

FBI Detective 41

Chapter 41 You can still come to work? (Seek to follow up)

Hearing the murmurs of reporters from several small newspapers, sitting in the front row of the meeting room, many reporters from well-known New York media looked at each other, as if they had guessed what Vernis would do next.

Sure enough, as Vernis stopped speaking, the female detective who had been standing in the corner of the conference room immediately picked up the remote control and turned on the TV hanging high in the corner in front of the conference room.

The program inside is the New York News Channel, which is continuously replaying the scene where the gangster Fraser aimed a pistol at Roan, but was killed by Roan with a pen.

"Ohmygod!"

"is this real?"

It was the first time for the reporters from several small newspapers to see this scene, and they all gasped in surprise, causing the air temperature in the meeting room to drop a lot.

The well-known media reporters sitting in the front row were also staring at the TV intently, each with wonderful expressions.

Although these media were well-informed and had seen this scene before coming here, when this scene was shown in front of them again, their attention was diverted.

Without it, the scene of using a pen to fight back against a gunman is too much like a movie. Coupled with Roan's stern and handsome face, if this clip is cut out alone, some people will definitely believe that it is a new Hollywood movie.

"My friends from the press."

Seeing the wonderful expressions on everyone's faces, the corners of Verinisi's mouth curled up slightly, but she quickly retracted it, and said calmly:

"This is the live video of our FBI agents killing the serial killer. The biological samples of the killer are completely consistent with the biological samples extracted from the two crime scenes. So, now I declare here:

The serial murder case discovered today in Queens, New York. After five hours, our FBI successfully solved the case and killed the murderer! "

“.”xN

The room was silent for a few seconds, and then a loud noise broke out. Reporters crowded in front of Verinisi like crazy, shouting loudly:

"Group supervisor, is the five hours you just said true or false? Did your FBI search for this suspect before the news broke?"

"Team supervisor, what do you say is that the detective on TV blatantly raced while handling the case?"

"Ma'am, what's the name of the agent holding the pen? He doesn't look old, does he have a girlfriend?"

Verinisi didn't rush to answer the reporters' questions, but turned her gaze to the live broadcast camera, with the corners of her mouth raised slightly, and silently made a mouth shape:

'Thank You'

No one knows who she is thanking.

But Brosen felt that Vernis was thanking him.

Because of his help, Verinisi managed to gain the limelight in front of the media, and her career has also improved to a higher level.

In the single-family apartment, Brosen's face turned black when he saw this scene, and he threw the cup in his hand to the ground.

The next second, the phone next to him suddenly rang. Brosen saw the contact's pupils constrict, but he still pressed the answer button.

A hoarse voice came from the other end of the phone:

"Bruosen, you have gone too far this time."

"Sir, I."

Bruosen looked serious, and was about to say something to explain when he was interrupted by the voice on the other end of the phone:

"Tomorrow I will announce the establishment of the No. 14 investigation team. As the newly promoted team leader, you will be in charge of the No. 14 investigation team."

As soon as he finished speaking, the other end of the phone hung up the phone without waiting for Brosen's attitude.

"A team leader with only a newly established investigation team under his command. This is something that has not happened in the FBI's New York branch for more than ten years."

Looking at the hung up phone, Brosen laughed angrily. He could already guess the way those people looked at him at the meeting tomorrow.

"Hoo—"

Taking a few deep breaths, Bruosen suppressed his anger, picked up the glass on the ground expressionlessly, filled it up and drank it down with his head up, then got up and left the sofa and walked to the bedroom.

The voice of talking to himself came faintly:

"Virenes, Augustus, Roanne Greenwood"

"Verinis has a good subordinate."

In the distance, at the FBI Washington headquarters, an elderly white man in a suit saw the press conference on TV, took a sip of his wine and hummed twice, then pressed the phone next to him:

"Tomorrow morning, put all the information about the agent on TV on my desk and put it on the top floor."

"Okay, sir."

Roan didn't know what happened last night.

After driving Lacey to the 'Flame Queen' bar within 20 minutes, with Lacey's help, Roan failed to recognize the girls on the business card because Lacey pried them away.

But relying on an ordinary handsome face, Roan managed to meet the female manager of the bar.

It's been a busy day, can't you enjoy it?

With this thought in mind, he slept until two o'clock in the afternoon the next day.

The sun was slanting to the west, and Roan slowly opened his eyes in the manager's lounge above the "Flame Queen" bar in Manhattan.

For a moment, he felt a little pain in his back.

"Hiss—"

Removing the arms wrapped around his neck, and the thighs wrapped around his waist, Roan got out of bed with his waist leaned on his back, and walked into the bathroom slowly with a grim face.

"Miscalculation this time!"

While opening the gate to release the water, while looking at himself in the mirror, Roan found that there was a trace of haggardness on his ordinary face, his eyes widened and he realized:

"Roan Greenwood didn't know much about drinking, I actually forgot this!"

After washing, Roan walked out of the bathroom. After getting dressed, he glanced at the bumpy figure who was still sleeping soundly on the bed in the bedroom, turned and left the room without hesitation, while shaking his head and sighing:

"The mere drinking and **** made me feel back pain. From today on, I must strengthen my exercise and stop drinking at the same time!"

Found the SUV in the parking lot of the bar, and Roan drove it slowly, preparing to go to the Jacobs Federal Building.

While waiting for the traffic light at an intersection, he opened the system page that he was busy exercising last night and didn't have time to open.

【Yesterday's Performance Evaluation: Excellent】

【Number of treasure chests obtained: four】

【Do you want to open the treasure chest? 】

"ON!"

Looking at the cutscene of opening the treasure chest in the rough web game on the system screen, and then looking at the word "excellent" in the evaluation, Luo An's face showed a daze:

"Three treasure chests are awarded for a good evaluation, and four treasure chests are awarded for an excellent evaluation. This thing was originally incremented."

【The treasure chest has been opened】

【Physical potion x 1. Potion of strength x1. Swift Potion × 1. Sensitive potion ×1. 】

Touched his sore lower back, and then looked at the three bottles of stamina medicine in the system's backpack. Without hesitation, Roan took out one bottle and drank it with his head up.

Smacking his mouth, there was no taste, but a few seconds later, an indescribable feeling spread from Roan's abdomen to his whole body.

Roan was still a little unhappy when he saw that the hemostatic potion he wanted the most was not opened in the treasure chest.

But after drinking the stamina potion, he felt that in the blink of an eye, his waist was no longer sore and his legs were no longer hurting, and his body was not empty after a dozen shots. Roan's eyes lit up:

"nice one!"

It turns out that stamina potions are king!

The SUV soon arrived at the Jacobs Federal Building. When Roan walked out of the parking lot, he happened to meet Lacey who came out to buy coffee, so he raised his hand and greeted with a smile:

"Good afternoon, Lacey."

"Roan?"

Seeing the energetic Roan written on his face, Lacey, who knew who he went to exercise with last night, was shocked:

"You can still come to work?"

Luo An was suddenly upset: Who do you look down on?

Chapter 42 The Depressed Office (Please follow up!)

"Roan, I admire you, really."

Handed Roan a cup of coffee, and Lacey walked towards the Jacobs Federal Building together with him, while looking at him with a strange face, hesitated for a long time before asking in a low voice:

"Do you know the details of the woman who played the game with you last night?"

"Of course I know, Lydia Ruth, 30 years old this year, the manager of the "Queen of Fire" bar, has not had a boyfriend or **** life for two years since her husband died, what's wrong?"

Luo An tilted his head in doubt. He stood upright last night and used a little trick to know about these basic information, and then asked:

"I remember you told me last night that she has no special background."

Lacey nodded, the information Roan got was correct, and Lydia really had no background on the surface, but behind the scenes she was just a local gangster, the kind who didn't want to provoke the FBI.

But what she wanted to talk about was not about Lydia's background, but about Lydia herself.

Lydia this woman.

Looking at Roan, who was cheerfully greeting the other agents, Lacey shook her head and sighed.

Forget it, let Roan feel it himself in the future, it's not a big deal, I just hope Roan's kidney can hold on.

"Good afternoon, Agent Roan!"

"Hello."

"Good skills! Agent Luo An!"

"Thanks."

Walking on the first floor of the Jacobs Federal Building, three or four agents greeted Roan in just a dozen steps. With a puzzled face, he asked:

"Where did these people know my name?"

