

FBI Detective 31

Chapter 31 Killer≠Serial Killer

"So, what do you mean?"

Mona and Lacey felt a little confused, and didn't understand the meaning of Luo An's words.

Augus on the side leaned on his chin thoughtfully.

Roan put together several files next to Mona's computer, pointed to them one by one and said:

"Please note that after kidnapping the victim, the murderer habitually uses the victim's credit card to buy toys, tortures the victim at the victim's home, and habitually uses the previous victim's car to observe the next victim, and finally uses New victim's car kidnaps new victim."

Following Roan's fingers to check the documents one by one, Lacey seemed to understand something, only Mona hadn't reacted yet, she tilted her head in doubt:

"So what? Roan, what are you trying to say?"

"He wants to say that the murderer's actions and behavior after kidnapping Sabina will also follow his own habits!"

Augus suddenly realized, Lacey also clapped her hands:

"After the murderer kidnapped Sabina, he must have gone where he used to go!"

"Exactly!"

Roan gave the two of them a look of 'you are good', and then explained:

"You see, after the murderer kidnapped the first victim, he tortured him in the home of the first victim and did not take the victim away. After kidnapping the second victim, he was also in the bedroom of the second victim's home Tortured opponent. Then."

Mona finally understood now, and followed Roan's words with bright eyes and said:

"So after the murderer kidnapped Sabina, it is very likely that he chose to go to Sabina's home and torture Sabina in the bedroom!"

Roan nodded. If a person's behavior habits are not consciously and forcibly corrected, then it will basically not change in a person's life.

It's like eating alone. Some people subconsciously take a bite of food first, and some people subconsciously take a bite of rice first.

These are all subconscious habitual behaviors.

The murderer this time is a serial killer, and all serial killers in the world have one characteristic: they like to repeat a certain action many times.

For example, tie a certain knot, write certain letters, draw certain patterns, and bury the body in a specific location. These are all habitual behaviors.

The behavior analysis course in the police academy is used to teach students to analyze the psychology of the murderer, portray the portrait of the murderer, and use it to figure out and catch the murderer.

Roan didn't learn those standard courses, and he was a killer in his previous life, so he couldn't analyze the psychology of a perverted serial killer.

A killer who gets paid to do things is not the same thing as a serial killer who kills everywhere.

But Luo An can find the habitual movements of the murderer, and speculate what the murderer will do next and how he will act.

"To catch the murderer."

After the analysis, Lacey went to the conference room and brought Mr. Darren out. Augustus said directly:

"Mr. Darren, call your landline right now and ask if there is anything unusual there."

Sabina's disappearing villa in Greenwich is just a honeymoon place. Darren and Sabina's real home is on the Upper East Side of New York.

That large area is inhabited by rich people.

"No!"

Before Darren, who was full of question marks, asked questions, Roan stopped Augustus and said:

"The murderer can't be there."

Augustus slapped his head before he could react.

In places like the Upper East Side that are full of wealthy people, the New York police can't wait to patrol once a minute. If something unusual happened there, the police would have found out and reported it.

"Where is the murderer?"

Mona and Lacey tilted their heads and asked, should they search all the villas owned by Sabina and his wife?

"No, don't bother."

Roan shook his head, turned his gaze to Darren, and after briefly explaining the analysis to Darren who had no idea what happened, Roan asked:

"Mr. Darren, besides the villa in Greenwich that you plan to use for your honeymoon, is there any house that has special meaning to your Sabina?"

Or which house is the house that you and Sabina don't often live in, but subconsciously think of it when chatting in daily life? "

Hearing that his wife was probably not killed yet, Darren heaved a sigh of relief, and the expression on his face relaxed a little, and then he hurriedly thought about the question Roan asked.

"Bear Mountain State Park North of the Hudson River!"

After a while, Darren clapped his hands and said in a deep voice:

"There is a forest cabin not far from the park, where Sabina and I played poker for the first time! It is also the place where we formally established our relationship and I formally proposed to Sabina!"

The cabin in the woods sounds unlucky.

Roan was very speechless, but it was not the time to complain, so he immediately turned to Augustus and said:

"Sir, I'm going to the hut right now."

August did not refuse, and said at the same time:

"Lacey, you go with him, contact me immediately if you encounter a situation, and I will send the SWAT action team to support."

It is still uncertain whether the murderer is hiding in the forest hut, and the SWAT operation team can only act after confirming accurate information.

"Okay, sir."

Lacey got up to follow Roan, when Darren suddenly followed:

"I'll go with you too."

Looking at Darren who was sitting in the SUV with Lacey, Roan really didn't know what was going on with him.

I love Sabina so much, so after hearing the news, I hope I can see Sabina sooner, but I still don't want to see the news of Sabina's death, because he can only get 300,000 yuan after Sabina's death.

"never mind."

Wearing combat uniforms, tactical helmets, plate carrying vests, smoke bombs, shock bombs, two submachine guns Glock 18, and a few extended magazines, Roan sat in the driver's seat of the SUV and looked at it seriously. The rearview mirror said to Darren:

"Mr. Darren, after arriving at the cabin in the woods, Lacey and I went down to check the situation. You must not get out of the car, OK?"

"I know."

Darren sat upright, expressing that he knew the danger:

"Don't worry, I won't go out while sitting in the car, and I will definitely not let myself become a hostage in the hands of the murderer."

Hearing Darren's words of planting the flag, Roan rolled his eyes, but this is not important, he has plenty of ways to make Darren stay where he is.

The hut in the forest is a bit far from the FBI New York headquarters here, and it takes a full 1.5 hours to drive. Roan no longer hesitated, and rushed out of the SUV with a kick of the accelerator.

Hearing Mona's instructions to her in the office before, Lacey, who was sitting in the co-pilot, was still a little disapproving. It's not that she has never been in a car driven by Roan, she feels that her skills are average, and it is not as scary as Mona said.

But now seeing the receding streetlights on both sides of the road, Lacey gasped, fastened her seat belt silently, and saw Darren with a pale face. After a moment of hesitation, she tilted her head and asked:

"Roan, there is still time, why don't you slow down?"

Roan returned her meaningful look:

"Don't worry, don't look at me driving fast, but it's also very stable."

The next second, the pitch-black SUV, like a black lightning, rushed straight towards the intersection full of parked vehicles waiting for the traffic lights!

Chapter 32 It is impossible to find the murderer so quickly!

On the other side, when the SUV was leaving the parking lot of the FBI New York branch, a white youth in a suit and glasses came out from behind a car.

"Sir, it's me, Jock."

The white youth took out his mobile phone and pressed a series of numbers. After a few seconds, the other party answered. He hurriedly said:

"Roan, who I was in charge of monitoring, left the headquarters with Agent Lacey and Mr. Darren. What should I do next?"

The person on the other end of the phone is Matthews. At this time, he is attending a small reception held by Brosen. After hearing what his subordinate Jock said, he put down the wine in his hand, looked at Brosen who was giving a speech, and said calmly:

"Follow Roan immediately."

"Okay, sir."

Jock nodded, but then suddenly thought of something, hesitated for a few seconds and asked:

"What about the previously planned reporters? Sir? Do you want to notify them?"

Not long ago, Brosen sent Matthews to secretly tell Joseph some of the serial murder case, and after Joseph sent it to the TV station, Matthews felt that it was not safe to wait for Verinis to solve the case after 24 hours.

So Matthews contacted some reporters, preparing to let those reporters follow in the footsteps of the No. 5 investigation team, and show the failed investigation process of the No. 5 investigation team to the audience in front of the TV.

Matthews did not tell Brosen about this, he planned to give Brosen a surprise.

Hearing his subordinate's inquiry, Matthews immediately replied:

"Notify! Why not? Do you think Roan and the others can find the murderer?"

"Of course not, sir."

Jock opened the car door and sat in the driver's seat, laughing:

"This is a serial murder case. It's less than an hour before the end of the press conference. Roan and the others don't have God's help. How could they find the murderer so quickly?!"

"That's right."

Matthews nodded, drank the wine in the glass and said:

"Let's do this first, and report at any time if there is something to do."

After hanging up the phone, Joker pressed another number and called the reporter he had contacted before. After explaining the situation briefly, he turned the steering wheel and drove the car in the direction Roan had just left.

