

FBI Detective 491

Chapter 491 Concealment in the parking lot

Luo An and Lacey looked at each other, and then briefly asked for a moment. After confirming that Allen had no other clues and that the fire fighting in the distance had ended, Luo An asked Lacey to go there to check the situation, and he returned to the SUV of the Special Investigation Team. beside.

“How is it, Mona, did the surveillance find anything?”

“Nothing.”

The co-pilot of the SUV, Mona pointed to the laptop on her lap and said helplessly:

“This group of bank robbers 100% visited this area before committing the robbery.

Not only is the monitoring system in this parking lot in disrepair, but there are also no monitoring facilities at several nearby intersections. ”

Luo An's expression remained unchanged. He had guessed this before. He coughed lightly and briefly described the incident about the police car that Allen mentioned.

It is impossible to determine whether the police car Allen mentioned is true or false. It is not appropriate for the FBI and them to directly ask the LAPD sergeant not far away, so Luo An asked Mona to investigate the specific situation first and then decide what to do next.

"police?"

Mona's eyelids twitched, and several worst-case scenarios instantly appeared in her mind.

But she didn't say much, just nodded and started investigating according to Luo An's instructions.

LAPD police cars generally have positioning devices, and the itineraries and routes of patrol officers can also be checked at the LAPD headquarters information center, so it didn't take long for Mona to find useful information.

“Luo An, that Allen is right.”

Mona tapped her ten fingers on the computer keyboard for a moment, then turned the computer to show the screen to Luo An, and said:

“Allan called the police, indicating that before a car caught fire in the parking lot, there was indeed a police car that patrolled the parking lot.”

“Good.”

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and asked:

“Who is the policeman in that police car? Where is he now?”

“The other party is Patrolman Davis.”

Mona whispered the other person's name, then pointed to a small circle not far away where several LAPD and Los Angeles firefighters were chatting.

One of them was a chubby middle-aged white man wearing a LAPD patrol uniform with his hands in his pockets. He was Patrolman Davis.

“OK.”

Seeing the other party's appearance clearly, Luo An nodded and was silent for a second. A smile suddenly appeared on his face, and then he strode towards the circle.

“Hello.”

Walking to the circle, Luo An, with a smile on his face, briefly introduced his identity, thanked the Los Angeles firefighters for their hard work for a long time, and then asked about the situation of the burned van.

“There's a lot of gas in that van.”

A firefighter shook hands with Luo An and explained with a slight smile:

“When we got here, the car was almost burned, and all we could do was put out the fire.”

The implication is that there is nothing useful left in the van, so there is no need to think about clues or anything like that.

“It seems that this group of robbers was well prepared.”

Luo An's expression remained unchanged, and he complained about the robbers with everyone. They chatted briefly for a while. After the scene was handled, everyone was ready to leave. Luo An calmly walked to Patrolman Davis and pointed at him not far away. The police car in charge smiled and said:

“Let's go there and talk?”

Patrolman Davis paused, a smile appeared on his chubby face, and just as he was about to speak, Luo An suddenly put his arm around his shoulders and whispered:

“It's just the two of us. Too many people will be bad for you and me, okay?”

Patrolman Davis' breathing quickened slightly when he heard this, and he was silent for a second and nodded:

“OK.”

The smile on Luo An's face remained unchanged, and he briefly greeted the LAPD sergeant who had some doubts on his face, and then walked behind the police car while talking and laughing.

Patrolman Davis looked back at Luo An and asked seriously:

“I don't know, Team Leader Greenwood, what problem do you have with me?”

“Just call me Luo An.”

Luo An chuckled and said softly:

“I led the special investigation team simply to find the group of robbers.”

“Sorry, Leader Greenwood, I...”

Patrolman Davis shook his head, and before he could continue speaking, Luo An did not mention Allen's narrative, but directly told the clues that Mona had found, then he hugged Patrolman Davis' shoulders and said in a deep voice. : "Officer Davis, we're all paid, aren't we?"

Mona previously found out that Patrolman Davis is in his thirties, has a wife who loves him, and two lovely children, a boy and a girl. The family's financial situation is good.

When Luo An saw this information, he immediately guessed what Patrolman Davis had seen the robbers but selectively ignored:

Patrolman Davis, who has a son, a daughter and a wife at home, only has a pistol in his waist and a rifle in the trunk. He 100% does not want to go to the Police Martyrs Monument so early.

With just that little salary a month, there is no need to risk your life with that group of robbers armed with rifles.

Roan said that he understood the difficulties of Patrolman Davis and did not want to embarrass him. He just wanted to know the situation of the group of robbers.

Patrolman Davis was silent for a long time, and then he let out a long sigh and slowly collapsed to the ground as if he had lost his support. He covered his face and whispered:

“I'm sorry, Team Leader Luo An, I was really...”

Roan patted Patrolman Davis on the shoulder and said nothing. He just took out the paper and pen he had just taken out from Mona's pocket and asked Patrolman Davis to describe the situation of the robbers in detail.

More than half an hour later, Luo An returned to the SUV. Mona glanced at Patrolman Davis, who was pulled into the car by the sergeant not far away, and asked:

“He said everything?”

"certainly."

Roan shook the paper in his hand. The paper was full of words. Patrolman Davis wrote everything he saw on it.

Lacie picked up the paper and looked at it, frowned, and asked:

“Officer Davis, what will happen next?”

Patrolman Davis saw the bank robber, but selectively ignored it and failed to report it. At best, he was afraid of life and death; at worst, he failed to perform his duties, neglected his duties, and concealed clues.

This kind of thing is a situation that needs to be dealt with seriously no matter which federal law enforcement agency it is in.

“Let the LAPD handle it.”

Luo An started the SUV, turned the steering wheel and drove away, and replied casually.

The FBI and LAPD already have various conflicts resulting from overlapping responsibilities.

Whether reporting this matter to the LAPD or to team leader Potente Byrne, Roan will gain little.

In this case, since we have obtained the clues we want, we might as well let the LAPD handle it themselves.

That LAPD sergeant is not a fool. Patrolman Davis chatted with Luo An for a few words and his condition became so bad. How could he not see the problem?

How the LAPD will deal with Patrolman Davis later, whether he will be suspended for self-reflection or some other punishment, has nothing to do with Luo An of the FBI.

He motioned Lacey to hand the piece of paper to Mona, and asked Mona to check the license plate number that Patrolman Davis had written and what he saw. Then, while driving, Roan took out his mobile phone and called Michelle. :

“Michelle, at the federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention laboratory, where is the process?”

“The results of the botulinum toxin genome test at the crime scene have just been made.”

Michelle on the other end of the phone had a strange tone and said:

“Staff from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention stated that this kind of botulinum toxin is generally stored in laboratories with biosafety protection level three and above.

There are many such laboratories in the federal territory, and there are more than a dozen in California alone. ”

Luo An didn't understand what Michelle's words meant:

"so what?"

"so..."

Michelle swallowed, walked to a deserted corner, and whispered:

“Not only do several universities in California have laboratories of this level, our FBI, CIA, the Army, Navy, and even the Air Force also have laboratories of this level.”

...Fu-k, I get it.”

Luo An rubbed his temples with a speechless face. He understood the reason for Michelle's strange tone.

Whether it's the CIA, the Navy, the Army or the Air Force, there's no one easy to deal with. It's not that complicated to investigate whether the bottle of poison gas came from them.

Sighing out a breath, Luo An didn't panic. Anyway, he was supported by team leader Potente Byrne, so he hung up the phone on Michelle, and he planned to call Potente Byrne again.

At this moment, Mona in the co-pilot suddenly said:

“Luo An, I found a new clue.”

Chapter 492 The Suspect of Bank Robbers

What Patrolman Davis wrote on the piece of paper carefully described what happened in the parking lot:

At that time, Patrolman Davis drove his police car slowly and patrolled the neighborhood he was responsible for as usual.

Hearing the news that the group of bank robbers in Bonne drove away, Patrolman Davis did not think too much and did not think that the robbers would flee into his neighborhood.

Driving his police car into the parking lot, Patrolman Davis planned to pause his patrol and buy a cup of Starbucks nearby.

As soon as he entered the parking lot, Patrolman Davis saw a van parked in a parking space, and six men wearing poker masks ran out of the van, holding a rifle in one hand and a large black bag in the other. Guy.

At the same time that Patrolman Davis saw the robbers, the robbers on both sides of the van also saw Patrolman Davis in the police car.

There were seven people on both sides, all of them were stunned in place at that moment.

“...”x7

Tick-tick-tick

Time is moving forward second by second. These few seconds are definitely the slowest the seven people have ever felt in their lives.

A few seconds later, Patrolman Davis turned his head and did not look at the people. As if nothing happened, he drove the police car slowly out of the parking lot.

The six bank robbers looked at me and I looked at you. They were all a little confused. After reacting, they quickly ran to another MPV with weapons and large bags full of money, and drove away from the area quickly. .

“...”x3

After reading Patrolman Davis's description, Luo An and the other three people had black lines all over their heads.

Fortunately, those few seconds left a deep impression on Patrolman Davis, and he took note of a lot of things.

For example, the license plate numbers of the van and the MPV, the heights of the six robbers, and when the six robbers bent down to get into the MPV, the blue and yellow shirts under the black jackets of two of them were exposed at the waist.

