

FBI Detective 111

Chapter 111 Treasure Chest and New Case Appear

After the Sunday night party, the five went back to their homes.

In the past few days, the system gave Roan an excellent and good evaluation.

On the night when the bank robber was caught, the system rated it as excellent.

While two bottles of stamina potion were opened from the treasure chest, two bottles of hemostatic potion that Luo An had been thinking about were also opened.

At this time, there are 8 bottles of stamina potion, 4 bottles of night vision potion, 2 bottles of antidote potion, 2 bottles of hemostatic potion, 2 bottles of strength potion, 1 bottle of weakness potion, 1 bottle of sleep potion, and 1 bottle of water in Luo An's system warehouse bar. Lung Elixir and 1 Flask of Fire Resistance.

The reappearance of the hemostatic potion made Roan very excited, because the hemostatic potion could save lives at critical moments.

But what Roan didn't expect was that on Sunday night, after the dinner party, the system gave him a good evaluation, and then issued one \$50 ticket and two \$100 tickets.

Looking at the 250 dollars in his hand, Roan fell into deep thought.

The first thing that is certain is that \$250 must...

It should not be the system scolding itself.

But Roan didn't understand why the treasure chest would open out dollars again.

Since when the system was first obtained, the treasure chest had given out a \$20 and a \$50 bill. These days, no matter what the system evaluates Roan, the final reward is potions.

"Is it because I spent money tonight?"

Shortly after the idea appeared in his mind, Roan threw it into the trash can.

This is definitely not the reason why the treasure chest opened again with US dollars, because he also spent money every day before.

Immediately afterwards, Roan wondered if it was because he invited Augustus to drink tonight.

But after thinking for a few seconds, Roan also ruled out this idea.

Just invite others to drink, and the treasure chest will give out US dollars... The system in my mind just looks rudimentary, but the internal logic is very smooth, and it is impossible for such an outrageous situation to occur.

Finally, Roan set his sights on the calendar aside.

"From the first day when I traveled here and obtained the system, today is exactly the fifteenth day."

Luo An's eyes narrowed slightly. If the system treasure chest opened for US dollars every 15 days, there would be a reasonable reason for this situation.

Thinking of this, Roan drew a circle on the calendar decisively, and whispered to himself at the same time:

"After fifteen days, let's see what will be opened in the treasure chest of the system!"

No work on Monday, so Roan spent the whole day supervising the work of the decoration company in the small apartment in Greenwich Village.

According to the person in charge, it is estimated that the apartment will be completely completed in 30 days.

That night, the system gave Roan a pass, and prescribed 2 bottles of stamina potions, but no more dollars appeared.

Roan nodded, and in fourteen days, he knew that his guess was wrong.

Tuesday, Jacobs Federal Building.

"Good morning, Roan!"

In the parking lot, Roan just got out of the Chevrolet, and Ryder also drove here.

"Good morning, Ryder, there's a spot here next to me."

Roan waved his hand and greeted him, motioned Ryder to park the car next to his Chevrolet, and the two walked into the federal building together.

"Ryder, I feel that your mental state is not very good."

In the elevator, Roan saw Ryder yawning frequently, frowning slightly:

"Didn't you have a good rest last night?"

Hearing Roan's words, Ryder yawned again:

"I slept a little late yesterday."

"OK."

Seeing that Ryder had no intention of explaining, Roan didn't continue to ask. As the elevator door opened, the two entered the office area of the No. 5 investigation team together.

Then Roan was surprised to see that Lacey, who used to lie down on the table to catch up on sleep in the morning, was actually sitting at the workstation in high spirits today, clattering on the computer.

Looking at Ryder who started to catch up on sleep at his workstation, and then at the energetic Lacey, Roan frowned suddenly:

These two people changed their souls?

"Good morning, Roan."

Seeing Roan entering the office area, Lacey raised her head and said hello.

Then without waiting for Roan to answer, Lacey showed the laptop in her hand to Roan, and asked at the same time:

"Remember the wanted man we found based on Freddie?"

"certainly."

Roan nodded, Freddy was the unlucky guy he hit with his skateboard earlier.

Although the other party was not a bank robber, he was contacted by someone to make a bomb.

Afterwards, Roan entered the information described by Freddy into the computer, and found that the person who asked him to make the bomb was a wanted criminal registered in the FBI database.

Ogden-Scott, \$400,000 reward.

"When I went out to play games last night, I met a guy very similar to Ogden in an underground dance hall."

Hearing Lacey's words, Roan was taken aback for a moment, and then asked:

"Really Ogden?"

"Yesterday, I wasn't sure, but now I'm sure, it's indeed him."

Seeing the expression on Roan's face, Lacey spread her hands and explained:

"I went to dance there last night and there was a white guy leading a group of people out of the back of the room.

The lights were too dim at the time, I just felt that the guy walking in the front looked a little familiar, but I couldn't remember where I had seen it.

It wasn't until the other person left there that I remembered that I had seen his picture on your computer before.

But when I chased them out, Ogden's group had already driven away from the ballroom.

I'm still one step too late. "

"Don't blame yourself, Lacey, it's not your fault. The lights in the ballroom are so bright that it's hard enough to see Ogden's face."

Roan patted Lacey on the shoulder, this kind of thing is definitely not her fault.

Lacey shrugged, didn't say much, but pointed to the data in the computer, and continued:

"But fortunately, I asked about the license plate numbers of those people in Ogden last night.

According to the license plate number and surveillance video, I have just found their current location. "

Seeing the address and photos in the laptop, Roan grinned. Just as he was about to say something, Augustus' familiar loud voice rang at the gate of the No. 5 investigation team.

"Good morning, Detectives, gentlemen and ladies!"

Roan looked back, only to see Augustus once again took Mona into the No. 5 investigation team.

Mona greeted Roan, and sat back on her desk with her laptop in her arms. Augustus, carrying two folders, strode into the front of the No. 5 investigation team office area.

"Congratulations everyone, the happy holiday is over, and we have a new case today!"

Passed one of the folders to William, asking him to distribute the information inside to everyone. Augustus opened the other folder and read aloud:

"Evander Davis from Uptown Brooklyn was very unfortunate in a car accident last night and died at the scene.

This case was judged to be an accident by NYPD, but my superior, Team Director Verenes, asked us to carefully examine this case, including the autopsy report and NYPD report..."

After listening to Augustus' description, all the agents of the No. 5 investigation team frowned, and Lacey even raised her hand and asked:

"Sir, it seems that car accidents are not within our scope of work."

"You're right."

Before Augustus could answer, Verenice's cold voice came from outside the No. 5 investigation team.

"Hello, sir."

Waved his hand to signal to everyone not to continue talking, then walked to the front of the office area, looked at everyone with a serious face and said:

"But this time the order comes from Washington and is the highest priority."

Hearing this, everyone in the No. 5 investigation team became serious.

Chapter 112 If there is no accident, it should be an accident

After Verinis's words fell, all members of the No. 5 investigation team frowned.

Augustus is no exception, Verinis didn't tell him this just now.

Luo An glanced at the information in his hand, pondered for a few seconds and raised his head to ask:

"Sir, does this Evander Davis have anything to do with our FBI?"

Verinis shook her head: "As far as I know, no."

Mona on the side remembered something, and asked with an unnatural expression:

"Then this Evander Davis is related to a certain executive in Washington?"

"This is not shown in the data."

Verinis understood the meaning of Mona's words, shook her head and said with a serious face:

"Everyone, this mission is just a routine mission.

We just have to run through the accident Evander Davis had last night and make sure it was really just an accident, okay? "

All the detectives of investigation team No. 5 nodded in unison:

"clear!"

Verinis tilted her head and looked at Augustus:

"The rest will be left to you."

"No problem, sir."

Seeing that Augustus agreed in a deep voice, Verinisi nodded in satisfaction, glanced at Roan, then turned and left the No. 5 investigation team office area.

"Okay, everyone, this case doesn't look complicated..."

After the figure of Vernis left the No. 5 investigation team completely, Augustus threw away the folder in his hand. Just as he was about to arrange the next work, Roan and Lacey suddenly raised their hands to signal that they had something to say.

"What's wrong?"

Augustus frowned: "You two found the clue so quickly?"

"It is indeed a clue, but not in this case."

Roan smiled and turned his gaze to Lacey.

