

Legendary FBI Detective Chapter 17

Chapter 17 It's okay, I have a shock bomb

On a road outside Greenwich.

Sitting in Ryder's SUV, Roan looked at the documents in his hand, frowning.

According to the report of the emergency response team at the scene where the bodies were found, all three female victims were buried at the bottom of the lake with heavy objects tied to their legs.

There were no items related to the identity information of the victims at the scene. Finally, the identities of the four victims were determined by consulting the local missing persons files.

In addition, the autopsy report showed that the four victims were all strangled to death with a rope. There were signs of binding on the wrists and ankles, bruises on the upper body, and lacerations on the lower body. It is suspected that the four victims were tortured by the murderer for a long time.

But because the corpse had been soaked in the lake water for too long, the forensic doctor could not find the murderer's white genetic material, nor could he find the murderer's skin debris, hair strands, etc., and could not test the murderer's DNA.

"What a headache."

After reading the information, Luo An closed his eyes and rubbed his temples.

The land area of the United States is vast, and the people are outstanding. Not only is it rich in various cult organizations, but it is also rich in serial murderers, bank robbers, flour sellers, and extreme thinkers.

"Thank you, Roan."

Seeing Roan sitting in the car frowning, Ryder hurriedly took out a few bags of still warm hamburgers and fried chicken from the trunk, handed them to Roan, and said with a flattering smile:

"If you can't figure it out, eat something first."

"Not yet."

The corner of Roan's mouth twitched, and he rejected the suggestion that he might be more likely to go bald. After packing up the information, he said to Ryder:

"The hunting time for the murderer of this serial murder is getting shorter and shorter. If we want to find the real murderer, we must find the connection between the four female victims.

I can't get away from here, you go back to the office immediately to find a technical detective, visit the families of the four victims, ask when the victims last contacted them before they disappeared, and at the same time find out the parents and relatives of the victims, Criminal records of friends, husbands, etc. "

"What?"

Hearing these complicated tasks, Ryder's head grew big, and he subconsciously grabbed a hamburger and stuffed it into Roan's hands:

"Can you change me to another job? Or how can someone else do this kind of job? Can Mona do it?"

Roan shook his head decisively and refused:

"No, Mona still needs to help me investigate this disappearance case."

".All right."

Seeing that Roan refused to let go, Ryder thought that before he came, the investigation team leader Augustus repeatedly emphasized that he must obey Roan's arrangement, and immediately walked back to the car with a sad face, preparing to go back to the headquarters to pull people to investigate.

Back in his SUV, Roan watched as Ryder drove away. He didn't expect Ryder, a bear-like man, to be a bit cute in contrast.

Just as he was thinking about the clues of the serial murder case, the Nokia next to Roan suddenly rang. When he answered the phone, he found that Lacey was on the other end.

"Roan, Darren is on the move."

"Um?"

Roan was taken aback, and hurriedly asked: "Which car is he driving? What's the license plate number?"

"He didn't drive the Cadillac in the garage, he drove the latest BMW** with the license plate ***"

Lacey's tone on the other end of the phone was very relaxed:

"Don't worry, I'm following the other party. The anti-tracking technology of the other party is the same as that of children in kindergarten. I won't lose track with my eyes closed."

Roan was silent for two seconds, and asked suspiciously, "My car is on the outskirts of Greenwich. Where did you get the car to follow Darren?"

"Well, I borrowed it from Darren's neighbor's garage."

"Didn't tell the neighbors, did you?"

"certainly."

Roan hung up the phone. Now he finally knew why Lacey said Augustus was taking the blame.

"It feels like someone is standing on top."

Roan smiled, called Mona and told Darren the license plate number of that BMW, asked Mona to locate her, and then kicked the accelerator and rushed out.

Ten minutes later, the SUV driven by Roan stopped in a coastline parking lot in eastern New York.

At the oblique rear of the SUV is the Jaguar that Lacey borrowed from the neighbor of the villa, and at the oblique rear of the Jaguar is Darren's new BMW.

Listening to the beating of the sea not far away, and looking at the almost empty parking lot, Roan said to Lacey on the other end of the phone:

"This place is very suitable for paying ransom, and it is also very suitable for driving away when you find something is wrong."

Lacey looked at the restless Darren in the BMW through the rearview mirror, and asked on the phone:

"What should we do if the other party runs away?"

"It's okay, I have a stun bomb."

Roan took out a shock bomb from his waist and threw it up and down in his hand, laughing:

"I've always been good at throwing things."

Thinking of the scene where the windows of a large number of cars in the parking lot were shattered after the shock bomb exploded, Lacey shuddered.

I didn't expect Roan to be more ruthless than himself. If the windows in the parking lot are broken, how much will Augustus pay?

Didi—

Just when Lacey was about to persuade Roan not to use stun bombs, an ordinary Buick car drove in and slowly stopped beside Darren's BMW.

Immediately afterwards, Darren got off the BMW, opened the Buick's co-pilot, and sat on it.

"Action!"

Roan yelled, Lacey drove the Jaguar in reverse gear and instantly blocked the BMW and Buick, and Roan drove the SUV to quickly block the back road of the two cars.

The two got out of the car and hid behind the car. They pointed their guns at the Buick. Roan shouted:

"FBI! Get out of the car! Or I'll shoot you!"

After two seconds of silence, Darren, the co-pilot, slowly got out of the car with his hands raised, the driver's door slowly opened, and a very thin white young man raised his hands and got out of the car.

Roan and Lacey approached slowly with pistols in hand, took out handcuffs and handcuffed them, but did not find the imaginary ransom money in the two cars.

Investigation Team No. 5, interrogation room.

The FBI is different from the police stations outside. Whether it is the Department of Homeland Security, the Intelligence Department, or the Crime-Network-Response and Service Department, or even the Science and Technology Department, Information and Technology Processing Department, they all have their own interrogation rooms.

The Criminal Investigation Department under the Crime-Network-Response and Service Department is no exception. There are thirteen investigation teams under the Criminal Investigation Department, and each investigation team is equipped with two interrogation rooms.

The interrogation room here is not like the interrogation room in the police station outside. There is an extremely clear law enforcement recorder that cannot be turned off throughout the entire process. Prisoners can not say a word when they are handcuffed, and they can even ask a lawyer to speak for themselves.

FBI's interrogation room also has body-worn cameras, but the body-worn cameras here are seriously damaged due to aging and often shut off automatically. Oftentimes, when prisoners don't answer the agents' questions, the body-worn cameras start to fall ill.

After some prisoners are caught, they say that their lawyers are not available and cannot answer questions. Then such prisoners will be found out on the spot for tax evasion, shooting federal agents and other serious illegal and criminal acts, and will be deprived of the right to see lawyers on the spot.

Some prisoners even dreamed that they were beaten severely.

Waiting for this kind of prisoner's lawyer to be present, there will definitely be no medical examination. After all, the technology has matured through iterative development.

Want to see the interrogation transcript? Sorry, the damage to the instrument was not recorded.

Someone asked, is there no one who can manage this group of FBI?

Of course there is, but will people who can manage the FBI be invited to the FBI interrogation room?

If you can hire criminals who are super lawyers that the FBI doesn't want to meet, will they still be caught by the FBI?

The most important point is that the time is now in 2005, and those messy organizations in later generations have not yet appeared.

Ask for collection!

(end of this chapter)