He previously installed a tracker under the chassis of Roan's SUV.

At the small reception, Brosen, who had finished his speech, held a glass of wine and was chatting with an elderly white man with silver hair.

After briefly thanking the other party for coming to his reception, Brosen turned and walked towards another person. When he saw Matthews beside him, he beckoned him to come over.

"What's the matter, sir?"

Seeing Bruosen's actions, Matthews hurriedly apologized to the beautiful girl in front of him, walked to Bruosen's side, and asked in a low voice:

"Any plans?"

Brosen smiled and patted Matthews on the shoulder, saying:

"Don't be nervous, I just saw you were on the phone just now, did something happen?"

Matthews was relieved to hear this, and laughed:

"It's not a big deal. My subordinate just told me that Roan Greenwood of the No. 5 investigation team has gone out to find clues, and he is going to follow him."

"I will leave this matter to you."

Brosen showed a look of surprise, but he didn't take this matter to heart.

The reason is very simple. The press conference has just ended, and he doesn't think Roan can find the murderer so soon. This trip is nothing more than finding a clue to investigate.

He patted Matthews on the shoulder, indicating that he was solely responsible for this matter, and then under Matthews' surprised eyes, Brosen led him to an old white man in a suit, with a serious face and a big bald head. .

"Mr. Ma Tai, good evening, thank you for attending my reception tonight, this is Matthews, my capable subordinate."

"Mr. Congressman, hello."

Matthews was very pleasantly surprised. Congressman Mattai is a strong contender for the governor of New York. He never expected that the other party would appear at Brosen's reception, and Brosen would introduce himself to him.

Hearing Bruosen's introduction, Councilor Ma Tai tilted his head and glanced at Bruosen.

Seeing the corners of Bruosen's mouth slightly raised, the corners of Councilor Ma Tai's mouth slowly raised, with a strange light shining in his eyes, he reached out and shook Matthews, with a kind tone:

"Hello, Matthews."

On the other side, after the press conference was over, Vernis stayed in the office of the special agent supervisor (superior of the team supervisor) for a long time before turning to the office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

Pushing open the door of the office area, Verniss nodded unobtrusively when she found that the agents of the No. 5 investigation team were busy in the office area.

Let's not talk about whether you can solve the case, at least your work attitude is okay.

"Sir."

Sitting in Roan's position and analyzing the documents, Augustus saw Verinisi and hurriedly got up to greet him. Vernisi asked directly:

"How is the progress of the case?"

That's the question, but Verinisi didn't expect Augustus and the others to give any useful clues. After all, the press conference has just ended, so finding the murderer now is a real challenge.

"Roan has gone to arrest the murderer, sir."

Hearing what Augustus said, the cold expression on Vernis's face almost didn't tense. After taking a few deep breaths, her mood completely cooled down, and she asked in a bad tone:

"You're kidding me?"

"No, sir."

Augus' big dark face was full of seriousness, which made Verinisi stunned. Before she could continue to ask questions, Augustus picked up the documents on Roan's desk and introduced to Verinisi:

"It happened like this, murderer"

After listening to Augustus' explanation, Vernis was a little dazed. After a long silence, she tilted her head and asked:

"Do you trust Roan Greenwood's judgment so much?"

Augus spread his hands, what can he do, everyone in the No. 5 investigation team is talented, but the only one who really has the brains and ability to solve the case is Roan. If you don't believe him, who will you trust?

"And we didn't do any investigation except waiting for Roan's news."

Beckoning to ask the detective behind him to move a chair for Vernis, Augustus pointed to Mona and the others and said:

"They were checking the track and monitoring of the victims before they disappeared, investigating the relationship between the two victims, and Ryder was asking the family members of the two victims."

Several directions of investigation that should be investigated to solve the case, all the agents of the No. 5 investigation team have done it. Vernis was silent for a moment, then got up and walked to Augustus's team leader's office:

"Roan has news, tell me immediately."

"OK."

Walking into the office, Verenes locked the door behind her and took out her cell phone to make a few calls.

Bruesen obviously came prepared this time, but Vernis had worked so hard in the FBI for so many years before she climbed up to the position of team supervisor as a woman. She said nothing this time could be defeated by Bruosen.

"Good evening, I'm Vernis."

On the other side, when they saw that the intersection ahead was firmly blocked by a bunch of cars, but the speed of the SUV was still accelerating uncontrollably, both Lacey and Darren turned pale:

"Shit! Going to crash!"

"Are you crazy? Roan? Hit the brakes! Move your legs!"

Chapter 33 1.5 hours by car

Hearing Lacey asked him to move his legs, Roan blinked, moved his legs, and stepped on the accelerator to the bottom.

When he arrived at the intersection immediately, Roan slammed the steering wheel, and a burst of scorched black smoke rose from the ground. With Darren's screams, the dark SUV circled the waiting cars at the intersection in a strange arc, and drove into the intersection. In the center of the mouth, he rushed out to the left.

Lacey, who was sitting in the co-pilot, clenched her teeth and tried not to scream, but was driven by the centrifugal force of the car drifting, and sat down on Roan's right leg.

Then Lacey found out in horror that Roan didn't take his foot off the accelerator at all.

"Roan, you."

Before Lacey could speak, Roan had found the best route, threw Lacey back to the co-pilot, held the steering wheel with both hands, and shouted:

"Passengers, please pay attention, I'm going to speed up!"

"WTF?!"

"Shit! Isn't that already the fastest speed?"

Darren shouted with a dry throat and difficulty breathing, Lacey's face was pale, Roan looked down at the pointer of the speedometer, since it has not reached the end, it is not the fastest speed.

No more hesitation, Roan shifted gears with his right hand and stepped on the fuel tank at the same time. Amidst the restless roar of the engine, the SUV sprang out like an arrow from the string, heading straight to the distant future.

At the same time, Agent Joker was sitting in the car holding the steering wheel, looking at the dark ruts on the ground, and then at the congested intersection ahead, with a dull expression and a little doubt about life.

Suddenly, Jock's cell phone rang, and after pressing the answer button, an eager female voice came from the opposite side:

"Agent Joker, is the license plate number *** of the agent's car you mentioned?"

"Exactly."

Jock nodded, he remembered who the other party was, the well-known field reporter of New York News, Linette.

Linette was one of the high-level journalists contacted by Matthews.

Hearing Jock's affirmative answer, Linette hung up the phone without saying a word, lowered her head and wrote "FBI agents are blatantly speeding, disregarding the safety of others" in the small notebook, and then patted the photographer in charge of driving. Teacher, pointing with his right hand to the SUV moving forward like black lightning:

"Follow that car! Tonight's bonus is all up to him!"

"OK!"

Hearing the word "bonus", the photographer let out a strange cry, and immediately stepped on the accelerator and chased after the SUV.

After a traffic light, they didn't even see the rear of the SUV.

Linette: "."

Photographer: "."

Forty minutes later.

On a certain path in Bear Mountain State Park, North Hudson, Lacey leaned on her knees and bent over to vomit, and Darren was lying unconscious on the back seat of the car.

Roan lifted his wrist, looked at the time on the watch, and shook his head disdainfully:

"Augus said it would take 1.5 hours to get here from New York, how could it take that long?"

Hearing Roan's words, Lacey, who had recovered a little bit, had black lines all over her head. She tried her best not to take out her pistol and gave it to him. She wiped her mouth and took a deep breath before asking:

"I'll never ride in your car again in my life what's next?"

Roan tilted his head and glanced at the hut in the forest not far from here, took out the Glock 18 and opened the insurance, saying simply:

"Secretly touch the past to see if the murderer is here."

"OK."

Lacey nodded, took out her pistol and followed Roan's footsteps, and did not forget to close the SUV's door before leaving here, but at the same time left a gap for the rear window of the SUV.

Afraid that Darren would suffocate in the car.

The hut in the woods that Darren mentioned is actually a small wooden two-story villa. It looks a little old on the outside, but the courtyard occupies a very wide area, and there is a small swimming pool filled with water in the southwest corner of the courtyard.

Roan simply scanned for a week without finding the camera, and gestured to Lacey, and the two of them turned into the courtyard quietly.