Lacey didn't talk nonsense, and directly picked up the laptop on the workstation, and briefly described to Augustus the last thing she ran into Ogden.

"You have a good luck, Lacey."

After listening to Lacey's description, Augustus was taken aback for a moment, and then grinned:

"Didn't you find time to buy some Powerball tickets last night?"

"I decided to buy it later."

Lacey shrugged, then asked:

"What's next for this Ogden?"

"Of course I will bring him back immediately!"

Ogden's reward was a full 400,000 US dollars, who would think it was too much.

After pondering for a while, Augustus patted Ryder on the shoulder, then tilted his head and said to Lacey:

"You two go together, pay attention to safety, be careful."

"Okay, sir."

The two nodded in agreement.

"Roan."

Seeing Ryder and Lacey going to the equipment warehouse together, Augustus turned his head and said to Roan:

"I'll leave it to you and Mona to investigate whether the car accident was an accident."

"no problem."

Roan nodded in agreement, and then...

Sighed.

It's not that Roan also wants to arrest that Ogden. He was the one who discovered the clues about Ogden before. After the guy is caught, he can also get a sum of money.

The reason Roan sighed was because of the car accident.

When Roan saw the car accident, Roan had an intuition:

If there are no accidents, this car accident should not be an accident.

The home of the deceased Evander Davis.

"The people from NYPD told me that Evander should have crashed into a big tree next to the road in order to avoid animals that suddenly rushed out when he was driving last night."

In the living room, Evander's wife Tanya's eyes were red, and she said while sobbing:

"I had already made supper at that time, and I was waiting for him at home, but I didn't expect..."

Last night, the car accident took place in a small forest area outside New York. Evander drove into a big tree on the side of the road. The front of the car tilted up. The driver suffered a head injury and died on the spot.

"Feel sorry."

Mona, who was sitting next to Tanya, took out a tissue and handed it to her. Roan walked into Evander's study with Tanya's permission.

After comforting Tanya for a while, Mona saw that Tanya's mood had stabilized, so she asked gently:

"Tanya, what is Evander's job? Is it related to the government?"

"Evander is a photojournalist."

Tanya picked up a tissue and wiped the tears on her face, and said in a low voice:

"We have just been married for a year, and he rarely mentions his work to me..."

The content of Tanya's narration is basically consistent with the information investigated by the No. 5 investigation team.

After pondering for a few seconds, Mona continued to ask in a low voice:

"Who did Evander have a problem with before his death? Or did he mention it to you, who intends to hurt him?"

"Evander has a good personality and never loses his temper. It is precisely because of this that I married him."

Tanya shook her head again and again:

"Evander has a very good relationship with his colleagues. I have met every one of them, and they don't look like they have any enmity with Evander..."

Mona frowned slightly, and continued to ask:

"Excuse me, do you know about Evander's recent work?"

When she learned that Evander was a photojournalist, Mona had a guess:

Ivande might have photographed something that shouldn't have been photographed, and then someone silenced him.

"As I said just now, Evander seldom mentioned his work affairs to me. He only had a business trip recently, and the time was less than a week..."

Tanya spoke, her face changed suddenly, and she finally came to her senses:

"Wait, why are you FBI asking these questions? Why are you investigating this car accident?"

Seeing Tanya anxiously grabbing Mona's shoulder and not letting go, Roan, who came out of the study, explained softly:

"Please calm down, Mrs. Davis, these are just routine inquiries, okay?"

"...OK."

Tanya was silent for a while after hearing the words, let go of her hand and nodded slowly.

After asking a few more questions, Roan handed over his business card to the other party, indicating that if the other party remembered something later, he could call him.

Then, Roan took Mona and left Evander's house.

"From Tanya alone, this is indeed an ordinary accident."

Sitting back on the co-pilot of the SUV, Mona picked up her notebook and tapped, asking at the same time:

"What about you, Roan? Did you just find something?"

"I didn't find any useful information in the study, and Ivande kept the laptop with me all the time."

Roan, who was sitting in the driver's seat, started the car and shook his head:

"However, Tanya just mentioned that Evander has been on a business trip recently. I think I can check the address and details of his business trip."

"I'm checking."

Mona pointed to the computer in her hand, indicating that she was working.

Take out your phone and look at it, Roan frowned, and then said:

"I just received two messages here. Evander's car that was involved in the accident has begun to be transferred to the Jacobs Federal Building, but Evander's body is still in NYPD.

So we'll go to the NYPD first, look up Evander's body, and then take his laptop and go back to the Jacobs Federal Building to look at the car. "

"no problem."

Mona gave Roan an OK gesture, ten fingers fluttered on the keyboard, Roan immediately stepped on the accelerator, and the dark SUV rushed out in the direction of NYPD.

"The cause of this gentleman's death is very simple."

In the anatomy room of NYPD, the old white medical examiner spread his hands when he learned of Roan and Mona's intentions:

"The crash left him with severe head and chest injuries and ultimately resulted in death."

Roan leaned on his chin and pondered for a few seconds, then tilted his head and asked:

"What about the blood test? Did you find anything?"

The old forensic doctor heard this, smiled and snapped his fingers:

"good question!"

Chapter 113 Thief

Seeing the old forensic doctor's actions, Mona's eyes lit up beside Roan:

"Really found something?"

"No, found nothing."

The old forensic doctor took off his mask, picked up the coffee next to him and took a sip slowly:

"No alcohol, no drugs, or any unknown substances were found, but the cholesterol is a bit high."

Mona's eyelids trembled when she heard this, and then she gave the other party a hard look.

The old forensic doctor smiled nonchalantly.

Mona is about the same age as his daughter, the words just now were just a habitual joke of the old forensic doctor to tease others.

"That's a good thing, Mona."

Roan was not angry, but looked up at the old forensic doctor with a smile:

"This means that Evander simply died in a car accident, right?"

"It's still the most common kind of car accident."

The old forensic doctor was very satisfied with Roan's attitude, and nodded with a smile:

"The kind that has nothing new."

Mona also reacted at this time.

It is indeed a sad thing for someone to die in a car accident, but for the FBI, it is actually a good thing that the other party died simply because of an accident.

The purpose of their trip is to confirm that the other party died in an accident.

"Thank you for your judgment."

Roan smiled and stretched out his hand to shake hands with the old forensic doctor, then asked:

"By the way, did Evander still have some belongings when he was sent here? We need to check the laptop among them."

"They're all in the next office."

The old forensic doctor put down his coffee cup with a smile, got up and left the dissection room, and led the two to the bookcase in the left office.

A few seconds later, the old forensic doctor frowned, and his voice became a little stiff:

"Both, the gentleman's belongings seem to have been taken away."

"What?"

Hearing this, Mona's expression became solemn, and Roan carefully looked at the office:

"Is there surveillance video here?"

"Not in the office."

The old forensic doctor shook his head first, then nodded, and hurriedly left the office and walked towards the morgue opposite the dissection room:

"But there is a camera at the door of the morgue."

A few minutes later, the surveillance video of the entrance of the morgue facing the corridor appeared on Mona's computer.

I saw a short-cut white man wearing the same uniform as the old forensic doctor, but without a mask, slowly entering the office. Thirty seconds later, the short-cut white man walked out of the office with a bag of things.

The surveillance video was fairly clear. Roan and Mona saw that what the white man with the short hair took was Evander's laptop.

"Shit!"

The old forensic doctor on the side watched the video, and suddenly became furious.

Seeing Roan turn his gaze to himself, the old forensic doctor immediately waved his hand:

"This guy is not from our bureau! I've been working here for decades and I've never seen him!"

Roan heard the words, first glanced at Mona, then sighed:

"I knew it, this case is not that simple."

No. 5 investigation team office area, in the team leader's office.

"So, this case really wasn't an accident?"

Seeing Augustus closing his eyes and rubbing his temple with his right hand, Roan's face was also very bad, and he spread his hands:

"The high probability is not an accident. No thief will go to the NYPD autopsy room to steal things."

"OK, I will report this to Verenes."

Augus was silent for a moment, looked up at Roan and asked:

"What are you going to do next? Have an idea?"

"Mona has extracted the person who appeared in the video, and is now doing face comparison."

Roan picked up the coffee and took a sip, then said:

"Evander's car that got into an accident will be sent to the Jacobs Federal Building in thirty minutes. I'll go and check it carefully, maybe I'll find some clues there."

"Good."

