

## Legendary FBI Detective Chapter 20

### Chapter 20 Grenade!

"Nice job, Roan."

Seeing Avila walk out of the room and start ordering the waiter at the bar to find someone, Lacey threw the whip aside and patted Roan on the shoulder very satisfied:

"I didn't expect you to be so proficient in lying."

"Are you praising me or scolding me?"

Looking around in the room, Lacey picked up a small egg-shaped toy that had not been unpacked, stuffed it into her pocket, and gave Roan a grenade-shaped toy that was also unopened, and said with a smile:

"Of course it's a compliment, but you didn't lie to me."

Turning a blind eye to Lacey's small movements, Roan turned and left the pink room. Upon seeing this, Avila, the bar owner, beckoned him to hurry over, and then led the two into a room with a purple door.

"These people are our service people."

Avila stuffed more than a dozen pink business cards into Roan's hand, and scratched Roan's palm by the way, then pointed to the men and women who entered the room one by one and said:

"It's all here."

Looking at the business card expressionlessly, Roan saw that there were more than fifteen men and women in the room, and turned his head in silence for a moment and asked:

"These people have served Sabina?"

"Who is Sabina?"

Lacey patted Roan's shoulder and whispered:

"Those who came out to play did not use their real names, they all used pseudonyms."

After speaking, Lacey showed the photos on the phone to everyone, and everyone suddenly realized when they saw the photos:

"So it's Calista!"

"Our Queen of Punishment!"

"She's our favorite customer!"

"Yeah yeah, I can't get out of bed every time I serve her!"

Hearing the evaluation of Sabina by the men and women in the room, Roan silently sighed that Mr. Darren is really a cactus, his head is so green that it blooms.

Coughing to attract everyone's attention, Roan asked with a serious face:

"Did any of you see Calista from eight o'clock last night to six o'clock this morning?"

Everyone, look at me, I look at you, and you didn't answer. A white girl with wheat-colored skin, vest line and small abdominal muscles in the crowd laughed:

"Mr. Detective, the time you asked is the busy period for us to go to work. The boss is watching here. How can we dare to be absent from work?"

Avila slapped the girl's \*\*\*\* fiercely, but the girl avoided it with a charming smile. Roan frowned when he saw this, and grabbed Avila and asked seriously:

"Are you sure these people were at work yesterday? Did any of them run out halfway to deliver food? Think about it carefully, don't lie to me, lying to federal agents is a felony!"

Roan has already opened his mouth to say such words.

Roan's serious inquiry made Avila calm down, he looked around carefully at the men and women in the room, then patted his head, and said:

"There's a black boy, Craig, who's here part-time, and he's not in the room right now, he went out with Calista like yesterday."

"Where is the other person?"

"It's in the blue room."

Hearing the news, Roan and Lacey glanced at each other, walked out of the room through the crowd, and walked towards the blue room that Avila mentioned.

A black boy in only his trousers came out of the blue room, Lacey shouted:

"Craig, did you see Calista yesterday?"

Hearing someone call his name, Craig turned his head subconsciously. When he saw Roan and Lacey in suits and leather shoes, their pupils shrank, they dropped the toys in their hands, turned around and ran away.

"Fu-k"

The moment Craig opened his thigh, Roan also rushed towards Craig. The hall was dimly lit. Craig himself was a black man. If he really wanted to hide in a dark corner It is not easy to find each other.

Craig, as a black man who grew up struggling on the margins of society, running is commonplace.

I was chased by the New York police before, and now I am chased by the FBI without panic. Not only did I not panic when I shuttled around the hall, but I even chose the optimal escape direction.

Seeing himself getting closer to the shining gate, Craig grinned and showed his white teeth. So what about the FBI, isn't he being left

behind? Do you really think that I have been running for nothing for so many years?

Why? What's this?

Hearing the sound of the wind coming from his ear, Craig raised his head subconsciously, and suddenly the ghosts froze:

A grenade!

"Shit!"

Seeing the grenade hit in front of him, Craig's legs went limp instantly, and he subconsciously knelt on the ground and put his head in his hands to prepare for the impact of the explosion.

But. Nothing happened.

It didn't happen without incident. Lacey stepped forward and handcuffed Craig. Roan picked up the grenade under Craig's astonished eyes, turned up and down, and asked with a smile:

"I heard that you work part-time here, can you tell me how this toy works?"

".Fu-k! Shit! You bastard! \*\*\*\*!"

Realizing that he was deceived by the toy, Craig cursed loudly. Lacey, whose vocabulary was too dirty, frowned, raised her hand and grabbed the grenade from Roann's hand, and stuffed it into Craig's mouth:

"Stop scolding, you have plenty of time to scold when you go back to the FBI."

"Wooooooh—"

Hearing that Roan and Lacie were going to take him back to the FBI headquarters, Craig immediately faltered and shook his head repeatedly.

Seeing that Craig whined a few times and stopped cursing, Roan wanted to pull the grenade out of his mouth and asked a few questions, but found that he couldn't pull it out.

Lacey: "."

Ten minutes later, in the purple room, Lacey finally managed to pull the grenade out of Craig's mouth using the lubricating liquid in every room.

"vomit—"

The lubricating liquid might not taste very good. After the grenade left his mouth, Craig vomited frantically holding the trash can in the room.

Lacey went to the bathroom to clean her hands with an ugly face, while Roan patted Craig on the shoulder and asked gently:

"Tell me, how did you kill Kalista?"

"What?"

Hearing Roan's question, Craig almost threw the trash can aside, and hurriedly raised his head and replied:

"I haven't killed anyone! You can't do that! You can't blame me!"

This time is 2005, and only 4 years have passed since the incident of the plane crashing into the building. In recent years, Craig has often heard that the FBI can't solve the case, so he arrests some minorities to take the blame.

Among them, there are many blacks, and more Arabs.

Roan just joined the FBI not long ago, and he still doesn't know about the FBI's slapstick operations. Seeing that Craig refused to admit that he was the murderer, he spread his hands:

"Calista is missing. Your boss and colleagues said that you were the last person to see her yesterday. Who is the murderer?"

"Fu-k!"

Hearing Roan's words, Craig cursed, but hurriedly explained:

"Bro, it's really not me. I did leave here with Calista yesterday, but we were only together for about ten minutes. She answered the phone and left when we were lying on the bed. It's been a long time since I can't get up or down!"

"Is there any evidence for what you said?"

"Of course!"

It's about the rest of his life, Craig didn't dare to lie, and said directly:

"After I left Calista's house, I went to find my girlfriend. She can testify to me that I was with my girlfriend from 8:30 last night until this morning!"

“You still have a girlfriend?”

"Of course, work is work and life is life. I have always made the distinction very clear!"

Roan: "."

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(end of this chapter)