Entering the courtyard, a taxi that can be seen everywhere on the streets of New York is parked in the garage of the villa. The taxi door is open, and a red lady's handbag is tilted on the back seat of the car. Seeing this, Lacey's eyes flashed, and she whispered to Roan said:

"It's Sabina's bag."

While looking at Sabina's information, Mona had led her to discuss the style of this bag for a long time, and Lacey was very impressed by this.

Roan whispered to Lacey:

"It seems that we have found the right place, the murderer should be here."

Lacey was a little excited. She didn't expect them to find the murderer so quickly. Just as she bent down and walked into the villa along the garage, Roan suddenly reached out and stopped her.

Lacey was puzzled, Roan moved his nose, stood in place and observed the taxi carefully, and found that the fuel tank cap of the taxi had disappeared.

Following Roan's guidance, Lacey also saw the missing fuel tank cap, and just about to ask questions, Roan suddenly jumped up on the spot and crushed her to the ground.

boom! boom! boom!

The taxi took these bullets for Roan and Lacey. Before the two could speak, several bullets hit the garage and the door of the villa. Roan took out the shock bomb from his waist without hesitation. Throw it in the direction of the gunshot.

Boom!

Glaring light and deafening noise sounded at the same time. Roan, who was ready for protection, got up the moment the sound ended, and rushed straight to the gate connecting the garage and the villa, but found no enemy.

"FBI!"

Before Roan searched the room, a man's shout and a woman's struggle suddenly came from the balcony on the second floor of the villa. Roan and Lacey walked towards the corner with guns in hand to prevent the other party from shooting themselves. The other party shouted:

"Don't even think about arresting me! Tell you guys! I filled my bedroom and balcony with gasoline! If you force your way into the room, I'll go to **** with this woman!"

"woo woo woo"

Roan stood in a corner and carefully looked towards the balcony, only to see a woman in a hollowed-out dress with her mouth stuck with tape, her hands tied behind her back, and she kept whining and shaking her head.

A man held a gun in his right hand against a woman's head, while lowering his head and hiding his head tightly behind the woman's back.

Roan's face was very ugly. He couldn't find the shooting angle in this position and couldn't kill the opponent.

And the other party said that there was gasoline on the balcony, so he didn't dare to use the shock bomb for the time being. The strong light produced when the shock bomb exploded had a high chance of igniting the gasoline in the room.

This villa is still made of wood, so it would be troublesome if it caught fire.

and Lacey looked at each other, motioning for the other party to call for help, Roan followed the murderer's words and shouted:

"Relax, buddy! I promise you, don't break into the bedroom! You can make any demands! As long as you don't hurt the hostages, everything is easy to talk about!"

On the other side, Lacey hurried to the side of the villa, took out her mobile phone and called the headquarters.

"This is Augustus."

In the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, Augustus connected the phone and glanced down at his watch. Forty minutes had passed since Roan and the others set off.

Based on the 1.5-hour drive, they should have just traveled one-third of the distance. .

Is it because the car broke down when calling at this time?

Chapter 34 News

So Augustus asked calmly:

"What's the matter, Lacey, is there something wrong on the road?"

"Sir, we have found the murderer!"

Lacey's first words made August spit out the coffee in his mouth, and then Lacey on the other end of the phone briefly introduced the current situation, and said with a serious face:

"We need backup! The murderer has a gun and poured gasoline in the bedroom. Roan and I dare not shoot now!"

"Fu-k!"

After listening to Lacey's words, Augustus jumped up from the chair, ignoring the surprised eyes of Mona and others, he said firmly:

"I will notify the SWAT operation team to rush to the cabin in the woods! Hold on, don't let the murderer escape!"

"Okay, sir."

Lacey nodded and hung up the phone. Augustus immediately told the news to Mona on the side, asking her to contact SWAT immediately, asking the other party to go to the location of the cabin in the woods as quickly as possible.

Augus himself hurried to the team leader's office, entered directly without knocking on the door, and said to Verinis with a solemn expression:

"Sir, Roan and the others have found the murderer, and the two sides are confronting each other."

Verinis, who was on the phone, was surprised when she heard this. After she realized it, she licked her lips, and her interest in Roan Greenwood, an agent, became a little higher.

After saying a few words in a low voice and hanging up the phone, Verence got up and walked towards the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, and said as she walked:

"Contact SWAT immediately, I'm going with them."

"SWAT is underway, sir."

As soon as he heard this, Augustus was full of black lines, hurriedly stopped Verence, and said:

"And the place where the murderer is located is too far away from here, so it is not suitable for a press conference. Some equipment in the press conference room downstairs has not been dismantled just now. After Roan and the others catch the murderer, continue to use this room. The evaluation will be higher."

Verinis paused when she heard this, and the corners of her mouth slightly raised, but she immediately returned to her cold look, and nodded in agreement with Augustus's proposal.

Augustus heaved a sigh of relief when he saw this, and turned his head to look at Mona, who raised her hand to signal 'OK', she has already contacted SWAT, and they have already set off for the hut in the forest, and they are expected to arrive in 40 minutes.

Hung up the phone, Mona looked up at the clock in front of the office area, and found that less than three hours had passed since the previous press conference, and her eyes lit up.

Thanks to Roan, his salary and bonus were kept.

On the other side, just as Roan was using words in the villa to stabilize the murderer who had left the balcony and took Sabina to hide in the bedroom on the second floor, while waiting for an opportunity to make a phone call, a pale Darren suddenly appeared not far away. On the road, slowly walking towards the villa.

"Fu-k!"

Seeing Darren staggering towards here, Roan cursed in a low voice, then turned to look at Lacey.

Lacey nodded, and immediately ran away from the villa in a blind spot where the murderer couldn't see, grabbed Darren and pinned him to the ground.

"what are you doing?"

Darren was struggling wildly.

"Mr. Darren, please hurry back to the car."

Lacey was a little surprised. She didn't expect that the other party's physique was so good, and she recovered so quickly after being shaken so badly by Roan's driving skills.

"The murderer who kidnapped Sabina is here, right?"

Hearing Lacey's words, Darren quickly reacted, and immediately stopped struggling, and said to Sabina with a stern expression:

"Please tell Detective Roan to rescue my wife as soon as possible! As long as the rescue is successful, I will pay a thank you money of 1 million U.S. dollars!"

"1000000?!"

Before Lacey could speak, a female reporter with long wine-red hair suddenly ran down from the car on the other side of the road with a man carrying a camera, and asked without further ado:

"Mr. Darren, are you willing to pay the FBI so much thanks because you believe they can rescue your wife? Do you think the FBI has this capability?"

"WTF?!"

"and who are you?"

Lacey and Darren turned their heads and looked at the woman who appeared suddenly, wondering where she came from.

The visitor is none other than reporter Linette.

After being thrown away by Roan's SUV, she was both intimidating and tempting. She tried hard to get the location information of Roan's SUV from Joker, and arrived near the forest hut before the other reporters arrived. highway.

As soon as she arrived here, Linette heard the word '1 million' from Darren's mouth. She was extremely sensitive to the news and ran to Darren and Lacey without saying a word, asking the question just now.

Not only that, before Darren and Lacey could react, the sharp-eyed Linette saw Roan who was negotiating with the murderer in the villa, her eyes lit up suddenly, and she turned to give the cameraman a look.

As Linette's partner for many years, the cameraman has very rich on-the-spot experience. After taking out his mobile phone and pressing a certain number, he just said a few words, opened the front cover of the camera, and said calmly:

"The live broadcast will start soon, three, two, one. Start!"

"Good evening everyone, this is Linette Outdoor Reporter, there is a breaking news in my location."

From Linette getting out of the car to ask questions, to starting the live news broadcast, the whole process was smooth and smooth. The time was less than 30 seconds, and Lacey had no time to react at all.

By the time Lacey reacted and was about to ban Linette from broadcasting the news, the figure of Roan, who was negotiating with the murderer, had already been shown to thousands of households through the New York news channel.

"Could it be another bank that was robbed?"

"Probably not. Banks in New York are robbed every day, so it won't be on the breaking news."

The audience who hadn't slept in front of the TV chatted a lot.

After listening to Linette's introduction, and knowing that this is a serial murder case, and only more than three hours have passed since the press conference of this serial murder case, the audience in front of the TV exploded. pot.