Augus nodded in satisfaction, after a moment of silence, he slapped his head suddenly, smiled and said to Roan:

"Lacey called me just now, that Ogden has been caught by her and Ryder, and is expected to be back in half an hour."

When this Ogden is brought to court, a reward of 400,000 will be issued to you. "

Luo An immediately smiled when he heard the words:

"Thank you, sir, I will tell Lacey and the others the news."

After continuing to chat for a while, Roan got up and left the team leader's office.

Sit back on his desk, Roan moved the chair to Mona's side, just about to speak, Mona pointed at the computer and said:

"I have already checked out the situation of Evander's recent business trip.

At the invitation of the military, he went to a certain seaport to take photos of soldiers and put them in newspapers for publicity.

The whole process was recorded, and Evander obeyed the arrangements throughout the whole process, and he was not found to have any special behavior, so this car accident should have nothing to do with this business trip. "

Hearing the word military, Roan frowned, and subconsciously thought of the story of 9 sheep worth \$6 million.

Shaking his head and throwing aside the thoughts in his head, Roan asked:

"What about the identity of the person who stole?"

"NO."

Mona stopped typing on the keyboard, stretched her hands back fiercely, shook her head and said:

"That guy has no criminal record, and several jails nearby couldn't find his identity.

Not only that, I also checked the surveillance video outside and inside NYPD just now, but I didn't find the other party's figure. "

"Not in the police station?"

Roan frowned upon hearing this.

"No."

Mona also said solemnly:

"The figure of the other party only appeared once in the surveillance video at the door of the morgue.

And I didn't find any traces that the video has been tampered with or erased. "

The implication is that the white man with a cropped hair in the video somehow escaped most of the police officers in the police station.

Hearing this, Roan's face changed slightly, and he leaned back on the chair, with his hands folded in front of his chest, and his eyes were fixed on the short-haired white man in the video:

"I'm afraid this case is deeper than we thought..."

Jacobs Federal Building, Trace Inspection University Site.

The car in which Evander was involved in a car accident finally arrived here, and Roan and Mona were carefully observing the car at this time.

"The airbag has fully deployed."

Opening the door of the cab, Roan carefully looked at the specific situation of the cab.

"You know that, Roan."

Hearing what Roan said, Mona, who was wearing gloves on her hand, raised her eyebrows:

"If you're driving too fast, the airbags won't do anything, and the driver will get hurt or get hurt, or die or die."

"Are you suggesting I drive slower in the future?"

Luo An heard the words, tilted his head and grinned: "Next time."

"snort."

Mona wrinkled her nose, opened the rear door, waved her hand to disperse the oncoming dust, and asked at the same time:

"Did you find anything?"

"A little."

Roan nodded, pointed at the steering wheel of the car and said:

"There are blood splatters on the dashboard and windshield."

Mona tilted her head in doubt:

"What's the meaning?"

"Under normal circumstances, there will be no splash-type bloodstains there, because there are airbags as protection and blocking in the middle."

Roan tugged on the seat belt of the driver's seat and explained at the same time:

"But the blood stains appeared there, which means that the moment the car was hit, the airbag did not deploy directly.

After Evander hit the steering wheel hard and blood spurted out, the airbag finally deployed. "

"so,"

Mona narrowed her eyes when she heard this, "Is this car tampered with?"

Chapter 114 Stretch marks

"That's right, and there is more than one place where the other party has tampered with."

Hearing what Mona said, Roan nodded, and then pulled out the seat belt on the driver's seat:

"Someone tampered with here too."

Mona looked at the somewhat damaged seat belt, tilted her head in doubt:

"Can you elaborate?"

"Evander's car is equipped with a pre-tightening function for the seat belt, that is, when the vehicle collides, the seat belt will be tightened in about 0.1 seconds to protect the safety of the driver."

Roan showed the preloading device of this car to Mona, and said solemnly:

"But obviously, when the car hit the tree, it wasn't doing its job."

After listening to Roan's narration, Mona was silent for a few seconds, and swallowed slowly.

The office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

"Agents gentlemen and ladies, we have bad news!"

August with a big belly was holding a folder, standing at the front of the office area, and shouted with a serious expression:

"After the painstaking investigation of Detectives Luo An and Detective Mona, it can now be confirmed that this car accident was not an accident! It was a complicated murder case designed as an accident!

I want to know, who would set up such a complicated situation in order to kill an ordinary photojournalist?

Now, everyone, get moving, dig deep into Evander's life experience for me, and call out everything he has done! "

Having said that, August paused, and turned his gaze to Mona:

"The guy who stole Evander's laptop, have you found out his identity?"

"not yet."

Mona shook her head: "The opponent is very skilled, and seems to know the layout of the cameras and how to avoid them."

"Now put this man who stole as the number one suspect."

Augus frowned when he heard this, and then turned his gaze to Roan, who was sitting at his desk and looking down at the information:

"Roan, what do you think?"

"The process of Evander's car accident is a bit strange."

Hearing Augustus calling himself, Roan raised his head, held up the information in his hand and said:

"I don't quite understand how the murderer ensured that Evander's car went wrong on the road in the woods and crashed into a big tree.

So, I suggest to investigate the first person who called the police next. According to the information, their car has been following Evander's car, and they witnessed the whole process of the car accident.

I think they may have seen some clues that were ignored by NYPD. "

"very good!"

After listening to Roan's words, the word satisfaction was written all over August's **** face.

Roan can always find clues and ideas, and he is indeed the talent he likes.

Augus waved his hand, indicating that Roan has the final say on the direction of the next specific investigation.

But in the end, Augustus said to Roan with a serious face:

"The enemy this time is not simple. At critical moments, you must pay attention to safety. The most important thing is to protect yourself."

"Okay, sir."

Roan grinned when he heard this.

When I walked into the equipment warehouse, I took a few more bombs than before.

Lacey who went on missions with him: "..."

The SUV soon arrived at the outskirts of the community where the person who reported the accident lived.

"According to the information, the reporter is a couple. The husband is an engineer and the wife is a teacher."

Lacey flipped through the information in her hand, and said indifferently:

"It looks like an ordinary middle-class family. It should just happen to run into this car accident."

"hope so."

Hearing Lacey's words, Roan replied casually, carefully checked the equipment on his body, and after confirming that the plate armor + shock bombs + two Glock 18+ extended magazines were all right, he opened the door and got out of the car.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Hello! Is anyone home?"

Lacey stepped forward and patted the door of the house hard.

Waiting for a few seconds, footsteps came, and a male voice came from the room:

"who are you?"

"FBI!"

Lacey took out the golden badge and showed it to the other party:

"We have something to ask."

Seeing the golden badge, the door opened a few seconds later, and a middle-aged Caucasian male with red eyes appeared in front of Roan and Lacey.

"Feel sorry."

The male owner of the house, Chance, hurriedly invited the two into the living room, first poured a glass of water for Roan and Lacey, and then pushed the books on the table aside.

Finally, he sat on the sofa, rubbed his hands, looked at Roan and Lacey, and asked loudly:

"Excuse me, what can you do for me?"

Seeing the other party walking around the house wearing leather shoes and a work shirt, and accidentally showing brand-new strangle marks on his wrist, Roan frowned suddenly.

"Don't be nervous, Mr. Chance."

Lacey frowned, and then asked in a gentle voice:

"We are here this time to ask you some details about the car accident that you reported to the police last night, OK?"

"no problem!"

Hearing Lacey's words, Chance nodded hurriedly, and then forced a smile:

"What details do you want to ask?"

Lacey was about to speak when Roan suddenly reached out his hand to stop her.

Under Lacey's puzzled eyes, Roan asked loudly:

"Excuse me, Mr. Chance, what did you two do last night? Why did you come home so late?"

On the other side, Roan took out a piece of paper from the book next to him, picked up a pen to write, and then showed it to Chance.

Unknown why, Lacey glanced at Roan, and then turned her gaze to the paper.

I saw that it was written on the paper:

"Mr. Chance, please answer my question normally without changing your tone.

At the same time, if your wife is being coerced, please put your hands together, we will do our best to rescue her. "

After reading the text written by Roan, Lacey's pupils constricted instantly, and she subconsciously reached for the pistol at her waist.

Chance also had a pupil quake, looking at Roan in shock.

