

## **FBI Detective 191**

Chapter 191 IRS and Arrest

"Your guess is right, Roan!"

After listening to Roan's analysis, Augustus smiled and patted him on the shoulder very satisfied:

"That cosmetics company is indeed suspected of money laundering! The amount exceeds 100 million, and we have found evidence!"

"Very good!"

"I knew it!"

Hearing what Augustus said, all the agents of the No. 5 investigation team showed joy, clapping their hands and cheering loudly.

Not surprisingly, this week's bonus has been settled again.

Everyone looked at Roan's back and felt that he seemed to be shining.

Golden light!

After cheering, Ryder said directly:

"I'm going to apply for the formalities now, and then arrest the boss of the cosmetics company!"

"Wait a moment!"

Ryder was about to leave the No. 5 investigation team excitedly, but Roan hurriedly stopped him.

Waved his hand to signal Ryder to wait a few minutes, Roan turned around and walked into the team leader's office with Augustus.

The two sides sat down, Augustus asked:

"What's the matter, Roan, what did you find?"

Roan didn't make a fool of himself, and said directly:

"It's easy to catch the boss of the cosmetics company.

But the real culprit behind this case is that Kanas, and we have no direct evidence related to him yet. "

It was Kanas' driving subordinate who called Rosslan-Lewis, the killer.

With Kanas's financial resources, he could afford a lawyer who defended his innocence, and then said in front of the judge that this matter had nothing to do with him.

Those companies controlled by women have a bunch of shell companies and limited companies behind them, and their registration is still in the Cayman Islands.

If you want to find out the composition of the shares behind it and find the money laundering evidence of Kanas, it will be impossible to complete it in a short time.

If the time is delayed for too long, it will be very detrimental to the case.

"It's okay, Roan, I'll take care of it."

Hearing Roan's worried words, Augustus smiled slightly to show that he was not panicked at all.

"Um?"

Roan was taken aback for a moment, then thought of something, the worry on his face gradually disappeared, and asked:

"I don't know what the officer plans to do?"

"This is a money laundering case involving hundreds of millions of dollars."

Augustus picked up the coffee and took a sip. Satisfied with Roan's reaction speed, he replied:

"When you catch the boss of the cosmetics company, the rest will naturally be handed over to professionals."

Who are the professionals?

Of course the IRS!

Hearing this, the expression on Roan's face suddenly lit up.

Investigating money laundering evidence is very troublesome, not only time-consuming, but also requires a lot of manpower.

Their No. 5 investigation team doesn't have that many people at all, and they can't devote all their follow-up time to this case.

Passing the follow-up to the IRS and letting the IRS watch Kanas and find evidence not only saves time and effort, but also that group of people is definitely more active than the No. 5 investigation team, and they also want to send Kanas to prison.

Luo An and the others don't have to worry about being robbed of their credit, because their No. 5 investigation team handled the case earlier, and they also arrested the people involved.

If people hold it in their hands, credit cannot escape.

Afterwards, not only the bonus can be secured, but also the reward after Kanas is sent to prison, the IRS must also distribute a share to their No. 5 investigation team.

After figuring out the joints, Roan looked at Augustus with admiration.

As expected of a person who came out of the Criminal Investigation Section, the means to push the boat along the way are really easy to come by.

Seeing Roan's eyes, Augustus looked calm on the surface, but he already laughed out loud in his heart.

Finally installed it in front of Luo An, it's not easy!

Coughed twice, Augustus put down the coffee cup in his hand, and said in a deep voice:

"So, next we must catch the boss of the cosmetics company, she is very important."

"no problem!"

Luo An nodded heavily. The female boss is related to the bonus of this case, and he will never let her escape.

Leaving the team leader's office, Roan didn't talk nonsense, and immediately led Ryder into the equipment warehouse.

Black combat uniform, tactical helmet, plate armor vest, three smoke bombs, ten shock bombs, two assault pistols Glock 18, five pistols with extended magazines.

After finishing the equipment, Roan and Ryder looked at each other, grinned together, and strode out of the No. 5 investigation team.

In a cosmetics company building in Manhattan, the elevator door slowly opened, and Roan, who was fully armed, pressed the communicator, and walked out together with Ryder.

"Hello."

Ignoring the exclamation of the two beautiful girls at the front desk, Roan walked directly into the company, pulled a white woman who looked like a secretary, and asked:

"We're here for Lilanie Keller."

This is the name of the female boss of this cosmetics company.

Seeing Roan and Ryder in full armor, the secretary swallowed and replied:

"Sorry, she's not here."

Roan frowned slightly, turned around and walked around her to the door of the boss's office, without knocking on the door, he pushed it away forcefully.

The office is empty.

"Hey! You can't do this!"

"You guys are too much!"

"Do you have a search warrant?"

Seeing Roan's actions, besides the female secretary just now, several white men who made a pose appeared out of nowhere.

But was easily stopped by Ryder.

Seeing the colorful hair and colorful outfits of these white men, Roan felt a toothache.

As expected of a cosmetics company.

"Here is the search warrant you want!"

Swallowing the discomfort in his heart, Roan stretched out his hand and pulled the loudest guy, and directly patted the search warrant on his chest.

Then Roan turned his head to look at the crowd, and said sharply:

"Listen, if you guys know where Lilanie Keller is and don't tell us,

Trust me, I can definitely send you all to jail for deceiving agents and disrupting official business! "

After hearing Roan's words, everyone present fell silent.

"snort!"

Toasted and refused to eat fine wine, turned to look at the female secretary, Luo An's eyes were cold, and he asked in a cold voice:

"Tell me, where did Lilanie Keller go?"

Looking at Roan's face close at hand and the serious expression on his face, the female secretary swallowed, and hurriedly replied:

"The boss went to the private airport in the south of Long Island, he just left half an hour ago.

I just saw that she answered a phone call, which seemed to be from the bank. She was taken aback, so she left quickly. "

"bank?"

Luo An frowned upon hearing this, not understanding why there was something about the bank.

But now is not the time to think about these things, bypassing the female secretary, Roan quickly walked to the elevator, bowed his head and said to the communicator:

"Have you heard everything, Mona?"

Since joining this company, Roan's communicator has not been turned off.

"heard it!"

There was a sound of typing on the keyboard from the communicator, and Mona replied:

"I just found out that Lilanie Keller, like Triss Perez, has a share in a private jet.

The plane is now waiting on the runway of the private airport in southern Long Island, and the passenger list reported by the captain is Lilani Keller alone. "

"Good!"

The elevator quickly reached the first floor, Roan took Ryder to the parking lot and said at the same time:

"Contact air traffic control immediately and ask them to stop this plane from taking off!

Also, find out who the bank officer who called Lilanie Keller just now is, Lacey, you go and get him back immediately! "

"no problem!"

There were two clear and crisp responses from the communicator, and Roan and Ryder also ran to the side of the SUV.

Opening the door and turning the key, the dark SUV rushed out towards Long Island like lightning.

Chapter 192 Standard American Stop

On the road leading to Long Island, a dark SUV shuttles through the traffic at high speed.

Looking at the SUV overtaking with various unimaginable angles and methods, Ryder swallowed silently, and carefully tightened the seat belt.

Selectively ignoring Ryder's small movements, Roan stepped on the accelerator directly.



Immediately afterwards, Luo An suddenly thought of something, looked at the traffic lights on the road and the congestion on the road, and calculated the distance between the company and Long Island Airport. After pondering for a few seconds, he pressed the communicator and said loudly:

"Mona, I need your help!"

"What help?"

"You and William immediately check the private airport and the cameras on Lilani's road to the airport!"

Roan explained loudly:

"Lilani should not be at the airport yet, I need to know where she is now!"

Judging from the congestion on the roads in Long Island and Queens, Lilanie-Keller is now either stuck on the road or taking a detour.

Judging from the urgency of the other party, the other party has a high probability of choosing a detour.

Now as long as he knows Lilani's detour route, Roan is sure to block her quickly.

Hearing this, Ryder in the co-pilot was shocked. He didn't expect Roan to have such a dual-purpose ability.

"no problem!"

As soon as the voice fell, Mona's answering sound and the crackling of the computer keyboard came from the communicator.

Soon, the keyboard sound stopped, and Mona said loudly:

"You guessed it right, Roan, Lilanie Keller hasn't arrived at the airport yet,

Not only that, but we didn't find Lilani Keller on the roads outside the airport! "

Seeing that the road ahead was crowded again, Roan turned the steering wheel and drove the SUV to another road, and continued to ask:

"Where is Lilanie Keller now?"

