey asked tentatively:

“Deputy leader Paul, are you so helpful?”

Helping Luo An interrogate Yon is indeed a small thing, but helping to investigate Omarian's whereabouts is definitely a hard job. No matter how good the relationship between deputy team leader Paul and Luo An is, it is impossible for him to do so silently without asking for anything in return.

“Deputy team leader Paul and I have already discussed the rest of the matter. You will know when this case is over.”

Luo An said that it is not convenient to elaborate on some situations now. Everyone should prepare their equipment first and wait for news in the next few days.

Although Winslow and others had doubts, they had always trusted Luo An, so they simply stopped asking too many questions and hurriedly sorted out the case work.

Omarian is very cautious, and investigating his whereabouts is not a simple matter. In the next few days, the special investigation team quietly waited for news, while Luo An found a time and drove to Wall Street.

In an office in a building on Wall Street, Michael Brey was shouting angrily on his cell phone.

Seeing Luo An walk into the room, he shook his phone with an embarrassed look on his face. Luo An smiled and waved his hand to indicate that he was not in a hurry, and walked aside to make coffee.

Ten minutes later, Michael Bray put down the phone, and Luo An handed him a cup of coffee and said with a smile:

“New Century Financial Corporation went bankrupt, federal housing prices began to fall, and it was time for those investment companies to pay CDS.”

“You are really a bunch of **** raised by cousins!”

Michael Bray took the coffee and drank it in one gulp, cursing and saying:

“Goldman Sachs told me that there was a system failure and a lot of files were lost;

Morgan Stanley said that the server suddenly crashed after the incident and it would take time to restart;

The Commonwealth Bank was the most outrageous. They actually told me that they had a power outage! So I can't pay now! "

Chapter 820: Selling Oneself Short

Eleven o'clock at noon, a certain building or an office on Wall Street.

"Goldman Sachs system failure, Morgan Stanley server crash, Commonwealth Bank outage..."

Hearing what Michael Bray described as the reasons given by investment banks for their temporary inability to pay CDS, Luo An couldn't help but twitch his lips.

It can only be said that Wall Street is worthy of the spirit of contract, and high-end business wars are really simple and unpretentious.

"Motherfu-ker..."

Michael Bray picked up the coffee and drank it in one gulp. The expression on his face was very ugly. He cursed a few times in a low voice. When he looked up and saw that Luo An looked calm, his eyes suddenly lit up and he quickly asked:

"Luo An, do you have any good ideas?"

"Don't be anxious, stabilize your condition first, and don't let negative emotions control your brain."

Roan picked up the coffee and took a sip. After Michael Bray took a few deep breaths and the expression on his face slowly calmed down, he said:

“New Century Financial Corporation went bankrupt, and federal housing prices fell. The people who were most anxious were not us, but the investment companies and banks of Goldman Sachs, because they held a large number of junk financial products.

Think about it for a moment, if Michael were a management member of Goldman Sachs, what would you do now? ”

Michael Bray's eyes flashed and he subconsciously replied:

“Deceive the downstream, sell out all the junk bonds you still hold, and you must not continue to lose money...”

Michael was refreshed when he said this. He suddenly raised his head and looked at Luo An. The two of them said in unison:

“Goldman Sachs will short its own position!”

Investment banks such as Goldman Sachs have only one fundamental purpose, which is to make money.

As for social stability and the stability of the federal government, they are completely outside their consideration.

At present, federal housing prices are falling, and those who hold a large amount of federal housing system bonds will inevitably be severely affected. The decline in company stock prices is inevitable.

Since you are sure that your company's stock price will fall 100%, it is not too difficult to understand why you are shorting yourself. After all, the fundamental goal is to make money.

As a fund manager who has worked on Wall Street for many years, Michael Bray heard Luo An's reminder and instantly clarified the context of the matter in his mind. The expression on his face became excited. He slapped the table and said excitedly:

“This is a rare opportunity. We can also short the stocks of investment companies such as Goldman Sachs and Morgan Stanley and make another fortune!”

“That's right.”

Luo An nodded with satisfaction and then asked:

“How much is left of the US\$80 million transferred a few days ago? Do you have enough funds in hand?”

“There is no need to use the money.”

Michael Bray, who was reminded by Luo An to clarify his thoughts, once again became a professional manager. The corners of his mouth were raised, and the smile on his face was very confident, and he said:

“Now that New Century Financial Corporation has gone bankrupt and federal housing prices have begun to decline, CDS, a financial product, will be the hardest hard currency on Wall Street in the next period of time!