Patrolman Davis felt familiar with the styles of those two shirts. When he thought about it carefully, he remembered that they were the jerseys of the Rams, the Los Angeles football team.

“I haven't found anything useful about jerseys or anything like that.”

Mona showed the laptop to Roan and Lacey, and explained with a smile:

“But based on the license plate number of the MPV, I did find some useful clues.”

Mona found out that the owner of the MPV was a celebrity agent who worked at a brokerage company in Los Angeles. At the time of the crime, he was doing activities in a European country with the celebrity in charge, and he had no time to commit the crime.

This agent has divorced his wife, and his ex-wife was not available to commit the crime at the time of the crime.

However, the agent's ex-wife's cousin, a guy named Cogglin, is very suspected of committing the crime.

“Coglin, 26 years old, was convicted of theft and intentional injury and went to prison for a period of further education.”

On the laptop screen was a photo of a young white man taken while in prison. Mona pointed at the man and said:

“Two years ago, Coghlin was released from prison and found a job at a telecommunications equipment company in Los Angeles.

Six months ago, he was fired from a telecommunications equipment company due to multiple unexcused absences from work, and has been unemployed ever since. ”

Mona then typed a few times on the keyboard to bring up Coghlin's work records when he worked at the telecommunications equipment company, and showed it to Luo An with a smile:

“These are the places where Coghlin goes most often when he's working.”

“A branch of Wells Fargo, a branch of Trust Bank, JP Morgan Chase, First Republic Bank...”

Lacey read out the words on the laptop screen one by one. Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and grinned:

“Our Mr. Coghlin likes to repair telecommunications equipment for places with money.

It seems that the coffee in these places tastes better when you take a break from work. ”

Lacie sneered, and then said Luo An:

“Perhaps this guy wants to figure out the structure of these bank vault doors and the set times of time locks.”

“The probability is very high.”

Luo An nodded and then asked:

“Mona, are there any other clues?”

"there is none left."

Close the laptop and spread her hands:

"The clues we just found are just reasonable guesses based on the information. At present, we can't find direct evidence to prove that the other party participated in the bank robbery." "It doesn't matter, at least we already have a target of suspicion."

Luo An's expression remained unchanged. He had no intention of leading a team at the moment and would go directly to the place where Coglin lived to conduct a door-to-door search.

There is a serial number record of the robbed US dollars at the bank. Most likely, this group of robbers will not spend the money they robbed directly, but will find someone to clean it first and then use it.

In this case, it is impossible to identify this group of robbers in a short time, catch them and send them to prison. Luo An is already prepared to deal with this case slowly in the future.

However, the investigation that needs to be done still needs to be done. Roan asked Mona to retrieve all the information about Coghlin and give it to Lacey.

Lacey is the most suitable person in the special investigation team to follow up and investigate Coglin offline.

“No problem, leave it to me.”

Taking the documents and information, Lacey nodded heavily in agreement, then she stretched out her right hand towards Luo An, showing a penniless smile:

“Give me some investigation funds first.”

“...”x2

Lacie began to act alone to investigate the situation of the bank robbers. Roan and Mona returned to the special investigation team. Michelle had returned to the office area and waited for a long time.

“Next, it will be up to the three of us to handle this gas case.”

In the office area of the Special Investigation Team, Mona and Michelle sat obediently on chairs, and Luo An posted the photo of the poison gas storage tank in the center of the whiteboard at the front.

Rubbing his temples, Luo An looked back at Michelle and asked:

“At the CDC, are there any suspicious laboratories?”

Michelle shook her head, showed the report issued by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention to Luo An, and said:

“Staff from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention said that botulinum toxin found at crime scenes is the most common type, and many laboratories can produce it.

In addition, in addition to the official work records, many laboratories also have a bunch of confidential experiments that only a few people will know about, so..."

Luo An took the report and looked at it. The content was very long, with a lot of professional terms, and he couldn't understand it at all.

However, the meaning was summed up by Luo An:

Potentially produced by every Level 3 or higher laboratory within the Commonwealth.

"All right."

Luo An rubbed his temples and felt a little headache. After pondering for a while, he said:

"Mona, Michelle, please first check the level 3 or above laboratories in various universities in California to see if they have manufactured or produced botulinum toxin."

"no problem."

Compared to other government departments, surveying laboratories in various universities is relatively simple.

Mona moved her chair back to her seat and started typing on the computer keyboard to investigate. Michelle assisted her on the side. Roan picked up the coffee and drank it in one gulp. He took out his cell phone and called Potente Byrne, the team leader. :

"Good afternoon, sir. It's me, Luo An."

Roan briefly described the report issued by the monitoring center. Potente-Born thought for a few seconds and said in a deep voice:

“I will contact the CIA and the military. If there is any news, I will call you.”

“OK, thank you, sir.”

“You're welcome, please handle this case properly.”

Hang up the phone, Luo An sat down on the chair, staring at the photos on the whiteboard, leaning his chin in thought.

Time passed by, and Mona and Michelle did not find any clues. In addition, some university laboratories did not conduct large-scale external networking, and even used separate regional networks, so this work was far more complicated than before. It's a bit more difficult than they imagined.

As the clock at the front of the office area reached the end of the day, Luo An first called Lacey, briefly asked about the situation, and made sure that everything was normal. Luo An left the Special Investigation Team office area with Mona and Michelle and drove to to the hospital where Winslow and Chenelle were staying.

When the three of them arrived at the hospital, Winslow's ex-wife and young son, as well as the ex-wife's current husband, all came to the hospital.

Two adults stood in the corridor outside the ward, discussing things in a low voice with the doctor. When they saw Roan, Winslow's ex-wife immediately walked up.

Chapter 493 Poison Gas Case Investigation, Santiago's Clues

Winslow's ex-wife is named Lanita. She is a woman who is taller than Roan and almost as tall as Winslow.

Lanita's current husband is slightly shorter than Mona, but the fact that a woman is taller than a man is nothing in the Free Federation, and no one here cared about it. They simply shook hands and introduced their identities, Lanita. Tower then discussed Winslow's situation with Roan.

Winslow and Chenelle have woken up in the ward. They all have symptoms of difficulty breathing and muscle weakness. They are lying on the hospital bed with faces full of pain and are very uncomfortable.

Fortunately, the doctor said that the two of them did not inhale much botulinum toxin, and since they are in excellent physical condition, they will recover quickly and there is a high probability that there will be no sequelae later.

Everyone present breathed a long sigh of relief and exchanged greetings for a while. His ex-wife Lanita, her son and her husband left first.

Mona and Michelle walked into the ward and began to comfort the two of them. Luo An quietly took out a bottle of [antidote] from the blind spot of the surveillance area, poured it into the drinking water and helped Winslow and Chenelle drink it.

"Feel sorry."

After drinking some water, Winslow felt that his chapped lips felt much better, and then he apologized:

"We didn't expect things to turn out like this."

"It doesn't matter, take good care of yourself first and then talk about the rest."

Luo An smiled and shook his head. This kind of thing was not Winslow and Chenelle's fault. They were like this because they were trying to save people. Who would have thought that something as terrible as poison gas would appear in a bank.

"By the way, the doctor just said that the mother and daughter also woke up not long ago."

Roan patted Winslow and Chenelle's arms and said with a smile:

"Their condition is not bad, and their families are very grateful to you."

A flash of light flashed in Winslow's eyes. Chenelle grinned and said with a solemn expression:

“I should...thank...Luo An...you.”

Winslow and Chenelle knew the person who had the greatest credit for the previous incident, and they did not notice anything unusual at all at the time.

Had Luo An not reacted quickly enough and asked people to leave the hall in time, by the time they reacted, everyone on the scene might have lost their breath.

Michelle looked at Luo An with gratitude. She and Mona were in the deeper control room at that time. If Luo An hadn't rescued them in time, it would have been 100% too late by the time she felt something was wrong.

Luo An waved his hands and said nothing. Even though he warned in time, so many people still died on the scene.

Now Luo An just wants to catch the owner of the bottle of poison gas quickly, and then ask the other person why he put such dangerous poison gas in the bank's storage cabinet?

After chatting for a while, Luo An and the other three were driven out of the ward by the doctor and nurse, so the three of them decided that Winslow and Chenelle would take good care of themselves, and they would come back later.

Luo An secretly poured a bottle of [antidote potion] into the two of them, and Luo An felt much more relaxed. However, after a day of running around, he and Mona were not in the mood to exercise when they returned to the villa. They simply ate and took a shower, then returned to their respective bedrooms to sleep. .

The next day, Lacey continued to act alone to investigate the suspects in the bank robbery. Mona went to the office area of the Special Investigation Team alone and used computers to investigate the conditions of the laboratory that can produce botulinum toxin.

Roan and Michelle conducted offline research and visited several university laboratories that use regional networks.

After working all morning, everyone gained nothing.

“So, is our investigation going in the wrong direction?”

In the SUV, Michelle took a big bite of the burger, chewed it a few times, swallowed it, and said:

“The source of that bottle of poisonous gas may not be the laboratory.”

Luo An finished his burger, drank a large glass of Coke in one gulp, belched loudly, patted his belly and replied:

“If it's not a laboratory, it can only be the army.”

