

## **FBI Detective 471**

Chapter 471 Sewers, fighting on the platform, news of suspension

The building where the SWAT team, the Special Investigation Team and others are currently located belongs to the older ones. The underground parking lot, sewer pipes, and subway all have connections between them that ordinary people are unaware of.

Roan realized this. He had been thinking about the reason why Eneston went to the underground parking lot. Judging from the two entrances and exits of the underground parking lot and several stairs and elevators, the place was a dead place.

But if you focus on the drainage system of the underground parking lot, then Eneston has a good reason.

Coupled with the route of the smashed surveillance camera discovered by Mona, as well as the traces of the grid drain in front of him being twisted and the missing screws, Luo An can be 100% sure that Eneston left the underground parking from here. field.

“Sonof better than eating!”

“Motherfu-ker!”

After listening to Luo An's words, Winslow and Chenelle quickly thought of this.

After all the SWAT team members in the underground parking lot said that they had not discovered anything, the two of them suddenly looked even worse.

"Winslow, Lacey, take people to the nearby subway station. If there is an emergency, completely block the area."

Luo An snorted coldly, bent down and opened the mesh drain outlet, and then said:

“Chenelle, you and I start from here to arrest people!”

The space in the drain hole is not very big. Chenelle's figure can easily enter it, and Roan can barely squeeze in. Winslow's figure is too strong and cannot get in at all.

"clear!"

Winslow nodded heavily and quickly took Lacey and the SWAT team members to the nearby subway station.

Walking along the narrow drainage opening, Luo An and Chenelle entered a sewer pipe after not walking far.

Although this sewer pipe exuded an indescribable odor, under the light of the front light of the gun, Luo An and Cheniel could clearly see the traces left by someone walking in front of them.

Chenier glanced at Luo An with admiration and pointed to the traces of sewage splashing not far away:

“It seems that Eneston did leave from here.”

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly, nodded without saying anything, and then walked forward while using the "emotional perception" in his mind to check the situation ahead.

Sewer pipes extend in all directions. Luo An and Cheniel followed the traces on the ground, passed through several turns, and suddenly walked out of the sewer and arrived at a house built between several huge metal pipes.

This kind of house is a maintenance room for subway workers. Chenelle quickly broke into the room and did not see Eneston. She only saw a few pieces of smelly clothes thrown on the ground.

Obviously, this was the clothes that Eneston had prepared before. He just walked out of the sewer and quickly changed the clothes here.

"damn it!"

Chenelle stomped on the clothes on the ground, her face was very ugly. She didn't expect Eneston to be so fast.

Roan's face was not angry at all, and the corners of his mouth even raised slightly. He grabbed Chenelle and walked out, saying as he walked:

“Stop scolding, the nearby subway station is 300 meters to the left of this house. There are still 4 minutes until the subway arrives. Let's go there to arrest people!”

Chenier subconsciously followed Luo An and ran towards the subway station, but she still didn't understand why Luo An judged that the other party must have gone to the subway station.

“I wasn't sure before, but now I'm sure when I see these clothes.”

Roan said that since Eneston changed his clothes, it meant that he had no intention of continuing to escape from the sewer. The reason for changing his clothes was most likely because he did not want to attract the attention of passers-by and law enforcement officers.

The most popular place nearby is the subway station not far away.

The distance of 300 meters was nothing to Luo An and Cheniel. They quickly ran to the subway platform.

At this time, nearly a hundred people had gathered on the platform. Under the astonished eyes of passers-by, Luo An, who was smelling bad, jumped from the rails to the subway platform and walked quickly to the other side of the platform.

Cheniere on the railway track twitched her mouth when she saw this scene. She quickly climbed onto the platform and carefully scanned every passerby around her.

boom! boom! boom!

"ah-"

"Help!"

Suddenly, three gunshots rang out not far ahead. A group of passers-by hurriedly bent down, held their heads, screamed and fled. Chenier quickly looked up to where the gunshots came from, and found that Luo An was already with a violin box. The men started fighting.

Enestone, who was wearing a brown leather jacket, jeans, and glasses, looked at Luo An with shock written all over his eyes. Eneston didn't understand how Luo An discovered him. Luo An just walked straight towards him. Not only that, Eneston secretly took out a pistol, aimed at Luo An and pulled the trigger. However, he never expected that Luo An seemed to have expected it. When it came to his movements, he actually dodged his bullets to the left in advance and rushed towards him like a cheetah.

"Fu-k!"

Enestone leaned back, quickly dodged the fist that appeared in front of him, took out a dagger to fight back, and asked with a ferocious face:

"Where did you come from, monster?"

Roan grinned, dodged the flashing dagger, grabbed Eneston's arm, and said coldly:

"Very well, Mr. Eneston, you now have another libel charge!"

While chasing Eneston all the way, Luo An always opened up the "emotional perception" in his mind.

Arrived at this subway platform, passers-by saw Luo An wearing an FBI body armor. They were curious, confused, and disgusted with his feelings.

But the cold and undisguised emotion of wanting to kill Luo An was the only one holding the violin case, so Luo An immediately targeted him.

simultaneously!

A cold light flashed, and the clothes on Luo An's shoulders were instantly cut open by the dagger in Eneston's hand. At the same time, Luo An snatched the pistol hidden in Eneston's hand and waist, then flew up with a kick, and hit hard Kicked Eneston in the stomach.

A huge force came from his belly, and Eneston flew out instantly and hit the square pillar of the subway platform hard.

“Don't move! Throw away the weapon!”

Chenier also ran here at this time. She raised her pistol and stared at Eneston, saying sternly:

“Put your hands behind your head! Get on the ground!”

“Hehehe...”

Enestone, who was leaning against the square pillar, spat out a mouthful of blood, looked at Chenier coldly, raised his hand to wipe the blood around his mouth, grinned a few times, and then suddenly pounced on a passerby girl not far away.

"ah-"

boom! boom! boom!

Chenelle shot directly without hesitation, hitting all three shots, but Eneston still gritted his teeth and endured the pain, and ran to the white girl with a frightened face.

Enestone no longer has the idea of counterattack in his mind. First, because Cheniel appeared, there were two people on the opponent's side, and he did not have an advantage in two against one.

The second reason is because Eneston found that he could not defeat the male FBI!

After the fight just now, Eneston discovered that the male FBI was not only stronger than him, but also had a firm hold on him. He also had no idea what the guy ate and grew up. He seemed to have an average figure, but his strength was not that great. !

As soon as the two of them fought, Eneston was stunned by Luo An's fist. If it weren't for the dagger in his hand, Eneston felt that he might not be able to hold on now.

“Get this hostage and get out of here!”

With a ferocious expression on his face, Eneston stretched out his right hand toward the girl's neck. He also had a dagger in his hand. There were so many passers-by at the scene. Eneston believed that the two FBI agents in front of him would never dare to do so in front of so many people. Ignore the safety of the hostages!

The next second, Eneston suddenly felt a gust of wind in his right ear, and before he could react, a familiar fist appeared in front of him.

Roan moved to the girl's side like lightning, punched Erneston \*\*\*\* the face, and a mouthful of blood mixed with teeth spurted out. Erneston felt his eyesight go black, and then he completely lost consciousness...

“Chenelle, handcuff him, and don't forget to call an ambulance.”

Handlessly catching the young girl who was so frightened that her body was limp, Luo An answered the phone that had been ringing since just now:

"What's wrong?"

After finishing speaking, Lacey's anxious voice suddenly sounded on the other end of the phone:

“Roan, I just received news that team leader Potente Byrne has been suspended!”

Chapter 472 The bigger hidden secret behind the case

Southern Los Angeles, a subway station platform.

At this time, nearly a hundred passers-by stood on both sides, forming two human walls. All eyes were on the two men and women wearing FBI body armor, especially Luo An, who was on the phone.

Just now, the scene where Luo An punched to the flesh, pressing down on Eneston and beating him, saw many men present with their eyes wide open in shock.

The women present were more excited than the men. The image of Luo An moving quickly in front of Eneston like a cheetah and knocking him to the ground with one punch caused many women to scream.

Looking at Luo An's handsome face, the younger girls present wished they could take their place and become the blond woman in Luo An's arms.

The more mature women in the department present had already begun to move quietly towards Luo An and Chenille, preparing to find ways to get Luo An's contact information.

Chenelle: “...”

Luo An ignored the looks of these passers-by. He was more concerned about what Lacey had just said on the phone, and asked in a low voice with a serious face:

“What happened to Potente-Byrne's suspension? Can you find out the specific circumstances?”

“Sorry, can't find it.”

Lacey looked a little anxious. She had just heard this news from some people within the FBI in Los Angeles. She was sure it was true news, but she didn't know what happened specifically.

At this moment, Chenelle, who had just handcuffed Eneston, suddenly heard the phone ringing in her pocket.

Chenelle pressed the answer button and her face instantly became serious when she heard the voice inside. Then she looked up at Luo An and said:

“Luo An, I'm looking for you.”

Luo An frowned slightly, lowered the blond girl in his arms to the ground, walked to Chenier, and asked in a low voice:

"who?"

Chenier didn't make a sound, she just made a mouth shape:

“Director.”

When Luo An saw this, his mind suddenly became filled with thoughts, but his expression remained unchanged on the surface. He took Cheniere's phone, coughed lightly and said:

“This is Luoan.”



“I am the director of the FBI's Los Angeles field office.”