After receiving the document from William, Mona on the communicator was all smiles:

"Lelanie Keller drives the latest Porsche, also equipped with GPS!"

After entering the car's model, license plate, inventory record and other information into the computer, Mona flew her fingers on the keyboard, quickly located the other party, and then replied loudly:

"The other party's car is now on the northernmost side of Central Park Avenue, and its heading is due west. It looks like it doesn't plan to go to Long Island's private airport!"

"What?"

Getting the exact location of the other party, Luo An frowned slightly, but still quickly drove the SUV around and rushed out.

Why didn't the other party go to the airport?

This question flashed in his mind, Roan thought for a few seconds, and continued:

"Check the call history of Lilani-Keller's mobile phone to see if it is an employee of the cosmetics company who told Lilani the news of our visit!

If it is, send someone to catch him immediately! "

"Not an employee of that company!"

Mona on the communicator said that she had checked Lilani's call records just now. Not long ago, she called Lilani from a phone number she had never seen before.

"I've seen that phone number before!"

Just when Mona was going to check the other party's location based on the phone number to see if she could find out the other party's identity through surveillance, William in the office area suddenly shouted:

"A few hours before Triss and Loelle were killed by Roslan, and after we successfully arrested Roslan, that phone number was in contact with Kanas's men!"

Mona was slightly taken aback, not trying to figure out who the other party was.

"Fu-k!"

Roan in the SUV reacted quickly, cursed in a low voice and immediately explained:

"The opponent is that sniper!"

"Hollysh-t!"

Hearing this, Mona also understood, her pupils shrank, and she said in a surprised voice:

"The sniper was instructed to kill Lilani!"

"Exactly!"

Roan nodded heavily, thought for a while, and asked again:

"Is there an airport in the direction Lilanie Keller is heading to now?"

The killer can make Lilani turn around and leave the private airport, there must be a reason that can convince Lilani, such as a new route that can leave New York.

"Lelanie is now speeding north on the Greenstone Highway..."

Hearing Roan's question, Mona quickly tapped the keyboard, and soon made a new discovery on the map:

"The end of that road is a pier, Lilani is likely to plan to escape by boat!"

"No, it should be said that the killer planned to kill Lilani at the pier to silence her."

Roan snorted coldly, stepped on the accelerator again, and said loudly at the same time:

"Immediately call the SWAT operation team for support, and let them block off the entire periphery of that pier!"

The No. 5 investigation team agent nodded loudly:

"no problem!!"

Black lightning was speeding along the Greenstone Highway, and it took only ten minutes for Roan and Ryder to arrive at the spot where Lilanie Keller's Porsche was just now.

"Five hundred meters west of No. 134 Street, turn right at the fourth intersection ahead!"

In the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, William and other detectives stared at the computer screen closely. Inside, there were two flashing bright spots, one black and one red. Mona was remotely controlling Roan to hunt down Lilanie Keller.

"Good."

Listening to Mona's remote control, Roan turned the steering wheel and quickly drove the SUV into another road, then asked:

"How far is the nearest SWAT team?"

"On the road, very close, about three miles northwest of you!"

Roan nodded, and just about to say something, Ryder in the co-pilot suddenly raised his finger forward and said loudly:

"See that Porsche! There it is!"

"very good!"

Following the direction Ryder pointed, Roan also saw the white car, so he immediately drove the SUV over.

Seeing the menacing SUV, the white Porsche obviously panicked, and the speed suddenly increased.

Seeing that the opponent was getting closer and closer to the pier, Roan did not hesitate, directly took out the Glock 18, aimed at the opponent's left rear wheel and pulled the trigger.

boom! boom! boom!

A total of three bullets were fired from the muzzle, two of which hit the Porsche tires perfectly.

After checking the equipment, Ryder grinned when he saw this:

"Nice job! Roan!"

The corner of Luo An's mouth was slightly raised. Seeing that the other party's tire was broken, but still had no intention of stopping, he immediately stepped on the accelerator and drove the SUV into the left rear of the Porsche, and then turned the steering wheel vigorously.

Boom—

Boom!

Porsche immediately lost its balance after being hit, coupled with the force of the SUV in the opposite direction, the Porsche was directly across the road.

Standard American cut-off!

The next second, Roan and Ryder immediately opened the car door, and quickly approached the Porsche with a Glock 18 in a vigilant posture.

"Don't move!"

"Hands up!"

As soon as the two spoke, the Porsche driver's door was opened, and a white man in a suit jumped out with a gun.

bang bang bang—

Ryder, who was closest to the driver's seat, did not hesitate, and immediately aimed at the opponent's chest and pulled the trigger.

At the same time, Roan also found Lilanie Keller who was about to escape in the direction of the co-pilot.

Seeing from the corner of the eye that Ryder easily dealt with the bodyguard, Roan immediately walked towards Lilani quickly, grabbed the back of Lilani's neck, lifted her up on the spot, and then easily cuffed her hands behind her back.

"Damn the FBI!"

Feeling the cold handcuffs on her wrists, Lilanie Keller cursed with a ferocious face:

"Son of..."

But before she could finish speaking, Roan frowned, and pulled her hard, pushing her to the ground.

The next second, a bomb crater suddenly appeared where Lilani was standing just now.

Lilani screamed in horror when she saw this, while Roan raised her head and looked in the direction of the building not far away, with the corners of her mouth slightly raised:

"I found you, Mr. Sniper!"

Chapter 193 Five shock bombs!

boom-

The moment he heard the iconic sound of the sniper rifle, Ryder subconsciously bent down to look for the obstacle, and then suddenly found that Roan was on that side, and hurriedly moved there while his face changed, and asked loudly:

"Roan! How are you doing?"

"I'm fine!"

The angry voice came to his ears, and Ryder just breathed a sigh of relief. Before he could react, an old woman in handcuffs suddenly fell into his arms from the front of the car.

Looking at Lilanie Keller who was screaming loudly in his arms, Ryder twitched the corner of his mouth and asked again:

"Roan! What's next?"

"You are optimistic about the suspect here, let the SWAT operation team come here as quickly as possible, and completely block this area!"

Roan, who was hiding behind another car, checked his equipment, his eyes flickering coldly:

"I'm going to deal with that sniper!"

"What?"



Hearing the previous words, Ryder nodded solemnly, but he was stunned by the latter words. Just as he got up to say something, Roan's figure had completely disappeared.

bang bang bang—

On the other side, Roan kept shooting at the hidden position of the sniper, suppressing the opponent, and rushed into the building at an extremely fast speed.

Just now when Roan crashed the Porsche and opened the door to get out of the car, he took a close look around at the fastest speed.

Because this is a pier, there are not many places suitable for snipers to hide. Roan quickly found a few locations, and calculated in advance which locations fired bullets, and where the bullets were probably located.

The moment Lilani Keller was caught, the urgent feeling of being on fire came again, and Roan knew that his guess was right, and the sniper really planned to kill him.

Pulling Lilanie Keller to the ground, Roan glanced at the bullet marks on the ground and quickly determined the opponent's position.

At the same time, in a certain room in the high-rise building, a muscular middle-aged white man with a cropped cut was standing by the wall to avoid bullets, with an extremely ugly expression on his face.

"Shit! How did that guy find me?!"

Twice! Already twice!

As a killer who roams the underground world all year round, a white man with a short hair who is good at using sniper rifles does not miss many times.

But this time not only did he miss twice, the reason for the misses was also because of the same person!

Suppressing the anger in his heart, the killer habit that he has cultivated all year round still makes the white man with a short hair quickly pack up the sniper rifle, wipe away the traces, and prepare to leave here quickly.

"A tall and handsome FBI agent."

At the moment before leaving, the white man with a short hair kept flashing Roan's face in his mind:

"I remember you."

Turning around and walking quickly towards the departure route he had prepared in advance, the eyes of the short-haired white man were full of coldness.

The inch-headed white man intends to leave here first. Judging from his experience, this area will be blocked soon.

On the other hand, after avoiding the punishment of MS-13 mission failure, the white man with a short cut is still planning to find an opportunity to completely kill the FBI.

Even if no one pays him this time!

On the other side, Roan quickly checked the internal structure of the building, judged others by himself, and looked at the problem with the eyes of a killer, and soon found a suitable escape route.

Quickly walked towards one of the stairs, and as soon as he arrived there, Roan heard hurried footsteps.

Without hesitation, Roan took out two shock bombs and threw them over.