The military is one of the most unique systems and the most exclusive camp in the Federation.

If the source of the bottle of poison gas in the bank was the military, then there would be no FBI involvement behind this case, and there would be no need to investigate.

Michelle swallowed the burger in her mouth and was about to speak when Luo An's cell phone suddenly rang.

Taking out his mobile phone and looking at the phone number, Luo An pressed the answer button:

“What's the matter, Mona?”

“I found out something.”

Mona on the other end of the phone took a bite of the bread she found in Lacey's drawer, looked at the computer screen in front of her, and said:

“Five months ago, the Federal Army, the University of California, San Diego, and Hudson University in New York conducted an experimental activity together. The contents of this experiment are top secret and I cannot find out.

However, I discovered that during that period, there were several students majoring in biochemistry, molecular biology, cell biology, bacteriology, virology, microbiology, etc. in the two universities. They had several more A's in their coursework. These students had previously All studies have content related to botulinum toxin. ”

“Well done!”

Roan's eyes lit up when he heard this. He praised Mona loudly and immediately started the car and headed to the University of California, San Diego.

The distance between Los Angeles and San Diego is about 120 kilometers. Luo An drove the SUV quickly and successfully arrived at the university at 2:30 in the afternoon.

By showing the FBI's golden badge, Luo An and Michelle soon met one of the heads of the Level 3 Biological Bacteria Laboratory at the University of California, San Diego. He had half black and half white hair. He looked about 60 years old and was wearing a white coat. of an elderly white man.

“Just call me Brown.”

In an office, an elderly white man reached out and shook hands with Luo An, his face full of doubts:

“What do you want from me?”

“Hello, Professor Brown.”

Luo An briefly introduced the identities of himself and Michelle. When he learned that they were here for botulinum toxin, Professor Brown wiped his glasses and said:

“Most bacteria need a biological host. Botulinum toxin only needs the infected organism to die and rot in the soil to complete its own cycle, so it is called a toxin.

So what you are saying is that the botulinum toxin that appeared at the bank in Los Angeles the day before yesterday may have come from our laboratory? Are you sure this isn't a joke? ”

“I also hope this is just a joke.”

Luo An smiled and asked:

“Do you have any machinery and equipment here that can extract botulinum toxin?”

“Of course, our laboratory is well-equipped.”

Professor Brown walked to the desk behind him and began to look for documents on the table. At the same time, he said:

“However, most of our experimental equipment is common to more than a dozen scholars, researchers and students. Once someone does something wrong, it will 100% be discovered by others.”

Luo An then asked:

“What about doing some top-secret experiments?”

Professor Brown paused, some wrinkles appeared on his forehead, and he raised his head and stared at Luo An:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean no harm, Professor Brown."

Luo An spread his hands and said:

"We know that the military conducted experiments with you in the past, but we are not interested in the specific content of those experiments.

We just want to know whether the bottle of botulinum toxin that killed so many people came from your laboratory, and who actually put it into that bank. "

"OK."

Professor Brown pondered for a while and nodded, then found a certificate under a pile of documents, signed it, and said:

"The person in charge of that top-secret experiment was not me, but Professor Ferdinand who was diagonally opposite my office.

Most of our laboratories are open 24 hours a day, but every time you enter the laboratory and use experimental equipment, you must swipe your card to prove your identity. Experimental equipment that can produce botulinum toxin is no exception.

This is the certificate I signed. You can take it to retrieve the usage records of those experimental equipment. "

"OK, thank you Professor Brown."

Luo An smiled and thanked him, took the paper signed by the other party and left the office. He found a college student who had just finished the experiment in the laboratory and asked him to help retrieve the usage records of the equipment.

Sent all the records back to Mona, Luo An and Michelle had just walked to the gate of the University of California, San Diego, when Luo An's cell phone suddenly rang.

Pressing the answer button, Mona's somewhat excited voice sounded on the other end of the phone:

“Luo An, I found the suspect who made the poison gas!”

Chapter 494 Suspect of suicide, third party at the scene

University of California, San Diego, in the parking lot not far from the school gate.

Hand Michelle opened the car door and got into the SUV together, Luo An asked with his cell phone:

“Who is the suspect?”

“Professor of Virology, University of California, San Diego, Lloyd Webster.”

Mona on the other end of the phone explained:

“Among the mechanical equipment experiment records you sent back, this professor's situation is the most prominent.

Not only did he go in and out of those laboratories many times from midnight to three in the morning, but every time he entered those laboratories, the electricity consumption of the laboratories suddenly increased a lot. ”

Michelle thought for a while and said:

“Either Professor Lloyd Webster goes to the laboratory every night to steal electricity, or he uses large electrical equipment.”

Luo An nodded and said:

“For example, a centrifuge is an indispensable piece of equipment for making botulinum toxin, but it consumes a lot of electricity.

Mona, where is this Professor Lloyd-Webster now? ”

“After the gas incident, Professor Lloyd-Webster took a week's leave on the grounds that he needed to recuperate from his chronic illness.”

The typing on the keyboard on the other end of the phone suddenly stopped, and Mona replied:

“He is most likely at home now. The house is not far from the University of California, San Diego, and it takes ten minutes to drive.”

Roan hung up the phone, waited for Michelle to fasten her seat belt, and immediately drove the SUV to the location Mona said.

Less than ten minutes, the SUV arrived at the destination.

What surprised Roan and Michelle was that the house Professor Lloyd-Webster lived in was very ordinary, just an ordinary house in a community building.

Stepping into the elevator, Michelle glanced at some unknown objects that emitted a peculiar smell at the corner of the stairs not far away. Her eyelids twitched and she said:

“Professor Lloyd-Webster is short of money.”

Luo An didn't speak, just held his breath.

The Federation is a free country, and people are naturally free to go to the toilet wherever they want.

The elevator slowly opened when it reached the designated floor. The two stepped out of the elevator and walked directly to the house where Professor Lloyd Webster lived.

Standing on both sides of the door of the room, one on the left and one on the right, Luo An raised his hand and knocked on the door, saying loudly:

“Hello, is this Mr. Lloyd-Webster? Here is your package!”

After the words fell, the corridor was extremely quiet, and no one in the room answered.

Knocked on the door a few more times, but still no one answered. Luo An and Michelle looked at each other and nodded. Then they counted down to three, raised their feet and kicked the door fiercely.

In Michelle's shocked eyes, the door of the room was instantly kicked to the ground by Luo An's terrifying force. When she reacted, she quickly raised her pistol and followed Luo An into the room, quickly checking the situation in each room.

"Safety!"

"Safety!"

This room is not big, and the bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom were quickly checked by the two of them to make sure there were no problems. However, the moment they walked into the study, they both frowned.

The study room in this house is not big, with only a desk, a chair, a computer, some books and documents, and a pot of cactus placed on the windowsill.

Professor Lloyd Webster is sitting on the chair. At this time, his head is tilted back and his head is upward. His eyes are closed and his mouth is wide open. There is a **** hole in the center of his head. There is a long hole on the wall behind the chair. Splattered blood.

Professor Lloyd-Webster's hands were hanging down powerlessly, his left hand was naturally slightly bent, and there was a pistol on the ground next to his right hand.

Bent down to examine for a few seconds, Michelle looked very ugly:

“Professor Lloyd-Webster committed suicide?”

Roan nodded expressionlessly. The situation at the scene was not complicated. Professor Lloyd-Webster put the muzzle of the gun into his mouth, then pulled the trigger and took his own life. Luo An put on his gloves and briefly looked through the files on his desk. He didn't find anything like the last words he imagined, but he found traces of the computer being tampered with. His eyes moved slightly and he continued to search. Luo An quickly Some other clues were discovered.

After pondering for a few seconds, Luo An took out his mobile phone and called the local FBI Trace Inspection Section, and at the same time said to Michelle:

“We are not the first ones here, there are others who have been here.”

Michelle suddenly thought of something when he heard this, and his expression changed:

“You mean that Professor Lloyd-Webster was forced to commit suicide with a gun?”

“This possibility is not ruled out, but the probability is not high.”

Luo An pointed to the corpse in the study and explained:

“Judging from the marks around the hole in Professor Lloyd-Webster's head and the coagulation of his blood, he died not long ago and should have occurred on the day when the media reported the gas case.

But look here. "

Luo An took Michelle to the door where he kicked him to the ground and said:

"The lock has signs of being picked from the outside. If Professor Lloyd-Webster is still alive when this person comes, there is no need for this person to pick the lock."

Michelle was silent for a few seconds, then looked up at Luo An:

"So, not long after Professor Lloyd-Webster committed suicide, someone entered the house by picking the lock, and then that person operated Professor Lloyd-Webster's computer before leaving."

"That person also took away something like the last words that Professor Lloyd Webster wrote before he committed suicide."

Luo An said that there was a writing pen placed on the dominant position of the right hand of the desk. There was also a blank area in the center of the desk. It was obvious that some items were placed there before, but now they are gone.

"damn it."

Michelle cursed in a low voice after hearing this, and then asked:

"What do we do next?"

"Take the computer and go back to Los Angeles."

After careful investigation of the scene, Luo An can determine that there is more than 90% possibility that Professor Lloyd Webster committed suicide.