"The murderer was found after only three hours? This is too ridiculous. Could it be someone looking for someone to take the blame?"

"It's not certain, the FBI has never done this kind of thing before!"

"No, not this time!"

"Why?"

"Look at the FBI agent who is negotiating with the murderer, he is so handsome, how could he do the crime of pulling people to take the blame!"

On the other side, at the small reception held by Brosen, the reception has slowly come to an end.

After taking Matthews to pay a final visit to some big shots, Brosen took a sip of a glass of wine, moistened his throat, and prepared to go to the front to simply thank tonight's guests.

At this moment, a group of guests suddenly gathered around somewhere in the reception. Bruosen walked over with a light smile, clinked glasses with a certain female guest, and asked with a smile:

"What are you looking at?"

"Breaking news from a New York news channel."

The female guest took a sip of her wine and laughed:

"It said that an FBI agent from your New York branch found the serial killer announced at the press conference not long ago in just three hours."

Browson: "???"

Matthews: "!!"

Chapter 35 Heartbeat

Hearing what the female guest said, Brosen frowned, and Matthews turned pale. The two hurriedly confessed their crimes, and squeezed into the center of the crowd little by little.

The center of the crowd is surrounded by a TV, which originally broadcast the scene of Verinisi's previous press conference, but now it is replaced by the breaking news live broadcast of New York News for some reason.

On the TV, Linette with wine-red hair and long hair is holding a microphone, introducing the case and the current scene of the cabin to the audience with a serious face.

Seeing Roan standing in the corner of the villa in the camera, negotiating with the murderer with a pistol in hand, Brosen's face turned black and he turned to Matthews and asked in a low voice:

"Didn't you send someone to follow Roan? How did he find the murderer so quickly? Also, what happened to this reporter?"

At this time, Matthews' eyelids were twitching, his mouth was dry, and he didn't know how to answer Brosen's question. He opened his mouth for a while before replying in a low voice:

"I'm going to call right now!"

"Hmph, hurry up!"

Seeing all kinds of complicated gazes from the people around him, Brosen kept a straight face and couldn't say anything, and waved his hand to signal Matthews to leave quickly.

Matthews squeezed out of the crowd with cold sweat on his head, walked to the corner of the room and immediately called his subordinate Joke to ask what was going on, only to learn that Joke hadn't arrived at the villa yet, and it would take ten minutes at the earliest .

Facing Matthews' question, Jock, who was driving, looked blank: "Sir, didn't you ask me to notify the reporter?"

Matthews: ".FU-K!"

At the entrance of the villa, Darren looked at the female reporter who was chatting in front of the camera, with a livid face, and was contacting everywhere with his mobile phone, hoping that someone in his circle of friends would know the senior management of New York News, so that the other party would quickly notify the female reporter to stop the live broadcast.

He didn't want his wife's kidnapping to cause a lot of trouble. Who knows what those people would say afterward about what happened when Sabina was kidnapped.

At the same time, Lacey also called Augustus.

"What did you say?"

Hearing that a reporter was actually broadcasting live at the scene of the crime, Augustus raised his eyebrows, and Vernis, who was on the side, immediately picked up the remote control when he heard the news, and switched the TV at the high place in front of the conference room to the New York News Channel .

On the TV, Roan's handsome profile was very clear.

"Shit!"

Thinking that the murderer might be angered by the reporters and kill the hostages, Augustus's lips trembled anxiously, and he immediately ordered Lacey to interrupt the live broadcast of the TV station, but Verence didn't agree, and raised her hand to stop Augustus.

Tilting his head to look at Verence, Augustus was puzzled.

"Interrupting the reporter's live broadcast at this time will have a very bad impact on the image of our FBI."

Auguston's eyes widened. If Roan failed this mission and did not rescue the hostages, then Roan's life would be over!

Moreover, it will take more than 30 minutes for SWAT to reach the hut in the forest. Who knows if Roan can hold the murderer for 30 minutes.

Mona who was sitting on the side also thought of this, and hurriedly got up to speak.

"Trust your men, Augustus."

Looking at the TV standing in the corner, holding the Glock 18, wearing FBI standard equipment, Roan just wore a figure that looked like a high-end model, Vernis's heart jumped, and after realizing it, her face returned to normal, and she said in a deep voice :

"Pay attention, does Roan look nervous now?"

August and Mona turned their gazes to the TV, and found that Roan in the camera was not only not nervous, but even talked and laughed with the murderer.

Although the distance is too far, I can't hear what they are talking about.

Augustus: "."

Mona: "."

"Trust Roan Greenwood"

Vernis changed her legs, stared at Roan on TV, and said deeply:

"He must have a way to solve the murderer and rescue the hostages."

Augus took a deep breath, signaled Lacey to keep an eye on Darren and not to make any other moves, then hung up the phone, sat on a chair and stared at the TV.

Recalling Roan's behavior when the murderer was arrested last time, Mona hesitated for a moment, gritted her teeth and sat back on the chair. Like everyone else, she watched Roan on TV closely. She chose to believe Roan.

But Mona pondered for a long time thinking about the consequences of the failure of this mission, and finally took out her mobile phone and found a number that made her look disgusted.

Outside the wooden villa, in the corner of the first floor.

Roan is holding a Glock 18 and is chatting with the murderer Fraser in the bedroom on the second floor.

He has already asked the murderer's name.

Besides, it wasn't that Roan didn't want to go up to the second floor in a different direction and find a way to arrest Fraser.

Instead, Fraser, who was hiding in the bedroom on the second floor, said that if he heard Roan's voice and stopped moving, then he would immediately ignite the gasoline and everyone would go to **** together.

"Okay, Fraser, I'm not moving."

Roan looked around, looking for a place where he could enter the second floor of the villa from the outside, while chatting with Fraser:

"But can you let me hear Sabina's voice? I need to make sure she's safe!"

In the previous life, the old killer had taught Roan how to negotiate with the other party when the task failed and was trapped.

Although Roan's identity is a little different from his previous life, and he has changed from being trapped to a camp that traps others, the general process of the negotiation is still the same.

It's all a little bit of discussion, a little bit of negotiation, and finally take advantage of other people's attention and find an opportunity to kill the other party.

"Sabina is safe now!"

Fraser's voice was not as excited as before, and he calmed down a little. After hearing Roan's words, he shouted in the bedroom:

"As long as you meet my request, I will never hurt her!"

"Fraser, I can't just listen to Sabina's safety."

Roan shook his head, indicating that such words are not credible:

"I have no other request, I just hope that you can remove the tape on Sabina's mouth and let her say it's safe, okay?"

Pausing for a few seconds, Roan explained:

"Fraser, believe me, Sabina's safety is the basic requirement for us to continue talking! You don't want us to talk or just break into the bedroom."

Hearing Roan's words, the bedroom on the second floor of the villa was silent for a few seconds before Fraser agreed:

"OK! I agree with you, but I will only let Sabina talk, not let her leave me, you know?"

"No problem! Just let me hear Sabina's voice!"

These are minor problems, Roan agreed to Fraser's request.

Chick—

There was a sound of tape being lifted, and a few seconds later, a trembling female voice came from the bedroom on the second floor of the villa:

"Mr. Detective, I'm Sabina, and I'm still safe."

"OK, Sabina."

Hearing Sabina's voice, Roan licked his lips and shouted loudly:

"Please take a deep breath now and try to calm down your emotions! I have a good talk with Mr. Fraser now, and we have reached a consensus that we don't want you to get hurt, okay?"

"No problem, Mr. Agent."

Hearing Roan's words, Sabina's voice in the second reply has become much calmer.

"Good."

Confirming that the hostages are still safe, Luo An breathed a sigh of relief. But when he turned around and saw that there was no place around him for him to jump up to the second floor, he frowned.

Chapter 36 Pen!

"Alright, Agent, you've confirmed Sabina's safety!"

Just as Roan was carefully looking at the small balcony outside the second floor of the villa, thinking about what posture he would use to climb up, Fraser in the bedroom shouted loudly:

"Now, I make my claim! I want my dog! Get it? I want you to get it here, right now! I want to go to **** with it!

Otherwise I'll kill Sabina and go to **** with Sabina, you know? "

Hearing Fraser's request, Luo An was full of question marks.