Seeing two foreign objects that suddenly appeared in front of his eyes, the white man with short hair instantly widened his eyes.

"Shit!"

Although he didn't know how the other party found this way, but the experience of struggling on the line of life and death for many years made Cun Tou make the best response. He directly blocked the weapon box in his hand in front of him.

Boom!

Boom!

Bright flames and deafening explosions sounded suddenly, and the white man with a short hair was thrown to the ground violently.

Swearing a curse word from an unknown country, the next second, the short-haired white man resisted the discomfort from all over his body and got up on the spot, immediately took out his pistol and pulled the trigger in the direction of the shock bomb.

bang bang bang—

Using bullets to suppress the opponent, the expression on the white man's face showed no panic. He had encountered this situation before, but in the end he survived.

Not only that, but he also gained a lot of experience from those experiences.

The inch-headed white man believes that he can also get rid of the opponent this time, and then leave smoothly.

But Roan on the other side of the wall unhurriedly took out three shock bombs again.

Gululu—

Seeing the new foreign object on the ground, the expression on the white man's face finally couldn't hold back, and he cursed loudly:

"Son of..."

Before he finished speaking, the familiar explosion sounded again.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The flame broke through the limit and surged out. This time, the short-haired white man who was very close to the shock bomb felt a rush of hot air, followed by severe pain.

The next second, his body soared into the air, surrounded by countless cement debris and shock waves, and slammed into the shaking wall next to him.

The short-haired white man lying in the cement debris felt buzzing in his ears, and the world in front of him seemed to be shaking.

"Tsk tsk tsk."

Walking out from behind the wall in a vigilant posture, Roan saw the white man with a short hair and \*\*\*\* clothes all over his body. With a blank expression on his face, he kicked away the weapon on the ground.

The moment he saw Luo An's face clearly, the white man with an inch head slowly took out the third gun with his right hand under his body, and at the same time his eyes were tearing open:

"Damn the FBI!"

The white man with an inch head didn't know Roan's name, but it didn't prevent him from opening his mouth to curse.

"It's me, what's wrong?"

Luo An chuckled, put his left hand into his pocket, and seemed to be planning to take out his phone to call an ambulance.

Seeing this, the white man with an inch head was full of disdain, and immediately pulled out the third pistol.

This is one of the hole cards of the inch-cut white man, and he is also an old buddy who has saved his life many times. The inch-length white man believes that this time is no exception.

Boom!

The next second, gunfire rang out.

Cun Tou was stunned, it seems that I haven't shot yet?

Immediately afterwards, a splitting headache, numb hands and feet, and a feeling of losing control of his limbs came into his mind.

Feeling the blood slowly flowing from his forehead, the white man with an inch cut realized that he had been shot.

Immediately afterwards, an unspeakable sleepiness flooded his heart.

Looking at the body of the white man with a short hair, Roan put away the Glock 18 in his right hand, and smiled disdainfully:

"Do you really think I didn't see your little moves?"

There is no killer in the world who does not have a hole card, let alone a guy with a short head who has been in the killer business for decades, Roan has been guarding against him.

Put a white man with a haircut in prison, and the judge will sentence him to death or life sentence 100%.

But Roan knew that the other party would definitely use the hidden funds to buy the lives of himself or the agents of the No. 5 investigation team in the underground world before he died.

Killers are the most vindictive group of people in the world.

What's more, there are still countless lives in the hands of white people with short hair...

Pressed the communicator, Roan patted the dust on his body, and said softly:

"This is Roan, Lilanie Keller was successfully arrested, and the sniper has been successfully resolved."

"ohhh—"

"Nice job! Roan!"

"You are so awesome!"

Luo An's voice fell, and the applause of all the agents came from the communicator.

Backing to the No. 5 investigation team, the agents applauded Roan again for a while, and before Roan sat down, Mona patted him on the shoulder, pointed to the team leader's office, and said with a strange look:

"Roan, Augustus has something to look for you."

Chapter 194 Internal Revenue Service Criminal Investigation Section (IRS-CI)

Hearing that Augustus was looking for him, and seeing the weird expression on Mona's face, Roan's expression froze slightly.

He thought of the SUV he had just used the American-style stop method and accidentally crashed the front of the car.

At this moment, Lacey returned to the No. 5 investigation team.

Roan's eyes lit up and asked:

"Well, Lacey, did the bank clerk get caught?"

"certainly!"

Lacey took a big sip of coffee and explained with a smile:

"That guy is very timid, and when I was a little scared, he would do anything."

That guy is an informant bought by Lilanie Keller with money. He usually has nothing to do, but as soon as he finds out that someone is investigating the financial situation of the cosmetics company, that guy will immediately call Lilanie Keller. "

All the agents suddenly realized, Roan also nodded, and understood the reason why Lilanie Keller ran away in fright.

After thinking about it, Roan turned to look at the crowd and said:

"Guys, we have to learn from this experience.

If there are similar activities in the future, be sure to monitor the communication between the target person and the people around him at all times. "

"Exactly!"

"you're right!"

All the detectives nodded solemnly when they heard the words, and William and other technicians even patted their chests to promise that they would pay more attention to these aspects in the future.

Roan nodded in satisfaction, then took the investigation materials in Lacey's hand, and walked into the team leader's office calmly.

"Hello, sir."

Entering the team leader's office, apart from Augustus, there is also a middle-aged white man in a gray striped suit.

Nodding to greet the other party, Roan handed the folder to Augustus, then said with a smile:



"Sir, the two suspects have been arrested, and the person who tipped off the information has been dealt with. Today's operation was a complete success."

After taking the document, Augustus twitched the corner of his mouth when he saw the innocent smile on Roan's face, as if he didn't know what happened.

The SUV in the garage is still waiting for Augustus to pay for repairs.

But Augustus quickly put this matter behind him. Anyway, the SUV situation is not very serious, and the activities of the fifth investigation team can afford the money.

"This is the senior agent of our No. 5 investigation team, Roan Greenwood."

Put the folder on the table, Augustus smiled and introduced to both parties:

"This is the senior investigation team leader from the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) Criminal Investigation Section."

"Hello, Agent Roan."

The unattractive middle-aged white man smiled and extended his hand to Roan:

"Just call me Elmer."

"Hello, Sir Elmer."

Knowing Elmer's identity, Roan was in awe, and hurriedly extended his hand to shake him.

Internal Revenue Service Criminal Investigation Section, or IRS-CI, is a terrorist department that makes countless federal citizens turn pale.

The reason for the horror is simple. The general investigators in the IRS are responsible for managing illegal activities such as tax evasion and tax evasion, while the Criminal Investigation Section is in charge of financial crimes.

In the army of tax evaders in the federal territory, apart from the ordinary rich people, there are also a bunch of rich people, big companies and big consortia.

The IRS Criminal Investigation Section is primarily targeting these people.

According to the Federal Constitution, the federal government has the power to tax the income of federal citizens from all sources.

This "all sources" includes not only ordinary legal income, but also a lot of illegal activities such as smuggling, money laundering, robbery, and reading.

However, talents who are often engaged in these blue ocean industries are often not motivated to pay taxes.

So the Criminal Investigation Section of the Internal Revenue Service often chooses to use physical means to collect taxes.

In the process of using physical means, weapons are not mentioned. In specific actions, the agents of the Criminal Investigation Section of the Internal Revenue Service can directly break into the door and arrest people without permission; ignore Miranda warnings; ignore the secrecy law, and have the right to call all other law enforcement Information materials within the department; suspects have no right to remain silent, etc.

The most outrageous thing is that the department can first arrest people and then search for evidence.

Thinking of this, Roan glanced at Augustus very calmly.

He didn't expect that the other party could pull the head of this department over to deal with the Kanas money laundering case.

But that's fine, Roan was still thinking about the possibility of Karnas, as a rich man, getting himself out of this case.

But now Roan is not worried at all, being targeted by the IRS-CI, Karnas's happy life has entered the countdown.

"I've heard of you, Roan. Since you joined the No. 5 investigation team, the detection rate of this search team has skyrocketed."

Withdrawing his hand, Elmer looked Roan carefully up and down, with a gleam of appreciation in his eyes, and asked with a smile:

"How about it, are you interested in working under me?"

Hearing this, Roan hadn't reacted yet, and Auguston stood up with his eyes wide open:

"Hey! Elmer, I've got you a present today, don't take it too far!"

Augus and Elmer worked together for a long time in a department in New York when they were young, and they knew each other very well.

"To be honest, Augustus, I feel that a talent like Roan is a bit wasted on you."