But what was the reason why Professor Lloyd-Webster committed suicide, why he secretly made poison gas, and why he put the bottle of poison gas into the bank.

And who was the person who sneaked into the room, and what was written in the last words he took away, these are what Luo An needs to investigate next.

After a brief exchange of greetings with the local FBI in San Diego, Michelle collected all the computers, books, documents, etc. found at the crime scene, and Luo An started the SUV and returned to Los Angeles.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, Luo An and Michelle returned to the special investigation team smoothly. When Mona saw the two of them, she immediately finished a piece of bread in two or three bites and said loudly:

“Boy, I have found out why Professor Lloyd-Webster is short of money.”

"what happened?"

“Professor Lloyd Webster's son has brain cancer.”

Mona said that she carefully checked Professor Lloyd-Webster's financial situation during his lifetime and found that most of his funds in the past year were spent on a large hospital in Los Angeles.

Mona continued to follow this clue and found that Professor Lloyd Webster had been paying for the treatment of a brain cancer patient in his thirties. After checking the identity of the brain cancer patient, she found that The man is the biological son of Professor Lloyd Webster.

Professor Lloyd-Webster divorced and his son married his wife. Later, when his wife was in her thirties, she developed a tumor in her head and died painfully. Unexpectedly, her son also inherited his mother's family disease.

After reading this information, Luo An nodded in understanding, and Michelle suddenly realized:

“Professor Lloyd-Webster secretly manufactured botulinum toxin in order to sell it for money and then use the money to treat his son.”

Mona nodded, and Luo An then handed her the computer found at the crime scene and asked:

“This computer has signs of being tampered with. Can you find out the details?”

"certainly."

Mona took the computer and laughed, started the computer and said at the same time:

“As long as it is not physically destroyed, even if it is formatted, I can still check his browsing history during his lifetime!”

Luo An's eyelids jumped when he heard this. He planned to go back and ask the agents from the Trace Inspection Section downstairs if they could make a laptop that could self-explode and burn.

Chapter 495 Part of the truth about the poison gas case, clues to the bank case

Special Investigation Team, office area.

It took Mona a while to process the computer, so Luo An took out his mobile phone and called the owner of a nearby restaurant, ordered a few dinners and asked them to be delivered to the investigation team's office area, and then he called Lacey. Got the phone.

“It's me, Luo An, how are you doing over there?”

"all the best."

The voice on the other end of the phone was a little noisy. Luo An heard Lacey and some people apologize, then walked to a quieter place and whispered:

"I did not approach Coghlin directly but went to one of his favorite bars.

That guy Coghlin didn't spend money lavishly, nor did he look for women or gamble, which made me suspect that I had the wrong person. "

Luo An raised his eyebrows and asked:

"what have you found?"

"I found this guy is too stable, abnormally stable."

Lacie sneered and said:

"Coglin has always been unemployed, and most of his daily expenses come from moving things to bars or nearby supermarkets to earn some hard-earned money. The source of funds is extremely unstable.

But not only did Coghlin not show any pressure, he was very calm. When faced with the teasing of some gangsters in the bar, he didn't care at all, and even had a bit of contempt in his eyes..."

Luo An nodded. He understood the meaning of Lacey's words. This guy Coghlin is clearly living a life where one meal may not mean the next, but he reveals a kind of "I can turn over if I want to". A sense of pride.

Moreover, Coghlin doesn't smoke green hemp, smoke flour, or drink much alcohol. He just likes to smoke a little, and his mental state is fine.

Lacie concluded:

"I suspect that Coghlin is most likely one of the group of bank robbers. He either hid the money and planned to spend it after the limelight has passed; or the money has not been cleaned yet, and he is now in a waiting state. "

"Good, thank you for your hard work."

Luo An pondered for a while, briefly discussed the subsequent investigation plan with Lacey, and then hung up the phone.

Not long after, the dinner ordered by phone was delivered to the office area. Luo An took out a few dollars and gave them to the delivery boy, then walked into the office area with the food and said with a smile:

"Two ladies, great news, our dinner has arrived."

"Thanks."

After taking the dinner, Michelle thanked her. Mona raised her head and said with a smile:

"I also have good news. Professor Lloyd Webster's computer has been restored by me."

Mona put the dinner aside, then showed the computer to Luo An and said:

"And I found that thing that was cleared. It was the chat history of an online chat room."

Luo An's eyes lit up when he heard this, and he bent down to look at the computer screen. The chat records inside spanned a long time, but the content was not complicated.

Half a month before the military launched the top-secret experiment, Professor Lloyd-Webster met a man named "White Bruce" in a chat room.

The "White Blues" said in his words that he knew Professor Lloyd and knew about Professor Lloyd's son.

He respected and sympathized with Professor Lloyd, and was willing to donate \$50,000 to Professor Lloyd's son, but he also wanted to ask Professor Lloyd to do him a favor, that is, to create a bottle of botulinum toxin gas.

Professor Lloyd immediately and sternly rejected "White Blues" at first, but as time went by, Professor Lloyd's son's condition became worse and worse, and the money he had accumulated over the years was gradually spent, so Professor Lloyd took the initiative Find "White Bruce" and agree to make a bottle of botulinum toxin for \$300,000.

"White Blues" said the price was too expensive, and the two bargained, and the final price was set at \$100,000.

After the bottle of botulinum toxin was successfully produced, Professor Lloyd actually took the bottle of poison gas to Los Angeles to make a deal with "White Blues" in the name of going to Los Angeles to see his son.

At the same time, Michelle found out the cause of death of Professor Lloyd's son. He was not suffering from late-stage brain cancer, but died on the spot when he took advantage of the nurse's unpreparedness and committed suicide by jumping off the building.

The time happened to be the same as the time when Professor Lloyd took the poison gas and went to Los Angeles to make a deal.

Luo An frowned slightly and continued to scroll down the chat history. "White Bruce" did not wait for Professor Lloyd at the time and address that had been discussed in advance, nor did he get the poison gas, so he turned around and questioned him sternly in the chat room.

Professor Lloyd did not reply to the message at first. When he was settling his son's death the next day, he went online to say that his son was dead and the transaction was cancelled. Luo An pondered for a while and asked Mona to check the names of the account holders of the robbed First Republic Bank of California and the metal cabinets that were robbed.

Soon, Mona found a woman named "Avery Owen" and opened a metal cabinet for four months.

That was the name of Professor Lloyd's ex-wife.

The content in the subsequent chat room is basically "White Bruce" asking where the bottle of poison gas is, requesting to continue the transaction, or even increase the price.

Professor Lloyd never responded to the other party. When he was later threatened by "White Bruce", Professor Lloyd said that "White Bruce" would kill him in the worst case, but the other party still couldn't get the bottle of poison gas.

"White Blues" was silent for a long time and then went offline. He never spoke to Professor Lloyd again, and the chat history ended here.

"..."x3

After reading these contents, the office area of the Special Investigation Team became quiet.

After a long silence, Michelle frowned and concluded:

"Professor Lloyd originally planned to use the bottle of poison gas to sell his son for money, but because the son did not want to drag his father down and committed suicide by jumping off a building, Professor Lloyd unilaterally canceled the transaction and stored the bottle of poison gas in the metal in the First Republic Bank of California. cabinet."

Mona tilted her head and thought for a moment, then said:

"Professor Lloyd probably saw that the poison gas he chose to temporarily store in the bank caused so many deaths, and his son committed suicide, so he had no desire to live, so he chose to commit suicide."

Luo An nodded. Mona and Michelle's analysis were both reasonable, but he was now focused on another issue:

Is this "White Blues" the guy who infiltrated Professor Lloyd in front of me?

So Luo An patted Mona on the shoulder and said seriously:

"Mona, try to find out the identity of this "white blues".

We need to figure out what this guy wants to do in such a hurry to buy poison gas.

Also, if he didn't get the poison gas from Professor Lloyd, would he turn his attention to other people? Did he get the poison gas from other people? "

Poison gas, as long as it is used, will 100% kill a lot of people.

There were obvious anti-social thoughts in the words of "White Bruce". From this, Luo An judged that this guy did not get what he wanted from Professor Lloyd, and would most likely contact other people.

"OK, I'll investigate now!"

After listening to Luo An's analysis, Mona nodded seriously and immediately started typing on the keyboard with a serious look on her face. Seeing this, Michelle next to her also moved to Mona's side to help.

Luo An walked to the whiteboard and looked at the photo of the bottle of poison gas, frowning and thinking. At this moment, his cell phone suddenly rang.

Finding that the caller was the team supervisor, Luo An quickly pressed the answer button:

"Good evening, sir."

Potente-Byrne, the team leader on the other end of the phone, said "hmm" without any nonsense and said directly:

“I got a message from the Federal Army. Some of their internal departments collaborated with the University of California and Hudson University to conduct some experimental activities some time ago. Part of the experimental activities were related to botulinum toxin...”

Listening to the clues and analysis found by team leader Potente Byrne on the phone, Luo An had black lines all over his head and felt a toothache.

Had this news been earlier, it would not have been so late.

Just when Roan was hesitant to describe the clues found by their special investigation team to the excited Potente-Byrne, Mona's cell phone suddenly rang.

Mona pressed the answer button, and Lacey's anxious voice sounded on the other end of the phone:

“Mona, give your phone to Luan quickly, that Coghlin guy is getting ready to leave Los Angeles!”