"There are no secrets in this building, Roan."

Lacey took a sip of her coffee without being surprised, and explained calmly:

"The story of you killing gangsters with a pen last night spread throughout the building in less than an hour. It's normal for them to know you."

Roan: ". "

Before he could speak, the elevator arrived at the floor where the No. 5 investigation team was located. As the elevator door opened, a deafening applause came into the elevator, which shocked Roan.

"Nice job, Roan!"

Mona and several technical agents cheered and applauded Roan, and the bear-like Ryder also applauded and shouted:

"Roan, you must teach me the technique of swinging pens later! I will provide you with breakfast for a year!"

Looking at this scene, Roan showed a real smile on his face, not the one with eight teeth exposed. They hugged each other and thanked:

"Thank you everyone! Last night's action would not have been possible without your support and help! Thank you very much!"

"Haha, I knew Roan would say that!"

Hearing Roan's words, Augustus came out behind the crowd, patted Roan's shoulder hard, looked up and down a few times and nodded in satisfaction:

"You did a great job last night, boy, you're as good as I was when I was young!"

Everyone: "."

Looked down at Augustus's big belly, Roan still had a smile on his face and didn't speak, as long as he was happy.

"Let's go, let's go, what should we do!"

With a big wave of his hand, Augustus drove the agents back to the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, and he led Roan to the other direction of the corridor.

Roan asked doubtfully:

"where are we going?"

"Go to the office of the team leader Verenes, she has something to ask for you."

Augustus patted his big belly as he walked, and while answering Roan's questions, he didn't forget to show a smiling face to passers-by, and patted Roan on the shoulder by the way.

There is a sense of instant vision for parents to show their children in front of outsiders.

"By the way, Roan."

Halfway through, Augustus suddenly grabbed Roan's shoulder, motioned him to lower his head, and then whispered in Roan's ear:

"During the meeting this morning, Bruosen was appointed as the head of the special agent, the team leader of the newly established No. 14 investigation team. You can't guess how ugly Bruosen's face was at that time!"

Roan: "."

Tilted his head and glanced at Augustus who was so happy that his molars were showing. Roan didn't expect him to have a hobby of gossip.

The two walked to the end of the corridor, Augustus pointed to the door not far away, and said:

"Verinis will be waiting for you inside, be careful when you speak, and hurry back to the office after the chat, I have something to tell you."

"Okay, sir."

Seeing the back of Augustus turning away, Roan lowered his head and straightened his suit. Seeing that there was nothing wrong, he knocked on the door of the office.

"Enter."

Hearing Verenice's extremely cold voice, Roan raised his eyebrows, opened the door calmly and walked in.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"sit."

Didn't raise her head to pay attention to Roan, Vernis still lowered her head and wrote some documents on the desk.

Roan didn't care, and sat down on the chair in front of Verinisi's desk, and began to observe the surroundings silently.

The office has a large area, but the decoration is very simple. There is only a large bookshelf full of file bags, a set of desks, a chair, and a drinking fountain.

Not even a single green plant.

If the office hadn't faced the south and had sunlight streaming in, this office would definitely represent 'depression'.

Frowning, Roan turned his gaze to Vernis, and found that she was still dressed in a wide-shouldered lady's suit today, and her appearance looked very serious.

It's just that the pants don't seem to match.

Pata—

Hearing the sound of the signature pen being thrown to the desk, Roan hurriedly looked away from Vernis.

Vernis didn't care, she pulled out another folder on the desktop, and began to read without emotion:

"Roann Greenwood was born at Boston Children's Hospital on April 1, 1981. His father was a professor of accounting at Boston University. He died in a street shooting when you were 4 years old. The murderer was unknown. His mother was a doctor at Children's Hospital. A week after your 18th birthday, you were shot in the street and the killer is nowhere to be found."

After reading this, Vernis looked up at Roan, and asked blankly:

"Am I right? Agent Roan."

Luo An's heart skipped a beat, and he frantically flipped through the memories left by his predecessor in his mind, but replied blankly: "...No."

Isn't it just pretending to be paralyzed? Who wouldn't?

"OK."

Seeing that Roan had no objection, Verenice went on to read:

"After your mother died, you worked odd jobs to earn money while studying hard. Finally, with your excellent grades and the recommendation letters from your mother's colleagues, you successfully entered the University of Massachusetts Boston, where you majored in accounting.

After graduating from college, you worked on Wall Street for two years, but for some reason you suddenly quit your job and joined the FBI's social recruitment.

After 20 weeks of training at the FBI Academy in Virginia, you successfully passed your final exam, became a rookie agent, and were assigned to the New York Bureau. "

After briefly reading Roan Greenwood's experience from birth to the present, Vernis threw the folder aside, put her hands together, stared at Roan's eyes solemnly, and asked sharply:

"In the report of the FBI training academy, it never said that you have superb throwing skills! Tell me, where did you learn this?"

Roan: ". "

Chapter 43 The Columbus Foundation (read more!)

Hearing the question from Verinisi, Luo An breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that this was just a routine questioning, not that the FBI executives really had doubts about his identity.

Simply think about it, Roan Greenwood's background is innocent, a standard American middle-class family offspring.

The life experience of my parents and myself is clear, and there is no tax that should be paid.

There should be no missed submissions.

And Roan Greenwood has never been in contact with suspicious foreigners since he was a child. No matter how you look at it, he is a qualified supporter of the American government.

So Roan didn't panic at all, tilted his head and pointed to the business card on her desk, and asked:

"Can I have one?"

Vernice nodded, Roan got up and took a business card between two fingers, then slammed it at the calendar in the corner of the office!

Snapped-

A vague shadow flashed past, and Vernice's business card was firmly inserted in the calendar.

"Just a trick, sir."

Seeing Vernice's pupils shrunk slightly, Roan shrugged and said indifferently:

"When I first learned this move, it was just for the convenience of chatting with girls."

"Yeah?"

Vernice took a deep look at Roan, lowered her head and began to write and draw in the folder, and said at the same time:

"Poke a pen into a human skull, I'm afraid you've practiced behind your back for a long time."

"No, sir."

Luo An shook his head. What happened in his previous life cannot be counted in this life. He has never practiced in this life, so he explained very sincerely:

"I'm just born stronger than others."

Verinis paused her writing hand, raised her head and gave Roan a look, then threw the written folder aside, and finally started talking about business.

"Roann Greenwood."

Verinis leaned back, Erlang raised his legs, looked at Luo An without blinking and said:

"At the press conference before, I issued an arrest warrant for this serial killer, 100,000 US dollars. This money will be released this weekend, that is, tomorrow, together with your salary for this month. You go back and talk to Aogu Speak."

Roan's eyes lit up, and he said with a smile:

"Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir, for supporting me in solving the case."

Verinis ignored Roan's words, but pulled out a black folder from the bottom of the stack of folders on the side, opened it and handed it to Roan, and said calmly:

"This is an internal FBI foundation called the Columbus Foundation.

If you participate, the management staff of the foundation will deduct one-tenth of your salary every month for operation.

After a few months, you will receive a sum every Christmas, which is slightly higher than the salary deduction. "

Hearing what Verinis said, Roan frowned, and asked directly without looking at the information in the black folder:

"Sir, have you joined the Columbus Foundation?"

"certainly."

Verinis nodded without any change in expression, she was silent for a second and explained:

"Augus also joined."

Roan suddenly realized, licked his lower lip and continued to ask:

"Then may I know the annual rate of return of this foundation?"

"The rate of return is not fixed, Roan."

Hearing this, Verinisi put away her legs, her body leaned forward with a mature body full of bumps, and fixed her eyes on Roan at the desk and said:

"My annual rate of return is higher than Augustus, and Augustus' annual rate of return is higher than yours, understand?"

"understood."

Luo An nodded, meaning that the higher the position, the more money he can get at the end of the year. I don't understand this.

Taking out a pen from the desk, Roan took off the cap, and turned to the last page of the contract in the black folder. Instead of signing in a hurry, he stared into Vernis's eyes and asked with a serious expression :

"Last question, sir, may I know who has not joined this foundation?"

The two looked directly at each other, and Roan's handsome face made Vernis's heart skip a beat, and her legs moved subconsciously.