He really doesn't understand the brains of this serial murderer, but it's not convenient to ask why now, so Roan shouted:

"Okay Fraser, no problem! But you have to tell me where your dog is now. I will contact my colleagues and bring it to you immediately, OK?"

"My dog is at home in Queens, New York."

Mentioning his dog, Fraser became inexplicably excited again:

"I'll give you half an hour, if I don't see my dog after half an hour, then everyone will go to **** together!"

"Hey! Hey! Hey! Take it easy!"

Roan took out his mobile phone, entered the address that Fraser said into it, and sent it to Mona, asking them to send someone to find the dog that Fraser was talking about immediately, and at the same time let Mona take the time to call up Fraser's relevant files to send to Mona. Send it by yourself, and then comfort Fraser:

"I have notified my colleagues of your request, and they will find your dog as quickly as possible and bring it here. Don't worry, okay?"

Hearing Fraser's promised words from the bedroom, Roan breathed a sigh of relief.

The office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

After receiving the message from Roan, Mona immediately handed it over to Augustus, and then began to investigate Fraser's related files at her fastest speed.

"Ryder, go to Queens ** to find the dog that Fraser mentioned, and then rush to the forest villa as fast as possible."

"No problem, sir."

Ryder, who was covered in lumps, immediately turned around and left the office area when he heard Augustus's order. Augustus then turned his head to look at Mona and asked:

"How about it, have you found Fraser's file?"

"Found it!"

Mona's ten fingers danced quickly on the keyboard. When she heard Augustus's question, she immediately pressed the space bar, pointed to the text on the computer screen and said:

"Andre Fraser, 35, didn't go to high school, has no family, and moves a lot. The house in Queens he rented two years ago.

A year ago, Fraser went to the hospital for surgery due to a lower body injury. The doctor wanted to sew his lower body up as it was, but Frey said that his lower body had been lost, so the doctor had to sew up the wound.

When questioned by the police afterwards, Fraser said that the cause of the injury was that he was not careful when cooking, but the doctor wrote in the record that there were large animal tooth marks on the lower body wound, and it was suspected that Fraser's lower body was bitten off by the family dog. .
"

Verinis: ". "

Augustus: ". "

Outside the villa, seeing the message Mona sent him, Roan was speechless, not knowing what to say.

But then Roan also figured out why Fraser wanted the dog to come over and wanted to die with it:

Like the ancient eunuchs in the East, they want to be a whole person after death.

"It's been so long, that thing may have been pulled somewhere by the dog."

Roan shook his head again and again, put the phone in his arms, continued to chat with Fraser, comforted Fraser, and looked around, looking for an opportunity to climb to the balcony on the second floor.

I can't continue spending time with Fraser. The longer the time, the more nervous the murderer's mind will be, the higher the chance of Sabina's injury, and the slimmer the chance of getting the one million thank you gold that Roan has been thinking about.

Seeing Roan talking on TV and starting to act at the same time, Brosen in the reception gradually narrowed his eyes.

Standing on the sidelines, Congressman Mattai saw Bruosen's expression, raised his glass to touch him, and asked with a smile:

"Based on your experience, can the detectives on TV rescue the hostages?"

"Impossible, Mr. Congressman."

Bruosen had a strong smile on his face, and replied:

"There is no place outside the villa for people to climb. Not only did the murderer not allow the detectives to go upstairs, but he also filled the bedroom on the second floor with gasoline. In this case, how the detectives went upstairs to face the murderer was the first problem.

Second, even in the face of the murderer, the detectives dare not shoot for the safety of the hostages, but the murderer still has a gun in his hand and wants to successfully rescue the hostages. It is impossible to rely on only one detective in the video. "

As he said that, Bruosen hoped that Roan would act quickly, and thought in his mind that Roan's plan failed. After the hostages were killed by the murderer, what kind of identity should he use to help Vernis deal with the mess.

"Sir."

After hanging up the phone, Matthews walked to Bruosen, who glanced at him and said nothing.

Matthews felt a chill in his heart.

In the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, everyone saw that Roan started to move, Augustus frowned, Mona clenched her fists with both hands and was extremely nervous, and Vernis tilted her head with a serious face and asked:

"Augus, how long until SWAT arrives?"

Augus looked up at the clock, his face was very ugly:

"It will take twenty-five minutes at the fastest, or inform Roan"

"No."

Verinis raised her hand to interrupt Augustus, crossed her legs and changed directions, fixed her eyes on Roan on the TV, and said in a serious tone:

"Trust Roan Greenwood."

".All right."

Suddenly, the audience outside the TV had different thoughts and had all kinds of ideas. But the only thing in common is that everyone is staring at the TV screen intently.

Roan didn't know what the people outside were thinking. At this time, he was discussing with Fraser to let him leave the villa and enter the second floor of the villa.

"Fraser, I just got word from a colleague that your dog is on his way."

Roan glanced at the light blue screen of the system, took a deep breath to turn it off, and then shouted loudly:

"I'm authorized to make a deal with you, but I must first enter the villa to make sure there are no other hostages, and also make sure there are no other surprises hidden in the villa, okay?"

"FU-KYOU!"

Hearing Roan's words, Fraser in the bedroom immediately shouted:

"No! You don't want to lie to me! I must see my dog first! You can enter the house!"

"Fraser, I have to come in first."

Roan's tone was very gentle, and he discussed in a soft voice:

"I can't bring your dog into the house until I'm sure it's safe inside, okay?"

"Shit!"

Fraser still refused to promise Roan, and continued to shout and ask:

"How do I know if you lied to me? What if you enter the house and shoot directly?"

"How about this?"

Roan saw several pens in the living room through the glass on the first floor of the villa, so he smiled and said:

"I'll leave all my gear outside and take nothing with me, okay?"

".you sure?"

"certainly!"

Hearing Roan's affirmative answer, Fraser smiled:

"OK, then you can unload your equipment and come in now!"

"no problem!"

Roan also laughed.

Chapter 37 Soft Roan

Smelling the faint smell of gasoline wafting from the second floor, Roan looked at the shock bomb on his body and sighed.

Now in this situation, the shock bomb cannot be used. He is afraid that the violent flames of the explosion will ignite the villa.

Roan looked at the backpack page of the system, which showed a bottle of scuba potion, two bottles of stamina potion, one bottle of fire resistance potion, and one bottle of night vision potion.

There is no hemostatic medicine that Luo Anxin has been thinking about.

Since Roan used the hemostatic potion on the girl lying in the trunk last time, and saw the powerful effect of the hemostatic potion, he has been looking forward to the system being able to open another bottle.

At a critical moment, that bottle of hemostatic potion can definitely save a life.

"Forget it, if you don't have it, then you don't have it."

Moving his limbs, Roan squinted his eyes and unloaded all the equipment on his body, leaving only a body armor. The light blue page of the system was closed, and he shouted loudly:

"Fraser, I'm coming in!"

"Can!"

Fraser's voice was a little nervous, but he still shouted:

"I have already opened the bedroom door for you, but don't try to play tricks! As long as I find out that you have other actions, then I will immediately shoot and ignite the gasoline, and everyone will go to **** together!"

"Yes! You decide!"

Roan agreed with a face of indifference, ignoring the winks from Lacey not far away, raised his legs, stepped over the unloaded equipment, and walked into the villa calmly.

When passing by the living room, Roan took a few pens on the table.

"FU-K!"

Lacey outside the villa was annoyed for a while, took out her mobile phone and called Augustus, shouting:

"Sir, Roan entered the villa without any weapons, did you see that?"

"Of course I saw it."

Augus' voice was also very annoying. The camera outside the villa just broadcast the scene in the villa carelessly. Of course he saw Roan's behavior just now.

"Then what should I do?"

Lacey stood there sweating anxiously. She believed in Roan's ability to solve the case, but she hadn't heard that Roan had learned about negotiation:

"What if Roann and Fraser break up and the other party shoots? Shit, how long will it take for SWAT to arrive?!"

In the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, watching Roan enter the villa on TV, Mona's expression was extremely serious, the palm of her hand holding the mobile phone was full of sweat, Augustus' face was dark and purple, Vernis frowned, The legs are constantly changing in a staggered manner.