Chapter 496 The identity of the suspect, everyone has a bright future

Special Investigation Team, office area.

Hearing what Lacey said on the other end of the phone, Mona quickly stood up and gave the phone to Luo An. Upon seeing this, Luo An simply apologized to the team leader Potente Byrne, took the phone and asked:

"what happened?"

“That Coghlin guy is leaving Los Angeles.”

Lacey said she just found out that Coghlin bought a ticket to Las Vegas tomorrow morning.

Luo An closed his eyes and rubbed his temples, then suddenly opened his eyes and said with a smile:

“Lessie, thanks to Coghlin, your dream of traveling with public funds can come true this time.”

“This kind of public-funded tour is not what I want.”

Lacey on the other end of the phone rolled her eyes. She understood the meaning of Roan's words, that is, she was going to follow Coghlin to Las Vegas this time.

The situation is urgent now. There are six bank robbers in total. The special investigation team has only found this one suspect so far. Luo An can only ask Lacey to follow him closely.

After thinking for a while, Luo An then smiled and said:

"It's a good thing, Lacey, you said before that Coghlin didn't smoke flour, he didn't find women or gamble during this period, and he drank very little.

Judging from the fact that Coghlin is planning to go to Las Vegas, this guy is obviously recuperating for the next debauched life.

This is the time when he is most likely to let down his guard, and it is also the time when we are most likely to find flaws in him. "

"I see."

After seeing Lesse in various flowers world, I knew that most ordinary people suddenly changed their mentality after a richest manner, and she turned her mind quickly, and soon thought about her tracking plan.

After a brief discussion, before Luo An hung up the phone, Lacey asked her last question:

“How much is the funding for this publicly funded tour?”

Luo An rolled his eyes and hung up the phone. The money he would give would definitely not be less, but not too much either. With Lacey's character, she would not take the money and put it into her own pocket, but would only spend extravagantly. , everything is for the best.

Handing the phone back to Mona, Luo An then picked up his own phone and briefly discussed the current progress of the poison gas case special investigation team with Potente Byrne on the other end of the phone.

Learning that the special investigation team had found the suspected suspect, Potente Byrne was surprised at first, and then overjoyed. He repeatedly praised Luo An for his clear thinking and thorough consideration.

He thought it would take Luo An about half a month to have a chance to investigate this case, but now it seems that he still underestimated the special investigation team.

Roan smiled and discussed a few words with Potente-Byrne, then turned the topic to the bank robbery case and briefly talked about the current situation of the group of bank robbers and their special investigation team.

“It's okay, Luo An, just handle the gas case.”

Team leader Potente Byrne laughed when he heard this and whispered that there was no need to worry about the bank robbery.

Although First Republic Bank of California suffered a lot this time, banks are robbed every day in Los Angeles. In more than 70% of cases, the robbers cannot be found for a long time.

For this situation, most FBI investigators wait until the next time the robbers make a mistake when they rob a bank. Then, while the robbers are being held, they carefully investigate past bank robberies, compare them one by one, and finally The court added jail time to the caught robbers.

At the end, Potente-Byrne whispered that the bank robbery was the best to solve. If he really felt unsure, the special investigation team could hand over the case and he would let other investigation teams handle it.

As long as this poison gas case is solved, the special investigation team's contribution will be indispensable.

Luo An's eyes flashed when he heard this, he grinned and nodded:

“I understand, thank you sir.”

Hang up the phone, Luo An sat on a chair nearby and started eating the dinner that was delivered to him. After struggling for a long time, the barbecue was a little cold.

As for whether to hand over the bank robbery case, Luo An briefly thought about it and abandoned this option.

The reason is simple. Since Coghlin is going to Las Vegas to have fun, it means that he is not the kind of guy with a very strong will.

However, people who are used to making big money and quick money cannot calm down and work for others step by step and get paid. They will only continue to make quick money.

They may also set a goal for themselves at the beginning, such as earning a million dollars and then quitting. But once they make one million, this goal may become two million, then three million, and continue to increase until they are caught and imprisoned.

Las Vegas is a world-famous gold-selling cave. The money Coghlin grabbed this time is nothing at all. It won't take long before he will spend it. By then, he will most likely contact the five previous people.

Someone among the robbers discussed taking another shot, and that was the time for the special investigation team to arrest him.

After the robbers are caught, the bank will naturally have to explain the business trip and other expenses of the special investigation team. After all, the Federation is a capitalist country that is all about money.

At that time, the team leader will have gained political achievements, the special investigation team will have received funds, the bank will have smoothed its accounts, the robbers will have the opportunity to enter prison for further education, and everyone will have a bright future.

The robbers: "..."

A few large pieces of Mexican barbecue were devoured, and he took a big sip of the Coke given by the hotel. Luo An burped.

On the other side, Michelle and Mona also finished their dinner. Most of what they wanted were vegetables, pasta and other foods. They only had a small portion of the barbecue and had not finished it yet.

"Roan, I found out about the "White Blues"."

Picked up a tissue to wipe her mouth, stopped typing on the keyboard, and showed the laptop screen to Luo An and said:

"The guy was very careful and covered himself with several layers of skin, but I still found his computer IP and found out his address and identity."

Luo An moved the chair next to Mona, looked at the computer screen and narrowed his eyes slightly:

"San Francisco East New Area, Tom Hamilton."

“That's right.”

Mona nodded and then introduced:

“Tom Hamilton, 38 years old, once insulted black and yellow people in public, had conflicts with others, and was eventually imprisoned for using weapons to violently injure others. After he was released from prison, he opened a small bar.”

“OK.”

Luo An nodded, and suddenly he discovered that in one of Tom Hamilton's bar photos, there was a photo posted on the wall in the corner of the bar, and he slowly zoomed in. The photo had a red background, and in the middle there was a large figure with many flames surrounding it. White sun, there is a double diamond pattern in the middle of the white sun.

Luo An looked puzzled and pointed at the photo and asked:

“What pattern is this?”

Mona frowned, took back the computer and said:

“I'll investigate right now.”

“No need to look into it, I know what it means.”

At this moment, Michelle next to her opened her mouth and attracted the attention of Roan and Mona. She frowned and explained:

“That is the totem of the First Order, a white supremacist organization.

The organization has clear slogans and goals, such as "We must protect our people, protect the future of white children, and remove garbage that should not exist on federal lands" and other similar words. "

Mona frowned:

"Sounds a bit like a Nazi slogan?"

"There is this totem hanging in that bar, which shows that Tom Hamilton has most likely joined the organization."

Luo An thought for a few seconds, connected everything together, and said:

"So Tom Hamilton went online to buy poison gas from Professor Lloyd Webster, probably to fulfill the goals of the "First Order" and use poison gas to eliminate people of color on a large scale."

"Fu-k!"

"Damn guy!"

Mona and Michelle's expressions darkened. Mona quickly tapped the keyboard a few times, raised her head and said with a serious face:

"Tom Hamilton's computer has traces of encryption. I want to investigate his chat history and other information. I need some time."

"Check on the road."

Luo An said as he put on his coat and walked out:

"We are going to San Francisco now to talk to Mr. Tom Hamilton about the federal race problem."

Chapter 497 White supremacists, sarin gas, arrest

The Federation is a well-known immigration country in the world. Immigrants account for about 14% of the country's total population.

The largest number of immigrants are from Latin America and the Caribbean, followed closely by immigrants from Asia and Europe.

Coupled with the descendants of black people in the South during the plantation period, as well as the "3G1A" (Gay, Guns, God religion, and Abortion) issues that have existed since the founding of the Union until modern times.

As a result, the social atmosphere in the entire country of the Federation cannot be said to be harmonious, but can only be described as intrigue and chaos.

The state of all social strata can also be said to be full of vitality and everything is in full swing.

White supremacy organizations first appeared during the Federal Civil War, also known as the "KKK", and like to achieve their goals through violent means.

Compared to the "KKK", the "First Order" is undoubtedly a younger brother within a younger brother.

Michelle pulled out all the information about the organization, and Luo An learned that the members of the organization were young and their slogans, programs, etc. were plagiarized from other organizations.

The organization has a slogan that declares, "It is people of color and immigrants who have brought crime, monopoly and violence to this land."

Luo An grinned. Those Indians with numb scalps probably felt the same way.

Los Angeles and San Francisco are two cities, one in central California and the other in northern California. They are about 560 kilometers apart and it takes more than 6 hours to drive there.

Fortunately, the FBI's Los Angeles branch had several small planes, so Luo An submitted an application to the team leader Potente Byrne, and then took Mona and Michelle there on a small plane under the guidance of the pilot. FBI branch in San Francisco.

In less than two hours, Luo An and the others arrived at the FBI San Francisco branch, and Mona also found new clues.

Stop typing on the keyboard, Mona looked very solemn:

"I hacked into Tom Hamilton's computer and found in his chat history that he had recently contacted a captain who had recently retired from the army.

The captain's last task was to take care of the armory. When he left the job, the captain took some things from the armory. "

"what?"

"Two GB gas bombs."

Michelle looked at Luo An in confusion:

"What does GB mean?"

Luo An's face darkened instantly:

"Sarin!"