Seeing Roan shaking the paper impatiently, Qian Si, who finally came to his senses, put his palms together, nodded frantically and pointed to the upstairs bedroom, and said tremblingly:

"My husband and I went to a concert last night, so we got home late..."

Chance's answer Lacey no longer cares, she is very shocked now, and really wants to ask Roan how he found out.

But it is important to save people at critical moments, so Lacey took out her pistol and looked at Roan, asking silently:

What to do next?

At this time, Roan's face was very solemn. After thinking for a few seconds, he continued to ask Chance questions while writing on the paper:

"Call for backup. Keep asking questions. Don't show off. I'll find my way upstairs."

Seeing Roan's text, Lacey took a deep breath and nodded heavily, then turned her head and began to comfort Mr. Chance, writing to make the other party's voice sound more normal, and continued to ask him questions.

At the same time, Lacey also took out her mobile phone and sent a text message, briefly explaining the current situation and calling for support.

On the other side, Roan, who was fully armed, looked dignified, holding a Glock 18, slowly stepped up the stairs in a fighting posture, and successfully entered the second floor of the house without making the slightest sound.

There are three bedrooms on the second floor of the house, of which only the door of the master bedroom is closed.

Coupled with the fact that Mr. Chance said just now that his wife was in the master bedroom, Roan immediately moved a little bit to the door of the master bedroom.

Standing at the door of the bedroom, two breathing sounds faintly entered Roan's ears from the room.

Seeing this, Roan hooked his mouth, and slowly took out a shock bomb from his pocket.

But the next second...

boom!

Clah—

Just as Roan took a deep breath and was about to act, there was a loud noise in the master bedroom, followed by the sound of glass breaking.

"Fuck!"

Hearing this voice, Roan cursed in a low voice, kicked open the bedroom door and rushed in.

Chapter 115 CIA Agent

In the master bedroom, a neatly dressed, gagged middle-aged Caucasian woman was tied to a chair with a rope after putting her hands down.

Boom!

The loud noise from the bedroom door being kicked open suddenly made her tremble all over in fright.

Already in a state of fear, she almost cried.

But after seeing the FBI logo on Roan's body, the woman paused, and then hurriedly yelled.

But Roan took a glance and found that the other party was not injured, so he ignored the other party.

The window on the left of the master bedroom was completely broken at this moment. The moment Roan broke into the room, he clearly saw a figure jumping out of the master bedroom from the window.

Running quickly to the broken window, I saw a short-haired white male rolling forward on the grass outside the house, and then immediately got up and flew into the distance.

There were obstacles where the opponent was running. Roan had no way to shoot directly. Without hesitation, he jumped out of the broken window in the master bedroom just like the short-haired white man under the surprised gaze of the woman. .

When the sound of glass shattering came from the second floor of the house, Lacey in the living room on the first floor also stood up abruptly.

Grabbing Mr. Chance to hide behind the sofa, Lacey was about to rush upstairs when she saw someone jumping into the yard.

Seeing this, Lacey decisively picked up her pistol and rushed out of the living room.

Boom!

As soon as Lacey ran out, Roan's figure fell heavily beside her.

"Fu-k!"

Lacey was taken aback by Roan who fell from the sky, but Roan didn't talk nonsense, and said directly:

"You left and I right!"

After finishing speaking, without waiting for Lacey to react, Roan's figure was like a sharp sword, and rushed in the direction where the short-haired white man was fleeing.

"Shit!"

Seeing Roan who disappeared in the blink of an eye, Lacey was shocked. After realizing it, she hurriedly ran in another direction, and at the same time cursed in a low voice:

"Damn it, I have to ask Roan what he eats every day!"

"Why is he wearing so heavy, but still running so fast! "

On the other side, the white man with an inch-length hair saw Roan, who was fully armed but getting closer to him, and who seemed not tired at all, looked shocked and cursed likewise:

"Son of the beach! What the **** is going on with this FBI?"

In his plan, Roan was wearing such heavy clothes, it must be very easy to get rid of the opponent, at least two sharp turns, no more than four sharp turns.

But now there are seven sharp turns, not only did Roan not be thrown away by him, but he was getting closer and closer to him!

"People in front listen up!"

Leaping over the trash can that was dragged to the ground by the short-haired white man, Roan measured the distance between the two sides, and after confirming that there were no obstacles between the two sides, he raised the Glock 18 and shouted loudly:

"If you run again, I will shoot you!"

There is no way, the other party has never fired at him. If Roan shoots directly without explaining, he will definitely face some procedural problems in the follow-up.

From the perspective of American law alone, being shot in the back and being shot in the chest are two different things.

And the other party is not black... Ahem.

Hearing Roan's words that he was going to shoot himself, the short-haired white man was slightly startled but not very panicked.

Because the hit rate of shooting while running is not too high, he doesn't believe how accurate the FBI's marksmanship with good stamina can be, and at most he just fires a few random shots.

And there is a sharp turn ahead, just one more step, and he has a chance to get rid of this **** FBI...

The next second, Roan narrowed his eyes and pulled the trigger decisively.

boom! boom! boom!

There were three shots in total, one of which hit the right back of the white man with an inch cut, and the remaining two shots hit the left and right calves of the white man with an inch.

Boom!

"ah-"

The inch-headed white man let out a scream, and fell to the ground straight forward.

Feeling the pain from all over his body, the white man with a short hair cut cursed from the bottom of his heart, but there was no curse sound from his mouth.

"Run, you should keep running."

Walking slowly to the side of the short-cut white man, Roan holding a Glock 18 said in a cold voice:

"Why didn't you run away?"

The white man with an inch hair didn't speak, just stared at Roan so coldly.

Seeing this, Roan had some thoughts in his heart, then raised the corner of his mouth and put away his pistol, took out the handcuffs and walked to the side of the short-haired white man, ready to handcuff him.

At this moment, the short-cut white man suddenly jumped up enduring the pain. While reaching for the pistol at Roan's waist with his left hand, he stretched out his right hand toward Roan's neck.

This is the moment that the white guy with the cut head is waiting for. Injuries are commonplace for him, but in the end he always wins.

The reason is very simple, that is, he has never been able to make a comeback and slap the enemy in the face when others think they have the chance to win.

But at this moment, a sudden gust of wind hit, and the white man with a short cut was hit **** the face, his nose collapsed, and his body slammed heavily against the wall behind him.

Roan punched the white man with a short head, stepped forward, and then kicked him **** the nose again.

The nose is one of the most vulnerable parts of the human body, and a critical blow will cause people to lose concentration instantly.

Roan's two consecutive critical strikes directly stunned the white man with short hair.

"You think I didn't notice your little movements?"

Seeing the other party's incredible expression, Roan grinned:

"I will never let down my vigilance against the enemy, even if the opponent is shot and falls to the ground."

Hearing Luo An's words, the short-cut white man spurted a mouthful of blood from his mouth instantly, and his face instantly turned a liver color.

Damn it, who's in the FBI now?

Taking a few deep breaths, the short-haired white man calmed down slowly, wiped the blood on his face, then looked up at Roan, and said coldly:

"I am..."

Boom!

As soon as the inch-headed white man started speaking, Roan kicked him in the neck and knocked him out:

"I don't care who you are."

The other party's actions of strangling his neck and grabbing the gun just now are not fake.

When Lacey finally arrived here with a pistol, she saw a white man with a short hair lying on the ground covered in blood, and Roan was making a call with his mobile phone.

"It came just in time."

Seeing Lacey, Roan hung up the phone and waved to her with a smile:

"The ambulance will be here soon. Take this guy to the hospital. Be sure to keep an eye on him. Augustus has something to tell me to go back."

Lacey, who had been running for a long time, heard this, stood on the spot and opened her mouth, finally sighed, and agreed with her forehead:

"OK."

The office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

When Roan came back here, he found that Mona was not at his station, and asked William, but the other party didn't know where she had gone.

"Roan!"

At this moment, the door of the conference room opened suddenly, and Augustus beckoned him to come in quickly.

"Hello, sir."

Keeping the question of where Mona went to the bottom of his heart, Roan entered the meeting room, and found Vernis here, and hurriedly greeted her.

"Um."

Verinis nodded expressionlessly, motioned for Roan and Augustus to sit down, pointed to the white old lady with gray hair in a suit sitting on the other side of the conference table, and introduced in a cold voice:

"This is Mrs. Heloise from the CIA. The white man with the short hair who stole Evander's laptop is her agent."