The smile on Elmer's face remains the same. There is no leader who doesn't like talents, especially a leader like him who fights wits and courage with the rich people every day.

Elmer checked Roan's profile briefly before coming here, and then he fell in love with this intelligent senior FBI agent.

For Elmer, wisdom is far more important than skill, not to mention that Roan has solved so many cases in a short time.

So Elmer selectively ignored Augustus' dissatisfaction, smiled and said to Roan:

"If you come to me, I can guarantee that your level will not change, you will still be a senior agent!"

This is quite a sincerity.

"Thank you for your appreciation, sir."

Glancing at Augustus standing beside him, Roan smiled and said:

"But I prefer to solve cases. The team leader and team supervisor take good care of me, and the work and life of the FBI are more suitable for me."

Roan would not jump to the Criminal Investigation Section of the Internal Revenue Service as soon as his head became hot.

The work there is really high-turnover and high-efficiency. It is their real goal to open and close the case as quickly as possible, and thus get tax revenue.

Moreover, among the many law enforcement agencies in the federal territory, the work pressure of IRS employees is the highest, and the absorption rate and crime rate are also the highest.

Luo An's goal in this life is to solve crimes and make money to enjoy life, not to stage a 996 workplace battle.

"Hahaha..."

Augus laughed with satisfaction, walked out from behind the desk, and patted Elmer on the shoulder triumphantly.

"All right."

Elmer, who was rejected, was also not angry, with the same smile on his face, he took out a business card from his pocket and handed it to Roan:

"Take it, and if you change your mind later, you can make this call."

After finishing speaking, Elmer patted Roan on the shoulder, and then left the team leader's office with a folder. Before leaving, he didn't forget to look back and add:

"By the way, Augustus, all the information related to the money laundering case of Kanas, remember to send me a copy later!"

"no problem!"

Augus agreed with a wave of his hand, turned and sat back in his chair, casually threw the SUV maintenance files aside, then handed the other two folders to Roan, and said with a smile:

"open to take a look."

## Chapter 195 The Essence of FBI and CIA

Because the [Chief Financial Officer Kidnapping Case] has not been completely resolved, the follow-up still needs the IRS to participate, so although the No. 5 investigation team solved the case and caught the murderer, the bonus and other money have not been issued for the time being. .

However, the [Park River male corpse case] that the Financial Crimes Investigation Section intervened in was finally finished today.

Among the two documents, one is the bonus received by investigation team No. 5 after the [Park River Male Corpse Case] was dealt with, and the proof that Luo An's bonus doubled.

The other is the post-event thanks of the Financial Crimes Investigation Section:

Investigation Team No. 5 had a large amount of extra money in its activity funds, and there was also a pending receipt of 390,000 U.S. dollars in Luo An's account.

Roan and Augustus in the office looked at each other, and both grinned loudly.

"Oh, right."

The two laughed for a while, Augustus suddenly thought of something, slapped his head and said:

"The identity of the short-haired white killer who was captured and killed by you today has been clarified.

His name is Orson Monroe, he is 46 years old, and he is an old assassin in the underground world.

In addition to the FBI, the CIA and NSA also offered rewards for the cases he has done. The total is about 470,000 US dollars. Remember to claim it later. "

Roan's eyes lit up, and he nodded heavily:

"Okay, thank you sir!"

"You don't need to thank me, you are the one who solves the problem, and you deserve it."

Augustus waved his hand, then turned on the computer beside him, with an annoyed expression on his face, and said:

"Actually, Orson-Monroe is carrying a bounty from the underground world, but you can't get the money."

"Underground world?"

Roan was slightly taken aback when he heard the words, and hurriedly looked at Augustus's computer, and found an encrypted website with black and red on the screen, and the content in it was the reward for Orson-Monroe.

The conditions for receiving this reward are a bit harsh, that is, the killer must hand over the head of Orson Monroe to the other party.

I don't know what kind of deep hatred the other party has with Orson-Monroe.

But because Orson-Monroe is dead now, this bounty has become gray.

Roan glanced at the harsh requirements for receiving the reward, then looked away, and asked with a serious face:

"Sir, what's going on with this website?"

Seeing this website, a man in a suit who killed five movies because of a dog suddenly appeared in Roan's mind.

In turn, it reminded me of the Continental Hotel.

But Luo An has been in New York for so long, and he has never seen or heard of the name of the Continental Hotel.

He has been to the building in the movie, it is just an ordinary hotel, and there are often movie crews filming there.

Hearing Roan's question and the "Continental Hotel" in his mouth, Augustus shook his head, saying that he had never heard of this organization in the Federation, and no well-known underground organization in the world had this name.

Then Augustus pointed to the website on the computer and explained:

"This website was set up by a gangster over there in South America."

According to Augustus, when this killer website was just established, the FBI and CIA discovered it, and sent a lot of agents to register accounts to monitor each other.

Even when the gangster was almost attacked by the enemy, the CIA group helped maintain the website to prevent the website from closing down.

So now there are more FBI and CIA people on this website than real killers.

Not only that, Augustus took a sip of coffee, and continued to display several other various websites in the underground world.

There are a large number of FBI agents and CIA agents stationed on these websites. These people also rely on these websites to disguise their identities and solve many cases.

Holding the folder, Luo An left the team leader's office speechlessly.

Sure enough, phishing law enforcement is the essence of FBI and CIA law enforcement.

"How's it going, Roan?"



Seeing Roan walk out of the team leader's office, Mona covered her mouth and smiled and asked:

"Did Augustus criticize you for wrecking your SUV?"

"How can it be!"

Roan smiled slightly. There was so much more money in the activity funds of the No. 5 investigation team, Augustus laughed so happily that his back molars came out.

But Augustus still reminded Roan to be more careful next time.

Roan also smiled and nodded in agreement, saying that he would not do it next time.

Throwing this week's bonus payment certificate to Mona, before Roan sat in his chair, happy screams rang through the office area of the investigation team No. 5.

Immediately afterwards, the agents of the No. 5 investigation team applauded and cheered for Luo An.

The detectives quarreled and played for a while, then returned to their posts and started to deal with the follow-up of the case, while Luo An sat on the chair without doing anything and started circling.

Here's another reason Roan refuses to go to the IRS:

He can fish fish openly in the No. 5 investigation team!

Looking at the computer in front of him, Luo An's eyes were blank, his mind was empty, and he silently calculated his accumulation and gains during this period.

After spending 1.2 million to buy Apple stock, Roan has \$220,000 left.

The three doubling prizes for the male corpse case, the deep pit case and the female judge case add up to a total of \$9,000, the \$200,000 reward from the Long Island government, \$60,000 for the bearded trio, and Salbato-Crystal's \$39 and Orson-Monroe's \$470,000.

Combined with the weekly salary, Roan found that his income during this period was about 1.35 million US dollars.

Writing and drawing on the paper casually, Roan leaned on his chin and frowned in thought:

"Would you like to buy Apple stock next? Do you want to switch? But which one is better?"

Continuous entanglement.jpg

The clock at the front of the office area soon reached the closing time.

As usual, Ryder and other agents went back to their homes, Mona stayed in the investigation team, and Lacey drove straight to the hotel.

Roan bought some fruits and flowers again, and went to the hospital to visit Verinisi to get in touch.

Verinis's wounds are recovering well. When Roan brought her things to the hospital, she was sitting in a wheelchair, looking at the scenery in the distance through the window of the ward.

Seeing Roan, Vernis showed a faint smile on her face. After a few words of greeting, she changed the topic to the case again.

"...that's the story of the case, sir."

After describing the general situation of the money laundering case, Roan handed her a peeled fruit and said with a smile:

"The follow-up arrest of Kanas, the team leader Augustus handed over to those people in the IRS."

"Um."

After taking the fruit, Vernis nodded softly, with a satisfied look on her face.

The two continued to chat for a while, and when the nurse arrived and indicated that it was time for the injection, Roan got up and left the ward.

After brushing up his favorability, Roan drove back to his small apartment in Greenwich.

The next day, in the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, all the agents were busy with their own work. Luo An was still sitting on a chair fishing, while checking the system page in his mind.

Last Wednesday to Sunday, because Roan didn't do much, the system basically gave him a [Pass] evaluation, and all the treasure boxes that were opened were [Physical Potion] and [Strength Potion]

Roan's performance on Monday was evaluated as [good] by the system, and another bottle of [swift potion] that was used up before was opened in the treasure chest

The case was solved yesterday, and the system gave Roan an evaluation of [excellent]. In addition to the four bottles of potion [Physical Potion] and [Strength Potion], there are two bottles of [Hemostatic Potion].