Sarin gas mainly attacks the connection between the nerves and muscles of the human body. It only takes a few minutes to paralyze a person from head to toe, making them unable to move and eventually unable to even breathe.

Such pain usually lasts for 10-15 minutes, and eventually the person is tortured to death.

“Fu-k.”

Luo An took out his mobile phone with a dark face and asked:

“Did Tom Hamilton buy those two gas bombs?”

“Not yet, but the transaction time has been agreed upon.”

Mona quickly scrolled down the chat page, then suddenly raised her head and said with a serious face:

“Just four hours later, in an abandoned parking lot south of San Francisco!”

“OK!”

Luo An immediately pressed the button after hearing this and began to contact the San Francisco FBI branch and the local SWAT team.

Later, Luo An also called the local disease control department in San Francisco and asked them to prepare a large number of antidote shots just in case.

Upon learning of the existence of poison gas bombs, the FBI's San Francisco branch immediately exploded and immediately dispatched two investigation teams and two SWAT teams to the target location together with Luo An and the others.

“Hello, Leader Greenwood, I have heard your name for a long time, but I didn't expect you to be younger than I thought.”

In an extended black personnel carrier, a middle-aged white man with a slicked back hair, sunken eye sockets, and stubble stretched out his hand to shake hands with Luo An and introduced himself:

“I am the leader of tonight's operation, just call me Kevin.”

“Hello, Captain Kevin.”

Luo An shook hands with the other party, exchanged a few brief greetings, and then asked:

“How are the preparations for the antidote injection going?”

“The situation is not ideal.”

Captain Kevin's face didn't look very good. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention does have antidote shots for sarin gas, but the quantity is very small.

The situation tonight is too sudden, and the CDC can do nothing in a short time. Currently, there are less than ten antidote needles in the hands of more than 30 team members. The reason why we do not choose to arrest people in the city is mainly because we are afraid of unexpected situations and gas bombs leaking in the city.

The transaction address that Tom Hamilton and the captain discussed was a remote abandoned parking lot with few residents around, only some homeless people.

In order not to alert the enemy, the FBI San Francisco branch had no plans to evacuate the homeless people. It was best to capture the two people who were preparing to trade gas bombs alive.

When the detoxification needles are not enough, the solution given above is to be more careful when taking action and never let the bullets hit the two gas bombs.

After hearing Captain Kevin's words, Luo An's eyelids jumped sharply.

Taking a deep breath, he decided to let Mona and Michelle stay in the car later, farther away from the action site. If he found something wrong, he would run away quickly.

Everyone quickly arrived at the target location and found that the area around the abandoned parking lot was very empty and not suitable for an ambush.

There was an abandoned factory building only three hundred meters to the southwest, so Captain Kevin sent two snipers to the location of the factory building to hide them at a high place.

Several personnel carriers were hiding further away, and two teams of SWAT members and Luo An and others were hiding further away.

Nearly two hours have passed since I contacted the FBI San Francisco branch, plus the branch contacted the dispatch team and rushed here.

So Luo An and others did not wait long, and a black Toyota Camry slowly drove towards the parking lot from a distance.

The Camry drove into the parking lot. The driver had no intention of getting out of the car, but waited quietly.

Upon seeing this, Captain Kevin was about to press the communicator and let the SWAT team and snipers control the man first, when Luo An suddenly reached out and suppressed him.

In another direction not far away, a white Coward suddenly appeared and drove into the parking lot from a distance with lights on.

Two cars faced each other far away in the abandoned parking lot. Each of them flashed their lights a few times to confirm that the code was correct. The driver's doors of the two cars opened at the same time.

A strong black man and a middle-aged white man, each carrying a bag, slowly appeared in front of the ambushing Captain Kevin, SWAT team members and others.

Roan frowned when he saw this scene. Tom Hamilton is a white supremacist. How could he do business with black people?

At this time, in the abandoned parking lot, illuminated by the headlights of two cars, the white man Tom Hamilton was shaking hands with the black captain.

At the same time, the voices of the two snipers rang out from Captain Kevin's communicator:

“The target person has been targeted.”

Captain Kevin did not answer, but quietly watched the transaction scene in the parking lot. The black captain and Tom finished their greetings, and then came the scene of looking at each other's money and goods.

Upon seeing this, Captain Kevin waved his hand suddenly and said:

“Action!”

As soon as the words fell, a group of SWAT team members who had been waiting for a long time immediately raised their weapons and surrounded the two people in the parking lot from all directions, shouting sternly:

“Don't move!”

“Put your hands behind your head!”

“Get down on the ground! Hurry! Get down on the ground!”

The sudden appearance of the crowd startled Tom and the black captain. Tom reacted and cursed loudly. He immediately took out a pistol from his waist, aimed it at the black captain's head and prepared to pull the trigger:

“Sonof! You **** farm implement, how dare you lie to me?!”

boom! boom! boom! boom!

The next second, under Captain Kevin's astonished gaze, Luo An, who had taken out his pistol at some point, fired four shots in a row. Four gunshots rang out. The pistol held by Tom splattered a burst of sparks and fell to the ground. His right hand There was also a splatter of blood on the arms and the left and right thighs.

The next second, several SWAT members swarmed forward, threw Tom and the black captain to the ground, took out handcuffs and cuffed their hands tightly.

The two were successfully captured. Luo An blew his gun and put away his pistol. Captain Kevin turned his head, with an expression of surprise and shock on his face:

"Leader Greenwood, you..."

Luo An grinned, and before he could speak, a SWAT team member suddenly shouted in the middle of the parking lot:

“Sir! The gas bomb is fake! The money in the bag is also fake!”

Chapter 498 The truth about the poison gas case

An abandoned parking lot in southern San Francisco.

The shouts of SWAT members attracted the attention of everyone present.

Captain Luo An and Captain Kevin quickly walked to the package in the center of the crowd. They lowered their heads and examined it carefully. They found that in the money pocket of the white man Tom Hamilton, only a small part of the top layer contained a few stacks of real money, and the rest was made with his hands. A fake dollar bill that feels off when you touch it.

The **** bag used by the black captain to hold the gas bombs was not a real gas bomb, but just two prop models covered with a metal shell of the gas bomb.

Luo An and Captain Kevin raised their heads and saw the speechlessness in each other's eyes.

Before they could say anything, Tom Hamilton and the black captain, who also saw clearly the objects in each other's packages, glared at each other and cursed:

“Fu-kYouNigger! You piece of trash, a piece of farm equipment! How dare you lie to me with fake cannonballs!”

“You're getting fake money too! My cousin raised me! You whitemoron!”

Hearing Tom Hamilton calling himself a farm tool, the black captain also lost his temper and immediately cursed a lot of discriminatory words against white people.

Coupled with the black rap talent, the captain's curse words were very rhythmic and rhythmic, which made Tom Hamilton so angry that he almost vomited blood, but he had no chance to interrupt.

“...”xN

The SWAT team members and FBI agents at the scene all had black lines in their heads when they saw this scene. Luo An waved his hands and asked everyone to quickly pull the two of them up from the ground and **** them back to the FBI San Francisco branch building.

After the hospital treated Tom Hamilton's gunshot wound, after a brief interrogation, Tom Hamilton explained the entire incident.

Almost consistent with Luo An's previous reasoning, Tom Hamilton found Professor Lloyd Webster in an Internet chat room in order to buy poison gas from him, and then use the poison gas to create a massacre of people of color in downtown San Francisco. large-scale activities.

On the day of the transaction, Professor Lloyd Webster's son committed suicide by jumping off a building, which made the professor lose his mood and motivation for trading, so he skipped the transaction and made Tom Hamilton's trip in vain.

Tom Hamilton later contacted the professor online, questioned him, and planned to buy the bottle of poison gas from the professor, but the professor refused to trade.

Threatening the professor with his life, the unconcerned professor said that it didn't matter if he died. Tom Hamilton was extremely angry but had no choice but to give up the goal of buying poison gas from the professor.

When a poison gas case broke out in a Los Angeles bank, Tom Hamilton saw the news on TV and learned from the media that the poison gas was composed of botulinum toxin. Tom Hamilton immediately understood that the professor had hidden the poison gas there.

Because he was worried that the FBI would find out about the professor, the professor would be interrogated and then confess himself, hindering his noble plan to eliminate people of color, Tom Hamilton decided to go to the professor's house and kill him instead of doing anything else.

But the professor also saw the news on TV. Filled with guilt and regret, he committed suicide by swallowing a gun. Before his death, he wrote a long suicide note in which he wrote the entire incident in detail.

Not long after the professor died, Tom Hamilton sneaked into his home. He did not expect that the professor would commit suicide, but the moment he saw the suicide note, Tom immediately decided to take it and destroy it, then delete the chat history between the two on the computer, and finally He left the house quietly.

As for taking fake money when trading with the black captain, it was because Tom Hamilton had no intention of trading with the other party from the beginning. Instead, he planned to shoot and kill the other party directly after successfully obtaining the gas bomb.

The reason why Tom Hamilton did this is very simple. He said that he is a member of the "First Order" and a white supremacist. Black people should not live in this world. Killing black people is a waste of bullets.

After interrogating Tom Hamilton, Luo An and others turned around and walked into another interrogation room to interrogate the black captain. They soon learned from the other party the location of the two gas bombs, which was in the basement of the black captain's home.