The serious voice of a man who was not particularly unfamiliar to Luo An sounded on the other end of the phone. The branch director said directly without any nonsense:

“Leave the scene to the members of the special investigation team. You should return to the branch building immediately and come to my office.”

“Okay Director.”

After receiving a positive reply, the branch director immediately hung up the phone. Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly, handed the phone back to Cheniel, pondered for a few seconds, and whispered:

“Chenelle, I will \*\*\*\* Eneston to the hospital with Winslow and Lacey.

Also, I need you to do something...”

Luo An whispered a few words into Cheniel's ear. Cheniel was silent for a few seconds and just nodded heavily.

“Good.”

He patted Chenille on the shoulder. A few minutes later, the ambulance and Winslow and others arrived at the scene. Luo An immediately drove alone and returned to the FBI Los Angeles branch building.

Nasim Hernandez, Director of the FBI Los Angeles Division, is a white male, slightly fat, 63 years old.

This is not the first time Luo An has met with the branch director.

During the previous investigation of the [First Lady's Auction Bombing Case], two bombs were planted in a villa in Beverly Hills, and the branch director was also at the reception at that time

After Luo An successfully solved the bomb crisis, the branch director took the opportunity to introduce the identities of the guests at the banquet to Luo An, and his words were full of praise for Luo An.

Arriving at the director's office, Luo An knocked on the door and pushed the door open after receiving permission:

“Good evening, Director.”

"Good evening, come here and sit on the chair." Behind the desk, the branch director raised his head and smiled slightly, waving to Luo An, motioning for Luo An to sit on the chair in front of his desk.

After a few simple greetings, the branch director asked directly:

“You have led the team to capture the murderer of the Lyndon-Osborne family, right?”

“Yes, Director.”

"very good."

Getting a positive reply from Luo An, the branch director nodded with satisfaction, then pulled out a folded piece of paper from his desk and handed it to Luo An, and said at the same time:

“Potent-Byrne's suspension is temporary. As long as no problems are found after the review, he will return to his original position.”

Luo An's expression did not change when he heard this. He didn't say anything more and silently opened the paper and looked at it.

At the top of the paper, there is a long list of English names. Luo An roughly counted about 30 people.

Under the names of the 30 people, there are words written by former group director Lyndon Osborne during his lifetime.

The content in the text is not complicated. Before the former team leader Lyndon Osborne officially retired, when he was leading the handling of a certain case, the undercover agent he sent was discovered by the enemy leader for some reason and his true identity was discovered. He was brutally killed. The enemy leader was also in the FBI. During the subsequent operation, he was accidentally killed by a stray bullet.

It happens every year that undercover agents are exposed and killed.

Lyndon Osborne, as usual, apologized to the undercover relatives and offered some compensation.

After sitting in the position of team leader for so many years, Lyndon Osborne has become a little indifferent and accustomed to this kind of thing.

While sorting out the undercover's lifetime information later, Lyndon Osborne suddenly discovered something not quite right.

It sounds a little cruel, but for the work of undercover agents, the FBI has a "death indicator" every year after the undercover agent is discovered.

The significance of this indicator is to use the number of undercover deaths each year to evaluate information such as the job evaluation of management personnel dispatched undercover. The indicator is assessed every six months.

When carefully comparing the cases in which other team supervisors and other managers at the same level needed to send undercover agents, Lyndon Osborne discovered:

For some unknown reason, an undercover agent was brutally killed after being discovered by a criminal leader who discovered his true identity, and then the leader of the criminal organization died due to various reasons, which happens every year.

Lyndon Osborne didn't think much about it at first, thinking it was just a coincidence, but after further investigation, he discovered a strange phenomenon:

The number of deaths if a management personnel dispatches an undercover agent that year is still a long way from the annual "undercover death indicator" figure.

Then there is a 100% chance that one of the undercover agents sent by this management staff will reveal his true identity for some reason and be killed by the criminal gang leader.

Killing this undercover criminal leader will lead to his subsequent death in strange ways due to various reasons.

On the other hand, if a managerial personnel dispatched undercover agents to die that year, the number of deaths has exceeded the "undercover death indicator."

Then, 60% of the undercover agents dispatched by this management staff to a certain case will survive successfully, but 100% of the time, the undercover agent's identity will not be exposed inexplicably.

Lyndon-Osborne also found that these undercover death cases occurred to 1-2 management figures every year, 1-2 times, and each time was 5-6 months apart.

Once is an accident, twice is a coincidence, what are the three times?

What's more, the number of such cases has reached double digits and spans more than 6 years!

Looking at the situation he found out, Lyndon Osborne's face changed drastically, and he felt the hair standing on end all over his body.

The only explanation he can think of is that there is a cautious and cunning mole within the FBI's Los Angeles branch, who has been exposed as an undercover agent one after another, and whose status is definitely not low!

After tossing and turning for a long time, Lyndon Osborne finally reported his findings to Nasim Hernandez, director of the FBI's Los Angeles branch.

Just in case, Lyndon Osborne secretly told Potente Byrne about the incident before reporting it to the director.

Because Potente Byrne has a good relationship with Lyndon Osborne, Potente Byrne has been with the FBI's Los Angeles branch for less than two years and has been operating outside the federal government before. There is no way he is involved in this case. The mastermind.

If something unexpected happens to him, Lyndon Osborne also believes in Potente Byrne. He is absolutely capable of investigating the truth of this case and avenging him.

After reading the contents of the paper, Luo An's eyebrows were beating fast, and he had only one thought in his heart:

The undercover business is indeed a big pitfall.

Chapter 473 The Director's Arrangements, Potente-Byrne's Role

The Federation is a country that advocates individual heroism. When fighting a certain big red guy, the people of the Federation didn't understand why that country's agents refused to betray even after being tortured to death.

Federal agents who believed that these people had been brainwashed began to study the occult that could control people's minds, selectively ignoring the importance of faith.

Due to a lack of faith and persistence and focusing more on personal interests, countless federal law enforcement personnel defect or become gangsters every year, and they cannot be traced at all.

When the enemy is evil and ruthless, the boss may not be reliable; even if the boss is reliable, the boss's boss may not be reliable, to be an undercover agent with a future full of uncertainty... Luo An directly stepped on this option into the trash can. .

Putting the paper back on the desk, Director Nasim crossed his hands, looked at Luo An, and said seriously:

“I was also shocked at first by Lyndon Osborne's discovery.”

Roan's expression did not change when he heard this. On that piece of paper, Lyndon Osborne had suggested to Director Nasim to launch an investigation into the top brass in the FBI branch building.

But Director Nasim did not carry out this plan. Luo An figured out the reason as soon as his head turned. Compared to Linden, Director Nasim thought more about it.

The building of the FBI's Los Angeles branch looks like a strict barrier, but in fact it is a big sieve full of loopholes.

Except for some highly confidential information, ordinary information cannot be hidden from anyone. Once a large-scale investigation is launched, I am afraid that the matter will be published in the Los Angeles News in a few hours, and the entire federal government will know about it in a day.

With such a big scandal exposed, it is not certain whether Nasim's position as branch director is stable.

Director Nasim then told Luo An that he had left the matter of finding the mole to Linden for secret investigation. After all, Linden was nominally retired and it was easier to hide his true situation.

But I never expected that the murderer would be so cruel, causing Linden and his wife to die directly in the explosion.

Luo An was silent, he thought of some other aspects.

For example, Linden was able to confirm that Potente-Byrne was not the mastermind behind this case, and Director Nasim could not have thought of it.

Suspending Potente-Byrne for investigation is most likely Director Nasim's way of protecting him.

It not only allows others to draw their attention away from the relationship between Potente-Bourne and the Linden family's death case, but also prepares for Potente-Byrne to lead the investigation of this case in the future and find the mole.

Sure enough, Director Nasim then raised his hand to fold the paper on the table and said that Luo An would lead the special investigation team detectives to investigate this case carefully. The length of time is not important. What is important is that there must not be too many people. Attention, pay attention to your own safety at the same time, and find out the truth.

...I understand, Director.”

Hearing this, Luo An grinned and nodded. He understood the meaning of Director Nasim's words:

Making it a priority to keep secrets and not attract attention. There is no need to rush the investigation of the case. Luo An's level is still too low at the moment. In the future, Potente Byrne, a tall man in the management, will come out to lead them to solve the case. The current priority of the special investigation team is to ensure their own safety.

“Good.”

Director Nasim nodded with satisfaction, then briefly praised Luo An's performance some time ago, and then handed Luo An a document, which contained an opportunity to go to "Quantico" for further study.

"And one more thing."

Just when Luo An was about to get up and leave, Director Nasim suddenly handed Luo An another folder, indicating that Horst from the Supervision Department had been temporarily transferred to the Special Investigation Team.

"...OK."

Luo An raised his eyebrows. The man behind this case was definitely not someone from the Special Investigation Team. Horst had no need to monitor every move of the Special Investigation Team. So this person was obviously sent to do protection work.

After all, the mastermind behind the scenes even dared to blow up Lyndon Osborne with a bomb. Who knows if the other party would attack someone in the special investigation team? Once an emergency situation occurs in the special investigation team, Horst from the Supervision Department will You can quickly contact Director Naseem for assistance.

Stepping out of the director's office, Luo An looked at the folder in his hand, brows relaxed and let out a sigh of relief.

Since according to the arrangement of Director Nasim, the follow-up investigation of this case is under the responsibility of team leader Potente Byrne, Luo An is not in a hurry.

At present, Luo An has led the team to catch the murderer of Lyndon Osborne, and their contributions will definitely be indispensable afterwards.