Hearing what Verinis said, Roan was taken aback for a moment, and then his expression became weird.

After briefly introducing the situation of the two parties, Vernis straightened up and looked coldly at the old lady sitting opposite her:

"Mrs. Heloise, what is the situation of this case? Why did your CIA intervene?"

According to the regulations, the CIA is not allowed to operate within the federal territory! "

Investigation Team No. 5, in the meeting room.

Hearing what Verenes said, the gray-haired Mrs. Heloise remained expressionless.

After taking a sip of the coffee on the table, she said calmly:

“The stakes are high this time, and in situations like this, we generally act first and then ask for forgiveness and approval.”

Verinis and Augustus looked very unhappy when they heard this.

Ro An on the side was expressionless, but nodded in his heart.

That's right, it's the style of the CIA.

In his last life, he saw a saying on the Internet that the FBI, DEA and police officers from various local police stations used their lives to destroy drug dealers, but behind those drug dealers was the CIA...

CIA has never disappointed people in terms of not doing personnel.

"snort!"

Seeing the indifferent expression on Mrs. Heloise's face, Vernis snorted coldly, and asked in a deep voice:

"What happened to this car accident?"

Madam Heloise did not speak, and slowly turned her gaze to Roan, who was aside, and said softly:

"The level of this agent seems not enough."

Luo Anli ignored her, but Vernis narrowed her eyes slightly and leaned back:

"Agent Roan Greenwood is a senior agent of Investigation Team No. 5, and the letter of appointment is now in my office."

Hearing this, Mrs. Heloise frowned, her eyes fixed on Vernis.

Verinis did not show any weakness, and stared back blankly.

The two women of different ages just looked at each other for a while, and finally Mrs. Heloise's complexion changed slightly, and she spoke after a long silence:

"This matter is related to a soldier named Jacquel Jon."

Hearing Jacquel Jon's name, Roan froze for a moment, then his eyebrows jumped.

This name sounds familiar.

Roan lowered his head to think, and after Mrs. Heloise stroked the hair next to her ear, she continued:

"Jacquel Jon was one of the soldiers who survived a certain mission and was ruled dead.

But afterwards he became an avenger, wanting to kill all the officers who arranged that mission, and avenge his dead comrades. "

Verinis also vaguely felt that the name Jacquelle was familiar, but she didn't remember where she had heard it for a while.

But after hearing Mrs. Heloise's words, Vernis smiled disdainfully from the bottom of her heart.

Who doesn't know about the **** the CIA did.

However, there are still some issues in this case that have not been clarified, so Vernis asked directly:

"What does this matter have to do with Evander?"

"Evander was invited to participate in that operation as a reporter."

Mrs. Heloise leaned back, crossed her hands on her thighs, and said softly:

"But before the mission officially started, Evander withdrew temporarily, so he survived.

Jacquel may think that Evander knew some inside information afterwards, and that Evander and their chief were in the same group, so he killed him.

In fact, Evander had nothing to do with that mission. "

After listening to this passage, Augustus on the side looked up after pondering for a few seconds and asked:

"Why did your agent steal Evander's laptop? "

Is there any relevant information about Jacquel Jon on the computer? "

Mrs. Heloise heard the words, after a long silence, she said expressionlessly:

"There is no information related to Jacquel Jon in the computer.

I sent my men to get that computer, just to make sure that Evander's computer didn't contain any relevant information about the original mission. "

After listening to what Mrs. Heloise said, Vernis asked directly:

"What happened to that action back then?"

Mrs. Heloise spread her hands, expressionless:

"Sorry, no comment."

As soon as the voice fell, the air in the entire conference room froze instantly.

Vernis looked at the old lady sitting across from her with an unfriendly expression on her face. The old lady didn't seem to see Vernis' gaze, and she was still sitting on the chair with a blank expression.

"Sir."

Just when the air in the room seemed to be about to explode, Roan coughed lightly, first gave Vernis a smile, and then said softly:

"Remember Lydia, the owner of the Flame Queen Bar?"

In the case of the NSA's large-scale fairy dance, the bar owner Lydia once mentioned one thing, that is, she contacted Roan to further contact Mona.

The contact with Mona is to get in touch with Mona's father, Javari Evans, a CIA staff operation officer in a certain area.

According to Lydia, a certain operation led by Javari a year ago was unsuccessful, and there were casualties beyond the plan.

This Jacquell Jon was one of the soldiers judged to be killed in that mission.

At the same time, the NSA also asked the CIA about this matter after hearing about Jacquell from a gangster in the country.

After hearing Roan's words, Vernis was silent for a while, and also remembered this matter.

Then he looked at Mrs. Heloise even more unkindly.

Mrs. Heloise didn't know about this, but she had some thoughts in her heart and planned to go back and check.

As for Vernis' gaze, she pretended not to see it.

After taking a sip of coffee, Mrs. Heloise straightened up, looked around and said in a serious tone:

"According to the information I have in hand, Jacquell Jon will not leave New York in the short term.

So your next task is to..."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Heloise."

The old lady was interrupted by Vernis waving her hand as soon as she started speaking.

Vernis left the chair and stood up slowly, looked at the old lady sitting opposite with a cold face, and said in a deep voice:

"I will direct the specific investigation tasks. You only need to be responsible for observing and making suggestions, understand?"

Hearing this, the old lady's face changed slightly, and after quietly looking at Vernis for a while, she asked:

"I have more information in my hand, which will allow us to find Jacquiel Jon more quickly."

"Then give me those materials."

Vernis stared at the other party with her eyes, her voice was frighteningly cold:

"The specific investigation tasks are in the charge of our FBI."

The air in the conference room was quiet for a while, and finally Mrs. Heloise nodded without changing her expression:

"OK, the investigation task can be given to you.

I will also ask my subordinates to send you that laptop later. "

"No need, Mrs. Heloise, just tell me where the laptop is, and I'll get it myself."

Hearing this, Roan, who was standing beside Augustus, said with a smile:

"Your subordinate was accidentally injured, and was sent to the hospital for treatment by my colleagues just now."

Mrs. Heloise: "?"

Leaving the conference room, Augustus watched the back of the old lady slowly leaving the No. 5 investigation team, and tilted his head to look at Vernis:

"Sir, the CIA didn't make many things clear, and didn't tell us, let's move on..."

"Don't worry about her, I will find a way to find out about the mission."

Hearing what Augustus said, Vernis replied coldly, and then turned her gaze to Roan:

"The next specific investigation task will be entrusted to you, but you must be careful this time.

If something is wrong, keep yourself safe first, and call for support immediately, you know? "

"Okay, sir."

Seeing Roan smiling and nodding in agreement, Verinisi nodded in satisfaction, then turned and left the No. 5 investigation team.

She was going to talk to Mr. Clement.

She is the team director of the FBI, and the No. 5 investigation team is also responsible for criminal cases, not for the CIA.

Chapter 117 Car accident details and good and bad news

Hearing Vernis' inquiry, Mr. Clement, who was far away in Washington, leaned back and frowned:

"I don't know about it, Verenes."

"But the order of the case comes from Washington."

In the team leader's office, Verinisi was holding the phone with a look of disbelief:

"And it just happened to be handed over to my investigation team No. 5."

Clement felt a little headache. After rubbing his temples and thinking for a long time, he said in a deep voice:

"I'll find a way to help you get the details of the original operation later.

At the same time, after this case is over, I will find a way to get the CIA to provide you with some compensation. "

After all, this case was created by the CIA. With such a good opportunity, Clement himself would not let him go unless he got something from the CIA.

"Thank you, sir."

Hearing the answer she wanted, the corners of Verinisi's mouth curled slightly, and after a few brief chats, she hung up the phone.

At the same time, the office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

Seeing the figure finally appear, Mona, who returned to her station, and Roan, who was about to leave, turned around and asked with a smile:

"Mona, what did you do just now?"

"A little personal matter."

Mona smiled and didn't say much, but changed the topic:

"How far has this car accident progressed?"

Seeing that the other party didn't want to say more, Roan didn't ask in detail. Hearing Mona's question, Roan spread his hands:

"The case is still at the first step.

But we have some extra gains, such as knowing who killed Evander now. "

After briefly describing the situation inside the conference room to Mona, Roan then said:

"Mrs. Heloise will send some information to our No. 5 investigation team later, you and William will take the time to check these materials.