She understood Roan's subtext, and her face returned to seriousness. After a moment of hesitation, Vernis said:

"There are a lot of people who did not join this foundation, Roan, they are not qualified. But Brosen and several of his agents joined another foundation."

Roan nodded clearly, and finally understood why Brosen had targeted Verence before.

It turned out to be the one who joined. The foundation is different!

Hearing the answer he wanted, Roan flicked the pen, bowed his head in silence for a moment, with a strange light in his eyes, and signed his name on the last page of the folder.

Roan never thought of refusing to join the Columbus Foundation from the very beginning.

The reason is very simple. When you come out to hang out, you must have power and background.

In the United States, personal strength is of no use, and keeping warm is the kingly way.

Yesterday's press conference, in the eyes of interested people, is that Roan, as Verinisi's subordinate, has joined the Columbus Foundation's campaign.

Whether I joined the Columbus Foundation or not, I have already been branded by Verinisi's subordinates. Since I still have money to join the Foundation, why not do it?

However, joining belongs to joining, money can be taken, and things can be handled according to mood, but the handle that can be used as key evidence cannot be kept.

So when he signed this time, he used Roan's writing habits in his previous life, not Roan Greenwood's writing habits in this life.

If something happens in the future, the handwriting must be checked, and the things in it will be interesting.

Those New York lawyers who can turn white into black as long as they get money, and the opposing lawyer who can absolutely take handwriting identification reports and spray doubts about life.

Of course, this is just a back-up preparation.

"Fortunately, I have just traveled here for three days. The habits of my previous life have not yet merged with the habits of this life."

Looking at the fluttering English letters in the folder, Luo An was still so reluctant. From now on, he would no longer be able to write in Luo An's way of writing.

"Forget it, if you don't write it, don't write it. It's not a loss to exchange a handwriting for a sum of dollars that you can get every year!"

After signing, Roan returned the black folder to Verniss with a smile, and asked with a smile:

"Sir, are there any other foundations? I think Christmas is happier every year than others."

Verinis put away the black folder, and when she heard what Roan said, she gave him a hard look, pointed at the calendar beside her and said:

"\$20 was deducted from your salary this month because you vandalized public property."

Is this broken calendar worth \$20?

Hearing what Verinis said, Roan blushed, put his hand in his pocket fiercely, and took out the 20 dollar ticket that was first opened in [Today's Treasure Box] from it.

"Sir, this is 20 dollars. The monthly salary of a full-time agent is just that, so you should not deduct it."

Putting 20 dollars on the desk, Roan smiled, turned and left the office.

Looking at the closed door of the office, and at the 20 dollars on the table, Vernis was silent for a moment, smiled, and threw the 20 dollars directly beside the calendar.

Chapter 44 Eating alone is not good (please collect it!)

"Come back soon, Roan."

In the office of the leader of the No. 5 investigation team, Augustus sat on a chair, drank coffee with a big belly, motioned for Roan to sit down, then grinned and said:

"How about it, are you intimidated by the review by Verenes?"

"No."

Roan poured himself a cup of coffee, took a sip and replied:

"It's just a simple question about my family background. My life experience from childhood to adulthood is clearly traceable. There is nothing to be afraid of."

"Um?"

Augus was taken aback, he just asked about his family background, and didn't conduct strict psychological tests and lie tests?

For a while, Augustus fell silent, not understanding why Roan was given special treatment by Verenice.

Forget it, it doesn't matter.

Augus threw aside the thoughts in his head, put down the coffee cup and said to Roan with a smile:

"Darren and his wife went to the hospital for a physical examination today. At noon, they sent someone to tell me that they will come here tomorrow to pay the thank you money. I hope you will not be absent by then."

"no problem."

Luo An's eyes lit up and he agreed resolutely. He will never be late when it comes to money.

"very good."

Augus nodded with a smile, then picked up a blue folder on the desktop, and handed it to Roan.

Why is this scene somewhat familiar?

Roan frowned, lowered his head and opened the folder, and found a written certificate that the bonus was doubled.

"Sir?"

"It's like this, Roan, your performance last night made many people's eyes shine, and everyone is very satisfied with you."

Picking up the coffee on the table and taking a sip, Augustus explained with a smile:

"I wanted to promote you to a senior agent, but you have just become a full-time agent and it has been less than three days, and the higher authorities will not agree to submit the materials. However, the reward will not fall, and your bonus this month will be doubled." times."

"Thank you sir!"

Signed the written certificate with Roan Greenwood's writing habits. Roan bowed his head and thought about it, and asked Augustus with a smile:

"By the way, sir, I was able to kill Fraser this time. Every agent in the No. 5 investigation team contributed a lot. It is not appropriate for me to take all the rewards of 100,000 US dollars. How about this, I will take 50,000 U.S. dollars, how about sharing the remaining fifty thousand dollars equally?"

There is no benefit in eating alone. This is an experience taught to Roan by the old killer in his previous life.

When the old killer was young, he had seen a lot of people in the rivers and lakes wipe off the necks of their teammates after completing tasks, and ran out with all the money to have a good time.

But few of these people can survive to the end, and most of them will be stabbed in the back at critical moments, leaving no whole body.

Luo An agrees with the old killer's point of view. From ancient times to the present, countless people have used their lives to warn latecomers: You can't go far if you eat alone, and win-win cooperation is the kingly way.

Once you have eaten meat, you must also let your teammates drink soup, otherwise you will end up with a betrayal.

During the arrest of Fraser, the murderer of the serial murder case, every detective in the No. 5 investigation team provided help to Roan, so he had to offer a reward of 100,000 dollars, otherwise, it would be unpredictable.

Investigation Team No. 5 is Luo An's base, and he doesn't want to be stabbed in the back because of this little money in the future.

Hearing Roan's words, Augustus narrowed his eyes slightly and asked:

"Are you sure, Roan? One hundred thousand dollars is not a small amount of money, are you sure you want to give half of it?"

"certainly!"

Roan nodded with a smile.

The little money now is not important, not to hold back, but to support his teammates at critical moments. Only with such teammates can he make more money later.

"Well, anyway, it's your money, you have the final say."

Augustus nodded nonchalantly, picked up the folder and waved it to indicate that the matter was over and Roan could leave.

"Oh, right."

Just when Roan got up and left the chair and walked to the door of the team leader's office, Augustus patted his head suddenly, called Roan to stop him and said:

"You tell everyone the news yourself."

Turning his head, Roan took a careful look at Augustus, his eyes flashed, and the corners of his mouth raised:

"Okay, sir."

After speaking, he opened the office door and strode away.

Papapa—

Through the gate of the office, I saw the scene where all the detectives in the office area heard Roan announce that when everyone got money again this month, they all applauded and cheered for Roan. Augustus's big dark face was full of Smiling, he took out his phone and pressed the dial button.

"Sir, just like I guessed before, Roan is as smart as me, and he didn't choose to take the bonus all by himself."

Augus laughed straight, didn't say much on the other end of the phone, and hung up the phone with a hum.

Hearing the busy signal on the phone, Augustus smiled even more.

In the office area, the sound of cheers and applause gradually subsided. After thanking Luo An, all the agents followed Luo An's words and returned to their workstations one after another, starting their daily fishing.

"Hey, Roan."

Backing to her seat, Mona gave Roan a big hug, and said with a smile on her face:

"Thank you so much! Not only do I have enough money to pay off the apartment loan this month, but the remaining money is enough for me to take out a loan and buy a better car!"

"You're welcome."

Roan opened his mouth, but after thinking about it, he still didn't say anything.

Americans don't seem to be very used to saving money. They spend it when they have money, and borrow tomorrow's money if they don't have money. This is their normal life.

"Roan!"

Lacey on the side began to sleep on the table again. The smiling Ryder squeezed in from behind her and slapped Roan on the shoulder:

"Do you have something to do after get off work later? How about going to my gun shop? By the way, teach me how to swing a pen!"

"Gun store?"

Roan pulled an unoccupied chair from the side and signaled Ryder to sit down. He was too tall, and his neck hurt when he raised his head to talk to him, and then asked with some doubts:

"Your parents opened it?"

"No, my wife owns it, and it's in Queens."

Ryder shook his head, indicating that he had been married for five years. His wife is an ex-NYC cop who got injured and left the force and married him, and they have a son who goes to preschool every day.

Roan: "."

Considering that Ryder was thirty-eight years old, it was normal to have a wife and son.