At the same time, Luo An and others also learned the reason why the black captain traded fake gas bombs:

The black captain said that he was a patriot. As a soldier, he knew very well how many people sarin gas bombs would kill and the horrific impact they would have. In order to protect federal citizens and peace, he had no intention of actually selling those two sarin gas bombs. Gas bombs. Of course, if you love your country, your own life is also important.

So the black captain agreed to the deal and planned to use fake cannonballs to swindle some money from Tom Hamilton.

"..."x2

After the interrogation, Captain Kevin quickly sent people to search and recover the two gas bombs. Luo An walked out of the interrogation room and was very emotional. The land of the Federation really does not support idle people. It is full of talents, and there are all kinds of crouching dragons and phoenixes emerging in endlessly.

After being busy for most of the night, Luo An and the other three had a good night's rest at a hotel not far from the FBI's San Francisco branch, and walked into the building the next day to continue working on the case.

After a brief discussion with Captain Kevin, the FBI's San Francisco branch finally agreed to Luo An's request. They would send a fully armed team to safely **** Tom Hamilton to the FBI's Los Angeles branch.

The case of the "First Order" group of white supremacists and the two gas bombs found in the black captain's house were left to Captain Kevin and others.

Luo An nodded and agreed. First, the two events happened in San Francisco after all. As the leader of the special investigation team in Los Angeles, it was not convenient for him to intervene.

Second, the "First Order" organization has over a hundred members and is involved in racial discrimination. The case is complicated and difficult to handle. Luo An had no intention of handling that case.

As for the two gas bombs discovered by the black captain, they still need to communicate with the military later, and there are more and more complicated things involved.

The only case Luo An was responsible for was the poison gas case. Now that the real culprit of the case has been caught, there is no need to add any extra details. It is better to build a good relationship with the FBI's San Francisco branch, Captain Kevin, and others, and achieve multiple goals with one stone.

On the way back to Los Angeles, Luo An took out his mobile phone and called Potente Byrne, the team leader, and briefly described the case and the current situation of the suspect.

“The suspect has been brought back?!”

After listening to the narration on the phone, Potente-Bourne had a look of astonishment on his face, then slammed the table and stood up, laughing and praising Luo An repeatedly.

As soon as Potente Byrne entered the office this morning, the mayor of Los Angeles called him to inquire about the situation because of the various negative reports in the news media. He was asking about the progress of the case investigation.

In order not to disturb the progress of Luo An's investigation, Potente-Byrne briefly introduced the clues he had found before, causing the mayor of Los Angeles to hang up the phone with some dissatisfaction.

Potente-Bourne understood the hard work of frontline personnel. In order not to disturb Luo An, he originally planned to call Luo An during lunch time to inquire about the progress of the case.

But he didn't expect that Luo An called him first and gave him such a big surprise!

After asking about the approximate time the **** team would arrive in Los Angeles, Potente Byrne took a deep breath to suppress the excitement in his heart and said seriously:

“The suspect must be brought back to Los Angeles intact. I will report this matter to the director immediately and ask for credit for your special investigation team.

As the leader of the special investigation team, you, Luo An, are indispensable for the investigation and handling of this case and the successful arrest of the suspect, as well as Mona and Michelle, you have also worked hard! "

Mona and Michelle's faces were full of smiles, and they were in a very comfortable mood. Potente Byrne had never praised them so much in the past. This case was such a big deal, and they participated in it and solved it with their own hands. Afterwards, it will definitely be a great addition to your career resume.

Not to mention Luo An. He was the biggest profiteer from solving this gas case. He has been fully responsible for the investigation and direction of the work. He also personally identified and arrested the suspect. No one can erase his role in the investigation. Among them, the first credit has been definitely taken.

Hang up the phone, Potente-Byrne immediately got up and went to the director's office to report the situation. Luo An and the other three sat in the second car behind the **** vehicle, waiting quietly to return to Los Angeles.

Chapter 499 Return to Los Angeles, report on the case, birthday dinner

On the way back to Los Angeles, an agent from the FBI's San Francisco branch drove the car. Luo An sat in the back seat of the car, bored and looking at the scenery outside the window.

Mona held her laptop and tilted her head to look at Luo An's profile, feeling an inexplicable emotion in her heart.

In just one year and a few months, Luo An took up the position of leader of the special investigation team at a speed that is unbelievable to ordinary people. Coupled with the detection of this poison gas case, although his position will not change in a short time, But his status and reputation within the FBI will definitely increase a lot.

As Luo An's girlfriend, Mona is naturally proud and happy for Luo An.

While she was happy, Mona was also a little troubled. It was a good thing that Luo An was excellent, but he seemed to be a little too good.

The Federation is a country that values family. Various families have always had a tradition of marriage. Through marriage, families are bound together and talents are absorbed into their own families.

Judging from Luo An's performance, some families have definitely noticed him now. Although Mona is Luo An's girlfriend, her girlfriend is not his wife, and wives may get divorced.

Thinking of some watches that were younger than her, bigger than her, longer than her legs, and prettier than her, a strange light flashed in Mona's eyes.

Mona kept staring at her, attracting Luo An's attention. He turned around and asked:

“What are you looking at me for?”

"nothing."

Mona shook her head, keeping some things that Lacey had taught her in the past deep in her heart, smiled, changed the topic, and asked:

“The suspect in the poison gas case has been caught and the case has entered the final stage. What should we do next?”

“What's not to do? Just do the finishing work slowly.”

“What about those bank robbers?”

"wait."

“Wait? What do you mean?”

“Waiting for news from Lacey.”

Luo An stretched his waist vigorously. When Lacey followed Cogglin to Las Vegas, Luo An made a rough plan for Lacey. The content required Lacey, who was experienced, to adapt to circumstances and calculate the time. It should be almost there on the west side.

Mona and Michelle looked puzzled when they heard this, but now that there were other people in the car, Luo An stopped discussing the matter and planned to return to the special investigation team to explain the situation.

Escorting is a very hard job, and riding in a car is equally hard. Luo An and others took the car for more than six hours from San Francisco to Los Angeles. The three of them suffered backaches, leg cramps, and it took a long time to recover after getting off the car. .

However, Luo An and the three of them were nothing, because the FBI San Francisco branch agents responsible for escorting them had to rest for a few hours and then drive back, which took more than six hours.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

In the parking lot of the FBI's Los Angeles branch building, Luo An sympathetically patted the shoulder of the agent who was holding the three of them while driving. Just as he was about to say something, team leader Potente Byrne came with a few A detective came over.

After waving his hand and letting the detectives behind him handle the handover of suspect Tom Hamilton and deal with food and rest issues for the escorts in the San Francisco branch, Potente Byrne grabbed Roan's hand. Arm, pulled him towards the direction of the building:

“Luo An, your special investigation team handled this case very well. The director wants to see you.”

“Yes, sir.”

Roan hurriedly kept up with Potente-Bourne, and at the same time looked back at Mona and Michelle. Mona raised her hand and scanned it. They had long been used to it and knew what they were going to do next.

Walking straight to the director's office, Director Nasim couldn't hide the joy in his eyes when he saw Luo An walking into the office.

Several people died in the gas attack, and a large number of people were hospitalized in coma. It took several days to disinfect the entire building. The First Republic Bank of California directly announced that the building would be on holiday for a month, and the work was transferred to other branches.

Coupled with the chaotic reports from major news media in Los Angeles, which described the incident as a terrorist attack, Nasim, Director of the FBI Los Angeles Division, also had a headache and was under a lot of pressure. A few hours ago, I heard Potente Byrne say that Luo An had led the special investigation team to solve the case and was currently escorting the prisoner back to Los Angeles. Director Nasim's eyes lit up, and then he sternly ordered Potente. Ter-Bourne, when Luo An returns to Los Angeles, he must be brought to his office as soon as possible.

When Luo An and the two walked into the office, a smile suddenly appeared on Director Nasim's face. He stood up and walked to Luo An, patted his arms vigorously, and motioned for the two to sit down.

The secretary brought three cups of coffee to the three people in the room, smiled at Luo An, turned and left the office. Director Nasim sat back in his chair and asked Luo An to introduce the investigation process of the case.

Picked up the coffee and took a sip. Luo An pondered for a few seconds and started talking about the test report issued by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

This case itself is not particularly complex, but the excessive number of injuries and deaths easily attracts attention, and it is superimposed with the bank robbery case, making it easy to go in the wrong direction of the investigation and miss some details.

Compared with the description of the team supervisor, when Luo An faced Director Nasim, his description of the investigation process of this case was more ups and downs and more spectacular.

It's not that Director Nasim likes to hear this kind of story, but Luo An guesses that Director Nasim will most likely hold a press conference later, and the ups and downs of the case will attract the attention of the media.

Sure enough, after listening to Luo An's case introduction, Director Nasim's eyes were full of approval. He didn't say too many words. He just nodded Luo An a few times with his hand, then took out an invitation letter from his desk and handed it to Luo An. An, with a smile on his face said:

“You will definitely be able to handle the follow-up work of this case properly, so I won't say more.

In a moment, our FBI Los Angeles branch will hold a large press conference on this gas case. Luo An, Potente, you will attend with me.