Hope to find useful information, and then find the trace of that Jacquier. "

After listening to Roan's words, Mona nodded with a stern expression, then raised her head and asked:

"how about you?"

Seeing Ryder pack up his things and get up to the equipment room, Roan explained while packing up:

"I still wonder how Jacquiel made sure that Evander's car broke down in the woods and hit a big tree.

Before I went to the policeman's house, I was busy arresting people, and I didn't have time to ask about it, so I plan to go to the policeman's house with Ryder again to see if we can find any useful clues.
"

"OK."

Mona looked surprised, and gave Roan an OK gesture.

Roan smiled slightly when he saw this, turned around and strode into the equipment room.

"Mona."

At this moment, the door of the team leader's office opened, and August came out with a full stomach, beckoning:

"Come to my office."

"Okay, sir."

Mona's face changed slightly upon hearing this, but after taking a deep breath, she still walked quickly into the team leader's office.

"sit."

In the team leader's office, Augustus didn't talk nonsense. After signaling Mona to sit down, he immediately asked with a serious face:

"Mona, Roan should have told you about the content of the meeting just now, so I won't repeat it.

Because your father may be involved behind this case, so in the next period of time, I only have one request for you: you can't go out to work, OK? "

Hearing what Augustus said, Mona took a long breath, nodded and agreed immediately:

"No problem, sir."

"Good."

Augustus nodded in satisfaction.

According to FBI regulations, only when the subject of the case involves relatives of the agent, the agent must take leave to avoid the case.

For situations like this where only the background of the case involves the relatives of the agent, FBI agents generally will not take vacations, but will only work normally.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Chance, who reported the car accident.

"Come in, Agent Roan."

Seeing Roan again, the Chances were extremely excited.

The wife hurriedly greeted Roan and Ryder to enter the room and sit down, while the husband grabbed Roan's hand and did not let go:

"Thank you so much, Agent Roan, thank you for saving the lives of our husband and wife, if it weren't for you..."

Ryder on the side was surprised when he saw this.

Not surprised that Roan saved someone, but surprised by the attitude of the Chances and his wife.

In the United States, it is rare for the couple to express their gratitude like this.

"You're welcome, Mr. Chance."

Roan's mouth twitched, and he pulled his hand out of Mr. Chance's hand:

"I'm here this time, mainly because I have some questions to ask."

"no problem!"

Mr. Chance nodded repeatedly, and his wife handed two cups of coffee to Roan and Ryder, and then said with a smile:

"Is it about the car accident?"

"Exactly."

Roan nodded and took out a notebook:

"When the car accident happened last night, you called the police and said that you had been following the car.

So you have seen the whole process of the car accident, can you describe it in detail? "

At this time, there is no driving recorder, otherwise Roan would not have to be so troublesome.

"Ok, no problem!"

Hearing Roan's question, Mr. Chance nodded and recalled:

"It was about ten thirty in the evening, and my wife and I were driving home from a concert.

The car that got into the accident was driving in front of us, and the speed was not fast.

I originally wanted to overtake, but that area is a small forest area, and there are a lot of curves. For safety reasons, I did not choose to overtake in the end.

Just when our two cars entered the middle section of the forest area, the car in front suddenly shook for some reason, then turned sharply to the left, and slammed into the big tree on the side of the road..."

After listening to Mr. Chance's description, Ryder on the side took a sip of coffee silently, and then turned his gaze to Roan.

He didn't hear any problems.

"OK."

After briefly recording Mr. Chance's words in a small notebook, Roan was silent for a moment, raised his head and asked:

"Did you call the police as soon as the car accident happened?"

"Exactly!"

The Chances nodded together and explained:

"After we saw that car had an accident, we called 911 immediately. The ambulance came very quickly, and took the person away in a short while..."

Luo An heard the words, frowned, and continued to ask:

"After the car accident, how many cars were parked there? Is it just the car of your husband and wife?"

"No, there should be two or three."

Mr. Chance frowned when he heard Roan's words, and after thinking for a few seconds, he said:

"At that time, there were cars passing by on that road all the time, and some cars stopped to check the situation during the period.

After the ambulance came, our husband and wife left, and there may be more cars behind. "

"By the way, Agent Roan, I remembered something!"

After listening to what Mr. Chance said, Roan was just about to continue asking, when Mrs. Chance slapped her hands suddenly, looked at Roan with joy and said:

"A family happened to pass by, and I noticed that the kid had a handheld camera in his hand, and the family didn't leave until the ambulance left.

"That kid's video camera might be able to help you out if you want to see what happened that night!"

Hearing Mrs. Chance's words, Roan's writing hand paused, and his eyebrows instantly raised.

The office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

Importing the video from the hand-held camera into the computer, Mona's ten fingers began to fly on the keyboard.

A minute later, Mona froze, tilting her head to look at Roan, who was beside her, with a strange tone:

"A good news and a bad news, Roan, which one do you want to hear first?"

Chapter 118 Plastic cloth humanoid silkworm chrysalis

Hearing what Mona said, Roan's face trembled, but he still said in a deep voice:

"Let's start with the bad news."

Mona pointed to the video on the computer:

"The bad news is that when the car accident happened at night, the lights were very dim, and most of the video content recorded by the hand-held camera was black, and nothing could be seen clearly."

Ryder on the side saw that Mona's computer screen was pitch-black, and his expression was wonderful.

Roan didn't look good, but he continued to ask:

"What about the good news?"

Mona's fingers fluttered on the keyboard, and quickly called out the second half of the video:

"The good news is that when the ambulance came, there were red and blue lights flashing. Only this short video shows the specific situation at the scene."

Seeing the video content on the computer that was shaking because of the handheld camera, Ryder rolled his eyes:

"Mona, this is not good news."

Mona spread her hands and smiled:

"But at least there is still a video to watch, which shows that the efforts of the two of you have not been in vain."

Roan didn't say much, and silently observed the video on the computer.

Ryder was a little speechless. Just as he was about to speak, a familiar female voice suddenly came from the gate of the No. 5 investigation team:

"I'm back!"

Several people turned their heads to look, and found that the person speaking was Lacey holding a big cardboard box.

Ryder hurriedly got up and took the cardboard box from the other party, then took out a folder from it, and asked in doubt:

"What are these things?"

"The information given to me by the CIA."

Lacey sat back on her desk, took a sip of coffee and waved her hands:

"It contains Evander's stolen laptop, and a soldier named Jacquell."

Speaking of the laptop, Lacey looked at Roan with a smile in her eyes.

In the hospital, after learning the details of the injury of the white man with a short hair, the old lady had a very rich expression on her face.

Later, when I saw the old lady ordering her subordinates to hand over the computer and materials to her, she was annoyed but had to do so. Lacey, who knew the background of the case from August, had no expression on her face, but her heart Already blossoming.

The FBI and the CIA have never dealt with each other, and many times the FBI is still in a weak position.

After all, the FBI is under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Justice, and sometimes it is necessary to reason and speak the law.

But the CIA is a separate department. They are unmanned, lawless, and unreasonable is their normal state.

Lacey, who came out of the FBI's intelligence department, knows this very well. When she worked in the past, she was often ridiculed by the CIA.

So after learning that the white man with a short hair cut into the hospital by Roan was actually the CIA, Lacey's eyes lit up happily, and she wished she could give Roan all the small cards in her pocket!

...But after Lacey thought about it, it was not good to give all the cards to Roan. After all, they were all teammates. She still had to consider Roan's body.

So after answering Ryder's question, Lacey slowly approached Roan who was watching the video, and quietly slipped three cards to Roan without attracting the attention of others.

Seeing the card in his pocket, Roan's face was full of black question marks.

Tilting her head to look at Lacey, she saw that the corner of Lacey's mouth was raised, she patted Roan's shoulder, and said in a low voice:

"They are all good places, but remember not to play too late, you have to go to work the next day."

Although he didn't know what happened, Roan pondered for a few seconds before silently putting away the card.

There is no other meaning, I just want to gain some knowledge while I am still young.

Ryder on the side simply flipped through the materials in the cardboard box for a while, feeling a little headache.

Looking up and seeing Roan and Lacey sitting together, Ryder immediately leaned over and asked with a smile:

"How is it, have you found anything new?"

Hearing Ryder's words, Mona, who was also flipping through the materials, also turned around and came over.