Coupled with the complexity of the behind-the-scenes circumstances of this case, which involves higher-level officials than the team leader, it is naturally a good choice to wait for Potente-Byrne to come out and investigate later.

Whether it will be a success or a failure in the future, with the FBI's habit of searching one level at a time, it will naturally be Potente-Byrne's business.

Taking the elevator back to the Special Investigation Team, Luo An called Chenelle while changing her clothes:

"How's the trial going?"



Because he didn't know what was going on with Director Nasim in advance and the case might be stolen, before returning to the FBI Los Angeles branch building, Roan asked Chenille and Winslow to secretly find the killer Enestone. He was sent to another hospital to prevent other investigation teams from robbing people. Chenelle also followed Roan's instructions. After Eneston finished the operation in the hospital, she and Winslow started the interrogation work directly, without giving Eneston a chance to rest.

“Sorry, it's still a little short.”

Chenelle on the other end of the phone frowned. Eneston was not an ordinary tough talker and refused to cooperate no matter what the two of them said.

“OK, I'll be there soon.”

Luo An frowned slightly, picked up the coffee and drank it in one gulp. Not long after, Horst from the Supervision Department came here.

Luo An didn't talk nonsense to him and took him directly to the hospital.

“Are you conducting an interrogation of the murderer?”

Hearing what Chenelle and Winslow were doing, Horst, wearing a suit and tie with a serious face, frowned and said in a solemn voice:

“The director's order is that the case will be handed over to the team leader Potente to lead the investigation afterwards.”

“That's right, it's true.”

Luo An turned the steering wheel, drove the SUV into another street, and replied with a smile:

“But even if Potente, the team leader, begins an investigation, the first step will definitely be to interrogate Eneston, who was captured by us.

This kind of work will definitely still be done by our special investigation team in the future. Since there is no change before and after, what are the problems with our current interrogation? ”

Horst, who had a serious face, remained silent for a few seconds because what Luo An said was very reasonable and he could not think of a reason to refute it.

Luo An glanced at Horst calmly, and raised the corners of his mouth slightly.

The SUV quickly arrived at the hospital where the murderer Eneston was staying. After parking the car on the side of the road, Roan gave Horst a thumbs up.

Horst was the first person to sit in a car driven by Luo An for the first time, and his expression remained unchanged from beginning to end.

Walking into the hospital and arriving at Eneston's ward, Chenelle and Winslow were standing at the door of the ward waiting for Roan.

“This is Horst from the Supervision Department.”

Luo An briefly introduced the three of them to each other.

Horst still had an expressionless and serious face, while Winslow and Chenelle's hearts skipped a beat. The Ministry of Supervision did not represent a good role in their hearts, and they did not understand why the other party appeared here.

Because of the special circumstances of this case, Luo An did not explain carefully to Winslow and Chenelle. He first took out his mobile phone and called Mona, asking her, Michelle and Lacey to come to the hospital, and then He opened the ward door directly and walked in.

“Good evening, Mr. Eneston, who was shot three times by one of my men.”

Luo An casually took a chair and sat next to the hospital bed. He looked at Eneston who was tightly chained to the hospital bed, smiled slightly, and asked:

“How do you feel? Are you still used to living here?”

“Fu-kYou!Mohterfu-ker#%¥\*\*...”

Seeing Luo An's face, Eneston's face turned red instantly on the hospital bed, and the voice of the federal greetings suddenly echoed loudly in the room.

However, because several teeth were knocked out by Luo An's previous fist, Eneston's speech was a bit leaky now. In addition, his accent was relatively serious, and Luo An could not hear a word of the subsequent greetings.

Luo An didn't care about the other party's greetings. He smiled slightly and took out several photos of men from his pocket.

Seeing the photo, Erneston suddenly stopped insulting and was silent for a while. He stared at Luo An fiercely and asked in a serious voice:

"What do you want to do?"

#### Chapter 474: Interrogation, Killer Broker, New Corpse

Southern Los Angeles, a hospital ward.

On the bed in the center of the ward, there lay a white man with many bandages on his body, a bruised nose and a swollen face, and several missing teeth.

Beside the hospital bed, Luo An was sitting on a chair with a smile on his face. Horst from the Supervision Department crossed his arms and stood against the wall behind Luo An. Winslow and Chenelle stood directly in front of the hospital bed.

Seeing the photo in Luo An's hand, Eneston's face instantly became very ugly.

There are all men in several photos, all wearing prison uniforms. Their appearance cannot be said to be ugly, it can only be said that they have their own characteristics, and they look like each other forever.

When Eneston was in prison before, he had unresolved conflicts with these people, but at that time there was another boss guarding Eneston, and Eneston was able to be released from prison smoothly.

The boss who was guarding Eneston has now left the prison. Eneston is indeed very skilled, but the guys in the prison are outnumbered, and it is impossible for Eneston to be prepared for sneak attacks every minute.

Once back in that prison, how long Erneston can survive will definitely become a betting game among the prison guards.

These photos were found by Mona when she was investigating Eneston's identity information. Luo An didn't expect that they would come in handy at this time.

Pouring himself a glass of water, Luo An drank it all in one gulp, then looked at Eneston with a smile and said:

“It looks like you don't want to die yet.”

“Bullshit.”

Erneston stared at Luo An fiercely. As a killer, he did not have much sense of worldly morality, but his life was definitely the most important thing to him. When he was alive, there was still hope, but when he died, he had nothing. .

“These old friends in prison, I believe you will still remember them, and I think they will also remember you.”

Luo An threw the photos in his hand onto the hospital bed, then crossed his legs, leaned back on the chair, and said with a smile:

“Tell me, who is the mastermind behind the order for you to kill someone?

Or, you can keep your mouth shut and say nothing. Later, you can go back to this familiar prison and catch up with these old friends. ”

Looking at the photos on his chest, Enes looked at Luo An with blazing eyes, biting his back teeth and said:

“...You are a really good FBI.”

"Thank you for the compliment."

Roan laughed, and Eneston killed Lyndon Osborne and his wife with a bomb, and disemboweled Lyndon's son.

He had also used bombs to ambush the Special Investigation Team and SWAT team before. If Luo An hadn't reacted quickly, no one knew how many people would have died in that operation.

For such a guy who was full of evil, Luo An directly eliminated the idea of discussing a deal with him in a soft voice. Directly presenting the facts and talking about threats was the most effective method.

After a moment of silence, Erneston grabbed the photos, threw them all to the ground, looked at the ceiling and said:

“I also want to tell you who is the person behind the order, but I don't know because I have never met that person.”

Luo An's expression did not change and he continued to ask:

“Then tell us what you know.”

Enestone said that he is a traditional killer and has always made money by taking orders through traditional middlemen.

Since he was short of money after being released from prison, Eneston found a middleman who he was familiar with and had a good reputation in the industry, and then took the order.

“Good.”

Luo An nodded with satisfaction:

“What's the name of this middleman?”

“I always call him Vincent.”

Enestone said a name, but he did not know whether the name was true or false, and he had never cared about it before.

Enestone then provided information such as the contact information of the other party, the location where they contacted each time, and the appearance of the other party.

It didn't take long for Mona, Michelle and Lacey to arrive here. With the suspect's appearance and portrait, Mona quickly found the suspect:

“Sean Huffman, 39 years old, opened a private detective agency called “Guaranteed to Meet Your Requests”.

He is the only boss and the only employee of the detective agency. "

“That's why he was named...I feel like he should work in an advertising agency.”

Looking at the information found on Mona's computer, Lacey complained speechlessly, while Luo An waved his hand:

"Winslow, Lacey, Chenelle, come with me and set out to arrest people!"

“Understood!” x3

Looking at the figures of Luo An and the other four people setting off quickly, Horst from the Supervision Department standing aside had his eyelids trembling and his lips moved a few times, but after thinking about it, he didn't say anything and hurriedly followed them.

Southeastern Los Angeles, a small villa community dominated by the middle class.

The SUV quickly parked on the side of the road, Roan and Lacey quickly moved to the front door of the villa where Sean Hoffman lived, and Winslow and Chenelle moved to the back door of the villa.

Both parties reached the designated position, and after three counts, Luo An suddenly raised his foot and kicked towards the front door of the villa, followed by Winslow and kicked towards the back door of the villa.

Two sounds of the door being kicked open were heard one after another. Lacey and Chenelle quickly rushed into the villa and shouted:

“FBI!”

“Sean Hoffman! Come out!”

This villa is not big, but it is not small either. There are many rooms and there is also a basement. The four of Luo An shouted and quickly checked each room.

“Safety on the first floor!”

“The basement is safe!”

Lacie followed up and shouted:

“There is a discovery on the second floor!”

"What?"

“The target person is dead!”

Hearing Lacey's shout, Winslow and Chenelle hurried to the bedroom on the second floor.

In the bedroom, a white man wearing a shirt and casual floral pants was shot in the center of his forehead. He was lying on the big bed with his eyes open, looking directly at Lacey, Chenelle and Winslow at the door of the bedroom.

“Fu-k.”

The three of them put away their pistols. Chenille cursed in a low voice. Winslow walked to the body and looked at it carefully. He raised his head and said:

“We are a step too late. This guy should have been dead for two to three days.”



Lacie nodded, turned around and asked:

“Where's Luo An?”

“He's in the basement.”

Chenelle took out her cell phone to call the Trace Inspection Department while walking down the stairs with Winslow and Lacey.

The three of them walked down the stairs into the basement, where there was a room with the walls covered with photos.