Hearing Lacey's words, Vernis kept her eyes on the TV screen, and said the same words: "Trust Roan."

Snapped!

Lacey hung up the phone, and subconsciously wanted to throw it out, but thinking that she might use it to contact Augustus later, she suppressed her discomfort and put it back in her pocket.

"Sonof is better than eating! Is there something wrong with the murderer's mind?"

Seeing that Roan was actually allowed to enter the villa, Brosen's eyes were full of disappointment, and Matthews even scolded the murderer's brains for being eaten by dogs from the bottom of his heart.

But after thinking about it, Roan unloaded all the equipment, but the murderer had a gun in his hand and was a hostage. Brosen took a deep breath, and gradually relaxed his hand holding the wine glass.

He has read Luo An's file. The other party has not studied negotiation, but just learned a little bit of negotiation in the process of training at the FBI Academy.

Taking a sip of the wine lightly, Brosen's face returned to calm.

Don't panic, Luo An will most likely have a bad conversation with the murderer, and the murderer is likely to shoot Luo An.

"What's the name of this agent?"

On the other side, many viewers are very interested in the FBI agent who entered the villa alone on TV. Some prayed silently for Roan, and some waited to watch the show.

Many energetic people who haven't slept yet cast interested eyes on Luo An.

"I'm already in!"

Putting the pen in his pocket, Roan walked up the stairs to the second floor, then raised his French military posture, and slowly walked towards the bedroom on the side of the second floor of the villa.

In the bedroom, Fraser pulled Sabina to stand in a corner that could not be seen from the floor-to-ceiling windows, grabbed Sabina's neck with his left hand, pointed a pistol at Sabina's temple with his right hand, and at the same time pressed his head tightly. Buried close behind Sabina.

Beside the two of them, there is a carefully dressed pink bed filled with all kinds of toys.

Beside the bed, there were two barrels of gasoline. There was a crack in one of the barrels, and a lot of gasoline flowed along the crack on the floor of the bedroom, covering two-thirds of the floor of the bedroom.

"Shit!"

Seeing this scene, Roan was very pained.

Fraser protected his head very well, and he couldn't do it at all.

Hearing Roan's footsteps, Fraser took a sneak peek and saw that the other party was indeed not carrying any weapons, so he breathed a sigh of relief, but he still shouted repeatedly:

"Go slowly, don't try to play tricks!"

"OK! OK!"

Standing at the door of the bedroom, Roan cast a look at Sabina, who was pale and wearing a lace hollow dress with her hands tied behind her back, telling her not to panic.

Then he didn't enter the bedroom, and while circling outside the bedroom door, he said to Fraser:

"Look carefully, I really don't have any weapons, okay?"

Hearing this, Fraser slowly raised his head from behind Sabina, and was relieved to see that Roan at the door of the bedroom did not have a weapon in his hands, and there was no trace of a gun on his waist or trouser pocket.

But looking up, Roan's handsome face immediately caught Fraser's eyes, and Fraser subconsciously looked at Sabina.

Sure enough, Sabina was completely calm now, staring straight at Roan.

Fraser suddenly became angry, pointed his pistol at Roan and yelled:

"Damn FBI agent! You still have a body armor! Take it off now!"

"Hey Fraser, body armor isn't a weapon, OK?"

Luo An was full of black lines, and immediately shouted:

"I have put the weapon outside the villa to show my sincerity, now please show your sincerity too, okay?"

Hearing that Roan refused to take off the body armor, Fraser grinned, and whispered in Sabina's ear:

"Did you see, honey, what's the use of being handsome? The other party is just a softie!"

Sabina did not speak, and could not speak, as Frazier shoved the pistol into her mouth.

Roan, who was standing at the door of the bedroom, looked down at the distance between himself and Fraser, and asked calmly:

"Fraser, can I go into the bedroom?"

Hearing Roan's question, Fraser, whose head was hidden behind Sabina, had an unnatural flush on his face, and said with a smile:

"Of course, FBI jerk, you can come in."

"Look, Fraser, I'm not a jerk, it's just a job, I just don't want to die for a job, OK?"

Walking into the bedroom with long legs, Roan pretended to be weak, with a calm expression, and said calmly:

"You want your dog, and I just want to complete the task assigned to me by my superiors. Check that there are no other surprises in the room. Everyone gets what they need. Don't embarrass each other, okay?"

Browson remembered correctly, Roan Greenwood did not study negotiation systematically, but Roan had learned from the old killer in his previous life.

When a killer is trapped by the enemy, how should he negotiate with the other party?

It's very simple, a little bit of discussion, a little bit of empathy, and finally, when the other party is not paying attention, find an opportunity to kill the other party and escape the scene.

Chapter 38 Bosses are not good things

What Roan is doing now is to empathize with the other party.

According to Fraser's information that Mona sent him, Fraser did not go to high school, indicating that his education level is low, and it is unlikely that he has studied psychology.

No family, which made him lack of love, so he did things like murder and dismemberment without any psychological burden.

Frequently changing jobs means that he is either clumsy and unable to do the job and is always dismissed, or he is dissatisfied with the job, for example, he dislikes the job content as too troublesome, his colleagues are difficult to get along with, and the boss always picks on him.

But either way, it is enough to show that Fraser doesn't like the act of 'working' itself.

So complaining about work will definitely resonate with Fraser.

Sure enough, when Roan said that he went upstairs to check the room just to complete the task, and the FBI was just a job, Fraser's attitude eased a lot in an instant.

"Okay, Agent Softass."

Maybe to maintain his face in front of Sabina, Fraser still did not give up the title of 'soft guy', but the mood in his words stabilized a lot:

"Hurry up and take a look at the room. There is no 'surprise' that your brain-dead boss is worried about. After seeing the room, let's trade quickly. You guys hurry up and send me my dog."

Roan shrugged, pointed to the big pink bed in the room, and asked:

"What's down there? I want to make sure there's no 'surprise' hidden under there. You know, my boss is a fool. I don't want them to find fault with my salary. God knows what nightclub they'll take my salary to. play games!"

"Shit!"

Fraser, whose head was hidden behind Sabina, rolled his eyes, clasped Sabina's neck with his left hand, pointed a gun at her temple with his right hand, and slowly moved her to the other side of the room, then said :

"Then hurry up and see, there are only clothes and toys I prepared for Sabina under the bed, there are no 'surprises'."

"I trust you, Fraser."

Roan shrugged, took a few steps forward, knelt down on one knee and opened the quilt hanging by the side of the big bed, and while scanning the bottom of the bed, he replied:

"But you know, Fraser, the bosses and bosses in the whole world are the same, that is, they will use all kinds of reasons against you, as if making you comfortable all day will make them feel uncomfortable all day! "

Hearing this, Sabina, who is the boss of the company, rolled her eyes, but Fraser nodded again and again, and said in agreement:

"You're right, the boss is not a good thing! So last time the boss of the dye factory said that I was not active in my work and wanted to deduct half a month's salary from me, so I chopped him into pieces that night!

Damn it, I'm never late for work every day, why should he say I'm not active at work! "

Roan: "."

My mother, there are unexpected gains?

Roan's eyelids twitched, and from the corner of his eye he realized that he was close enough to Fraser, and he could barely see Fraser's head hidden behind Sabina from the side, so he calmly pulled the pen out of his pocket. Come out, hold it in your hand, just about to get up, Fraser suddenly shouted:

"Hold on! Softass Agent!"

Roan's face darkened instantly, but then Fraser yelled loudly:

"What's that outside the villa? Your FBI's new weapon? You lied to me?!"

Where did you get the sniper rifle? SWAT can't be that fast!

Luo An's face was slightly relaxed but his brows were tightly locked. He quietly hid the pen in the back of his hand. He got up and looked out of the villa through the glass of the bedroom. Things that happened.

"FU-K"

Before Fraser took Sabina to hide in a blind corner of the bedroom. While he couldn't be seen from the outside, Fraser couldn't see the outside of the bedroom either.

But just now Fraser moved Sabina with him, and through the French window of the bedroom from the corner of his eye, he immediately spotted the camera outside.

"Trust me, Frazier, that's not some new FBI weapon."