Roan finished his breakfast and drank a bottle of [Physical Potion] in the lounge to moisten his throat.

Just returned to his seat, Augustus suddenly pushed open the door of the office area and walked in, shouting loudly:

"Roan, come to my office!"

## Chapter 196 Sudden fire

Hearing Augustus' shout, Roan, whose buttocks were still warm, slowly left the chair and straightened up.

Because Augustus didn't shout in front of the office area with a folder this time, Roan didn't panic at all, indicating that this wasn't a new case.

Sure enough, when he entered the team leader's office, Augustus handed him several thick folders.

It is not a notice or an order, but just the completed files and reports of the previous cases.

Augus felt that Luo An was idle because he was idle, so why not ask him to read the report and check if there are any mistakes in it.

If anything, point it out and someone will fix it afterward.

The time to go to work and fish is certainly happy, but it is always too little and goes by too fast.

Roan felt like he just turned around on the chair a few times, and the date on the calendar next to him changed from Wednesday to the last working day of the week.

Friday afternoon.

Watching the sun run from east to west again, and it was almost time to get off work today, Roan sat on a chair and silently checked the system page in front of him.

In the light blue system warehouse column, there are [Physical Potion x 2] [Strength Potion x 2] [Detox Potion x 2] [Hemostatic Potion x 4] [Feather Fall Potion x 1] [Weakness Potion x 1] [ Scuba Potion x 1] [Fire Resistance Potion x 1] [Analgesic Potion x 1]

Not only that, on Thursday night, because Roan didn't do anything during the day, the system gave him a [Pass] evaluation, and then the treasure box opened a \$50 and a \$100.

Looking at Franklin in his hand, Roan showed a smile on his face.

It seems that his previous guess was correct, the system treasure chest will give out a few dollars every half a month.

Just as Roan was sitting on a chair and immersed in his own world, Lacey, who had finished the work at hand, suddenly came over.

After taking the coffee from Lacey, Roan was full of doubts:

"What's wrong?"

"I need your help with something."

Touching Roan with a coffee cup, Lacey's eyes glowed and she whispered:

"How about coming with me to a bar in Manhattan after get off work?"

Lacey recently met two beautiful girls who were in college in NYC at that bar, but haven't taken it yet.

Luo An suddenly became interested:

"So, you want me to be your wingman?"

"No."

Lacey shook her head, she had figured out the interests of the two girls, one of them didn't mind playing games with the same sex, and the other was very resistant to it.

"The girl named Vivienne, who only likes handsome guys, I'll leave it to you. I believe your face can definitely conquer her."

Lacey came to Roan's side, rubbed her hands together, and said in a low voice:

"Leave the other one to me, one for each of us, OK?"

"Forehead..."

Luan frowned. Lacey is a seasoned veteran, and there are not many girls who can make her miss her so much.

So is the other party's figure too attractive, or his face too pretty?

"Okay, please talk!"

Roan didn't answer. Lacey sat on the chair and scratched her head, which made her anxious.

I want to see the photo first.

Thinking of Lacey's deed of not talking about martial arts earlier, Roan was going to ask her to show the photo of the other party first, and then decide whether to agree or not.

Before he could speak, Augustus suddenly pushed open the door of the office area.

Seeing the folder in Augustus's hand and the gloomy look on Dahei's face, Roan and Lacey's hearts skipped a beat.

"Everyone! A new case!"

Hearing what Augustus said, and looking at the clock at the front of the office area, it was only ten minutes before getting off work. Roan suddenly raised his hand and covered his forehead speechlessly.

The eager expression on Lacey's face also instantly collapsed.

"Just 20 minutes ago, a fire broke out in the Brooklyn government building!"

Without a chance to see the various expressions on everyone's faces, Augustus said loudly with a serious face:

"Although the fire was extinguished by FDNY (Fire Brigade of New York), it still killed a congressman and several students from Alfred University in New York!"

Knowing that so many people died in the fire, the agents of the No. 5 investigation team immediately became serious.

Passing the folder to William, Augustus continued:

"Because the deceased had a congressman, the NYPD called us urgently, and they needed the help of the FBI."

Roan got up and stood up:

"Lacey and I will go to the scene to check the situation now."

"Good."

Augus nodded:

"Pay attention to safety, don't lose contact... Oh, by the way, today is a temporary overtime."

Hearing the words behind Augustus, Roan smiled slightly, which means that there will be overtime pay afterwards.

Pulling Lacey, who hadn't reacted yet, into the equipment warehouse, the two left the No. 5 investigation team immediately after a while.

The SUV whose front was damaged hadn't been repaired yet, and Luo An drove another SUV of the No. 5 investigation team this time.

On the co-pilot, Lacey saw the SUV under her body speeding through the traffic on the road, silently fastened her seat belt while swallowing, and said:

"Roan, can you slow down a bit? This is the only car left in our No. 5 investigation team!"

If the car is damaged again, they will probably have to borrow a car from other investigation teams to investigate the case next.

"Trust my skills, Lacey."

Roan smiled slightly, and stepped on the accelerator silently.

Lacey snorted softly, then suddenly thought of something, took out her phone from her pocket and started typing.



Turning the steering wheel to overtake a car, Roan turned his head and took a look, then said with a faint smile:

"Sending messages to those two girls? Make an appointment to meet again at another time?"

"No."

Lacey's eyes flickered with worry, she shook her head and said:

"Remember when I said those two girls were college students?"

The university they went to was Alfred University. "

"What?"

Roan was a little surprised, and then hurriedly asked:

"Are they in government buildings?"

"No."

Seeing the newly received text message in the phone, Lacey let out a long breath, turned her head and smiled and said:

"The two of them were busy working part-time in bars to make money, so they were lucky not to encounter this fire."

"God always favors those who work hard."

Roan casually said a word of chicken soup that he didn't know where he heard it, and then stepped on the accelerator again to overtake a car.

Soon, the two arrived at the government building in Brooklyn.

At this time, the square in front of the government building was crowded with people, not only the families of the victims, passers-by who joined in the fun, a large number of reporters reporting the news live, but also the NYPD who maintained order on the scene.

Getting off the SUV, glanced at the burnt black government building not far away, Roan and Lacey walked quickly into the cordon:

"Hello, Mr. Detective, I am Agent Roan from the FBI."

"Just call me Bailey."

Seeing the golden badge in Roan's hand, a NYPD detective came up immediately. After shaking hands, Detective Bailey introduced directly:

"A congressman and four college students died at the scene, and more than 40 people were injured due to smoke inhalation. The wounded have been sent to the hospital for treatment."

Following Detective Bailey into the government building, Roan looked around and asked:

"Are there any witnesses to the fire?"

"I don't know, we are still looking."

The three walked quickly into the building. Bailey led Roan and Lacey to the door of a scorched room, and pointed inside, with an extremely ugly expression on his face.

Chapter 197 [The case of members and students being set on fire]

The room next to the two is a small conference room, but Lacey is not in the mood to check the structure of the conference room at this time, because the people from the trace inspection department have not yet arrived, and the bodies of the five victims are still in the room.

So when Lacey turned her head, she smelled an indescribable smell of burnt barbecue.

"Fu-k!"

Hastily covered her nose, Lacey's face was very ugly.

"Go and get the monitoring of this building first."

Roan didn't respond at all, and arranged Lacey's work casually, then took out gloves from his pocket and put them on, and walked slowly into the room that was still a little bit warm.

The smell of barbecue in the room was even stronger. Seeing that the expression on Roan's face hadn't changed at all, Detective Bailey and the NYPD outside were full of admiration.

First carefully check the door of the room, then Roan walked to the five corpses in the room and began to check their status seriously.

There were some fragments at the feet of two of the corpses, and they took a flashlight to illuminate them, and Roan frowned suddenly.

Not long after, the detectives from the Trace Inspection Section, who were driving relatively slowly, finally arrived, and Lacey also finished adjusting the monitoring and came back:

"The monitoring in the corridor of the building has not been installed yet, I only found the monitoring outside the building."

Holding a laptop in her arms, Lacey showed the screen to Roan and said:

"Five minutes before the alarm went off, this guy was the only one leaving the back door of the building."

In the surveillance video, there is a guy in a gray suit and a black and blue hat, running away from the building in a hurry.

"Male, very thin."

After watching the pictures in the video, Roan quickly concluded:

"The left hand has been clutching the right hand tightly, indicating that his right hand is probably injured, and it may also be that there is the target item he finally got."