At this time, Luo An was standing at a square desk in the center of the room. Seeing the light shining on his side, Luo An continued to organize things and asked without raising his head:

“What did you find?”

“Sean Huffman is dead.”

Lacey briefly described the situation on the second floor, then pulled a photo off the wall. Looking at the beautiful woman in the photo with the camera behind her back, she frowned slightly:

“Looks like we found a stalker.”

“This is what a private detective does.”

Chenelle and Winslow stepped forward to help organize the photos on the table, and Roan continued:

"And Sean Hoffman is not an ordinary private detective. The things on the table show that he has handled many divorce cases and clients with secrets. The hush money probably made him a lot of money. "

A flash of disdain flashed in Lacey's eyes. She posted the photo back on the wall and asked:

“Roan, why don't you feel the news that Sean Hoffman is dead?”

“Have guessed that this possibility is possible.”

Before coming to this villa to arrest someone, Luo An put himself in the murderer's shoes and thought about it.

Killing Sean Hoffman and erasing traces of his own existence is a very cost-effective method for the murderer.

After packing up the laptop, a lot of eavesdropping equipment and a lot of audio tapes that he found, Luo An handed one to Lacey and explained:

“Our trip was not fruitless. Sean Hoffman has been a private detective and killer broker for so many years. He definitely has his own unique way of storing information.

This villa has no traces of being rummaged through, which means that the information is most likely still in the room.

If we find and decipher this information, we should be able to know who was behind the order from Sean Hoffman and the murder of the Linden family. ”

“Sounds like a very difficult and time-consuming job.”

Lacie let out a long sigh, Winslow and Chenelle looked at each other, and they were both ready to work overtime in the next few days.

Suddenly, Horst from the Supervision Department shouted at the basement door:

“Leader Greenwood, I have a phone number for you!”

Chapter 475: Clues to the deceased, investigation, and findings of the detectives

Taking the mobile phone handed over by Horst from the Supervision Department, a familiar male voice suddenly sounded on the other end of the phone:

“It's me, Potente-Byrne.”

“Good evening, sir.”

Luo An glanced at Horst calmly and asked with a smile:

“Sounds like you're in good condition, sir.”

“It's really okay.”

In a large interrogation room in the Supervision Department of the FBI's Los Angeles Branch, Potente Byrne looked at the Coke hamburger set on the table in front of him. He chuckled and asked directly without further talking on this topic:

“Where did the special investigation team investigate this case?”

“We just found the killer broker and he is already dead.”

Roan briefly described the situation at the scene. After listening, Potente-Byrne was silent for a few seconds and said:

“You have done a good job. In the next five days, the special investigation team must pay more attention to safety.”

“I understand, sir.”

A flash of light flashed in Luo An's eyes. He understood the meaning of Potente-Bourne's words. In five days, he would leave the Supervision Department and come out to lead the special investigation team to secretly handle the case.

“Good.”

Potente-Bourne nodded with satisfaction, briefly chatted with Luo An about other matters, and then hung up the phone.

Luo An handed the phone back to Horst, and not long after, several agents from the Trace Inspection Division also arrived at the scene. After processing the findings at the scene, everyone returned to the FBI Los Angeles branch building.

The next day, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the office area of the special investigation team.

Because they worked overtime for a long time last night, with Luo An's permission, the agents of the special investigation team took a good rest for a few hours and came to work near eleven o'clock.

That's another reason Winslow and Chenelle like the Special Investigations Unit: The hours are very flexible.

Other ordinary investigative teams of the FBI's Los Angeles Division do not have this privilege.

First, there are many detectives in the investigation team. If one detective takes a temporary break, other detectives can take over.

Second, the special investigation team is a temporary establishment. In many cases, the special investigation team is the leader of the team. Certain rules are not mandatory for the special investigation team.

Because of this, I went home late last night, but this morning I entered the FBI Los Angeles branch building to work as usual at 8 o'clock. I waited until 11 o'clock to see the faces of Luo An and others. Horst, the supervisor, took a deep breath. He rubbed his sore eyes and suppressed the unhappiness and swear words in his heart.

After resting for several hours, Luo An, who was full of energy, patted Horst on the shoulder, handed him a bag of breakfast...lunch, and said with a smile:

"Thanks a lot."

Horst, who had a serious face, stared at Luo An for a moment, and then took the food:

"Thanks."

Luo An chuckled and pointed to the sofa in the back right corner of the Special Investigation Team's office area, indicating that Horst could go there to rest.

"Wait a moment."

Horst frowned when he heard this, grabbed Luo An who was about to turn around and left, and asked in a solemn voice:

“What is the work plan of your special investigation team today?”

“Work plan? What plan?”

Roan blinked, not understanding what Horst's words meant.

Horst said that the Supervision Department has a corresponding work plan every day, that is, what work needs to be completed every day, and whether it is completed or not corresponds to different evaluation criteria.

“...It's not easy for the people in the Supervision Department to persist until now.”

After hearing the other party's explanation, Luo An's lips twitched. He finally understood how Horst's meticulous work style came about.

“My special investigation team has no work plan. When investigating cases, no one knows what will happen in the next second.”

Luo An was too lazy to discuss this issue with Horst. He finished his lunch in a few mouthfuls and stood up directly and walked into the office area of the special investigation team.

"Good afternoon, everyone." Luo An walked to the whiteboard at the front of the Special Investigation Team office area, pasted the photos of the killer Enestone, and the broker and private detective Sean Hoffman on the whiteboard, and then turned back first He looked at Michelle and asked:

“How is the autopsy done by the trace examination department?”

An autopsy is a very complex task. There are many aspects to be written in the formal report and it takes a very long time.

However, many times, the special investigation team and other ordinary investigation teams will not wait for the official autopsy report to be written. Instead, they go directly to the trace examination department to ask about the cause of death of the victim, materials found at the scene and other information, and then directly start the next step of the investigation.

“The specific report has not yet come out, but the cause of death has been determined.”

Hearing Luo An's question, Michelle, who had gone to the Trace Inspection Department before and asked for a handwritten brief report, stood up and answered:

“The cause of death of the victim Sean Hoffman was a gunshot wound in the center of his forehead.

Based on the broken pillow found at the scene, the Trace Inspection Section determined that the murderer put the pillow in front of the gun's muzzle before shooting and used the pillow as a silencer.

There are no signs that the villa where the crime occurred has been broken into, so the murderer is most likely someone Sean Hoffman knows, or the two have met in the past.

In addition, the ballistics test of the bullet that killed Sean Huffman has also been completed.

Unfortunately, there is no matching gun in the FBI's internal database. This is a new black gun. "

Luo An then turned his attention to the others, and Lacey stood up immediately, frowning and saying:

“Based on the information found last night, I found the last investigation of Sean Hoffman before his death.

It was a divorce case, and Sean Hoffman was entrusted by the boss of a financial institution to find evidence of his wife's infidelity.

But Sean Hoffman used this opportunity to blackmail the cheating wife of the financial institution boss for money and sex..."

“Sonof better than eating!”

“What a scumbag.”

After Lacey finished narrating, the other women present all looked ugly and cursed in a low voice.

Winslow frowned and picked up the coffee and took a sip without saying anything. Seeing that no one else found anything, Luo An clapped his hands and said:

“Everyone, our next task is to investigate Sean Hoffman's life experience, who he met, what he did, and what happened in the surveillance around the villa.

At the same time, carefully check the photos, tapes, disks, bugs, memory cards, laptops and other items in the villa, and try to find out who the murderer is! ”

“Understood!” x5

The five detectives responded in unison, and then immediately began to move their chairs back to their seats, and began to carefully investigate the clues according to Luo An's request.

As for Sean Hoffman's whereabouts during his lifetime, due to his identity as a private detective, anti-reconnaissance skills, and always using cash for consumption, Mona and Michelle tried hard for a long time, but could not find any useful information, and in many cases did not even find out at all. No trace of the other party could be found.

However, from the disks, memory cards and tapes in the villa, the members of the special investigation team got information beyond their imagination.

Affairs, cheating, frame-ups, photos of male stars' private lives, female stars' private lives... there are a lot of exciting contents that will cause reporters to revel in them as long as they are shown.

After reading the information in her hand, Lacey's face was full of disgust:

“I always thought that the news that a Hollywood actress had an affair with the president of a certain film and television company some time ago was a fake scandal, but I didn't expect it to be true.”

Chenelle raised her head and said in surprise:



“Are you still chasing stars?”

“I'm not star-chasing, I've just been attracted by the female star's independent image.”

Lacie put the disk aside and shook her head:

“I know that in a place like Hollywood, how can there be a woman who becomes famous purely by her strength.”

“I can't say for sure...”

Chenelle replied casually and began to discuss with Lacey in a low voice.

On the other side, Winslow looked at some of the information backups he found on the disk, and faced Luo An and said with emotion:

“I really want to know how much money Sean Hoffman made from this information during his lifetime.”

Luo An frowned slightly, and just stood up to emphasize the confidentiality of the information to the agents, when Mona suddenly said with a strange look on her face:

“Roan, I think I found the murderer of Sean Hoffman and who is behind this case.”

“What?!”

Chapter 476: The identity of the man behind the order to kill the Linden family

At 12 noon, Special Investigation Team, office area.

Hearing Mona say that she might have found the mastermind behind the case, all the detectives immediately moved to her side.

"Is such that."