Look at Ryder's explosive muscles all over his body. He was born in swat, and his wife is also a former policeman. Opening a gun shop is also in line with their identities as a couple.

Looking at the hopeful eyes of the other party, Luo An nodded and was ready to agree. Anyway, he has nothing to do after get off work, and it is also good to shoot guns and contact with colleagues, and it happens to be able to practice his **** skills.

Right at this moment, Roan's cell phone rang suddenly.

Picking up the phone, he found that the number was unknown. Luo An frowned slightly, pressed the answer button, and a lazy female voice came from the phone:

"Roan, can you come to me after get off work later? I need your help with something."

Roan frowned, the female manager of the "Queen of Flame" bar, Lydia?

Chapter 45 Black Widow (please read more!)

"Sorry, Ryder."

Hanging up the phone, Roan tilted his head and gave Ryder a sorry look, shaking the phone:

"I'm afraid it won't work tonight. I have something to do. How about next time? I will definitely go next time!"

"OK!"

Ryder didn't care too much, grinned and started dancing with Roan to discuss throwing skills.

Seeing that Roan easily flew business cards, photos, and signature pens, and could easily poke them into folders, Ryder yelled and begged Roan repeatedly to teach him this trick.

"Why?"

Roan agreed, but still didn't understand.

Ryder is married, and he hasn't heard from Lacey that Ryder likes to go out and play around behind his wife's back. Why should he learn this thing that seems to be used to pick up girls on the surface.

And if you want to use it in actual combat, it will be impossible for a year or so. If you have this skill, it is better to shoot more guns and practice marksmanship.

Hearing Roan's question, Ryder's face froze. He looked back at Lacey, who was lying on the table, and Mona, who was competing with the computer again. Said in the ear:

"My wife's favorite thing to do every weekend is to play games with me. I am not my opponent except fighting. I can't beat her in marksmanship and other things, so I want to practice throwing skills and beat her again!"

"Um, may I ask, where is your wife from?"

"Texas!"

Tilting his head and glanced at Ryder, whose face was red and his eyes were full of hope, Roan fell silent for a moment.

I thought of the scene where Ryder was lying at the back of the office area doing push-ups since he joined the No. 5 investigation team when he saw that Ryder had no work tasks.

I thought that Ryder was trying to build muscle mass and keep in shape.

Looking at it now, I am afraid that Ryder lost the game, his wife would not let him go to bed, and his energy could not be released, so he had to do push-ups every day.

The life of a man after marriage.

Roan shook his head in his heart, raised his hand and patted Ryder's shoulder heavily, with a solemn face:

"Don't worry, Ryder, I'll teach you a quick way later. It's a little hard to kill the enemy, but you can't lose if you can throw it farther and deal more damage than whoever throws it!"

Ryder's excited lips trembled:

"Roan! From today on, you will be my good brother for the rest of my life!"

Roan: "."

What does this make a man into?

and Ryder continued to chat for a while, and the time soon reached 5:30 in the afternoon, which is the time for the FBI to get off work.

"See you tomorrow, Roan!"

"See you tomorrow!"

Greeted several detectives, Roan, Mona, Ryder, and Lacey walked to the parking lot with a smile, and then found that his car was gone!

"Wait a minute, Roan."

Seeing the shocked expression on Roan's face, Lacey was a little speechless, and finally Mona said:

"Roan, the car you drove these two days is the bus of our No. 5 investigation team, not your own car. There is no mission today, so the bus was naturally taken away by Augustus and cleaned up."

I still want to never buy a car in this life, and prostitute an FBI SUV for nothing!

Roan rolled his eyes, scorned the stingy Augustus, rejected Ryder's invitation, turned around and sat in the co-pilot of Lacey's car.

"Take me to the 'Flame Queen' bar, thank you."

"you sure?"

Seeing Lacey's frowning expression, Roan was taken aback, and asked in doubt:

"What, is there something wrong?"

"Lydia asked you to go?"

"Exactly."

Hearing what Roan said, Lacey took a deep breath, turned around and said to him seriously:

"Roan, I will give you a suggestion as a friend and teammate. You'd better not maintain a long-term relationship with Lidia, OK?"

Seeing the serious expression on Lacey's face, Roan's heart suddenly sank. He didn't take the Glock 18 in the armory after get off work today. If Lydia plots against him, why don't she go buy a gun later? ?

Seeing that Roan was listening to her words seriously, Lacey heaved a sigh of relief and continued to explain:

"Lydia is 30 years old this year, but she has been married 4 times. The times are Lydia's 22, 24, 26, and 28 years old. After each marriage, her husband will be married within a year. die.

After her husband dies, she will not have **** with anyone until she finds a new husband. "

"WTF?"

Luo An's body hairs stood on end, and his scalp exploded:

"You mean, Lydia used marriage to obtain her husband's property, and then killed her husband after marriage!

A black widow? "

It's not uncommon for Roan to have heard of this kind of thing in his previous life. For money, those women are more unscrupulous than men, and marriage is one of the means.

Hearing what Roan said, Lacey was taken aback, but quickly shook her head and said:

"No, Lydia didn't gain property by killing her husband, on the contrary, after each husband died, Lydia's own property would drop a lot.

At the age of 22, Lydia inherited a series of pub chains from her father, but after several husbands died, she paid a lot of money to appease their husband's parents. Now, she only has one 'Queen of Flames' is gone. "

"Um?"

Roan was stunned when he heard Lacey's words. Could it be that Lydia was the one being targeted?

But it's not right, those husbands are all dead, and they didn't spend the money they got, so selfless for the sake of the family?

"It has nothing to do with money, Roan."

Recalling what Roan said just now, seeing the expression on Roan's face, Lacey guessed his thoughts, so she shook her head and said:

"It's Lydia's problem."

Taking a deep breath, Roan became interested in this matter:

"Please elaborate."

"After several husbands died, our FBI also suspected that Lydia had poisoned her husband, so without Lydia's knowledge, we signed an agreement with her husband's family in private and conducted autopsies on her several husbands. ."

Speaking of this, Lacey's face was a bit unnatural, but she continued after taking a deep breath:

"After the forensic examination, the bodies of those husbands showed no toxins and no traces of abuse or beating. The cause of death was also very simple-the **** was bleeding from the lower body, the kidneys were failing, and the heart suddenly stopped beating during strenuous exercise. , it was too late to rescue, and died suddenly."

Roan: ". "

In other words, these husbands were overindulgent and died of exhaustion in bed?

At this time, Roan suddenly remembered his hideous face and sore lower back when he got up this afternoon. He was startled.

Yes, he just noticed that Roan Greenwood had played games with women before, and his body had never hurt like this.

And I don't lack exercise on weekdays, it stands to reason that it is impossible to be so empty.

The reason for the soreness in the lower back is obviously not her, but Lydia.

"So, Roan, I hope you don't go to Lydia."

Seeing Roan bow his head in thought, his face flickering, Lacey heaved a sigh of relief, and said with a smile:

"Pretty girls are everywhere in New York, at worst I'll give you a few business cards tonight."

"No, I'm going to find Lydia."

After pondering for a while, Roan looked at the system page and had some thoughts in his heart, so his eyes flashed, he rejected Lacey's kindness, and said firmly:

"I want to find out the truth about this matter."

Obviously, this time Lydia came for herself.

No matter what the opponent's purpose is, fleeing without fighting is not a good strategy.

Chapter 46 Oh, man (please recommend! Please collect!)

"What? Are you crazy?"

Hearing Roan's words, the smile on Lacey's face suddenly froze, and then she shouted angrily:

"Of course we also know that the deaths of Lydia's previous husbands are not normal, but we can't find evidence, Roan! Do you think you can find out the truth behind this incident by yourself?"

"why not?"

Roan put on his seat belt with a smile, and said with a smile:

"Trust me, Lacey, I have an advantage over the FBI agents who have investigated the case before."

Lacey was taken aback: "What advantage?"

Roan grinned, showing his white teeth:

"I can experience the feelings of Lydia's previous husbands, which allows me to find clues that previous agents could not."

".FU-KYOU! Roan, you are an asshole!"

Hearing this, Lacey scolded Roan with black lines all over her head, but she didn't care about this dirty joke at all, and then asked with a serious face:

"Are you sure, Roan, you really want to investigate this case?"