"Exactly."

Lacey nodded, then asked:

"How about it, Roan, what did you find here?"

Roan heard the words, and directly handed her the fragments he found under the corpse just now.

"This is..."

After taking the fragments, Lacey looked carefully, and said with some uncertainty:

"Pieces of a bottle?"

"To be precise, it is a fragment of a simple homemade Molotov cocktail."

Loudly signaled to the investigators of the trace inspection department to take all the fragments on the ground back for inspection. Roan looked around and leaned on his chin and said:

"Judging from the situation at the scene, before the incident, the congressman should be chatting with four college students.

Immediately afterwards, the door was suddenly opened, and the Molotov cocktail was thrown into the room by the murderer.

This room is not big, and it is relatively closed. In addition, the fire started to burn from the door and the middle of the room first, so the councilor and several students quickly lay in the flames. "

Not only that, the door of the room was locked, and there were traces of Molotov cocktail fragments in the corridor.

Even if one of them opened the door and ran out of the conference room, he would be burned to death by the flames of the Molotov cocktail in the corridor.

After listening to Roan's description, Detective Bailey's eyes flashed with surprise, and Lacey's face changed slightly.

How much hatred did the murderer have with these five victims?

"Go to the staff of the government building."

Patting Lacey on the shoulder, Roan took off his gloves and walked out of the room, saying:

"Wait a minute, make a list of the people who can enter this meeting room."

"OK."

Lacey nodded, and hurriedly followed with her computer in her arms.

The next day, No. 5 investigation team.

"Sorry, detectives, the impact of this case is too great, the mayor called to inquire about the situation, so we have to work overtime on Saturday!

But don't worry, overtime pay will never be forgotten to be transferred to your bank account afterward. "

At the forefront of the office area, Augustus shouted loudly with his stomach puffed out.

After William distributed the folder to everyone, he turned his gaze to Mona and said:

"Introduce the information of these five victims."

"OK."

Mona nodded, tapped the keyboard a few times, looked at the computer screen and introduced loudly:

"Four college students, two men and two women, named Vinny, Nickel, Kiana, and Vinina, are all from the Business School of Alfred University in New York, and there are still 6 months before their graduation.

Another member of the victim's name is Emmanuel Bain, 56 years old, a Republican, and this is his first year in the New York City Council. "

"Wow."

As we all know, New York has always been the stronghold of the Democratic Party. There are as many as 2.8 million Democrats and only 500,000 Republicans.

In the New York City Council, the Democrats also occupy 51 seats, and the Republicans only have 3 seats.

Thinking of this, Roan said:

"So, we can tentatively determine that the murderer's target is Senator Emanuel Bain."

Roan determined the main direction of the next investigation, Augustus did not object, and continued to ask:

"Mona, can you find out who Emanuel's enemies are?"

"It's so easy."

Mona smiled slightly, tapped on the keyboard with her ten fingers, and quickly adjusted Emmanuel's political leanings and propaganda content:

"Our Senator Emanuel calls himself the guardian of traditional federal values.

So he's anti-feminism, anti-abortion, anti-gun ban, pro-white supremacy and white nationalism, pro-denominational schools, advocating market freedom..."

After listening to Mona's introduction, all the agents of the No. 5 investigation team rolled their eyes except Roan. Augustus patted his stomach and nodded:

"Very well, it seems that more than half of the people in New York are his enemies."

After a few seconds of silence, Augustus turned his gaze to Roan who was aside.

Roan did not hesitate to see this, and immediately asked loudly:

"The fragments that were handed over to the trace inspection department last night, have the test results come out?"

Ryder nodded hastily, and replied:

"The result has come out, your judgment is correct, those things are indeed homemade simple combustion bottles, and the liquid used is all gasoline.

Unfortunately, the Trace Inspection Division did not find fingerprints and DNA on those fragments, so it was impossible to find the identity of the murderer in the internal database. "

Roan continued to ask with the same expression on his face:

"Lacey, what about the list you mentioned last night, and Emmanuel's recent itinerary?"

"No problem found."

Lacey gave Roan the list of people who could enter that conference room, and said:

"Yesterday, Emanuel gave a speech in the square in Brooklyn, then went to several communities to express condolences to the masses, and finally returned to the government building to accept interviews with the four college students."

Roan nodded, looked at the personnel list carefully for a while, then raised his head and said to the agents:

"Everyone, we need to carefully investigate the surveillance in the area near the Brooklyn government building, and we must know where the man in the gray suit went after leaving the building!"



In addition, the interpersonal relationship, emotional status, and economic status of the four college students also need to be carefully investigated! "

"no problem!!"

The work content was a bit complicated and complicated, but William and several technical agents still nodded loudly and agreed.

Roan nodded in satisfaction, turned to look at Lacey and Ryder, and said:

"Next, you will visit the family members of Congressman Emanuel, as well as the relatives and friends of the four college students, and see if you can find any useful clues from them."

"OK."

Ryder and Lacey agreed to come down, dropped the folder, turned and walked into the equipment warehouse.

Mona on the side saw this, raised her head and asked:

"Then what do we do next?"

"Let's go find him!"

Passing the list in his hand to Mona, Roan pointed to a name on it.

"Who is this?"

"Except for the four college students, he was the last person Congressman Emanuel saw before his death."

Chapter 198 Scolding MPs just for money

"I was indeed the last person to see Senator Emanuel."

In a certain room of the government building in Brooklyn, a middle-aged white man in a suit and leather shoes nodded and replied after learning about Roan and Mona's intentions:

"Yesterday Congressman Emmanuel's speech in the square was also organized by me and several colleagues."

"Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Dominique."

Putting the FBI golden badge back into his pocket, Roan sat opposite Dominic and asked:

"As far as I know, you are the security consultant of the Emanuel Congressman's team. Do you have any doubts about yesterday's tragedy?"

There is a team behind each congressman in the Federation. They are not only responsible for the life and finances of the congressmen, but also responsible for protecting the personal safety and external image of the congressmen.

Emmanuel was burned to death with a Molotov cocktail this time, and Dominic, who is a member of parliament's security adviser, must have a hard time in the future.

So when he heard Roan's question, he immediately rummaged through his desk, and then handed a lot of information to Mona next to him, with a serious face:

"These are the death threats we received against Congressman Emanuel before the speech yesterday, a total of fifty-four."

Looking at the pile of death threats in her arms, the corners of Mona's mouth twitched, and Roan's eyelids twitched, and asked:

"With so many death threats, why did you agree to Emanuel's trip yesterday?"

"Because this is a strong request from Congressman Emanuel."

Dominique was full of remorse, saying that he was just a consultant. If the employer, Mr. Emmanuel, had to do something, it would be difficult for them to stop each other.

"OK."

He took out a piece of paper and looked at it, and found that it was filled with the identity information of certain people. After thinking about it, Roan continued:

"By the way, all political organizations that Emmanuel has been in contact with recently, whether they are friendly or hostile, make a list of them, and then give me a copy of their specific information."

"no problem!"

More than an hour later, Roan and Mona put two large cardboard boxes full of documents into the trunk of the SUV.

"Hoo—"

Mona straightened up, wiped the sweat from her forehead, sat in the co-pilot and turned her head to ask:

"Roan, do you collect information about these political organizations, do you think the murderer came from those people?"

"possible."

Starting the SUV and driving out of the parking lot, Roan pointed to a crowd of loud protesters holding signs in the square not far away, black, white, brown, or not yellow, and replied:

"Look at those people, every one of them has anger in their eyes.

Any politician's views and words will be labeled, and then be amplified by the hostiles before attacking them, not to mention the extreme conservatives like Emanuel.

For these instigated people whose minds are full of radical ideas, killing people is nothing at all, just a group of idealists. "

Through the car window, looking at the protesters in the square holding a lot of signs such as "anti-discrimination", "cut government spending", "death to the president", Mona opened her mouth and didn't know what to say.

Casting a glance at the silent Mona who understood but didn't fully understand, Roan's expression remained unchanged, but he shook his head deep in his heart, then stepped on the accelerator silently and left here.

The Federation is a very magical country. A certain book divides society horizontally, regardless of men and women, and only divides them into haves and have-nots.

They divide society vertically, first divide into male, female, male-to-female, female-to-male, and then divide them into black, white, Muslim, minority, vegetarian, etc., so that they can each other In the end, the rich and those in power sat firmly on the high platform, drinking red wine and smoking cigars and watching the show.