Mona showed the screen on her computer to everyone, and pointed at several mobile phones that Luo An and others got back from the villa, and explained:

"I checked Sean Huffman's phone records and found a man named Martin. They both attended the same Alcoholics Anonymous meeting."

Mona typed on the keyboard, transferred the photo and identity information of this "Martin" to the computer desktop, and continued:

"According to the FBI's internal database, Martin is affiliated with the Naroa Trafficking Group on the southern border of California.

He is one of the subordinates of Tahvili, the leader of the independence cartel. "

Luo An frowned slightly, Lacey's eyes lit up and asked:

"You mean that the person who ordered the killing of the former team leader Linden's family was the leader of this independence cartel, Tahvili?"

"The probability is very high."

Mona nodded and explained:

"The killer Eneston whom Luo An captured before said when he was interrogated that in the murder order, the person who placed the order had a special request:

The son of former team leader Lynn Osborne must be hung upside down and disemboweled.

I looked up the experience of drug trafficker leader Tahvili. A few years ago, his eldest son, who was a sole dealer, was arrested after a transaction failed due to the appearance of an undercover agent.

The eldest son's children and wife, who were Tahvili's grandson and daughter-in-law, failed to evacuate in time. They were caught and hanged by the hostile forces, the other party to the transaction, and disemboweled and died on a high wall in a certain city. superior.

And the leader of that operation..."

Mona typed on the keyboard quickly, and a familiar face appeared on the computer screen:

"It's none other than the former group director, Lyndon Osborne."

"Fu-k!"

"damn it!"

After listening to Mona's explanation, the detectives suddenly realized and understood the connection between the whole incident:

Because of the appearance of an undercover agent, his son was arrested and his grandson and daughter-in-law were killed.

In order to take revenge, Tahvili found someone to kill the original undercover dispatcher and the leader of the case, Lyndon Osborne and his family.

"But... something seems not quite right."

Winslow pondered for a while and said:

“Under normal circumstances, a leader of a pro-independence group like Tahvili would usually let his subordinate, Martin, directly kill people, instead of asking him to go to a broker and issue a killing order.

The possibility of encountering an accident or unexpected situation when issuing a murder order is too high. ”

“That's right.”

Chenelle next to her nodded, and then added:

“Also, how did Tahvili, the leader of a criminal organization, find out that the leader of the original operation was former team leader Lyndon Osborne?”

In response to Chenelle's question, Lacey crossed her arms over her chest and sneered:

“There is no airtight wall in this world.

As long as Tahvili pays enough money, someone will definitely tell Tahvili who was the leader of the original action.

Maybe this person is an agent who participated in that operation and is now short of money. ”

Every year, the number of FBI agents who betray all kinds of information for money is countless. Lacey has seen this kind of thing too many times.

“But what Winslow said makes sense.”

Michelle pointed to the computer in front of her and said:

“The FBI's internal database shows that in cases where gangs and criminal organizations seek revenge, 90% of the cases are carried out by gang members themselves or by trusted subordinates.

It is a bit strange for Martin to find a broker to place an order to kill people.” ^^ Lacey frowned slightly and subconsciously turned her head to look to her side:

“Luo An, where are you...your people?”

Lacie was stunned for a moment. She thought Luo An had been by her side, watching them discuss the case, but when she turned around, she found that he was missing.

“Luo An and Horst from the Supervision Department just left here together.”

Chenelle, who was standing at the end, casually answered about Roan's whereabouts, then handed Mona a croissant and continued to discuss the case.

Mona took a bite of the food in her hand, and a flash of light flashed in her eyes. The woman's intuition told her that Luo An was probably hiding something from her.

There may be a high-level mole in this building. Luo An did not tell the agents just to be safe. Currently, there are only four people who know about it:

Roanne Greenwood, head of the Special Investigations Unit, Naseem, director of the FBI's Los Angeles Division, Potente Byrne, the team leader, and Horst of the Inspectorate.

After listening to what Mona had found out, several thoughts and speculations came to Luo An's mind. So when Lacey and others were discussing the man behind the murder of the Linden family, Luo An had already taken Horst to the director. Naseem's office.

“Good afternoon, Director.”

Knocking on the door and getting permission to enter the office, Luo An briefly described the current situation and asked directly:

“Director, does our FBI Los Angeles Division currently have an action plan against the leader of the Naroa drug cartel, namely Tahvili?”

In other words, are there any undercover agents sent by our FBI Los Angeles branch around Tahvili? ”

Lacey previously suspected that Tahvili had paid money from grassroots agents to learn that the leader of the original operation was Lyndon Osborne.

But Luo An, who knew more about the matter, suspected that Tahvili might have learned about it from the mouth of the mole.

Director Nasim's face changed slightly when he heard this. He also thought of this, so he said solemnly:

“In terms of the Department of Homeland Security, there is indeed an operation targeting the Naroa independence trafficking group, which has been operating for more than a year.”

Director Nasim is not particularly familiar with the specific circumstances of this operation of the Department of Homeland Security. After all, the director is more concerned with issues such as the general development direction of the branch.

Picked up the landline phone on the desk and briefly narrated a few words. Then Director Nasim hung up the phone and asked Horst from the Supervision Department to go to the Department of Homeland Security and secretly get the documents related to the operation here.

“Okay, Director.”

Horst nodded with a serious expression, turned around and left the office. Director Nasim leaned back on his chair, closed his eyes, pondered for a while, and asked:

“Luo An, do you have any guesses about the identity of this mole now?”

“Sorry, Director, not yet.”

Luo An shook his head. He was just an ordinary leader of the special investigation team. He didn't know much about high-level matters.

However, since the director asked a question, Luo An couldn't answer nothing, so he pondered for a while and said:

“Director, I think the death of former team leader Lyndon Osborne's family may be a plan by the insider to kill two birds with one stone.”

Director Nasim asked directly without opening his eyes:

"What's the meaning?"

Luo An coughed lightly and explained:

“I have always been thinking about the purpose of the mole constantly leaking the identity of the undercover agent to the leaders of criminal organizations.

After thinking about it for a long time, there is only one reasonable reason: for money.

There are undercover agents around him. As long as the leaders of criminal organizations know about this, they will not be stingy about spending a large sum of money to buy the information from the insider. "

Director Nasim raised his head and signaled Luo An to continue. Seeing this, Luo An continued:

“This mole has hidden himself for so many years, so he must be a very cautious guy.

The leaders of these criminal organizations later died in various accidents, and the insiders also knew the identities of the undercover agents.

So we can be sure that the status of the insider is either very high; or the status of the insider is not high, but the position is very critical; or the insider has other accomplices, and the whole thing was done by the cooperation of several people. "

Hearing this, Director Nasim raised his eyebrows, slowly opened his eyes and looked at Luo An, and asked:

“You just said that this case may be a plan by the insider to kill two birds with one stone. Please explain in detail.”

Just as Luo An was about to speak, Horst from the Supervision Department suddenly knocked on the door and returned to the office with a sealed document bag.

Chapter 477 The mole's plan to kill two birds with one stone

Placing the sealed document bag on Director Nasim's desk, Horst took a few steps back and walked to Luo An.

Luo An glanced at Horst calmly. This guy was indeed too serious and serious, but some higher-ups, such as Director Nasim, would definitely like this kind of person.

While Director Nasim opened the document bag, he motioned to Luo An to continue.

Luo An paused for a few seconds and then said:

“The mole may have discovered that former team leader Lyndon Osborne was secretly investigating the strange death of the undercover agent, and also knew about the Department of Homeland Security's actions against the Naroa independence cartel.”



Roan said that the insider might have used some means to contact Tahvili, the leader of the Naroa independence cartel, and told Tahvili that there was an undercover agent sent by the FBI with him.

Given Tahvili's hatred for the undercover, the mole could use his status as an undercover agent to ask for a large sum of money from Tahvili.

At the same time, the mole can also give Tahvili a "free news". That is, the leader of the incident in which Tahvili's son was arrested and his grandson and daughter-in-law were killed was Lyndon Osborne.

With Tahvili's hatred for that incident, Tahvili will definitely take action against the Linden family.

When Lyndon dies and the people investigating the mole disappear, the mole not only makes a fortune, but also has more time to prepare for subsequent plans, whether he leaves the FBI's Los Angeles branch or makes other plans.

At this point, Luo An paused and added:

“Of course, we cannot rule out the possibility that the insider's identity as an undercover agent, and the situation of Lyndon Osborne, sold two copies to the Naroa Cartel and made two copies of the money.”

Horst raised his eyebrows when he heard this. Luo An's analysis and judgment were definitely one of the best investigation team leaders he had ever seen.

And he didn't know if it was an illusion, but he felt that Luo An seemed to be very experienced in these things.

Director Nasim raised his head and looked at Luo An with a very satisfied look in his eyes. He put down the document in his hand and said in a deep voice:

“Your analysis is very good, and your guess is correct. The Department of Homeland Security sent a total of 6 undercover agents to the Naroa independence cartel.

Four of them currently have a low status and nothing much happens.

The other two with the highest status suddenly lost contact some time ago. The Department of Homeland Security judged that there was a high probability that their identities had been exposed and they were killed by the Naroa cartel.

As to the reason why the identities of the two were exposed, the Department of Homeland Security is still investigating. "

Horst's expression darkened when he heard this, and Luo An's expression also darkened. The Department of Homeland Security's "still investigating" also meant that they didn't know the reason for this incident.

This means that Luo An's guess just now is most likely correct. The identities of these two undercover agents are most likely to be exposed directly to the leader of the Naroya trafficking group by the insider.

