

Legendary FBI Detective Chapter 5

Chapter 5 Stalker

Luo An glanced at the scene of the crime, automatically ignoring the passers-by watching in the distance, his expression moved slightly, and he began to use the killer's modus operandi to simulate the murderer's behavior at the time of the crime.

Time seemed to turn back. In the dark park path, the murderer followed Mike all the way. Mike seemed to have noticed something and began to trot, but he didn't get rid of him. At this time, the murderer called out Mike's name, and Mike turned around in desperation and agreed Bang!

Roan narrowed his eyes slightly, imitating the action of shooting with his right hand, then stood at the place of Mike's body for a few seconds, and then ran towards the woods to the east.

Mona, who was standing next to her, watched Roan's actions with a dazed expression. Seeing Roan striding towards the woods, she hurriedly got up and tried to catch up with him, but there were too many branches in the woods, so Mona just lowered her head to avoid the branches, and then Looking up, Roan was nowhere to be seen.

"Shit!"

Mona cursed, but didn't understand why Roan could run so fast in the woods. Everyone came out of the FBI Academy in Virginia. Did someone give Roan a little trouble?

Since she couldn't keep up with Roan, Mona resolutely chose not to follow, turned her head and walked back to the scene of the crime, preparing to wait for Roan to come to her.

On the other side, Roan completely ignored the wild mandarin ducks who scolded him, and kept speeding through the woods. He quickly ran out of the woods and arrived on a road east of the park.

Looking at the continuous flow of vehicles on the road, and then at the shops across the road, Roan thought for a few seconds and turned back.

At the scene of the crime, Mona was sitting on a chair and fiddling with the computer. Seeing Roan, she waved her hand to signal that she was here. Seeing Roan sitting down, Mona asked:

"How about it, did you find any clues?"

"certainly."

Roan nodded with a smile, and said, "The murderer should be a soldier whose life was not satisfactory after retiring from the army. He came out to pick up the job, and he might even have retired from the special forces."

"Why?"

"Because I only found footprints of New York Police Department police officers and police dogs along the way, and I found nothing else."

Mona was speechless. She didn't expect Roan to say that she didn't find any clues, but Roan said that she didn't find any clues, which is the biggest clue:

"The place I walked just now is the best place to run after killing someone."

"There are countless branches in the woods. Anyone passing by will break a few branches inadvertently, but I just checked carefully. There are either police dog footprints, or police dog footprints and police boots at the same time. Elsewhere there were no newly broken branches and no obvious footprints."

"The only people who can have this kind of anti-reconnaissance awareness are people in the special forces."

After listening to Roan's explanation, Mona stopped fiddling with the computer and tilted her head wondering: Did she go to a fake FBI training academy?

"What's wrong?"

"nothing."

Seeing Roan asking herself, Mona shook her head, pushed the laptop in her hand to Roan, and said:

"This is the autopsy report just sent, which shows that there is a small amount of alcohol in the stomach of the deceased."

"Did the deceased drink alcohol?"

Roan immediately looked happy when he saw the report, tilted his head and asked:

"There are several bars in the south of the park, can you find them out?"

"Why South?"

Mona took the computer and asked while searching for relevant information with her fingers.

"Because the deceased came from the south side of the park...I guess."

Hearing Roan's words, Mona curled her lips. After a few seconds, the search was completed, and she showed the screen to Roan:

"There are only two bars in the immediate neighborhood, and many more a few blocks away."

"OK, let's go to these two bars first, anyway, we have plenty of time."

"No, we only have three days."

The bar on the left of the block has not seen Mike the Dead, Roan and Mona turned and walked to the bar on the right.

"Have you met this person?"

Seeing the photo in Mona's hand, the bar owner shook his head:

"He's not a regular at our bar, I didn't see this guy yesterday."

Mona looked up at Roan, and Roan turned to look at the pretty waitress chatting with someone, the bar owner saw this and called the waiter over loudly.

The waitress with long red hair and mainly protruding came over, and her eyes lit up when she saw Roan's face:

"Hello, just call me Christine."

Said hello, but the waitress only stared at Roan.

Mona rolled her beautiful eyes, and handed the photo to Christine, blocking Roan's sight:

"Have you met this person?"

Christine was not angry when her sight was blocked, she gave Roan a wink, and said directly after taking the photo:

"I've seen this person come to our bar yesterday and ordered two glasses of red wine. He sat in the corner and seemed to be waiting for someone. But no one came until the end, so he drank the two glasses of red wine by himself and left. "

Hearing this, the corner of Mona's mouth twitched, and she subconsciously looked at Roan. She didn't expect that Mike actually entered the park from the south.

Roan didn't see Mona's expression, and learned that Christine had seen the deceased Mike, so he hurriedly asked:

"Did someone come in after he left? Or was there someone looking for him?"

"Am I rewarded for answering this question?"

Roan was speechless, Mona snorted coldly, patted Roan's shoulder and said to her:

"As long as the information you provide is useful, this man is yours tonight."

"Then it's settled."

Christine smiled and stuffed a note into Roan's arms, and said:

"There was an old man sitting at the bar. After the man in the photo left the bar, he followed him out of the bar."

Roan looked back at the bar owner instantly:

"Do you have surveillance cameras here?"

Christine glanced at the bar owner disdainfully when she heard this, her tone was very unhappy:

"There is only one, and it is still facing the cashier, mainly because we are afraid that we will steal money."

"Christine!"

The owner of the bar was a little embarrassed, and Christine didn't care about him. He lowered his head and found a dozen notes in his pocket. After searching for a while, he took out one of them and handed it to Roan, shrugging:

"This is the old man's contact information."

Seeing Roan and Mona looking at him in surprise, Christine put his hands on his hips and raised his chest, the mountains and mountains gathered—whom do you look down on?

"Waiting for you tonight, handsome guy!"

Christine stood behind the bar door and waved to Roan and Roan who left the bar. Roan silently put the note in his pocket, and Mona sat in the car, using a laptop to enter the FBI internal network to search for the identity information of the owner of the phone number. .

"Found it."

Soon, the computer displayed who the owner of the phone number was:

"The owner of the phone number is West Watts, 56 years old, a professor at New York University. He lives in Skarsdale. His wife just passed away half a year ago. The cause of death was cancer."

"University professor?"

Hearing Mona's introduction, Roan, who was sitting in the driver's seat, rubbed his temples, feeling a little pain in his head:

"Did I make a mistake in my analysis?"

"To be honest, I don't think your analysis is correct. Except that the deceased did enter the park from the south."

Mona continued to look down at the information on the computer, and said at the same time:

"Let's go to West's house first and catch him before we talk."

"OK."

Roan nodded, started the car and turned around to leave the bar.

There was only the sound of Mona's typing in the car. Roan felt a little awkward in the atmosphere. Just as he was about to say something, Mona's body suddenly shook and shouted:

"Fu-k! West died in a car accident!"

Ask for a recommendation ticket! Please follow up!

(end of this chapter)