In the past two years, except for you, Luo An, other investors in the company have not believed in my judgment and have repeatedly requested to withdraw their capital...”

Roan smiled and nodded, then continued what Michael Bray said:

“Now it's time to redeem the CDS and collect the proceeds, it's the turn of these people to contribute.”

Those who invested in Michael Bray's company are all wealthy people, and the combined connections and energy behind them cannot be underestimated.

When they were losing money before, these people cursed Michael Bray. Now that it's time to make money, it's time for them to charge ahead of Michael Bray and demand that investment banks such as Goldman Sachs and Morgan Stanley pay CDS as a "gamble capital". .

"Hahaha..."

Michael Bray raised his head and laughed, all the depression in his heart was swept away. He stretched out his hand and shook hands with Luo An, and said with a serious face:

"Luo An, believe me, I am absolutely worth every penny you invest in me."

"Of course." Luo An took a deep look at Michael Bray and said with a smile:

"I have always believed that Mr. Michael Burry is the best fund manager on Wall Street."

The two looked at each other and smiled, and exchanged a few simple greetings. Luo An left first, and Michael Bray also picked up his mobile phone and started to contact the rich people.

It has not been long since the bankruptcy of New Century Financial Corporation, and federal housing prices have just begun to fall. Investment companies such as Goldman Sachs and Morgan Stanley cannot cash out CDS immediately. At least they have to wait until they finish handling their internal matters.

This period of time will not be short, and Luo An cannot focus too much on Wall Street. It is just right to leave it to Michael Bray, an experienced real estate manager.

However, Luo An also invests in other stocks on Wall Street, such as Apple, Amazon, Google and other Internet companies.

The financial crisis in 2008 also had a considerable impact on the stock prices of Internet stocks. For example, the stock price of Google once fell as high as 56%.

There was still time, and the stock prices of Internet companies and other companies had not yet fallen. Luo An decisively sold the stocks of Apple, Google and other companies at hand at high prices in exchange for cash and kept it in the bank. At the same time, he called Mona and Lacey to explain the situation. .

Hearing that Luo An suggested that they sell all the stocks of these companies within the next few days, Michelle, Winslow, and Chenie suddenly opened their eyes and were very surprised.

Considering Luo An's past performance, Michelle, Winslow and Chenelle looked at each other and sold them all without hesitation.

As for Mona and Lacey, they acted very quickly. Without asking why, they did not hesitate at all after hanging up the phone. They directly took out their mobile phones to contact the stock traders on Wall Street and asked them to transfer all the stocks they held. Sold.

That afternoon, Luo An left Wall Street in New York and drove back to the investigative team building in Washington, D.C. When he walked into the office area, a group of agents were discussing stock returns.

Winslow and Cheniere have been members of the special investigation team for the shortest time. In addition, the investment amount was not high and the investment time was not long. They made about US\$700,000 from selling those stocks.

Michelle lasted a little longer, earning more than \$900,000.

Mona didn't elaborate, and they didn't plan to ask too much. As for Lacey, she looked at her phone and laughed as soon as she received the text message from the bank, as if her IQ had cleared.

“How about a bet?”

Seeing Lacey's silly smile and Winslow's head full of black lines, he patted Chenelle on the shoulder and whispered:

“I bet ten dollars that when Luo An comes back later, this guy will definitely be the first to pounce on him.”

“I'll bet ten dollars too.”

Chenelle rolled her eyes and whispered:

“I bet when Lacey pounces on her, Roan will slap her aside.”

"make a deal."

Not long after, Luo An pushed the door open and said casually:

“Everyone, I'm back.”

“Luo An!”

As soon as he finished speaking, Lacey suddenly jumped up from the chair, jumped towards Luo An, and said excitedly:

“You are the most handsome man in the world!”

“Thank you for the compliment, but there's no need to tell the truth.”

Luo An responded casually, took a step to the right to avoid Lacey's surprise attack, then grabbed Lacey's clothes and threw her onto a chair nearby.

In the office area, Winslow and Chenelle nodded as expected, then each took out ten dollars and handed them to the other.

Seeing the actions of Winslow and Chenelle, Mona and Michelle looked at each other and saw the speechlessness in each other's eyes. They felt that the people in the investigation team seemed to be getting more and more outrageous.

After a moment of silence, Mona raised her hand and said:

“Luo An, I have something to ask.”