Director Nasim had a dull face and kept tapping the fingers of his right hand on his desk, not knowing what he was thinking.

Time passed minute by minute, and suddenly, he looked up at Luo An and Horst, and said in a deep voice:

"I will order the Department of Homeland Security to go to southern California the day after tomorrow to carry out a raid on the Naroa separatist group.

Roan, you lead the special investigation team to participate in this event to ensure that the leader of the Naroa cartel, Tahvili, is brought safely back to Los Angeles.

Horst, 你 is responsible for contacting the Department of Homeland Security. "

"Understood!" x2

After Director Nasim finished speaking, Luo An and Horst nodded in unison, said a few words, and left the Director's office together.

Horst from the Supervision Department nodded to Luo An and left first. Luo An walked into the elevator, looked at the slowly declining numbers, and began to think about the meaning of Director Nasim's words just now.

The most obvious point is that Director Nasim is now somewhat suspicious of the situation within the Department of Homeland Security and is worried that Tahvili died of "unknown reasons", so he asked Luo An to lead the special investigation team to participate in the operation.

In his words, Director Nasim also stated that the leader of this operation was the Department of Homeland Security, not the Special Investigation Team.

The case of the Naroa independence trafficking group belongs to the Department of Homeland Security. Naturally, the Special Investigation Team cannot rush to pick peaches. Luo An understands Director Nasim's arrangement and does not want to compete with the other party for this credit.

In addition, the joint operation of the Department of Homeland Security and their special investigation team must not be hidden from the people in this building.

Director Nasim's arrangement is probably to alert the enemy, to see how some people react, and to find out the mole.

Thinking about this, Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly. It seemed that Director Nasimka liked and was good at conspiracy. Luo An then began to think about possible emergencies that might occur when he takes action the day after tomorrow, as well as solutions and other plans.

Back at the office of the Special Investigation Team, Luo An said that he would go to California to arrest someone the day after tomorrow, and all the agents were immediately in an uproar.

Chenelle stood up first and said seriously:

“Team leader, all we have is indirect evidence and reasonable guesses.

There is currently insufficient evidence to prove that Tahvili was the real culprit behind ordering Martin to kill the Lyndon-Osborne family. ”

"I know."

Roan motioned for Chenelle to sit down. He had already thought of this before.

The Special Investigation Team currently has no direct evidence of the murder of former team leader Linden. Homeland Security has executed two undercover agents, but they have spent a year on each other and it is impossible to get nothing.

In the eyes of Director Nasim, the most important thing is to quickly and secretly find the mole. Whether Tahvili can be convicted only comes second.

Seeing that Chenelle still wanted to speak, Luo An continued:

“This operation was a joint operation between our Special Investigation Team and the Department of Homeland Security.”

Michelle, Lacey and others were all stunned for a moment. A flash of light flashed in Luo An's eyes, then he waved and said:

“Mona, Winslow, Chenelle, come to my office.”

...OK.”

The three of them looked at each other in confusion, but they still nodded in agreement and followed Luo An into the team leader's office.

“Mysterious.”

Seeing this scene, Lacey, who stayed in the office area, complained in a low voice, then sat back on the chair and began to slowly eat snacks with Michelle.

Because Los Angeles is a bit far from southern California, at 7pm the next day, the Special Investigation Team, together with the Department of Homeland Security and several SWAT teams, went to Elson, a city in southern California very close to Mexico. Luo.

“Good evening, Captain Greenwood.”

In a large, black troop carrier, a white man who looked to be in his forties, somewhat bald, with a Mediterranean hairstyle, and less than 1.7 meters tall, smiled and stretched out his hand to Luo An and said:

“I have long heard that the leader of the special investigation team is very young. When we met today, I found that I still lack some imagination.”

“Good evening, Captain Arnold.”

Luo An chuckled, stretched out his hand to shake the other person's hand, and exchanged a few simple greetings.

Chief Arnold, head of an investigation team in the Counterintelligence Division of the Department of Homeland Security, has always been handling the case of the Naroa independence trafficking group.

This is the first time Luo An and team leader Arnold have met. On a personal level, there is no conflict between the two.

But in terms of work, because the Special Investigation Team was transferred by Director Nasim and temporarily participated in this arrest operation, the agents under Team Leader Arnold looked at several agents from the Special Investigation Team with unkind eyes. .

However, Team Leader Arnold and Luo An had a good chat, and Horst from the Supervision Department had been sitting next to him, so the atmosphere in the car was quite peaceful, and the team members from the Homeland Security Department did not say anything excessive.

A few hours later, several large, dark troop carriers arrived on a road in the eastern part of the city of Elsendro.

Following this road for more than two hours, you will find a large farm that looks unremarkable and is very common in California.

But it is this unremarkable farm that provides white flour and other addictive substances to one in six drug addicts in California every year.

The farm is the centerpiece of the Naroa cartel and the target of the trip by Homeland Security, Special Investigations and SWAT teams.

#### Chapter 478: Farm War, Capturing Enemies, Emergencies

In the eastern part of the city of Elsendro, several large black personnel carriers extinguished their headlights, like several black cheetahs waiting to hunt, quietly hiding in the wilderness.

In the compartment of a troop carrier in the center, Team Leader Arnold from the Department of Homeland Security took out a map.

“Everyone, this is the topographic map of the farm in front.”

Leader Arnold pointed to the red locations on the map and said seriously:

“These are observation posts and armed counterattack points set up by the independence-trafficking group.

According to the information obtained beforehand, these positions contained rifles, grenades, smoke grenades, etc. Each of the central positions had a rapid-fire machine gun, and the number of guards was 2-3. "

"... "xN

Looking at the red location on the map, everyone in the car frowned. Luo An raised his hand and rubbed his temples.

The Federation has a well-known law: the Castle Law.

That is, when federal citizens encounter danger at home, they have no obligation to retreat and can resist violently to protect their lives and property.

Leader Arnold continued to introduce the details of the farm, such as warehouses, residences of ordinary peripheral members, and residences of key figures in criminal organizations.

In addition, Team Leader Arnold also marked the entrances and exits of several tunnels in the farm, and requested that they must be blocked or destroyed as soon as possible during the subsequent actions, and the people in the farm must not be given a chance to escape. .

The specific operation time was set in the early morning a few hours later. Team leader Arnold did not give direct orders as to how the special investigation team would proceed. Instead, he and Luo An briefly discussed a few words before formulating a plan.

Time passed minute by minute, and soon it was three o'clock in the morning on the third day.

After resting for a few hours, the spirits of the over 100 agents and SWAT team members in total returned to their best state. Team Leader Arnold nodded with satisfaction upon seeing this, but did not directly order everyone to set off. Instead, he took out his mobile phone and made a call first. A phone call.

Others in the carriage were a little confused, but Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly, thinking of something.

Sure enough, within ten minutes, the rumble of helicopters suddenly sounded in the wilderness. In addition to 5 police helicopters, there were also 2 military helicopters filled with weapons and other equipment.

“...Six”

Seeing the machine guns and rocket launchers on the three military helicopters, Luo An's mouth twitched. He knew that Team Leader Arnold had worked in the Department of Homeland Security for so many years. There was absolutely no way he would bet the lives of his men and let people go directly to the farm. Li Chong.

Seven helicopters roared over the wilderness, and Captain Arnold waved his hand:

"Set off!"

Ten helicopters separated in all directions, forming a circle to surround the farm in the distance. Several large troop carriers also divided their forces and advanced straight forward from the three paths outside the farm.

Seven helicopters arrived above the farm, and Team Leader Arnold shouted:

“Fire!”

Hum, boom, boom—

^ Bang bang bang—

As soon as the words fell, the FBI in two military helicopters immediately aimed at the defense facilities of the farm below and pulled the trigger.



The drivers in the personnel carrier on the ground took advantage of this opportunity, stepped on the accelerator to the bottom, directly broke through the gate of the manor and rushed in.

In an instant, this quiet area turned into a battlefield. The fierce gunshots and explosions were deafening, and the orange-red flames from the muzzles became the most prominent light of the farm.

The whole operation went very smoothly. The FBI was well prepared and had strong force. Before the operation, they cut off the farm wires, knocked down the sentry points, turned on the signal jammer, and followed the helicopter straight forward.

The moment the wires were cut off, the Naraya Trafficking Group in the farm felt something was wrong, but before they could prepare an effective counterattack, the defensive platform outside was interrupted by a helicopter, and a bunch of personnel carriers rushed after them. Entered the farm.

Boom! boom! boom!

boom! boom! boom!

“FBI! Put your hands up!”

“Put down your weapons! Put your hands behind your head and lie on the ground!”

“Forward! Forward!”

“Watch the warehouse! There are grenades inside!”

There are many houses on the farm, and the agents and SWAT teams went to their respective areas as planned.

boom!

The heavily armed Luo An ran out of the personnel carrier. Under the shocked eyes of the Department of Homeland Security agents, he raised his rifle and shot the guy in the warehouse not far away who wanted to blow them up with a grenade. Then he rushed in quickly without looking back. Tahvili lived in the villa and shouted at the same time:

“People from the Special Investigation Team! Follow us!”

The target of the special investigation team in this operation was only Tahvili. Roan rushed into the villa first. Winslow, Michelle, Lacey, Chenelle and Mona immediately formed two teams to search closely. Tahvili's whereabouts. “Don't shoot!”

“I have no weapons!”

boom! boom! boom!