This is the root cause of the emergence of political correctness more than ten years later, and the emergence of various buff superimposed chaos.

Soon, Roan and Mona arrived at the base of a certain political organization that he suspected most, circled before Dominica.

It is said to be a base, but it is actually a small two-story building. The sign on the house number shows that this is a small newspaper office.

The day before Congressman Emanuel was burned to death, this newspaper once published an article that read "Congressman Emanuel should be burned on the spot".

Parked the car and opened the gate to enter the newspaper office. After showing the golden badge to identify themselves, Roan and Mona successfully met the owner of the newspaper office and the leader of the political organization.

A middle-aged black man with a natural curly cut, Cody.

Roan didn't talk nonsense, and directly explained his purpose of coming.

"Just call me Cody."

Poured two cups of coffee for Roan and Mona, and Cody replied with a smile:

"You are right, my newspaper did publish such an article."

"No, not just your newspaper."

Hearing this, Mona shook her head, put the newspaper on the table, and fixed her eyes on the other person's face:

"The signature at the end of this article, the author is you."

"...well, I did write this article."

Seeing the cold look in Roan's eyes, Cody nodded in silence for a moment to admit it, and then spread his hands:

"But the content in it is just a metaphor. That guy Emanuel Bain is a piece of garbage and opposes racial equality, so as a black man, isn't it normal for me to hate him?"

Speaking of this, Cody saw that the expressions on the faces of Roan and Mona hadn't changed, they were still full of seriousness, and suddenly cursed a few words in his heart, and then he explained in a low voice:

"Both, Emmanuel Bain's death really has nothing to do with me, and I don't even know what's going on.

To be honest, insulting Emanuel Bain is just to mobilize those masses and make enemies.

In this case, I can not only attract their donations, but also increase the sales of newspapers. "

Mona frowned upon hearing this, but Roan nodded.

Political inclination is all it takes, not making money is important.

Looking back at the busy workers behind him, Roan continued to ask:

"Then among the members of your organization, are there any guys who are more inclined to solve problems with violence?"

"There were, but they all left because I didn't allow them to."

Cody laughed, saying that he is not those idealists, he is very realistic, shouting slogans and scolding congressmen is purely for making money.

"Good."

Seeing the smile on Cody's face, Roan also laughed:

"So can you give me a copy of these, the names and information of the people who want to stir up conflict?"

"No."

Cody shook his head again and again, indicating that this is someone else's privacy.

"Okay, let me change the way of asking."

Roan's smile became wider, and his tone became more amiable:

"Give me their information immediately, or I will apply for a search warrant later, and then seize all the facilities of your newspaper office, and then carefully investigate the economic situation of your newspaper office."

Hearing this, the expression on Cody's face suddenly froze.

A few minutes later, Roan walked out of the newspaper office with a few folders, and Mona followed him silently with her computer in her arms.

"What's wrong, Mona?"

Roan opened the door and let Mona go out, then asked with a smile:

"Why have you been silent?"

Mona sighed and replied:

"I..."

Just as Mona started speaking, the feeling of burning her \*\*\*\* came again. Roan's pupils constricted, and he hurriedly grabbed Mona's arm and pulled her into his arms, and quickly hid beside a car.

The next second, a gray car was speeding past on the road, and several large bottles were thrown directly from the car in this direction.

Chapter 199 Molotov cocktail! !

"It's a Molotov cocktail!"

Seeing the specific appearance of those bottles in the parabola in the air, Roan's face was very ugly, and he hurriedly carried Mona to the opposite direction of the car.

Snapped! Snapped! Snapped! Snapped!

Boom!

The next second, several large bottles landed heavily, and orange flames rose instantly.

In the blink of an eye, the passer-by cars that Roan and Mona avoided just now, as well as the newspaper office next to them, were quickly engulfed by the fire, and there were exclamations and screams in the newspaper office.

"Fu-k!"



Quickly got up from the ground, Roan looked at the back of the car, greeted the family in that car, and then hurriedly turned his eyes to Mona underneath:

"Are you OK?"

"I'm fine!"

Mona shook her head, feeling the heat from the direction of her thighs, and looked back at where she was standing just now. If Roan hadn't pulled her into her arms just now, Mona felt that she might have been burned by now.

All this happened so fast that she didn't even have time to react. Mona turned her head and looked at Roan with gratitude.

"It's fine!"

Roan grinned, hurriedly took Mona's hand to lift her up from the ground, and then quickly ran to the SUV not far away.

On another street not far away, there happened to be a NYPD patrol officer. Seeing the flames soaring here, he hurriedly drove here in a police car.

Knowing the situation from Mona, the patrolman immediately called the nearby colleagues for support, and Roan also drove the SUV parked not far away here at this time:

"Mona! Get in the car!"

"OK!"

As Mona closed the passenger door, the SUV rushed out like an arrow.

After briefly describing the appearance of the gray car, Roan then asked:

"Where is the other party now?"

Mona on the co-pilot picked up the laptop from the front, tapped the keyboard quickly, and quickly found the other party:

"Turn right at the intersection ahead! Go straight for 600 meters, then turn right at that intersection!"

"OK!"

Turning the steering wheel, the SUV quickly drove into another road. Before the intersection in the mouth, Roan suddenly noticed something and raised his eyebrows:

"Which road they're taking is a one-way street?"

"Exactly!"

Mona nodded, then turned around in doubt:

"What are you going to do?"

Roan grinned and stepped on the accelerator:

"Stop chasing! Go directly in front of them and intercept them!"

After speaking, the SUV quickly drove into another road.

After overtaking the cars on the road at several unimaginable angles, leaving a shocking eyeball, Roan successfully led Mona to the end of the one-way street before the gray car.

Parking the SUV not far away, Roan and Mona immediately took out their pistols and rushed towards the one-way street. Seeing the gray car coming in this direction, the two raised their pistols at the same time and aimed at each other, shouting loudly:

"Stop!"

"Stop Now!"

There are three people in the gray car. The white young man on the co-pilot was shocked when he saw Roan and Mona:

"Fu-k! How did they get ahead of us?"

"who cares!"

The young Caucasian driver gritted his teeth, not only did not intend to stop, but instead stepped on the accelerator to the bottom, causing the gray car to hit Roan and Mona at a faster speed.

Seeing this, Roan and Mona pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Mona's main attack was the windshield of the cab in front of the gray car, and Roan's target was the left and right tires in front of the gray car.

boom! boom! boom!

bang bang bang—

After a few gunshots, the windshield of the gray car was shattered but no one was injured, but the two front tires had all been scrapped.

Mona raised her eyebrows:

"Nice job! Roan!"

The guy on the co-pilot of the gray car had fear written all over his face, while the driver had a ferocious face, trying his best to control the car to move straight ahead.

But the scrapped tire caused the inside to come into contact with the ground to emit sparks, and the car still drove towards the oblique side out of his control.

Another middle-aged white man in the back seat of the car saw this, immediately opened the door and jumped out of the car, rolled a few times on the ground, got up and ran.

This guy's movement and figure were clearly seen by Roan, but now that the gray car had hit them both, Roan and Mona immediately got up and jumped to the side of the gray car's path.

The next second, the gray car slammed into the wall of a shop on the side of the road, directly making a big hole in the wall.

Mona held a weapon, walked quickly to the side of the co-pilot in a vigilant posture, and directly knocked out the white youth on the co-pilot, but did not see the driver, and immediately shouted:

"Roan! Watch out! I didn't..."

boom! boom! boom! boom!

Before Mona finished speaking, four gunshots rang out from the car, followed by Roan's familiar voice:

"The driver has been solved, you watch these two people, I will catch the one who escaped!"

When Mona moved to the other side of the car, she found a white young man lying on the ground lying on the ground with bullets in both legs and arms, wailing loudly, and Roan's figure had completely disappeared.

"Damn it, it's like this again!"

Kicked the whining white youth unconscious and put them in handcuffs. Mona's face was filled with worry, and she immediately took out her mobile phone and said:

"William, this is Mona, send someone to help immediately!

In addition, find out the identities of the three people who attacked Roan and me as quickly as possible! "

On the other side, Roan had already run to the place where the middle-aged white man jumped off the car, and then chased him along the left side where he was running away.

On the left side is a long alleyway, in addition to the messy garbage, there are many small umbrellas filled with unknown white liquid.

When Luo An entered the alley, the middle-aged white man had already run two-thirds of the alley.

Looking back to check the situation, the middle-aged white man was shocked when he saw Roan's figure:

"Shit! How is this guy so fast?"