Roan secretly scolded the TV station for not doing any human affairs, and made up his mind that he must get some spiritual compensation from them, and then hurriedly turned around to comfort Fraser and said:

"That's the FBI's body camera, OK? I told you that my boss is an idiot. They are afraid that I will do something that does not comply with the regulations during the mission, so they use the body camera to monitor me! Believe me , okay?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Roan's face froze, he didn't believe it himself.

Sure enough, upon hearing Roan's words, Fraser's face instantly turned red, and his whole body trembled with excitement. Most of his body left behind Sabina, and his head finally popped out from behind Sabina.

The gun in the right hand is no longer pointing at Sabina's temple, but at Roan:

"Do you think I'm a fool? When did your FBI pay attention to the legal procedures when carrying out its mission? That is your new weapon!"

Roan: ". "

Fraser's words are well-founded and convincing.

The scene in the bedroom was transmitted to thousands of households through the camera. Seeing Fraser pointing the pistol emotionally at Roan who was close at hand, Mona exclaimed, Augustus stared anxiously, Wei The muscles of Reneesi's body were tense, and her legs were clamped extremely tightly.

At the reception, the corners of Brosen's mouth raised subconsciously, Matthews clenched his fists, and muttered that the murderer would shoot quickly. Several congressmen narrowed their eyes slightly, and many female guests covered their mouths and exclaimed, turning around and not daring to see the **** scene that ensued scene.

As for Lacey outside the villa, she cursed loudly. She didn't know whether it was Roan or the murderer who scolded, so she immediately raised her pistol and rushed into the villa.

The wine-red long-haired reporter Linette's heart was pounding, and her mind was extremely confused. It was the first time she had watched someone shoot someone at such a close distance.

"Detective softie, I didn't expect you to lie to me!"

In the bedroom, Fraser cursed: "Go to hell!"

Before the words fell, Fraser bent his finger and was about to pull the trigger. Sabina in front of her immediately screamed in fear when she saw this.

But Roan moved faster than him. Just as Fraser yelled, Roan raised his right hand, and the pen that had been prepared for a long time flashed in the air like a silver-white sword.

boom!

Boom!

Two different voices sounded in the bedroom at the same time. The bullet whizzed past the right side of Roan's cheek. The passing breeze was slightly warm, but Roan was unharmed and his expression was very calm.

On the other side, Fraser's eyes were wide open, his whole body collapsed on the ground, a pen was stuck in the center of his forehead, and his unrepentant face was facing the French window of the bedroom.

Through the floor-to-ceiling windows, the viewer in front of the TV can see that the pen is inserted very deep, with only a little bit of the end left out.

"Oh My God!"

"Jesus!"

"Holly Sh-t!"

"WTF?!"

Many viewers in front of the TV were taken aback by Fraser's unrepentant face, but then lost their voices and looked at Roan, who was comforting Sabina, with eyes as if they had seen a ghost.

In the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, the faces of Mona, Augustus and other agents were full of disbelief and disbelief. The tense muscles of Vernis' whole body relaxed after a burst of trembling, and her legs did not move. Interlaced again, looking at Roan with extremely complicated eyes.

At the reception, the councilors and some female guests who did not evade took a breath, while Brosen and Matthews were dumbfounded, and then they heard what other people were talking about, and their faces were as ugly as possible.

"Did you see it?"

"Is that a pen? That's a pen!"

"Are all FBI agents so strong now?"

"Do any of you know this agent on TV? What's his name?"

"Damn it, I'm out of time!"

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tickets from book friends, thank you all! I didn't mean to thank the names of other book friends who voted for me. The main reason is that there are only so many words allowed. I'm really sorry T-T.

Rest assured, this book will never be updated continuously, and the new issue is updated twice a day. The update time is either from 12:00 to 2:00, or from 8:30 to 10:00 in the evening. There is no way, the author has to go to work during the day, so he has time to write books during these two hours.

Chapter 39 The water is too deep to grasp

"It's safe, Ms. Sabina."

In the villa, the moment Fraser collapsed to the ground, Sabina, who was wearing a lace hollow dress, softened and fell forward into Roan's arms.

Roan subconsciously stretched out his hand to catch the other party. Seeing that Sabina's hands were still tied behind his back, he hurriedly took out another pen from his pocket and broke it. At the same time, he lowered his head and asked with a stern expression:

"Ms. Sabina, are you not injured?"

"No, I'm fine."

Sabina shook her head, looked up at Roan's face, touched Roan's cheek immediately after her hands were untied, and asked with a blurred look:

"And you, Mr. Detective, are you injured?"

Roan's expression was a little stiff.

But when he thought about the men and women who had served Sabina in the club, Luo An realized that this was Sabina's style.

Those who have served Sabina are not ugly. Even Craig, a black youth, is a rare handsome guy among blacks who fits the aesthetics of whites.

In addition, when Roan entered the room just now, Sabina stared straight at him, which made the murderer Fraser a little jealous. Sabina's behavior of touching Roan's face can only be said to have restrained a lot.

"FBI!"

As soon as Roan took Sabina's hand away from his face, Lacey, holding the Glock 19, quickly ran up the stairs and rushed into the bedroom. After shouting slogans, he found that the murderer was lying on the ground with his back to him, and Roan was squatting. Holding Sabina on the ground.

"Hoo—"

Seeing that Roan was unharmed, Lacey put away her pistol and heaved a long sigh of relief, then slapped Roan on the shoulder fiercely, cursing:

"Fu-kYou! Roann Greenwood! Why are you so courageous? How dare you face gunmen wearing only body armor?! You are dying? Body armor can only protect your body, not you brain!"

"I'm fine."

Roan stood up from the ground, hugged Sabina in his arms, turned and left the bedroom and walked out of the villa, laughing:

"Trust me, I regret my life."

"Shit! You think I'll believe you?"

Hearing what Roan said, Lacey gave him a **** at his back, but she scanned Roan carefully, and asked with a frown:

"Roan, where is your gun hidden? Why didn't I see it?"

"Hide a gun?"

Roan turned around with a puzzled look on his face, he didn't understand what Lacey meant, or he was a little doubtful whether Lacey meant what he thought.

Sabina in his arms reacted, and replied with an unnaturally red face:

"Agent Roan didn't use a gun, he just used a pen to kill the gangster who hijacked me."

"WTF?"

Lacey gasped. She was too busy climbing over the wall to enter the villa just now, and didn't see the scene of Roan killing people at all.

Hearing Sabina's words, Lacey turned around hurriedly, turned the corpse with its back to her, and only then saw the end of the small half of the pen in the middle of the forehead of the corpse.

The air in the bedroom fell silent. After a long time, Lacey's somewhat abstract voice "HollySh-t!"

"Hello! Mr. Agent!"

As soon as Roan walked out of the villa with Sabina in his arms, a female reporter with long wine red hair ran over quickly, put the microphone on Roan's mouth, and asked excitedly with eyes full of stars:

"What's your name, please? How did you manage to kill criminals with a pen? Is this move a new course taught by FBI agents? Also, do you have a girlfriend?"

Roan: "."

Looking down and seeing Sabina's expression of interest, Roan took a deep breath, grinned at the corner of his mouth, showing the standard eight teeth, smiled at the camera, and then turned to Linette and replied:

"I'm sorry, Ms. Reporter, I still have work to do, so I can't answer. If you have any questions, please come back and attend our chief's press conference. She will answer all your questions, thank you."

After speaking, Roan led Sabina to Darren's place, ignoring the female reporter's question.

Seeing Roan's behavior, the cameraman curled his lips in displeasure:

"What a proud man."

"No, it's not arrogance!"

Linette interrupted the cameraman's evaluation, staring at Roan's handsome back without blinking:

"He doesn't talk nonsense when interviewed by reporters. This is a man with high emotional intelligence."

Cameraman: "."

Is it appropriate for you, a reporter, to say this?

"OHMYGOD!"

Seeing the two of Roan, Darren, who was already waiting to death, rushed up immediately, and hugged Sabina, his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears:

"Sabina, dear, are you okay, are you injured? The gangster didn't hurt you, did he? Damn it, I would have known that I would not have gone on a business trip yesterday! It's all my fault, I'm sorry."

Seeing her husband hugging her and not letting go, Sabina's eyes turned red, and she hugged his neck:

"I'm fine, Darren, I'm fine, there's nothing hurt to worry about."