Lacey, who was introducing the scenery, twitched the corners of her mouth when she saw this, but Roan coughed lightly. While adjusting the video on the computer, he said with a serious expression:

"Watch carefully"

The three heard the words, and hurriedly turned their eyes to the computer.

In the shaking video, the ambulance arrives, two female nurses and a driver get out of the car quickly, rescue the unconscious Evander from the car, put him on a stretcher, and finally lift the stretcher into the ambulance.

After the video was played, Mona pondered for a few seconds, her eyes lit up, she turned around decisively and began typing on the keyboard.

Lacey read it again carefully and suddenly realized, while Ryder scratched his head and looked at Roan with doubts on his face.

Seeing this, Luo An switched the video to the scene of the ambulance driver getting off the car, and patiently explained:

"Watch out for the driver of this ambulance."

In the video, the driver of the ambulance was the first to arrive at the accident site.

But the first thing he did was not to ask about the status of Evander who was stuck in the driver's seat, nor to prepare to save someone, but to immediately reach out to Evander's neck to check whether Evander was dead.

"This is normal behavior."

After watching the video, Ryder tilted his head in doubt.

"No, pay attention to details."

Roan shook his head and slowed down the video. Only then did Ryder realize that after discovering that Evander was dead, the ambulance driver nodded slightly, and his stomach gradually grew bigger.

Obviously the ambulance driver let out a sigh of relief.

Not only that, but the ambulance driver's behavior of transferring Evander out of the cab was also very direct and rude, which belonged to the kind of family members who wanted to curse.

After listening to Roan's explanation, Ryder suddenly nodded, and Mona on the side also shouted loudly at this time:

"Roan! I found out about this ambulance driver!"

When Roan and Ryder heard the words, they hurriedly leaned over. Mona didn't talk nonsense, and said directly:

"The name of the ambulance driver was Kenoli Martin.

After the car accident last night, he asked for leave and went home. He didn't go to work today, and his colleagues called him but no one answered. "

"OK."

Hearing this, Roan did not hesitate, and immediately got up and led Ryder to the equipment room:

"Let's talk to this Mr. Martin now."

A small community in Brooklyn.

The pitch-black SUV drove fast from a distance, and stopped on the side of the street with a sudden brake.

Roan, who was driving, and Ryder, who was sitting in the co-pilot, carefully checked the equipment on their bodies. After confirming that there was no problem, they looked at each other and grinned together. Then they opened the door and quickly walked to the community across the road.

Martin's house lived on the fifth floor. Roan and Ryder arrived here, standing by the door in a tactical posture with guns in both hands, one left and one right.

After looking at each other and counting down to three two one, Roan raised his right foot and kicked the door of this room flying out with one kick.

Boom—

"FBI!"

Seeing the door flying into the room and knocking down on the living room sofa, Ryder's face was full of shock.

But now is not the time to ask questions, Ryder swallowed, and hurriedly followed Roan to check every room in the house.

"Safety!"

"Safety!"

After confirming that there was no one in the bedroom, kitchen and bathroom, Roan and Led Qiqi reported.

Put away the gun and return to the living room, Roan began to carefully inspect the house.

Ryder grabbed the door on the sofa, shook it vigorously, and looked at Roan in disbelief:

"Roan, how did you do it?"

"Forget about that, come here quickly!"

Did not answer Ryder's question, Roan beckoned him to come to the second bedroom quickly.

After throwing down the door and entering the room, Ryder saw a humanoid silkworm chrysalis wrapped in plastic in the closet of the second bedroom.

Not only that, Roan also found a lot of wires, ball bearings, nails and other items under the bed in the second bedroom.

Chapter 119 Timer Bomb

More than forty minutes later, Agent Nair from the Trace Inspection Section came out of the second bedroom.

"Thanks for your hard work."

Roan, who was rummaging for things in the kitchen, saw this, hurried forward and reached out to shake Agent Nell's chubby hand, then asked with a serious expression:

"What is the identity of this corpse?"

A smile appeared on Agent Nell's round face:

"According to the body is well preserved, judging from the face alone, it should be the Kenoli Martin you mentioned."

Hearing this, Roan nodded solemnly, and then continued to ask:

"What about the specific death time of the corpse?"

"The exact time of death will not be known until the autopsy is completed."

Agent Neil heard the words, hehe laughed, and then said:

"But according to my colleague's experience, the death time of this corpse should be about three days.

As for the cause of death, there are strangle marks on the neck of the corpse, which can be roughly judged as mechanical asphyxiation. "

Speaking of which, Agent Neil took out a transparent evidence bag from behind his butt, which contained a ball bearing that Roan had found in the bedroom before.

Seeing the roller bearing, Roan frowned:

"If my judgment is not wrong, these things should be used to make bombs."

"Exactly."

Agent Neil nodded, then said with a serious face:

"My colleague detected traces of some special oily substances in the second bedroom just now.

With these wires, ball bearings and nails, my colleague judged that the other party should want to make a time bomb. "

Hearing the name of the time bomb, Roan frowned.

That was one of the improvised explosive devices made by the people who opened the shell in the previous life to resist the United States.

"Okay, thank you."

Hearing Roan's words, Detective Nell waved his hands with a smile, agreeing to have a chance to go out for a drink together in the future, and left the house with his colleagues and the corpse.

Jingle Bell-

Just then, Roan's cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"It's me, Lacey."

The voice on the other end of the phone was a little noisy. After a while of closing the door, the noisy voice became much quieter, and Lacey's voice came over:

"Half an hour ago, you asked me to come to the hospital where Martin works to investigate Martin's specific situation. I have almost done the investigation."

"Thanks for your hard work."

Roan nodded, sat down on the sofa in this room, and asked in a deep voice:

"What is the specific situation?"

"According to several nurses who often go out with Martin to pull people, Martin hasn't come to work these days."

Lacey on the other end of the phone spoke in a very unhappy tone:

"The one who actually drives the ambulance is Martin's distant cousin, a middle-aged white male named Thomas."

When Roan heard this, his eyebrows frowned:

"What's the situation with this Thomas?"

"The nurses said that this kind of thing is very common. If someone has something to do at home, they just find a relative to do the shift for a few days. The hospital doesn't care."

Lacey said with an ugly face:

"I looked at the surveillance video in the hospital in the past few days, and Thomas never took off his mask during the surveillance.

Later, I asked the nurses again. They hadn't seen Thomas take off his mask in the past few days, so they didn't know what Thomas looked like.

The only thing that is certain is that this Thomas is not young, his voice is a little shrill, his hair is a little long and has a lot of gray hair. "

"OK."

Written Lacey's description on a piece of white paper, the two sides chatted briefly, then hung up the phone.

Seeing this, Ryder, who had been waiting for a long time, pushed the door on the sofa to the side, and asked with a stern expression:

"Roan, do you think this Thomas and Jacquiel are the same person?"

"No, they are definitely not alone, this Thomas should be the helper Jacquier found.

Moreover, this Thomas is most likely the one who tampered with Evander's car and eventually caused the car accident. "

Hearing Ryder's question, Roan shook his head and explained:

"Jacquier's information obtained by the CIA shows that Jacquier is 36 years old this year, with a strong figure, and a cropped head, and no gray hair."

Speaking of this, Roan led Ryder into the kitchen, opened the door of the cabinet where the tableware was placed, and explained:

"I checked carefully just now, and there are two sets of tableware that have been used recently.

Martin died three days ago. He couldn't have used it. The only people who used two sets of cutlery were Jacquel and Thomas. "

"OK."

Ryder also saw the scene where Roan checked the tableware and then handed it over to the trace inspection department to let them try to find fingerprints, so he continued to ask:

"What do we do next?"

"I have asked William and the others to check the surveillance cameras near this building. It is estimated that the investigation will be completed in 30 minutes, and Thomas and Jacquel may be there by then."

Roan handed the paper in his hand to Ryder, then leaned on his chin and pondered for a while, suddenly remembered something, tilted his head to look at Ryder and asked:

"By the way, did you find any credit cards in this room just now?"

"NO."

Ryder shook his head.

"The trace inspection department and I didn't find it either."

Seeing Ryder shaking his head, Roan's eyes lit up, and he took out his cell phone to call Mona.

"What's wrong?"

Hearing Mona's question, Roan didn't talk nonsense, and said directly:

"Mona, check Martin's credit card records to see if he has made any recent purchases?"