In addition, this is an invitation letter from the Mayor of Los Angeles to his birthday party. The mayor personally sent it to you. Luo An, you must not miss it that day. ”

After Potente-Byrne told Director Nasim about the detection of the case, Director Nasim also called the mayor of Los Angeles to communicate about the matter.

The mayor of Los Angeles was a little skeptical at first, but when he learned that the organizer of the case was Roanne Greenwood, the leader of the special investigation team, the mayor of Los Angeles, who had experienced the [First Lady Bombing Case] before, was exposed. Smiling, he then asked the secretary to add Roan Greenwood's name to the banquet list, and at the same time sent an invitation letter to Roan and asked Director Nasim to help deliver it.

Luo An took the invitation and was slightly stunned when he saw the time on it, and then agreed.

Director Nasim nodded with satisfaction, and the three continued to communicate for a while. Luo An and Potente-Byrne left the director's office first.

Returning to the Special Investigation Team, there were actually four people here. In addition to Mona and Michelle, Winslow and Chenelle also appeared in the office area.

Luo An put the invitation aside and frowned slightly:

"you..."

"Sorry, team leader, we have..."

Winslow and Chenelle stood up instantly, with awkward and complicated expressions on their faces.

Before the two of them finished explaining, Luo An, who guessed what happened, waved his hand to say we would talk later, then walked into the team leader's office and started to change clothes.

Director Nasim was impatient and held a press conference right away. This did not leave him and Potente-Byrne with much time. The two of them had to discuss what matters in the case were not convenient to talk about later.

While Luo An was changing clothes, Winslow picked up the invitation:

“Our team leader actually got an invitation letter to the Los Angeles Mayor's birthday party?”

“Birthday party? The mayor's or the mayor's wife's?”

Michelle next to me took a sip of coffee and said:

“I remember that the daughter of the mayor of Los Angeles seems to be twenty years old this year. She has no boyfriend, is very beautiful, and has always wanted to go to Hollywood.”

Mona's ears immediately stood up when she heard this.

Chapter 500 Scared Mona, Lacey's emergency call

FBI Los Angeles branch building, a large conference room.

At this time, the conference room was full of people, and a large number of news media workers holding microphones and cameras were making a lot of noise.

Potent Byrne, the team leader, stood behind the podium with a federal standard eight-tooth fake smile on his face as he answered questions.

Under the flickering lights, Roan sat on the chair behind Potente-Bourn, wearing the same standard fake smile.

Because Hollywood is home to stars, directors and film companies from all walks of life, news media workers in Los Angeles ask almost any question compared to the more serious New York media.

When Director Nasim took the stage, the reporters were a little more restrained and asked many questions about the poison gas case.

Team leader Potente Byrne came on stage, and the reporters began to go off topic.

When it was Luo An's turn to take the stage, the reporters' questions had completely shifted in other directions.

“Leader Greenwood, can you tell me about your current emotional state?”

“Captain Greenwood, how much is the salary offered by the FBI? You are so handsome and have great skills. Do you have any thoughts on developing your career in Hollywood? For example, make some action movies?”

Luo An: “...”

After replying with a lot of "no comment" and "please don't ask questions unrelated to the case", the press conference ended and Luo An finally left the conference room.

Seeing Luo An's long sigh of relief, Director Nasim chuckled, then patted Luo An on the shoulder kindly, mentioned the dinner party again, and asked him not to be late that day, and then left with his secretary and others. this area.

Team leader Potente Byrne stepped forward, patted Luo An on the shoulder, and said with a smile:

“You have to get used to this kind of thing, just get used to it.”

“OK.”

Luo An rubbed his temples helplessly. He might not be able to fully adapt to this kind of thing in a short time.

Chatting and laughing with Potente Byrne, he took the elevator upstairs and arrived at the floor where the investigation team was located. Luo An left first. As soon as he returned to the office area of the special investigation team, Mona took the dinner invitation and followed him closely. Entered the team leader's office.

Luo An took off his coat and started to change his clothes, his face full of doubts:

"What's wrong?"

"It's nothing, I just want to help you bring the invitation in so that it doesn't get lost outside."

Mona smiled, put the invitation on the desk, then stepped forward and started to help Luo An sort out his clothes, while quietly asking about the origin of the invitation.

There is nothing to hide, so Luo An briefly talked about what happened in the director's office.

After the brief description, Luo An also changed his clothes. He turned to look at Mona, raised his brows, and asked:

"What, did you find something wrong with the mayor of Los Angeles?"

"That's not true."

Mona shook her head, stretched out her hand to help Luo smooth out the wrinkles on his suit, and replied with a smile:

"I just did a quick search on the Los Angeles mayor's family.

Apart from the fact that his 20-year-old daughter is very beautiful and looks like a group of stars in Hollywood without makeup, there is nothing special about her. "

Luo An rolled his eyes speechlessly. He really didn't know about the mayor of Los Angeles' daughter, but how could he not understand the meaning of Mona's words.

So Luo An suddenly stretched out his hand, hugged Mona's slim waist with force, looked down at her pretty face, and asked with a smile:

“Why, are you afraid that I will find another woman?”

Mona blinked, raised her head and nipped the corner of Luo An's mouth:

“I am 26 years old this year and will be 30 soon. I am already old.”

Luo An's forehead was full of black lines, but knowing Mona's previous life experience and family situation, he could understand the panic and uneasiness in Mona's heart.

With his mind spinning slightly, Luo An gently bit Mona's lips, leaned into her ear and whispered:

“How could I go to find other women? How could you find those people...”

“Shut up!”

Before Luo An finished speaking the next words, Mona's face turned red instantly, she pushed Luo An away hard and stared at him with wide eyes:

“Luo An!”

“Don't be angry, just kidding.”

Luo An chuckled and put his arms around Mona again, comforting her for a moment. He gently kissed Mona's ear and whispered:

“We met in New York, came to Los Angeles together, went to Europe together, and worked on cases together... We have walked so far together hand in hand. You know you are the only one in my heart.”

He buried his head in Luo An's chest and held his hands tightly. Holding Luo An's waist, Mona was silent for a few seconds and whispered:

"Sorry, Luo An, I didn't mean to...I was just a little scared."

"I see."

Luo An reached out to help Mona smooth her hair and whispered:

"I'm getting off work soon, how about we go buy some candles and red wine later."

Since we moved into that villa until now, we have not had a candlelight dinner. "

Mona nodded, and just as she was about to continue saying something, there was a sudden knock on the office door.

Mona quickly let go of Luo An, straightened her clothes and expression and walked to the side. Luo An coughed lightly and quickly walked forward and opened the office door:

"What's wrong?"

The person who knocked on the door was Michelle. When she saw the door opened, she apologized first, and then quickly handed the phone to Luo An:

"Lacie is in an emergency."

Luo An frowned when he heard this and quickly took the phone:

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

“There is an emergency.”

There was also the sound of cars driving fast in the background on the other end of the phone. Lacey's voice was a little anxious and she quickly explained:

“Luo An, Coglin was kidnapped and I'm following him!”

Roan's expression changed, and he immediately raised his finger and pointed at Winslow and Cheniel in the office area, and said loudly:

“You call the FBI and police in Las Vegas immediately and ask them to help stop this person!”

“Understood!” x2

Winslow and Chenelle nodded heavily and quickly picked up the landline phones on the table to contact others. Roan followed Michelle and said quickly:

“You should contact the team leader now and apply for a small plane to Las Vegas. It will leave in twenty minutes!”

“I'm going right away!”

Michelle quickly turned around and ran to execute the order. Roan then picked up the phone and began to ask Lacey what happened, while giving Mona an apologetic look in the office.

The situation is urgent now, Mona understands the importance, gives Luo An a reassuring look, and then quickly leaves the office and returns to her place to start packing her things.

Meanwhile, Lacey on the other end of the phone began to explain carefully what had happened.

Since arriving in Las Vegas, Coghlin has been spending money like crazy: gambling, gourmet food, high-end suits, renting sports cars to pick up girls, and one night he even found six women.

Since he bought a high-end suit worth over 10,000 yuan, Coghlin has been wearing it every day, so Lacey secretly put a locator in the pocket of the suit while Coghlin was gambling.

This afternoon, Coghlin lost another sum of money in the casino, and then he found a restaurant to start eating.

Lacie thought that today would be like any other day, that Coghlin would go on to spend money to find a few women, and then go back to the hotel to play games together.

Unexpectedly, as soon as Coghlin walked into the parking lot and was about to drive his newly rented fourth sports car, a Buick car next to the sports car suddenly jumped out of three strong men wearing black hoods.

Three strong men knocked out Coghlin with several punches, then put Coghlin into a Buick and drove away.

“I'm following that Buick car at a distance now.”

Lacie on the other end of the phone said:

“Judging from the route, the three people should be planning to leave Las Vegas.”

While Luo An and others quickly packed their things, Mona put forward her own guess:

“Could it be that Coghlin has been too ostentatious these days and attracted the attention of some red-eyed guys?”

“There is such a possibility.”

Chenelle nodded, Luo An did not discuss this topic further, and then asked:

“Lacie, have you seen the license plate number of that car? Mona may be able to find out the situation of that car.”

“I...Fu-k!”

As soon as Lacey started speaking, she suddenly cursed, and then there was a sudden screeching sound of brakes and a car collision on the other end of the phone!