After judging the distance between the two sides, Roan was about to lift the Glock 18. At this moment, the middle-aged white man suddenly took out two glass bottles from his pocket and threw them towards the road between the two.

Snapped! Snapped!

The moment the glass bottle fell to the ground, an orange fire burst into flames instantly, blocking Roan's way forward.

"It's Molotov cocktail again."

Roan's face was slightly gloomy, while the middle-aged white man grinned, then turned and ran forward.

It's just that the middle-aged white man's running speed is a little slower this time. After all, there are Molotov cocktails blocking the pursuers. He doesn't believe that Roan dares to risk being burned to death to catch himself.

Soon, the middle-aged white man ran to the end of the alley, and when he was about to look back at the fire he had lit with a smile, a voice suddenly came from behind him:

"Why did you stop? Keep running!"

"What?"

The middle-aged white man shrank his pupils and hurriedly turned around, only to see Roan rushing towards him unharmed with a background of blazing flames.

What kind of monster is this guy? How did he get over the flames?

The middle-aged white man had a hellish expression on his face, but before he could speak, Roan had already run not far from him.

Immediately afterwards, Roan stepped on the ground with both feet, and rushed towards the middle-aged white man like a cannonball.

The middle-aged white man's brain was running fast, and just as he was about to turn around to avoid it, Roan's knee was already in front of him.

Boom!

He was hit by his knee to his chest, and the severe pain came suddenly. The eyes of the middle-aged white man turned red, and then he slammed into the wall behind him hard, and a mouthful of blood spurted out directly from his mouth.

Chapter 200 Another case of arson

In the alley.

Feeling the severe pain in his chest, and seeing the blood he spit out just now, the eyes of the middle-aged white man were full of anger.

He took out a pistol from behind his buttocks, opened his mouth to curse, and prepared to attack Roan.

"Son of..."

Before the middle-aged white man finished speaking, Roan moved in front of him with cold eyes.

Snapped!

Easily grabbed the opponent's wrist holding the pistol, and Roan twisted it hard.

Click!

"ah-"

The sound of bones breaking was crisp and sweet, and the pupils of the middle-aged white man shrank suddenly, and he screamed and wailed loudly in an instant.

Roan grinned and said coldly:

"It was a Molotov cocktail just now, and now it's a pistol. You have a lot of weapons."

"Fu-kYou!"

Because of the severe pain caused by the fracture, the forehead of the middle-aged white man was covered with beads of sweat, but he still did not forget to curse, and raised his own questions:

"Damn FBI! How did you get through that flame?"

Luo An frowned. Of course, it was the fire-resistant potion from the system treasure chest.

But he didn't need to answer the other party's question, because at this moment, the other hand of the middle-aged white man quickly reached for another mini pistol that he had been hiding all the time, preparing to use it to continue attacking Roan.

Roan, who saw the opponent's movements clearly, narrowed his eyes slightly, first grasped the opponent's wrist firmly, and using the opponent's hand, threw the pistol to the ground behind the middle-aged white man.

Immediately afterwards, Roan stepped back slightly, and directly kicked the middle-aged white man with a whip.

Boom—



The middle-aged white man only felt Roan's figure flash, and he was hit hard in the abdomen, and his body hunched like a lobster and hit the wall just now.

boom!

The next second, a gunshot rang out, and a bullet hole appeared in the center of the forehead of the middle-aged white man, and his body limp and fell to the ground.

On the plate armor vest on his chest, the three big letters of the FBI were written brightly. Under such circumstances, the middle-aged white man was still preparing to send Luo An to heaven again and again. There was no way, Luo An had to send the other party to \*\*\*\* first. up.

Didididi—

Just as Roan was carefully checking the wallet in the opponent's pocket, Mona drove an SUV to the road outside the end of the alley, got out of the car quickly with a pistol and walked towards Roan, her eyes were full of tension and worry:

"Are you okay, Roan!"

"I'm fine."

Roan waved his hand, indicating that he was unharmed, then handed the wallet he found from the corpse pocket to Mona, and said with a smile:

"There's this guy's photo, credit card, and driver's license in there. Go search for his ID."

"no problem."

After taking the wallet and seeing that there was no injury on Roan's body, Mona breathed a sigh of relief. After agreeing to Roan's request, she slapped his arm hard, with a serious face:

"Roan, every time you chase the enemy by yourself, it's too dangerous! You must not do this next time!"

Roan chuckled:

"Okay, not next time."

Glaring Roan a hard look, Mona took out her mobile phone and called the detective to come here to dispose of the corpse.

and other professional agents arrived here, and Roan and Mona immediately drove the SUV back to the Jacobs Federal Building.

In the interrogation room, the white young man in the co-pilot of the gray car sat on a chair, looked at the handcuffs on his wrists, and kept looking around, with panic written on his face.

"The middle-aged white man is named Holland. He has been imprisoned for multiple crimes including illegal possession of multiple weapons, intentional wounding, and illegal possession of reading materials. He is now on parole.

The guy in front of him is Kermit, and he is still a college student. "

In the monitoring room, Mona showed the other party's personal information to Roan and Lacey, and said:

"The experience of growing up shows that Kermit is a good boy and has no criminal record."

"There is now, and it starts with a felony assault on an FBI agent."

Seeing the records in the computer data, the corner of Luo An's mouth slightly raised.

Because it shows that Kermit is timid.

After Lacey prepared the notebook, Roan put away the smile on his face, took a deep breath, and directly kicked open the door of the interrogation room.

boom!

The sudden loud noise made Kermit tremble all over, his face full of panic. If his hands were not handcuffed, he almost jumped out of the chair.

"Kermit Sheffield!"

Seeing the other party's performance, Roan pretended to be angry, and said loudly:

"Are you crazy? Throwing Molotov cocktails at the FBI? And then trying to drive over us?!"

"NONONO..."

Seeing the cold light in Roan's eyes, Kermit turned pale, waved his hands again and again, and explained in a very eager tone:

"Our target is not your FBI, but that newspaper office!

And I didn't throw Molotov cocktails either! It was all thrown by Holland!

It wasn't me who was driving, it was Bob, he was the one who wanted to hit you and run away! "

Kermit was startled by Roan, and immediately explained everything.

Lacey, who was sitting on the chair, recorded what the other party said, and at the same time gave Roan a thumbs up in a place that Kermit could not see.

Roan raised his eyebrows with his back to Kermit, and then continued to speak loudly:

"Why? Why are you throwing Molotov cocktails at that newspaper office? Do you hate newspapers?"

"No, I don't hate the newspaper itself."

Swallowing, Kermit replied:

"I just hate the slogan of their organization, and their behavior.

Newspapers were supposed to be a neutral object to express their own opinions, but they were changed by those self-proclaimed elites into a tool for wantonly insulting and insulting others. "

Abusing others wantonly?

Roan's eyes flashed a light, and he thought of something in his mind, and asked:

"So you hurt them with Molotov cocktails? Why?"

"Just to scare them, I don't want to hurt them."

Kermit replied:

"The reason is, of course, that group of people killed Congressman Emmanuel Bain!"

Their political organization supports white supremacy.

Roan nodded calmly, which was the same as his guess just now, and continued to ask:

"Do you think that arson case is related to that newspaper office? Is there any evidence?"

"I'm actually not sure about that either, that's what Holland and Bob told me."

Kermit shook his head, saying that he had just joined the political organization where the two of them belonged not long ago, and he didn't know the specific situation inside, and then added:

"However, when I first joined this organization, the base was set on fire with Molotov cocktails, and we had to move to a new location.

Someone in that newspaper once claimed responsibility for it, so it is very likely that Emanuel Bain was also killed by someone in this newspaper. "

"The base of your organization was burned?"

Lacey, who was writing with her head down, frowned, and Roan continued to ask questions:

"Have you called the police?"

Kermit shook his head:

"Because no one was injured, no police were called, only the New York Fire Department was contacted."

"This will also make it easier for you to take revenge afterwards."

Roan nodded, and instantly guessed the thoughts of the leader of this political organization.

Ask Kermit the address of the fire-damaged base, Roan immediately took Lacey out of the interrogation room, and then contacted the investigators of the trace inspection department to search for clues at the base.

That afternoon, Ryder walked into the No. 5 investigation team with the report from the trace inspection department, and laughed loudly:

"Everyone, good news!

According to the detection of the fragments of the two burning bottles at the scene of the fire by the trace inspection department, it was found that they were made of the same material, and the production methods and some details were also exactly the same!

So the murderer behind these two cases is most likely the same person or the same group! "