"certainly."

Roan nodded, indicating that Lacey can drive now, or she can drive herself.

Resolutely rejected Roan's idea of driving his own car, Lacey stepped on the accelerator, the car walked into the road, and at the same time said irritably:

"Now that you have decided, I will not persuade you anymore. But when you are with Lydia, never turn off your phone. I will call you every once in a while. If I don't answer for more than a minute, I will I will take someone to rescue you immediately, OK?"

"What?"

Roan looked shocked: "Is there any need to exaggerate?"

"FU-K, this is for your own good! I'm afraid you'll die on Lydia's bed!"

Lacey scratched her hair with regret on her face:

"Last night, I should have watched you, or given you a girl, so as not to let you hook up with Lydia."

"Thank you for your concern, Lacey, but you have to trust me."

Roan glanced at the system page, and solemnly said to Lacey:

"I'm not the kind of man whose brain is dominated by the people below. I will always stay awake at critical moments."

Hearing this, Lacey tilted her head and glanced down at Roan, and then at Roan's ordinary handsome face, turned her head and continued driving while curling her lips in disdain:

"Oh, man."

Roan: "."

Five minutes later, across from the gate of the "Queen of Fire" bar in Manhattan, Lacey's car slowly stopped.

"OK, we have arrived at Lydia's magic pit."

After parking the car, Lacey tilted her head and glanced at the shining lights. She had already started to enter the bar one after another, and said to Roan with a displeased face:

"I'll cancel the date tonight, wait for you outside, and call you every once in a while."

"Forehead."

Roan, who had unbuckled his seat belt, was speechless when he heard this, and said:

"It's really not possible, Lacey, trust me, I will never do something I am not sure about."

Lacey ignored Roan's words, bowed her head and took out her phone, not knowing who she was sending a message to.

"All right."

Shrugged, Roan opened the door and got out of the car. Before leaving, he didn't forget to turn his head and say:

"I'll have someone bring you dinner later."

After finishing speaking, he turned and left.

"Sure enough, no matter how good Roan is, he is still a man."

After making an appointment with the person opposite on the phone to play again tomorrow, Lacey unfastened her seat belt and changed into a more comfortable position. Looking at Roan's back, she snorted coldly:

"Still an arrogant man."

The 'Flame Queen' bar is very large. In addition to the dance floor, bar counter, and singer's performance area on the first floor, there are also the second, third, and fourth floors.

The fourth floor includes the office of the bar owner, who claims to be the bar manager, Lydia.

and several private rooms with strong privacy.

Downstairs, the lights are shining, the head is bouncing and bouncing, and the money is glamorous.

Upstairs, there are lots of smiles, cups of wine, and business.

Walk into the bar, follow the lead of a waitress and take the elevator to the fourth floor. After walking to the door of the innermost private room, the waiter turns and leaves.

Luo An frowned, and pushed open the door of the private room. The imaginary wine table, fruit, and a bunch of pious people drinking did not appear. Instead, what he saw was a huge room that was opened up, which was very spacious.

In the four corners of the room, there are sandbags and pear balls, and there are a bunch of boxing gloves and dumbbells hanging on the wall. There are also treadmills and various fitness equipment, which are very complete.

In the center of the room, there is a big red sofa and a simple four-corner ring. At this time, there was a woman holding a pet dog sitting on the sofa, and two women were boxing in the ring.

Luo An recognized the 1.75-meter-tall man in the ring at a glance, 86-61-90, wearing protective gear, wearing double ponytails, wearing a black tube top, with mountains and peaks, black sports shorts underneath, and slender legs, a strong womanhood.

The bar owner, Lydia Ruth.

bang bang bang—

Hearing the sound of the door being opened, the two women fighting on the ring stopped slowly.

Lydia took off her protective gear and walked out of the ring. After drinking her saliva, she showed a smile, stepped forward and gave Roan a big hug:

"Good evening honey, you're so early."

"I received your call, so I will come right after get off work."

Roan hooked his mouth, tilted his head and stamped on Lydia's mouth, then walked towards the ring in the middle of the room with his arms around her, and asked with a smile:

"Why, did you call me here because you wanted to beat me up and avenge me for leaving this afternoon without waking you up?"

"of course not!"

Lydia waved her hand, signaled the coach to leave the room, and whispered in Roan's ear:

"I know you have to go to work today, you worked so hard last night, you worked hard."

Hearing this, Roan's eyelids twitched. Before he could continue speaking, Lydia took him to sit on the sofa, and introduced Roan with her palms up:

"This is Ms. Yolande, I think you should know her."

"Of course I know."

Roan nodded, showing a standard smile with eight teeth on his face, and reached out to shake hands with Ms. Uland, who never forgets to bring her pet dog with her wherever she goes:

"Hello, Ms. Yolande, nice to see you here."

This Ms. Yolande was the wife of Congressman Yale who had played games with the clinic doctor in the ward for 40 minutes in the clinic in Skarsdale before coming out to find that the car was lost.

But why did the wife of a congressman come to a place like the 'Flame Queen' bar?

"Hello, Agent Roan."

Ms. Yolande reached out her hand and shook hands with Roan. Without any nonsense, she took out an envelope from the bag beside her and said:

"Thank you for rescuing my daughter who skipped class from gangsters on the road outside the small town of Skarsdale. Here are some thank you money, I hope you can accept it."

Roan raised his brows. It turned out that the girl in a sling who was bruised on her back in the shootout with the murderer before, was stuffed into the trunk by the murderer, and was finally hanged by her own hemostatic potion, was the daughter of Ms. Yolande. .

Before Roan reached out to take the envelope, Ms. Yolande took out another check from her pocket and pressed it on the envelope. At the same time, she stared at Roan and said seriously:

"This check is for \$100,000. I hope you will completely forget what happened in Skarsdale from today on, okay?"

Chapter 47 The Hidden Story Behind the Case (Please recommend!)

Ms. Yolande, you don't want to

Phew!

Roan hurriedly stopped the characteristic words of the island country echoing in his head, took the envelope and the check, looked at the amount inside, and smiled:

"No problem, Ms. Yolande, I don't remember where the town of Skarsdale is anymore."

Hearing Luo An's words, the expression on the lady's face was completely relaxed, and the hand holding the bag was slowly released.

Before Yolande came here, he was actually prepared for Roan Lion to open his mouth, and even prepared for the worst.

But seeing Roan agreeing so quickly, and his ordinary handsome face only staring at the dollar, ignoring himself at all, I feel a little upset, what's going on?

Roan didn't know what the woman with the pet dog in front of him was thinking. After seeing the 50,000 dollars in the envelope, he suddenly remembered something, so he raised his head and asked:

"By the way, Ms. Yolande, I was not alone at the time, my teammate Mona was also with me, I don't know"

Hearing Roan's words, Lydia's eyes sparkled.

And Yolande's sudden jumping mood gradually calmed down again, suppressing the unhappiness in his heart, and said in a calm tone as much as possible:

"I will find an opportunity to contact her, this money is yours alone."

"OK."

Getting the answer he wanted, Roan restored the smile on his face, stuffed the check into the envelope and put it in his pocket, stretched out his hand and shook Yolande, with a look of justice on his face:

"Protecting federal taxpayers is the duty-bound mission of our FBI agents."

Lydia: "."

Yolande: "."

Rolling his eyes fiercely, Yolande picked up the pet dog, said a few words to Lydia, and then turned and left the room.

Her daughter is still lying in the hospital.

"You have a really thick skin, Roan."

Sent Ms. Yolande out of the door of the private room, Lydia turned back, picked up the water and took another sip, and smiled to Roan who was sitting on the sofa:

"Don't you feel embarrassed when you say this?"

"As long as I don't feel embarrassed, it's someone else who is embarrassed."

Roan stretched out his hand, hugged Lydia in his arms, lowered his head and smiled and asked:

"By the way, how did you meet Ms. Yolande?"

"I run a bar. Isn't it normal to know a congressman's wife? It's just that I don't usually communicate much."

Lydia broke away from Roan's arms, turned her head and asked with a smile:

"But I didn't expect that she contacted me today and asked me to contact you. By the way, can you tell me secretly, what happened to the town of Skarsdale you mentioned?"