This villa is very large, and the decoration style is extremely luxurious. However, Luo An and others were not interested in observing the scene in the villa. Instead, they quickly inspected each house. Enemies who attacked with guns were killed directly, and those who threw away their weapons were directly handcuffed together. Mutual supervision.

“The target person was not found on the second floor!”

“Not on the third floor!”

“Not even in the basement!”

Chenier, Mona and Lacey killed several drug dealers who resisted, but did not find the target of their trip, Tahvili.

Winslow was preparing to arrest a drug dealer for questioning. At this moment, the explosion of a shock bomb suddenly came from a room on the other side of the big villa.

This is a bedroom at the corner of a villa. Michelle, fully armed, stood at the side of the door and said loudly:

“There is a secret passage in this room that we don't know about. The target person just entered it together with five drug dealers with guns!”

“OK.”

Luo An nodded. Time was running out now. Before Winslow, Chenelle and others could come here, he took out two smoke bombs and two shock bombs from his waist and threw them directly into the room.

Bang! Bang!

The next second after the shock bomb exploded, Luo An ducked into the room under Michelle's shocked eyes.

Inside the room, several drug dealers were startled by the sudden appearance of smoke bombs. They subconsciously turned around and fired back, only to be caught off guard by two more shock bombs.

boom! boom! boom!

The next second, a bullet hole appeared in the center of the foreheads of all three drug dealers. Luo An, who had "emotional perception" turned on in his mind, was like a ghost and easily killed the three enemies with a pistol.

“Shit!”

The two remaining drug dealers gasped in shock when their teammate suddenly fell to the ground and died. They hurriedly raised their pistols and fired like crazy at the shadow of the humanoid shape in the smoke grenade.

boom! boom! boom! boom! boom!

The two drug dealers instantly emptied the bullets in their pistols. The drug dealer on the left quickly changed the magazine and asked:

“Is the person dead?”

"not yet."

The drug dealer nodded subconsciously, and then suddenly realized that the voice was wrong, and the voice came from behind him!

The drug dealer's pupils shrank suddenly, a cold feeling rushed from his back to his brain, and the hair on his body suddenly exploded, and he quickly turned around and prepared to shoot.

boom! boom!

The next second, two gunshots rang out. Two drug dealers were shot in the forehead and fell to the ground with shock in their eyes.

The secret tunnel in this room was under the bathtub in the bathroom. Tahvili noticed something was wrong and ran here immediately, preparing to escape to Mexico along the tunnel.

But Tahvili was already over sixty this year, and his health was not very good, so his movements were a bit slow. As soon as he arrived at the tunnel from the bathtub, Luo An killed the five people.

“Mr. FBI, we can negotiate a deal!”

Seeing Luo An standing at the entrance of the tunnel, Tahvili cursed those people in his heart for being useless, but the expression on his face was very calm and he said:

“How about five million dollars and letting me go?”

Luo An grinned, and Tahvili also laughed when he saw this. Just as he was about to continue talking, Luo An suddenly jumped into the tunnel and knocked Tahvili unconscious with one punch.

The smoke slowly dissipated. Seeing Luo An unharmed and slowly walking out of the tunnel with Tahvili on his shoulders, the Department of Homeland Security agents who rushed here swallowed their saliva, their faces dumbfounded and shocked, and hurried Turn around and make way for Luo An.

Luo An chuckled, walked out of the room, and was about to hand Tahvili to Winslow and Chenier.

At this moment, the familiar sense of danger suddenly surged into Luo An's head. The next second, a gunshot rang out not far away, and a bullet flew straight towards Luo An!

Dear book friends, you must keep warm and protect yourself in the near future. The feeling of flu is too uncomfortable (.....). This wave of flu is very severe. People in the hospital are also hanging medicine bottles because of the flu. There are not enough chairs in the room to sit, which is outrageous...

Chapter 479 The source of the bullet, the suspect, and the end of the battle

In the eastern part of the city of Elsendero, extremely fierce gunshots and explosions resounded from a certain farm.

Outside the corridor of the corner bedroom of the central villa on the farm, Homeland Security agents lined up on both sides to make way for Roan. Winslow and Chenelle were preparing to take over the target of their trip from Roan. , Tahvili.

boom!

Because it was blocked by other gunshots outside, the sudden gunfire did not attract everyone's attention. Only Mona and Lacey, who were standing behind, realized something, changed their faces and screamed:

“Luo An! Be careful!”

At the same time that the two screamed, Roan seemed to suddenly soften, and together with Tahvili, he jumped forward in front of Winslow and Chenelle.

“Fu-k!”

“There's a sneak attack!”

“The enemy is on the right!”

The moment Luo An fell to the ground, mixed with the shouts of Mona and Lacey, everyone realized what happened, and their expressions changed drastically.

Michelle quickly flew to Luo An's side, preparing to use her body to block the bullets that might come next. Winslow and Chenier subconsciously raised their weapons and looked in the direction of the bullets to find the enemy. And prepare to fight back.

Homeland Security agents, like Lacey, Chenelle and others, all immediately took up arms and turned around to look for the enemy.

But the agents searching for the enemy found nothing, because the bullets flew in the direction of a small battlefield not far from the villa where several drug dealers were being cleared. The place was currently enveloped by a bunch of orange-red flames from the muzzles. No one knew. Where did that bullet come from?

Unlike others, Mona quickly moved to Luoan's side to check the situation after he fell to the ground, with panic and worry written on her face.

"I'm fine."

Looking up at the bullet holes on the wall beside him, Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly. The target of the shooter was not him, but the head of Tahvili who was caught by him.

If it weren't for that familiar sense of danger that made Luo An rush forward and Tahvili was hit by a bullet in the head, today's operation would have been in vain.

"I'm fine!"

Roan got up from the ground, grinned at the people around him and repeated it. Then he handed Tahvili to Winslow and Chenier, and gave them a look. The two people who reacted were serious. Nodding, he immediately covered Tahvili tightly behind him.

Seeing the actions of Luo An and the other three, the faces of all the agents present slightly changed as they realized something. Several agents from the Department of Homeland Security turned their heads and exchanged glances.

Luo An glanced at her calmly, squeezed Mona's arm gently to tell her not to worry, then picked up the weapon and moved quickly towards the battlefield outside the villa, shouting at the same time:

"Lacie! Come with me to help!"

"clear!"

Lacey, who instantly understood Roan's thoughts, immediately picked up her weapon and quickly followed. Mona and Michelle did not receive Roan's order. They looked at each other and immediately moved to Chenier and Winslow, and also moved the tower. Heveli protected behind him.

In the corridor, the special investigation team covering Tahvili and several agents from the Department of Homeland Security instantly became two distinct parts, and the air in this area became strangely quiet.

Not far from the villa, three SWAT team members and three agents from the Department of Homeland Security were working together to besiege five drug dealers.

It's not that these five drug dealers have high marksmanship skills, but that there happens to be an ammunition storage point that collapsed to the ground behind the five of them.

^Bang bang bang bang—

With full firepower and continuous crackling bullets, the three SWAT members on the left side of the camp were pressed so hard that they could not lift their heads.

Suddenly the gunfire slowed down slightly, and the three of them were about to raise their heads to fight back when they saw a savage-faced guy in the middle of the drug dealer camp suddenly aiming at them with a freshly dug rocket launcher.

The faces of the three SWAT team members changed drastically, and they quickly moved to other locations to avoid the situation. The drug dealer with a sinister face grinned widely, and was about to pull the trigger:

“Hahaha—all go to hell...”

At the same time, Luo An and Lacey rushed here from the other side. Seeing this scene, Luo An did not hesitate, immediately raised his weapon and shot two bullets into the head of the man with a sinister face.

boom! boom!

Two gunshots rang out, and the head of the man with a sinister face was instantly spattered with blood. He fell forward, but he happened to press the launch button of the rocket launcher at this time, and the rocket followed his fall and hit him directly. In the camp of drug dealers. “Fu-k!”

“Shit!”



The other four drug dealers all turned green when they saw this scene. They didn't care about the SWAT team and the other four people not far away, and quickly stood up and prepared to jump out of the position.

Boom—

The next second, a burst of dust erupted in all directions, rockets exploded violently in the position, and drug dealers with sinister faces instantly filled the entire position.

Two of the remaining four drug dealers were tossed to the ground like broken dolls and fell into a deep sleep forever. The other was screened by Lacey and Homeland Security agents. The last drug dealer had his legs blown until he disappeared. There was no immediate death, and indescribable screams echoed throughout the small area.

The three SWAT team members who walked around the line of life and death got up from the ground, walked to Luo An, stretched out their hands and shook Luo An's hands, expressing their gratitude with seriousness and gratitude on their faces.

Luo An smiled and shook hands with the three of them, chatted briefly, and then turned around and focused his attention on the three agents from the Department of Homeland Security.

"Thank you, Leader Greenwood."

The three agents also shook hands with Luo An and expressed their gratitude. Luo An briefly asked their names, which were Weasley, Wilder and Thomas.

"You're welcome."

After shaking hands, the few people left quickly. Luo An looked at the backs of the three of them and narrowed his eyes slightly.

He looked at the location where Agent Wilder was just now and found that it was separated from the other five agents, in the blind spot of the five people's vision, and could just see the inside of the villa where Luo An had just been shot.

“What's next?”

Lacie also discovered the problem with Agent Wilder's location, but she couldn't find any evidence and didn't understand why the other party did what he did.