Seeing Sabina who was crying whenever she wanted to, Roan was expressionless, and sighed in his heart that women are really born actors.

Turning around to leave here, leaving space for the couple, Sabina suddenly stretched out her hand to hook Roan.

Roan turned around in doubt, and saw Sabina, who was holding Darren's neck and did not let go, with tears streaming down her eyes, gestured for the phone with one hand, and at the same time silently made a mouth shape to him:

"Call Me (Call me)."

Luo An turned around and left without saying a word.

This woman's rank is too high, and he should not go into this muddy water when he is young. The water is too deep, and he can't grasp it, and he is afraid of being drowned.

At the reception, I saw the handsome face of Roan facing the reporter's questions on TV, expressing that he could ask all the questions to the chief. Brosen's face turned red and then pale, and the knuckles of the hand holding the wine glass turned white.

Matthews was at a loss when he saw this scene, and the hand holding the wine glass began to tremble unconsciously.

"Browson."

Wearing a suit, with a serious face and a big bald head, the elderly Caucasian Senator Ma Tai watched the picture on TV, narrowed his eyes slightly, and walked over after taking a sip of wine. He didn't care about Bruno Sen's ugly face, and asked directly:

"What's the name of this agent? Do you have his contact information?"

“.His name is Roan Greenwood, and I have his contact information.”

Although Brosen wished to kill Roan on TV right now, he still gritted his molars in the face of Mr. Matai's question, tried to calm his voice, and replied:

"I will send his relevant information and contact information to your assistant tomorrow."

"OK."

Member Ma Tai nodded in satisfaction, drank the liquid in the wine glass in one gulp, then handed the empty glass to Matthews without looking at Matthews' face, turned around and led the people away from the reception.

Looking at the wine glass in his hand and the back of Mr. Matai leaving, Matthews was dry. After a long silence, he still walked to Bruno Sen and asked in a low voice:

"Sir, I."

As soon as he said the beginning, Brosen turned around and looked at Matthews as if choosing someone to devour:

"G-e-tO-u-t!"

“OK, sir.”

Chapter 40 Flame Queen Bar

Investigation Team No. 5 saw the scene on TV showing Roan coming out of the villa with Sabina in his arms, Mona let out a long breath, and the expression on her face relaxed.

"I knew that Roan definitely had a plan."

Mona was very happy from the bottom of her heart, she really guessed right about Roan.

Feeling that her palms were a little greasy from sweating, Mona was about to wipe them off with a paper, but when she saw the number on the phone, the corners of her mouth immediately ticked down, and she threw the phone aside in displeasure, as if she had touched a poisonous mushroom.

Augustus sat on the table, watching the picture on TV and grinning loudly, his back molars were all exposed.

The more he looks at Roan now, the more he feels like himself. Not only are they handsome, but they are also smart and able to talk and do things.

Didn't you see that when Roan didn't talk nonsense on TV and said that his actions were well-led, did Verinis turn red with excitement?

Sitting on the chair, Verinis watched the TV. Roan told the reporter that if he had any questions, he would ask his chief at the press conference. His face was bright red, and there were two words written in his eyes: Satisfaction!

Feeling a trace of coolness in her thighs, Verenice took a deep breath, her face gradually returned to normal, she straightened up from the chair and tilted her head and said coldly to Augustus:

"In 30 minutes, I will hold a press conference. You should inform the reporters now. The more people, the better."

"Yes, sir!"

Augus agreed with a smile, and at the same time did not forget to ask:

"Does Roan need to attend? If he does, he may be late, and he won't be back in thirty minutes."

Hearing Augustus's question, Vernis, who was about to turn around and leave the office area, was taken aback. Logically speaking, Roan must attend, but directly forcing the other party to attend may make him angry

After pondering for a moment, Vernis said: "Call Roan now and ask him if he wants to attend this press conference."

".OK."

Augus had a surprised expression on his face. When did Verenice become so reasonable, but she still took out her mobile phone and called Roan.

"Can I not go, sir?"

Hearing what Augustus said, sitting in the SUV, and seeing the figure of the car that the SWAT team finally arrived, Roan was full of reluctance:

"I've been running all day today, and now I just want to go home and sleep, I'm so tired."

"this"

Looking at Vernis who was standing next to him and also heard Roan's voice on the phone, Augustus' face was a little stiff, and just as he was about to speak after coughing, Vernis nodded in agreement, and said coldly:

"Agent Luo An, you have worked hard, go home and rest first, I allow you to come back to work tomorrow afternoon."

Augustus: "???"

Roan looked happy: "Okay, thank you sir!"

Hung up the phone, Vernis ignored Augustus's "I also want to go to work late tomorrow" written all over his face, and dragged his weak legs, turned around and walked to the bathroom of the No. 5 investigation team.

At the same time, he did not forget to say to Augustus seriously:

"Augus, in thirty minutes, I want all the news media in New York to appear in the conference room on the first floor, understand?"

"Yeah."

Augus sighed, looked away from Vernis, and turned to the agents in the office area:

"Now, everyone, act for me! Contact the media in New York! No matter how big or small, no one will be left behind!"

Agents: "."

Beside the hut in the forest.

By the road, Darren and Sabina waited for the secretary's car to pick them up, and they confided and comforted each other.

At the same time, they have a tacit understanding, and they don't mention things that they have hidden from the other party at all.

Luan hung up the phone, sitting in the SUV and seeing this scene, his eyelids twitched, he was full of words but didn't know what to say.

Lacey and SWAT, who arrived just after the incident, had a chat for a while, then made an appointment with one of the female detectives to go shopping together tomorrow, and then returned to Roan's SUV.

"Take me to the "Queen of Fire" bar in Manhattan."

As soon as she got in the car, Lacey hurriedly told Roan to drive quickly, then pulled down the mirror above the co-pilot, miraculously took out some cosmetics from her pocket, and began to paint and paint on her face:

"Hurry up a little bit, someone is waiting for me over there."

Luo An's face was constipated, but he didn't say anything. After putting the gear on and stepping on the accelerator, the SUV moved forward slowly.

After putting on her makeup, Lacey put away her cosmetics, took off her suit jacket, folded the shirt inside and tied it in half, making a seductive look, seeing the street lights on both sides of the road slowly backing away, silent for a long time, her face full of confusion asked:

"Damn, can Roan show the speed you were racing at that time?"

"What did you say?"

Roan tilted his head and asked with a smile:

"I remember that someone thought I was driving too fast and said that he would never ride in my car again in his life. Why is he driving me fast again now?"

Careful man.

Lacey rolled her beautiful eyes, thought for a while, and took out four business cards from nowhere, and handed them to Roan who was driving:

"As long as you can get me to the 'Queen of Fire' bar in twenty minutes, one of these four girls will be yours tonight, how about it?"

Roan tilted his head and glanced, but did not accept the business card:

"Who are they?"

"Don't worry, little boy, I won't lie to you. It's not good for me at all. This is your reward for successfully solving the case with me today."

Lacey stuffed the business card into Roan's suit pocket and laughed:

"They are all students of New York University. Because of their good looks and good figures, they work part-time as waitresses and models in bars. With my help, as long as you are not too stupid tonight, you can definitely take one of them home. "

"hehe."

Roan glanced at the business card in his pocket, shook his head disdainfully and said:

"One? I want them all!"

Lacey: "???"

The next second, Roan stepped on the accelerator, the roar of the engine suddenly sounded, and the dark SUV turned into a black lightning and rushed straight into the distance.

A conference room on the first floor of the Jacobs Federal Building was brightly lit.

A large group of reporters who were forced to work overtime temporarily by their leaders, holding paper and pens and cameras, sat on chairs and looked at Vernis standing in front of the conference room.

At this time, Vernis changed from the professional suit she was wearing four hours ago, and changed into another casual suit with very long trousers.

Not only that, the original light makeup on Verinisi's face was also re-dressed, a little thicker than before, making her look more aggressive.

"Good evening everyone, thank you for attending this press conference."

Vernis briefly repeated the brief situation at the scene of the case, then explained the process of the detectives solving the case, then briefly introduced the identity of the murderer Fraser, and finally stopped when introducing how the detectives caught the murderer .

"Why are not you talking?"

"Is the agent injured?"