In fact, after knowing that the girl with the sling was Yolande's daughter, Roan simply contacted everything that happened that day, and roughly deduced the truth:

Ms. Yolande went to the doctor in the clinic for a physical examination. Because the number and time of the examination were too long, she attracted the attention of the girl in a sling.

But the girl in the sling was only suspicious and had no evidence, so she chose to skip class and drive to the clinic when Yolande went out for a physical examination again.

On the one hand, it is to verify the thoughts in my heart, on the other hand, I may also want to talk to my mother.

But I didn't expect that as soon as I entered the small town of Skarsdale, I met Roan and the gangster who shot passionately, and his back was injured.

The girl in the sling still had her own goal at this time, and the wound was not serious, so she didn't choose to make a big deal, but took advantage of the situation and went to the clinic with the wound.

At the entrance of the clinic, the girl in the sling saw her mother's car. When the clinic nurse was helping her with the wound, she might have heard what happened in the ward.

So after dealing with the wound, the angry sling girl got into her mother's car, ready to give her a 'surprise'.

But what she didn't expect was that the gangster who had shot at Roan earlier also set his sights on the car after stealing the medicine in the clinic.

The girl in the sling was injured and thrown into the trunk of the car.

Behind it is the story of Roan and the gangster driving each other and finally discovering the girl with a sling.

When Ms. Yolande learned that her daughter had appeared in the small town of Skarsdale and was injured by gangsters in her car, she should have guessed what happened to the girl in a suspender today.

Ms. Yolande didn't regret it afterwards. Roan didn't know, but he knew that Ms. Yolande chose to keep the money to keep her mouth shut in the end, so as to prevent these things from passing from outsiders to the ears of her husband Yale Congressman.

"No way, Lydia."

Roan simply went through the whole thing in his mind, then pointed to the check in his pocket and shook his head and refused:

"You know, I just got the thank you money from Ms. Yolande."

"Really can not?"

Lydia asked again.

"Really can not."

Roan shook his head and refused. He is a man of integrity. He always does what he says when he takes money to do things.

Hearing this, the corners of Lydia's mouth raised slightly, and she approached Roan's ear, whispering:

"Just tell me tonight"

"Um?"

Roan's eyes lit up when he heard this, he licked his lips, tilted his head and asked:

"you sure?"

"certainly!"

Taking a deep breath, Roan took off his suit jacket and hooked Lydia's chin:

"The rules of the gang, inspect the goods first, and then give the money."

"no problem!"

Lydia broke away from Roan's big hand with a smile, and got up from the sofa:

"But we're going to dinner first, then we're going to have a dance, and then we can inspect the goods."

"No problem, honey."

Roan nodded with a smile, and agreed to Lydia's request:

"Tonight, you have the final say."

Hearing Roan's offer of sweetness, she agreed to herself, and the corner of Lydia's mouth rose as she walked towards the changing room:

Heh, man.

Looking at the slender figure in the changing room, Roan, who was sitting on the sofa, rolled up the cuffs of his white shirt, and curled his mouth:

Let me see who you are and what purpose you have.

Also, how did your previous husbands die?

In the distance, in a high-rise building with flickering lights in the central area of Manhattan, in a spacious apartment, Vernis changed into a loose home clothes and was sitting in the study with her head down and writing materials.

Ding-

The computer next to her suddenly rang, and Vernis turned her head to look at the computer and found that it was an email.

Seeing the signature of the sender of the email, Vernis frowned.

This byline never sent her good news.

Sure enough, when she opened the email, Verinisi gritted her teeth tightly and her eyes were full of anger:

Regarding Agent Roann Greenwood's application to join the Columbus Foundation, the proposal was rejected.

Without hesitation, Vernis immediately picked up the phone beside her, pressed the number already rotten in her heart, and dialed it.

Soon, the phone was picked up by the opposite party, and Vernis said directly:

"Call Mr. Clement."

".OK."

After waiting for a few minutes, a voice finally came from the other end of the phone. She took a deep breath and suppressed the discomfort in her heart. Verniss didn't talk nonsense, and said directly:

"Why didn't I submit Roan Greenwood's application to join the foundation?"

"Because his level is too low."

FBI Washington Headquarters, the elderly white man in a suit snorted twice, raised his hand to signal the secretary to bring a folder, opened the folder, looked at it, and replied:

"Roann Greenwood has just become a full-time member less than 5 days ago, and he is only an official agent, so he is not eligible to join the Columbus Foundation."

Verinisi asked in a cold voice after hearing this:

"Why is the foundation called the Columbus Foundation? It's because we need to discover new continents, that is, new talents! Are you sure you don't want to pass Roan Greenwood's application?"

"I am sure."

beep beep—

Vernice didn't continue talking nonsense with the other party, and hung up the phone directly.

Chapter 48 Signature Pen (Please follow up!)

Hearing the busy signal on the phone, Clement didn't care. He threw the folder back to the secretary and said without emotion:

"Keep an eye on Roan Greenwood."

"Okay, sir."

The secretary turned and left. Clement lowered his head and continued to check the report, while whispering to himself:

"It is indeed a talent to solve a serial murder case in a short period of time. But it is not enough."

The level and so on are just reasons that Clement used to prevaricate Verenice.

The real reason for Clement to refuse the application is that he is not sure whether Roan's cracking of the murder case this time was just luck, or whether he really has the corresponding ability to solve the case.

The solving of many cases in the world is related to the luck of the person in charge of the case.

Unless Luo An can destroy the [Lake Female Corpse Serial Murder Case] written in the information in a short period of time, let this application wait for a while.

On the other side, after Vernis hung up the phone, she suppressed the anger in her heart, pondered for a long time, and guessed that the so-called insufficient level was just an excuse.

But it's useless to guess. It can only be solved by Roan himself.

"Let's inform Augustus tomorrow."

After thinking for a while, Vernis decided not to tell Roan about this matter, but to hold a meeting with Augustus tomorrow, and let him hurry up to solve the [Lake Female Corpse Serial Murder Case].

As long as the case can be solved in a short period of time, Clement will no longer be able to prevaricate himself, and Roan will be able to join the Foundation smoothly.

"snort."

With a cold snort, Vernis took out a small white notebook under the desk and wrote down what happened today.

'Clement prevaricates himself and prevents Roan Greenwood from joining the Foundation. '

On the line above this line, it is written:

'Augus uses the bus for private use, and drives the SUV of investigation team No. 5 to and from get off work. '

'Queen of Fire' bar.

Roan and Lydia returned directly to the manager's office on the fourth floor after a brief dinner.

Different from the music explosion and feasting scene on the first floor of the bar, the manager's office is very quiet, only the sound of soft dance music echoing.

Roan put his arms around Lydia's waist, accompanied by dance music, his eyes met, his body swayed slightly.

"Know it? Roan."

Footsteps moved slightly, and Lydia in a red dress stroked Roan's cheek with her right hand, and said with blurred eyes:

"The first time I saw you last night, I knew this was going to happen."

"Me too, honey."

Accompanied by the sound of music, Roan slid his right hand around Lydia's waist, and said with a chuckle:

"From the first time I saw you yesterday, I knew that you have carved a mark in my heart that I will never be able to erase."

The scumbag came out of his mouth as soon as he opened his mouth, and Roan secretly scolded Lacey, blaming her for teaching him badly.

Lacey lying in the car outside the bar: "???"

"I have some presents for you, honey."

Lydia smiled even more when she heard Roan's words. She pinched his **** hard, turned and left, and opened the door on the side of the office.

In the bedroom, there is a warm big bed in the center, and a hanger full of clothes is placed on the left side of the big bed.

On the right side, there are several bottles of wine soaked in ice cubes, and a working, steaming coffee machine.

Lydia sat down on the big bed, crossed her legs, pointed to the hanger beside her with a smile and said:

"Roan, tomorrow morning, I don't want to see these clothes again, can you do it?"

Looking at the dozens of clothes on the hanger, Roan frowned and laughed:

"certainly!"

But Roan didn't go to the big bed immediately, but raised his pants, pointed to the bathroom beside him and said with a smile:

"During the meal just now, the clothes were stained with some smell, I want to take a shower first, together?"

"No, you go first."

Lydia shook her head and refused, letting Roan go first, expressing that she would prepare a big surprise for him.

"Waiting for you, honey!"

Looking at the back of Roan entering the bathroom, Lydia blew him a kiss, and the smile on her face shrank slightly.