Winslow just checked the bullet in the villa and told Lacey that it came from a common weapon of the drug dealers at the scene. This means that there are only two possibilities for what happened just now:

Either it was just a stray bullet, or the murderer picked up a drug dealer's weapon here and fired a shot.

Judging from the murderer's level of caution, the other party most likely wiped off his fingerprints quickly after firing the gun, or even destroyed the gun directly.

Hearing Lacey's question, Luo An smiled, and then whispered a few words in Lacey's ear. Lacey paused for a few seconds and nodded heavily.

During the process of shaking hands and talking with several people, Luo An kept turning on the "emotional perception" in his mind. The other five people's emotions toward Luo An were gratitude, shock, etc.

Only Agent Wilder from the Department of Homeland Security showed little gratitude when shaking hands with Roan, but more shock, anger, resentment and fear.

After finishing the explanation, Lacey turned around and walked quickly to the villa. Luo An looked at the backs of the Homeland Security agents not far away, narrowed his eyes, recalled all the clues he knew so far, and began to slowly integrate and analyze them.

Time passed minute by minute, and not long after, the sounds of fighting in the farm stopped all before the sun rose.

This joint operation between the Special Investigation Team, the Department of Homeland Security and the SWAT team was very successful. It destroyed the core base of the Naroa independence trafficking group, captured Tahvili, the leader of the Naroa independence trafficking group, and seized nearly tons of All kinds of heavy-duty unique products, as well as unique product manufacturing raw materials and factories and other facilities.

Suddenly, the entire California media began to cover the operation frantically. A lot of photos were taken, and the FBI's Los Angeles branch held press conferences for several hours.

On behalf of the Special Investigation Team, Luo An briefly attended the first half hour of the press conference. After briefly answering a few questions, he left the rest of the time to Team Leader Arnold of the Department of Homeland Security.

Team Leader Arnold had already heard about what happened in the villa from his subordinates. He was about to talk to Luo An about the matter, but was stopped by Horst from the Supervision Department.

Roan didn't care about Team Leader Arnold's situation. He returned to the Special Investigation Team and did not immediately start interrogating Tahvili. Instead, he first called Winslow, Chenier, and Mona into the team leader's office. .

Chapter 480: Interrogation, the identity of the mole - Part 1

Thursday, 3 pm, office area of the Special Investigation Team.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Tahvili.”

Luo An walked into the interrogation room alone, turned on the surveillance video, gave Tahvili a cup of coffee with his hands cuffed, sat on the chair opposite him with a smile, and asked:

“How is your head? Are you still awake?”

Roan jumped into the tunnel before and knocked out Tahvili with one punch.

Tahvili, who is in his sixties, does not have much white hair on his head, and his face looks very kind. If his identity is not introduced, ordinary people will most likely not think that he is the leader of the Naroa independence cartel. It feels more like an old retired man playing chess in the park.

At this time, his hands were cuffed, and the expression on Tahvili's face was very calm, and he replied with a slight smile:

“It's okay, it's just that the recovery is a bit slow. You young people don't know how to respect the elderly at all.”

"I have always respected ordinary old people, but there is no need to respect the big independent owl."

Luo An did not continue to go around in circles and directly asked the other party about the situation of the two dead undercover agents.

“Oh, you are talking about those two children.”

Tahvili suddenly understood, then took a sip of coffee and said with a smile:

“To be honest, they are very good and I like them very much.

But there is no way, their luck is not very good. People with bad luck are destined to not live long, right? "

Luo An's expression remained unchanged, and then asked:

“When and where did you know they were undercover agents?”

“I don't know, I forgot.”

Tahvili put down the coffee cup, rubbed his temples, and said with a smile:

“You were a little too strong before. I was hit by that punch and I forgot a lot of things.”

Tahvili thought that Luo An would have some negative emotions after hearing this, but unexpectedly Luo An suddenly laughed.

"It doesn't matter, just forget it. I'll help you recall some other things."

The smile on Luo An's face was very bright. He opened a folder and took out two photos from it. They were of Martin, the murderer, and Tahvili's other young son, Naroa. The next generation leader of the group, Willoughby.

Luo An pushed the photos of the two of them in front of Tahvili, then took out some transfer records and call records, and said with a smile:

“I have been wondering before, why do you hate Lynn Oscar so much, why would you send your subordinate Martin to pay a broker to find a killer, and let the killer kill people.

Through investigation later, I discovered that Martin had actually betrayed you and gone to work for your son Willoughby. ”

Roan called Mona, Winslow and Chenelle into the office before and asked the three to investigate and arrest Martin.

According to the internal information of the Naroa cartel organized by the Department of Homeland Security, as well as the last information returned by the two deceased undercover agents during their lifetime, Willoughby has already attacked his sixty-year-old father. I have been feeling dissatisfied for a long time.

Coupled with the investigation of Mona and the others, Roan discovered that Martin was one of the people Willoughby secretly attracted.

After learning that Tahvili asked Martin to murder the Linden family, Willoughby immediately took this opportunity to ask Martin to deliberately leave some traces, so that the FBI would notice and arrest Tahvili, and kill with a borrowed knife. He would then take over and control the situation. Roya Trafficking Group.

In the past six months, Willoughby has been working for the Naroa cartel in Mexico. This joint operation did not catch him, which means that Willoughby's plan has been successful.

Papa pa pa—

With a smile on his face, Luo An clapped his hands a few times, looked at Tahvili and said with a smile:

“A father's kindness and his son's filial piety are eye-opening.”

Tahvili was silent for a long time, then suddenly laughed, poured the unfinished coffee on the photos of Willoughby and Martin, then looked up at Roan and said:

“The identities of the two undercover agents and the situation of Lyndon Osborne were told to me by someone within the FBI.

I can tell you everything I know in exchange for a quieter cell with a view of the woods. ”

Tahvili didn't mention the plea agreement. On the one hand, it was impossible to reduce the many charges against him. On the other hand, Willoughby was his son after all. Tahvili believed that Willoughby was better than someone who was good at others. , we will definitely be able to develop the Naraya Independent Group even better. "Can."

Roan did not refuse the small request for the cell. Tahvili said that some time ago, he suddenly received a call on his personal mobile phone.

The voice on the other end of the phone could not be identified as male or female. The other party said that there was an FBI undercover agent beside Tahvili. If he wanted to know who that person was, Tahvili would need to pay the other party US\$2 million.

Tahvili was skeptical, but he was willing to use \$2 million as a test, so he made a transaction in accordance with the other party's request.

The transaction process is that Tahvili first transfers the money into an overseas account. After the other party receives the money, he asks Tahvili to send his men to pick up documents from a locker at an airport in a certain city or a train station. The document states: The undercover's true identity.

According to the detailed investigation by his subordinates, Tahvili found that the information given by the other party was true, so he made two transactions with the other party, using US\$2 million and US\$500,000 respectively, and learned about another undercover agent, and Details of the Lyndon-Osborne family.

The person who sold the information later lost contact, as if he didn't exist. Tahvili didn't care. He first had two undercover agents sent by the Homeland Security Department be killed, and then sent Martin to deal with Lyndon Os. This family.

"very good."

Roan carefully recorded Tahvili's account in his notebook, and then asked a certain question every once in a while. He asked it over and over again several times to make sure that there was nothing wrong with Tahvili's explanation, and then he turned and left the interrogation room.

As soon as she returned to the office area, Lacey came over and said seriously:

"Luo An, I have already found out what you asked me to check before."

"Good."

Luo An nodded with satisfaction, pulled Lacey into the team leader's office, and asked:

“What is the specific situation?”

“Agent Wilder from Homeland Security, there's something really wrong with this guy.”

Lacey snorted coldly. When she was at the farm, Roan asked her to investigate Agent Wilder's financial situation. Lacey didn't find anything unusual at first. Agent Wilder's own bank account, his wife's, and his parents' bank account Nothing wrong with the accounts was found.

Lacie had no choice but to use the oldest method: tracking.

Facts have proven that some methods are old but still effective.

During the tracking process, Lacey learned that Agent Wilder's car had an accident the day before the farm operation was launched, and he drove the car to a repair shop for repairs.

The repair bills that Agent Wild later paid to the repair shop were all in old, non-sequential \$20 bills.

In the past, when Agent Wilder had car problems or made other large transactions, he basically used credit cards and rarely used large amounts of cash.

"Thanks for your hard work."

Luo An nodded with satisfaction, then lowered his head to write and draw in his notebook for a while, and walked out of the team leader's office with Lacey. He clapped his hands to attract the attention of other agents and said:

“Everyone, I need you to investigate something.”

“What?”



Michelle, Winslow and Chenelle, who were processing the follow-up documents of the Lyndon Osborne family's murder case, all looked up in confusion, and Mona also looked confused:

“Are there any issues with this case that have not been resolved?”

Luo An didn't explain much. He just picked up the snacks on Lacey's table and gave a few packets to everyone. Then he gave some information obtained from the interrogation just now to the detectives for them to investigate the situation.

Lacie: “...”

Winslow, Michelle and others didn't know the reason, but since they believed in Luo An, they still received their respective information and investigated it carefully.

With Mona and Michelle's speed, it didn't take long for them to finish processing the information they needed to investigate, and handed the list to Roan, followed closely by Chenille and Winslow, who also handed it over a few minutes later. Got two lists from Luo An.

Luo An was looking down at the four lists when Horst from the Supervision Department suddenly knocked on the door and walked into the office area of the Special Investigation Team, saying that the director asked Luo An to go to his office.

Luo An closed the folder, raised his head and showed a smile:

“It just so happens that I also have something to report to the director.”