

## **Legendary FBI Detective Chapter 19**

### **Chapter 19 Medical Center**

In the villa in Greenwich, Roan and Darren were sitting in the study, while Lacey and another female detective went to the husband and wife's room, ready to conduct a simple search.

"Mr. Darren."

Roan took a sip of coffee, pointed to the clock by the conference table, and said:

"Your wife disappeared around six o'clock in the morning. It's already two o'clock in the afternoon, and eight hours have passed, but the kidnappers haven't called for ransom for a long time. Are you sure that you and your wife have not offended someone in business? who?"

"Certainly not. I really don't know, Mr. Agent"

Darren sat on the sofa looking very ugly. He didn't know if it was because his wife was missing or he was worried that he would not get much money after his wife died. After hearing Roan's question, he immediately explained:

"Sabina handles most of the company's affairs, and I am generally responsible for contacting those partners and maintaining relationships."

"All right."

Roan nodded. This can be regarded as a different kind of heroine inside and outside. Just as he was about to continue asking, Darren seemed to think of something suddenly. He slapped his thigh and said:

"By the way, Mr. Detective, Sabina often goes to a women's medical care center to maintain her body. Last night, when we called last night, Sabina said that she had visited a medical center during the day, but she didn't know."

Before Darren finished speaking, Lacey walked into the study with a pink membership card, handed it to Roan and said:

"I found the VIP card of the medical center."

"OK."

Roan took the card and nodded, and warned Darren not to leave the villa for the time being. Two agents outside the villa were in charge of monitoring and protecting him, and then walked back to the SUV with Lacey.

The pitch-black car was speeding on the road. Lacey took the pink membership card and looked at it carefully. Seeing this, Roan was a little puzzled:

"What's the matter, Lacey, is there something wrong with the membership card?"

"There is nothing wrong with the loyalty card, but the address on the loyalty card is wrong."

Lacey rubbed the membership card with her fingernails, with a half-smile on her face, she turned her head and said to Roan:

"The address on this membership card is the Lower East Side of New York. I am familiar with that area. I remember that there doesn't seem to be any medical center there."

"Um?"

Roan realized instantly: "You mean Sabina lied to Darren?"

"Who knows?"

Lacey took out her pistol and began to organize the clips, threw the membership card aside, and said calmly:

"This couple is not as simple as imagined."

Luo An drove the SUV to the opposite side of the road from the location recorded on the membership card. When he turned around, he found a high-end coffee shop opposite.

Turning her head to look at Lacey, she saw Lacey smiling slightly, holding the membership card between two fingers, her tone suddenly full of provocation:

"Come on, little boy, today I will show you the big world."

Lacie is 32 years old this year, and Roanne is only 25 years old. In a way, they are indeed young boys.

The two got out of the car, and Roan followed Lacey across the road into the cafe.

The coffee shop is not big, it is more than two o'clock in the afternoon, Roan glanced around and only saw a few men and women drinking afternoon tea, but before he could ask any questions, Lacey grabbed Roan's arm and half pulled him in. The back kitchen of the cafe.

"Don't talk, leave it to me."

Lacey pulled Roan down and whispered something in his ear, and the two continued to walk forward, and then a burly black man sitting in front of a thick curtain suddenly appeared on the way to the back kitchen.

Seeing Roan and Lacey, the burly black man got up and wanted to ask something, but when he saw the pink membership card in Lacey's hands, he nodded and sat back down again.

The thick curtain was lifted, and there was a downward staircase inside. When the two walked to the end of the stairs, they found a door with shining lights. When they opened the door, provocative and seductive music broke into their ears.

Roan glanced around. Under the shining colored lights, couples of men and women in the hall were sitting on the sofa discussing how to use the toys. After chatting happily, they went to the rooms on both sides of the hall and began to sweat. Apply the toy play just discussed to the other person.

"Welcome to the new world."

Lacey raised her head and chuckled in Roan's ear, walked to the bar in the corner with his arm, knocked on the table and shouted:

"Where's your boss?"

The waitress at the bar poured two glasses of wine for the two, pointed to a pink room in the corner of the hall and said:

"The boss is playing, no time."

Nodding, Lacey walked towards the pink room with Roan's arm in her arms, and broke in without knocking on the door.

"Hey!"

"Fu-k"

"what's wrong with you?"

The moment the door was opened, there were a few angry curses in the room, Lacey didn't care, she pulled a black leather whip from behind the door and whipped it, took out the golden FBI badge and displayed it to everyone in front of him, shouting loudly:

"The boss stays! Everyone else goes out!"

Roan: ":"

Is the way so wild? !

Seeing the golden badge of the FBI, several men and women in the pink room stopped their body movements immediately, and turned to look at a middle-aged Caucasian woman with a naked body and heavy makeup.

Seeing her waving her hand, several men and women hurriedly put on their own clothes and ran out of the room. One of the white men ran out of bed in a hurry without even pulling out his things.

Too hot eyes.

Roan sighed. I don't know if it's because of his bad luck, or because the American customs are too rampant. Why do I always encounter these strange things today?

"FBI?"

The middle-aged Caucasian woman Avila sat up from the bed, lit a cigarette and put it in her mouth, without any clothes on, she just looked at Lacey and Roan quietly, and laughed:

"What are you doing here today? How can I help you?"

Lacey didn't talk nonsense, took Sabina's photo from Roan, showed it in front of Avila, and said:

"She is a member of yours. Call me all the people who have served her before. I have something to ask them."

"Impossible, Ms. Agent."

Avila stood up from the bed and said while getting dressed:

"We are here to create a top-secret space to give customers the illusion of safety. We cannot show you the privacy of our customers. This violates our principles."

After hearing Avila's words, Lacey was not angry, she took out her phone and said:

"Then I'll contact the NYPD (New York Police Department) and see if they'll deal with you here."

"We have a formal and legal business license, and everything here complies with the regulations. The FBI can search here if they want to, first go to the court to apply for a search warrant."

Avila took a puff of cigarette, touched Lacey's face and said with a smile:

"Why do you think my business is still safe and sound?"

"you"

Lacey's face froze, and the smile on Avila's face became even wider. Just as he was about to continue talking, Roan suddenly stretched out his hand to stop the two of them. Seeing Avila looking at him, Roan took out his mobile phone and said with a smile :

"My superior used to work for the IRS (Federal Revenue Service), would you like to chat with him?"

Hearing this, Avila fell silent immediately, then gave Roan and Lacey a hard look, and walked towards the door and said:

"Give me ten minutes, and I'll call those people out."

Ask for collection! Ask for collection!

(end of this chapter)