Hearing the sound of water in the bathroom, Lydia left the bedroom and walked to the desk beside her, and took out a signature pen from the pen holder.

Go back to the bed, take out a bottle of wine from the ice, open it and pour it into two goblets, point the signature pen to one of the goblets and press lightly, a few drops of transparent liquid will flow from the nib. The nib flowed out slowly, and the wine in the glass rippled.

Simply shaking the wine glass, Lydia hooked the corner of her mouth slightly, threw the signature pen under the bed, and then stretched out her hand towards the ice cube beside her.

Lydia raised the corners of her lips slightly, and said in a low voice, "Add some ice cubes to the wine glass, it tastes better."

"Really? Then I will add some for you."

Roan picked up an ice cube beside Lydia and gently put it in the wine glass.

Lydia: "."

Seeing the shock and bewilderment on the face of the other party, the smile on Roan's face remained the same:

"What's the matter? Honey? Didn't you want ice cubes?"

Before this, Roan still had a little bit of longing, hoping that Lydia would just be greedy for her body and have no other thoughts.

But relying on his previous life's killer ability, Roan quietly walked out of the bathroom, and when he saw Lydia adding ingredients to the wine glass, he couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

If there are no accidents, the deaths of Lydia's previous husbands should not be accidents.

But Roan was puzzled, why did Lydia follow her?

He has no money, no house and no car. Two have no background, both parents died. Relying on his teammates for work, sleeping in a hotel, it can be said that he has nothing but handsomeness.

What can you do if you stare at yourself? Let him steal information from the FBI?

Then it would be more reliable to go to the CIA.

"Honey, don't get me wrong."

Lydia looked at Roan who was smiling beside her, and tried hard to suppress the panic in her heart. She moved her left hand slightly, and a beautiful smile appeared on her face again:

"It's just a little fun potion, the kind that makes you happier tonight."

"Oh, is it so?"

Roan looked at her with a smile, pointed at her back, and said:

"If you hadn't held the pin in your left hand when you spoke, the reasoning might have been more convincing."

".Shit!"

Hearing Roan's words, Lydia cursed secretly, and stopped pretending at the moment, her eyes flickered coldly, she threw the wine glass towards Roan's face with a false move with her right hand, blocking his sight, and at the same time followed up with her left hand, pinching the pin Xiang Luoan's neck, the moves are simple and practical, without muddle along.

It's a pity that Roan never gave up his defense against Lydia after seeing the other party pouring medicine into the wine glass.

The moment the other party made a move, Roan immediately picked up another wine glass on the table in front of his neck, blocking the pin in Lydia's hand, and at the same time grabbed Lydia's right hand, turned the opening of the wine glass towards her, With a shake, the wine instantly spilled over Lydia's face.

Jingle Bell-

Lydia fell to the ground, and Roan's cell phone rang suddenly. When he took it out, it turned out to be Lacey.

"Hello?"

Chapter 49 NSA (seeking to follow up!)

"Thank God you're still alive."

Hearing that there was no strange voice coming from the other end of the phone, Lacey snorted coldly:

"Have you not started the game with Lydia yet? Or is it over?"

"Your last sentence is an insult to me."

Roan rolled his eyes: "I'm fine, let's talk later."

Hung up the phone, Roan bent down to pick up the dropped pin, saw an unnatural blue light on the tip of the pin, and laughed:

"You really gave me a big surprise tonight, honey, what is this? Some kind of neurotoxin?"

"Fu-k!"

Lydia, who was slumped on the ground, cursed secretly. After wiping off the drink on her face, she raised her head and gave Roan a hard look, and then explained in a flat tone:

"It's not a toxin, but a potion that can quickly make people faint."

"Just fainted?"

Roan's eyelids moved, and he bent down to look at Lydia, who was a little makeup but still very beautiful, and laughed:

"Do you think I believe it or not?"

"snort!"

Lydia snorted coldly, raised her hair to reveal her snow-white neck: "You can try piercing me."

"OK."

Hearing this, Roan's eyes flickered, and then he raised his hand and stabbed Lydia's neck with a pin.

"F"

Feeling the faint tingling pain from her neck, Lydia's eyes widened instantly, but as soon as she uttered a word, she rolled her eyes and fell back.

He reached out and touched Lydia's conscience, making sure that her heart was still beating and she was not dead.

Roan nodded: "It really isn't a toxin."

When Lydia said that the pin was not toxin and lifted her hair, Luo An was half convinced.

Some people would risk their own lives, but women like Lydia are obviously not like that.

At the same time, Roan also judged that Lydia's real identity was probably not an agent, let alone a spy.

High probability, not 100%.

The reason is very simple. Lydia is rich, beautiful and has a good figure, and she is not too old at the age of 30.

Food is not the most expensive in the world, but it is not cheap either. All behaviors in life are aligned with the word enjoyment.

Although the "Flame Queen" bar is not ranked in the whole city of New York, it is also well-known in Manhattan.

This kind of woman cannot be an agent, and the basic requirement of an agent is not to attract attention.

Lydia's behavior, actions, and this face full of temptation perfectly avoided the basic requirements of the agent.

Spies are also impossible. As I said before, the FBI has investigated Lydia. If she is really a spy, it is impossible for the FBI to find out all the problems.

After excluding agents and spies, there is another possibility of Lydia's identity, Roan's previous life's colleague—the killer.

But Lydia's skills are average, and her behavior in the bar every day can't be called swagger, it can also be called swagger.

No killer in the world would do that.

Besides, Roan, the former killer, didn't feel the slightest bit of killer temperament in Lydia.

After temporarily ruling out these possibilities, Roan couldn't guess what Lydia's identity was.

If you can't think of it, don't think about it. You're just in a coma. Just wait for Lydia to wake up and ask directly.

Without hesitation, Roan bent down and hugged Lydia, who had fallen into a coma, onto the bed. He took out a few black silk from the clothes hanger next to him, folded it in half several times, and then lifted Lydia's hands up and tied them to the head of the bed.

The same goes for your feet.

Then

Roan turned and left the bedroom, walked to the desk in the manager's office, and began to search for information related to Lydia's true identity.

A few minutes later, Lydia woke up slowly.

Feeling the bound hands and feet, Lydia's heart beat violently, she twisted her body slightly, and found that the feeling of the clothes was still there, and then she calmed down.

"Shit!"

Gritting her silver teeth tightly, Lydia twisted her hands calmly, preparing to break free from the stockings that bound her, while scolding Roan from the bottom of her heart, and at the same time preparing to teach him a profound lesson in the future.

At this moment, Roan suddenly walked over from the manager's office. Seeing this, Lydia hurriedly stopped and closed her eyes to pretend that she was still awake.

"Stop pretending, honey."

Instead of playing the little game of 'guess, I guess, are you awake' with Lydia, Roan held a signature pen of the same type that Lydia had thrown under the bed before, which he found in the dark compartment of the desk.

Holding it in his hand, Roan sat down beside Lydia and said with a smile:

"Now that you're awake, let's talk. Come on, the first question, who are you?"

"you"

Lydia opened her eyes, eyes full of anger, and just about to yell, Roan pressed the pen.

A drop of liquid flowed out and landed on Lydia's cheek. Roan's tone was amiable, with a warm smile:

"Don't swear, honey."

"I"

Seeing that the signature pen was getting closer and closer to her mouth, Lydia subconsciously moved her body backwards anxiously, but her hands and feet were bound, and the moving distance was really limited. After she woke up, she hurriedly shouted:

"I'm a senior NSA informant!"

Hearing this, Luo An was stunned.

NSA, full name National Security Agency, is the National Security Agency of the United States, which belongs to the Department of Defense and is an intelligence agency of the federal government.

Seeing Roan's expressionless face, Lydia thought he didn't believe it, so she hurriedly explained:

"It's real here! I didn't lie to you! You can call ** this number! The other party is my person in charge! She can prove my identity!"

After a moment of silence, Roan temporarily moved the pen in his hand away from her face, fixed his eyes on Lydia, and asked sharply:

"Why is your Security Bureau targeting me?"

"The Security Bureau is not targeting you, all this is just my private behavior."

Seeing that her identity has been completely exposed, Lydia sighed, and stopped hiding it now, and said directly:

"I just want to use your identity to approach the agent of your No. 5 investigation team: Mona Evans."