I suspect it's still in the hands of Jacquiel and Thomas. "

If Jacquier really used Martin's credit card today and yesterday, then Roan and the others can find each other as quickly as possible.

"OK."

Mona didn't hesitate, and immediately started typing on the keyboard.

A few minutes later, Mona spread her hands and said to the phone:

"I'm sorry, Roan, Martin's credit card has no consumption records at all in the past two days."

On the other end of the phone, Ryder frowned when he heard Mona's words. Roan held his forehead and thought for a moment before continuing to ask:

"And before this? Did Martin buy anything that wasn't right?"

"What kind of error are you talking about?"

Mona looked at the consumption records in the computer, and said with some doubts:

"This week's spending records show that Martin used his credit card to buy clothes, pants, meals...etc!"

Mona was talking, suddenly stunned, and then shouted:

"Roan, Martin's credit card spending records show that he bought an expensive schoolbag three days ago!"

"But we didn't find the bag here!

And Martin is alone, without a girlfriend or relatives, so what is the use of buying a schoolbag? "

Hearing what Mona said, Ryder's eyes lit up, and he hurriedly turned his head to look at Roan:

"Just now, Detective Neil from the Trace Inspection Section said that the roller bearings in the second bedroom can be used to make time bombs!

Then this schoolbag must have been bought by Jacquell and the others, with the purpose of making a schoolbag bomb! "

Roan touched his chin and nodded slowly:

"There is a high probability that this is the case!"

Hearing Roan's affirmation, Ryder grinned wide, with his hands on his hips, showing a smug smile.

"but."

Before Ryder was too proud, Roan raised his head in doubt and asked a question:

"The actions of Jacquell and Thomas are obviously for revenge.

Then they must have a target they want to kill when making bombs. Who will this target be? "

Ryder: "..."

Chapter 120 What exactly is the CIA hiding?

Hearing Roan's question, the smug smile on Ryder's face instantly froze:

"this..."

Roan laughed when he saw this.

This question is a bit difficult for Ryder, and Roan didn't expect Ryder to provide him with an answer.

"Mona."

Picking up the phone that hadn't been hung up, Roan said directly to Mona on the other end of the phone:

"Now immediately check the schoolbag purchased by the Martin credit card and see who has bought the same style of schoolbag.

I suspect that among the people who bought this style of schoolbag, there is one person who is Jacquier's next target. "

If you want to make a school bag bomb, there are cheap school bags in various stores in New York.

The reason why they bought such an expensive schoolbag is most likely because Jacquier and the others wanted to blow up the target person, and there were children at home.

And Jacquier and the others plan to use their bomb schoolbags to replace the children's ordinary schoolbags.

"OK."

Hearing Roan's words, Mona nodded and agreed without hesitation, but then she said with some entanglement:

"Roan, I..."

"Huh? What's wrong?"

Roan narrowed his eyes: "Are you feeling unwell today?"

"No, I'm fine."

Opened her mouth, Mona hesitated for a few seconds and still didn't say anything, and finally said:

"Give me ten minutes, there are many people buying this style of schoolbag, I will call you after I check it out."

After speaking, before Roan could reply, Mona pressed the button to hang up.

Hearing the busy tone from the phone, Roan licked his lips and whispered to himself:

"Mona is having a bad day."

Considering that the case had something to do with Mona's father, Roan immediately judged that Mona had concealed something from himself and the rest of the No. 5 investigation team.

However, after getting along for so many days, Roan, who already knew Mona's personality and past experience, guessed that what she was hiding was probably just some information related to her father.

Anyway, it will not be the kind of situational information that threatens the lives of the agents of the No. 5 investigation team.

Mona has always been able to distinguish between serious and serious.

Thinking of this, Roan chose to put this matter aside temporarily.

Mona doesn't want to say it now, he won't press the other party.

Hanging up the phone, Roan looked at Ryder sitting beside him, and said in a deep voice:

"Our next goal is to quickly find and capture Jacquell and Thomas, and at the same time find the schoolbag bomb."

"Yeah."

Ryder nodded: "William and the others are checking the surveillance video near this building and the information sent by the CIA, and Mona is going to check the clues of the schoolbag."

The body found here has also been handed over to the trace inspection department. What should we do next? Are you going back to the headquarters? "

"No, I have to make a phone call."

Luo An was silent for a moment, picked up the phone again, and said while looking for the number:

"I suddenly remembered something."

Investigation Team No. 5.

In the office area, Augustus is leading several technicians, looking through the materials sent by the CIA with a serious expression.

In the meeting room, Vernis and Mrs. Heloise sat on chairs, watching the busy crowd outside, without saying a word.

The air in the room is very oppressive.

After a long time, Mrs. Heloise picked up the coffee on the table and took a sip:

"Group leader, didn't you tell me before that you are in charge of this case?"

What you mean by conducting is sitting in the conference room with me, drinking coffee? "

Mrs. Heloise dislikes Verenes very much.

There are many reasons, such as the subordinate lying in the hospital, the leadership of the investigation task is not in his hands, Vernis's attitude towards her is average, and so on.

Verinis also hated the old lady beside her.

Because Mrs. Heloise, as the head of the CIA, is habitually full of lies, and nine and a half out of ten sentences are false.

Besides, she is arrogant, has no cooperative attitude, and always wants the No. 5 investigation team to follow her orders to handle the case.

So hearing Mrs. Heloise's words, Vernis didn't bother to look at her, and said in a cold voice:

"Mrs. Heloise, I am in charge of this case. I have the final say on how to investigate. Your duty is only to observe and make suggestions."

Ms. Heloise's face darkened suddenly. Just as she was about to speak, Vernice's cell phone rang suddenly.

It was Roan who called Vernis.

"Good afternoon, sir."

Briefly described what happened after he left the No. 5 investigation team, as well as the current investigation situation, and finally Luo An asked in a deep voice:

"Sir, I remember that Mrs. Heloise from the CIA said that the information in her hand shows that Jacquell Jon will not leave New York in a short time.

I wonder why she came to this conclusion?

Or, does the CIA know where Jacquell Jon will go next? "

After hearing Ryder's words just now, Roan suddenly remembered what Mrs. Heloise said at the meeting:

Their CIA guarantees that Jacquell Jon will not leave New York in a short time.

If this information is true, there is only one possibility:

The CIA group has always known Jacquell Jon's goals and movements.

But they never told the five investigation team, but just let them investigate a little bit.

Hearing Roan's words, Vernis frowned, and quickly reacted.

Even she thought deeper than Roan:

Before Evander's car accident happened, did the group of CIA already know that Jacquell and the others were planning this matter?

Thinking of this, Vernis immediately turned her head to look at Mrs. Heloise, and instead of describing what Roan said to her just now, she asked directly:

"Who is Jacquell Jon's next target? Where is he now?"

Madam Heloise sipped her coffee expressionlessly, and said in a low voice:

"Sorry, no comment."

Hearing this, Vernis' face darkened instantly.

This sentence shows that the CIA is indeed aware of Jacquell's movements.

After taking a deep breath, Verinisi suppressed the anger in her heart and said in a cold voice:

"Ms. Heloise, our two goals are the same, that is to catch Jacquell Jon, so you..."

Before Verenes finished speaking, Mrs. Heloise got up and left her seat, and said with a blank expression:

"Excuse me, Ms. Team Leader, I have said so and have no comment."

Seeing the back of Mrs. Heloise pushing open the door and leaving the meeting room, Vernis's face was as ugly as it could be.

Roan on the other end of the phone also heard the conversation between the two just now, and his expression was also very ugly:

"Sir..."

"You go back to the headquarters first, Roan."

Verinisi took a big sip of the coffee on the table, and then her voice was as cold as ice:

"I'll figure this out."

"...Okay, sir."

Hearing the busy tone after the phone was hung up, Luo An suddenly grinned.

Verinisi doesn't have a big heart, and the CIA group didn't act perfunctorily for her this time...

"Let's go, Ryder, back to headquarters."

Putting the phone away, Roan stood up and stretched:

"I have a hunch that this case will be resolved today."

Ryder tilted his head in confusion. Roan was about to give him a brief explanation when the phone in his pocket rang again.

"... In this short period of time, there have been several phone calls."

Luo An took out his phone speechlessly, pressed the answer button, and Mona's familiar voice came from the other end of the phone:

"Roan, I should know where Jacquell Jon and Thomas are now."