Mona Evans, whose father's name is Javari Evans, is a staff operation officer of the Operations Department in a certain CIA field.

During a certain mission a year ago, an operation commanded by Mona's father resulted in casualties beyond the plan.

And in the follow-up investigation, it was found that a large amount of funds in this mission were unknown, so after the mission ended, the CIA started a systematic investigation of Mona's father.

"What does this have to do with your NSA?"

Hearing this, Roan was a little puzzled. Even if Mona's father enriched himself, it was an internal problem of the CIA itself, and it was not the NSA's turn to intervene.

Besides, the CIA has enriched its own pockets a lot, and Mona's father is no different.

"You are right, the matter has nothing to do with the NSA."

Lydia nodded and agreed with Roan's statement, but then said that half a year ago, when the NSA was monitoring an organized crime group in the Los Angeles area, it suddenly heard "Jacquel Joe En' name.

And this Jacquier, according to the data, was one of the soldiers killed in Mona's father's failed operation.

Chapter 50 Potion

After confirming that Roan had no intention of continuing to do anything, Lydia breathed a sigh of relief and continued to tell the ins and outs of the whole incident.

After finding out the identity of 'Jacquele', the NSA immediately sent someone to the CIA to inquire, wanting to know what happened to the original failed operation and what was the relationship with Mona's father. 'Jacquele' next What actions will be taken, will it pose a threat to the top government

"Wait a minute, Lydia."

Hearing this, Roan interrupted Lydia's narration with a wave of his hand, and asked in a deep voice:

"What does this have to do with Mona? And, what does this have to do with me?"

Lydia, who was interrupted, was a little upset, but seeing the signature pen in Roan's hand, she hummed twice and changed to a more comfortable position before explaining:

"As I said before, Mona's father had worked in the CIA for over 30 years, and the NSA couldn't find useful clues on this old agent.

So they started monitoring Mona Evans, hoping to find a breakthrough in his daughter. "

Roan frowned when he heard this. He didn't expect that Mona, an FBI, actually had a CIA father, and he was also monitored by the NSA

Hey guy, the American intelligence organization is here for a meeting?

Speaking of this, Lydia saw Roan's uncertain expression, and her voice slowly stopped.

"Um?"

As soon as the voice disappeared, Roan regained his attention immediately, picked up the signature pen and put it on Lydia's cheek again, and asked in a deep voice:

"Go on, what does these things have to do with me? Why are you staring at me?"

"This was actually an accident, Roan."

Looking at Roan's face becoming faster than her own, Lydia snorted coldly in her heart and cursed loudly, but she still explained honestly:

"After I heard about this incident from my supervisor, I thought about how to get close to Mona and establish a good relationship with her, so as to try to get useful clues.

According to the agreement, as long as I can get useful leads, I can get a lot of money from the person in charge.

But in the process of investigating Mona, I found that this woman is just as difficult to deal with as her father.

She doesn't have a boyfriend or girlfriend, and she goes shopping alone, and ignores anyone who strikes up a conversation.

My daily life is only accompanied by the computer, and I really can't find a suitable reason to approach her.

A few days ago, I learned that Mona had suddenly changed from a trainee agent to a full-time agent, and the person who helped her was named Roanne Greenwood, so I"

"So you decided to approach me, use me as a breakthrough, approach Mona, and then use Mona as a breakthrough to investigate Mona's father, right?"

Following Lydia's words, Roan took it, and then was very speechless.

What is this, playing games? In order to defeat the big boss, first go to copy A, in order to pass copy A, you need to pass copy B

Seeing the speechless expression on Roan's face, Lydia was also very wronged.

What can she do? Mona, like her father, is cautious and always on guard against others. She has no way to get close to her.

If Roan hadn't appeared, she would have given up on this mission.

Judging from the information she collected, Roan, who also helped Mona, can become her friend.

The remaining Lacey, Ryder and other members of the No. 5 investigation team are just teammates to Mona.

After figuring out the ins and outs of the matter, Roan was going to talk to Mona at work tomorrow, telling her to be more careful in the future, and then turned his gaze back to Lydia, with a smile slowly showing on his face.

"What are you going to do?"

Seeing the expression on Roan's face, Lydia's heart skipped a beat, and she quickly backed away.

She can see now that Roan is definitely not as kind as he appears on the surface. When he meets something that is not good for him, the speed of changing his face is as fast as those guys from the NSA.

No, he is scarier than those in the NSA, at least when the NSA interrogates others, they don't smile!

"Don't worry, Lydia, as long as you answer a few questions, I won't do anything to you."

Seeing Lydia's panicked expression, Roan helped her brush away the broken hair on her forehead, raised the pen in his hand with a smile, and asked:

"I'm just a little confused, what is the liquid inside? Why are you so scared?"

"this"

Lydia's throat tightened, she swallowed and explained:

"It's really just a pleasure potion, the kind that makes you happier."

"you sure?"

"I am sure."

Looking at what he asked, Lydia didn't let go. Luo An felt more and more that the potion was not simple, so he got up and walked aside, turned his back to Lydia, and took out two new goblets.

Taking advantage of the situation, he also took out the [Sensitive Potion] from the system.

Turning around, Roan walked to the big bed and poured some wine into two goblets.

In front of Lydia, Roan poured all the liquid in the signature pen into the goblet on the left, and poured all the [Sensitive Potion] in the small glass bottle into the goblet on the right.

Shaking it a few times, Roan walked up to Lydia with two goblets and laughed:

"If it's really a ***** potion, how about you choose the one on the left?"

Lydia frantically rubbed her stockings with her hands, almost crying on her face:

"Roan, my dear, I was wrong, I'm sorry, don't choose okay, you can play whatever you want tonight, you can do whatever you want"

Roan frowned, why does this sound like I am forcing others?

I'm not a bad person, obviously I'm the victim.

If it wasn't for my quick response, maybe I would be the one who is ***** now.

Shaking his head, Roan asked in a gentle tone:

"Lydia, tell me, will the medicine in the signature pen cause death on the spot?"

Lydia's voice trembled: "No, no."

Roan nodded, pointed to the goblet on the right and said: "The potion in this cup will not kill people on the spot, I didn't lie to you.

It's just that the follow-up will make you suffer for a long time, the kind of pain that makes you feel miserable. "

Hearing that her life was not in danger, Lydia swallowed: "Really?"

Luo An's heart sank, but the expression on his face remained the same, still gentle and indifferent:

"Of course it is true, Lydia, I don't need to lie to you. And you are a senior informant of the NSA, I will definitely not kill you.

Actually, as long as you tell me what is the composition of the medicine in that signature pen, and then answer my other question truthfully, I will let you go now, and you don't have to drink the glass of wine on the right, how about it?

In addition, even if you drink the glass of wine on the right, you will still answer my question, but you will be tortured. "

Seeing that the expression on Roan's face did not seem to be fake, Lydia hesitated for a moment, and whispered:

"I drink the glass on the right."

Hearing this, Roan's heart sank completely.

Lydia would rather bet that she could survive the torture, even drinking a potion that she didn't know what it was, rather than drinking the potion in the signature pen, and even less willing to tell herself its ingredients.

But she just wanted to drink the potion in the signature pen, what does it mean.

Extract of white flour?

Want to use that kind of thing to control yourself and get close to Mona?

What about after approaching Mona? Is that thing addictive?

How serious is the addiction?

Also, my back pain before, is it because of the medicine in the signature pen?

A lot of questions filled his mind. Looking at Lydia's exquisite face, and thinking of those people who ate flour, and ended up eating flour, Roan was in a very complicated mood.

Put the wine glass on the right to Lydia's mouth and pour it slowly. Lydia opened her mouth and drank it clean in a few seconds.

Tilting her head and wiping her mouth with the pillow on the bed, Lydia watched Roan throw the wine glass containing the liquid of the signature pen aside, slightly relaxed her anxiety, and asked tentatively:

"Roan, I'm already drunk, how are you going to torture me?"

Speaking of this, Lydia saw that Roan's expression was wrong, and suddenly realized after thinking for two seconds, she turned over and made a seductive arc on the bed, her tone was full of charm:

"Alternatively, you can let me go and we can have a good night, I liked your efforts last night"

Roan turned around, found a bunch of cosmetics in Lydia's bag, picked out a white makeup brush, sat back beside Lydia, and asked:

"Try this?"

One minute later: