

## **FBI Detective 51**

Chapter 51 TLR Pharmacy (Please read more!)

The sensitive potion is actually a torture potion!

People who drink this potion will have all the senses of the body magnified. For example, when the makeup brush touched Lydia's neck skin, it was only slightly itchy, but this time Lydia doubted life.

Roan pinched her arm slightly. What was originally a slight pain turned into severe pain, as if her arm was suddenly broken.

When the makeup brush was all the way down. Lydia now looked at Roan's side face, eyes full of horror.

Picked up the wine glass and poured Lydia a glass of wine. Roan fed her slowly and motioned her not to drink too fast, then tilted his head and asked:

"How about it, do you want to continue?"

"No no no"

Lydia, with a dry mouth and a hoarse voice, shook her head again and again, her eyes were red, and her face was full of pleading.

"Then let's talk."

Throwing aside the makeup brush that turned from white to yellow, Roan took out a new makeup brush, picked up the signature pen from the ground, and asked:

"What the \*\*\*\* is this thing? What are its ingredients?"

Looking at the signature pen and makeup brushes in front of her eyes, Lydia felt like crying.

She overestimated herself and underestimated the torture Roan said.

It is true that women are made of water, but they do not produce water by themselves, and they need to be replenished from the outside when it dries up.

Facts have proved that everything must be done in moderation.

Too much is too late, the wisdom of the ancients in the East.

Taking a deep breath, Lydia controlled her trembling limbs to change positions, and explained to Roan in a trembling voice:

"I don't know the complete name of the potion in the signature pen. I only know that people in the NSA have always called it 'TLR potion'. Its ingredients are a mixture of hallucinogens, white flour, tranquilizers and other potions."

Hearing this, Luo An's heart sank, but the expression on his face did not change, and he continued to ask:

"What does it do?"

"Control others."

Since he has already spoken, there is no need to continue to hide, especially when the makeup brush in Roan's hand shakes, Lydia's body also shakes subconsciously.

After hearing Roan's question, Lydia said without hesitation:

"After taking this potion, the target person will fall into hallucinations for a period of time, and the NSA will continue to repeat some words to the target person during the hallucination time.

After taking the drug many times and entering hallucinations, the target person's subconscious mind will remember what the NSA personnel said, and then at critical moments, the target person will do things that meet the expectations of the NSA.

In addition, the white flour extract in it is reprocessed by NSA. People who take this drug will develop an addiction that they can no longer quit in this life after the first time.

The target person will subconsciously look for the person who made him fall into hallucinations when the next addiction attack occurs and the body is uncomfortable, so... "

"So after I take this potion, I will be under your control for the rest of my life, and if I feel uncomfortable, I will subconsciously come to you for comfort.

Afterwards, my body became more and more uncomfortable, and the number of times I came to you for comfort became more and more, falling into an endless loop.

At a certain critical moment, I will subconsciously do what you hypnotized me and asked me to do, right? "

Roan nodded, he understood Lydia's words, and also thought of some things the old killer told him in his previous life.

In the 1950s and 1960s, that is, around 1950-1960, the CIA once conducted a notorious "MK-ULtra" project, the content of which was to study how to use drugs to control others.

During this period, the CIA carried out more than one hundred mind control experiments, and countless people died. Later, with the resignation of a certain president, this plan also stopped on the surface.

The reason why it is said to be obvious is because the department conducting the experiment is the CIA, and no one knows what their virtues are.

The NSA and the CIA are closely connected, so it is normal to get some medicine.

The L in the 'TLR' medicine most likely represents the hallucinogen 'LSD', the scientific name is ergot diethylamide, which can make people insane and lose their intelligence when mixed with other medicines.

Although Roan doesn't know what the remaining 'T' and 'R' are, they are certainly not good things.

"Can you let me go, Roan? I was wrong, sorry, really sorry."

Seeing that Roan bowed his head in silence after listening to his words, Lydia whispered:

"But don't worry, when I met you for the first time last night, I didn't know that you were Mona Evans' teammate, so I didn't use TLR potion on you.

I didn't realize your identity until I got up this afternoon and watched the rebroadcast of the news, so I decided to use TLR on you temporarily, but you still saw it through. "

"Um?"

Hearing Lydia's words, Roan was taken aback. She didn't use TLR on her yesterday, so why did her waist hurt so much after getting up?

Is it really a lack of physical exercise?

impossible! Absolutely impossible!

When it comes to issues of dignity, a man's mouth is harder than a diamond.

Roan Greenwood did play games with women before, but since he became a new trainee agent of the FBI, he has not interacted with women for more than two months.

My daily life is sitting in an office, and I only do a few push-ups once in a while when exercising.

Roan was silent for a moment, then changed the subject and said with a smile:

"Last question, Lydia, I'll let you go after answering."

Lydia nodded, and Roan's question froze her face instantly:

"How did your previous husbands die?"

Seeing Lydia bow her head in silence, Roan smiled and shook the makeup brush on her hand.

Feeling that her body has subconsciously moved towards the opponent's makeup brush, Lydia felt very sad and indignant.

Hate Roan only a little bit, and hate myself for being stubborn just now.

Why do you have to be stubborn? Obviously Luo An told himself before that he would answer his questions after drinking, but he was tortured

Lydia started PUA herself.

"I can answer this question for you."

After a long silence, Lydia finally chose to answer Roan's question, but before that, she made her own request:

"I want to apply for FBI witness protection. Otherwise, even if you torture me to death, I won't tell this matter."

Roan's face darkened, and he realized that the hidden story behind this incident was unusual.

As for what Lydia said later that tortured her to death, Roan didn't believe it at all.

Because when Lydia said this, her body kept rubbing against the makeup brush, and she didn't look like she was afraid of being tortured.

Lydia: "."

After a moment of silence, Roan nodded and agreed to Lydia's request, but didn't let her speak immediately, but searched in every corner of the room again.

"What are you looking for?"

Lydia was a little puzzled.

"Check to see if there are any small toys listening to you in the room."

When Roan searched for Lydia's identity in the room before, he didn't find the monitoring device.

But there is no big mistake in being careful, and it doesn't take much effort to find it one more time. It is always good to be careful.

After a while, Roan finished rummaging again, but found no monitoring equipment. Lydia was also relieved when she saw this.

"OK, you can talk."

Roan sat back on the bed and saw that Lydia's lips were a little chapped, so he poured her another glass of wine.

"Thanks."

Lydia, whose limbs were still bound, thanked her and took a sip of her wine.

Seeing the makeup brushes being thrown to the ground, he subconsciously sighed.

After realizing it, Lydia shook her head hastily, put aside the strange thoughts in her heart, and said solemnly:

"This is a plan secretly carried out by a certain high-level NSA executive without telling the FBI."

Chapter 52 Large Immortal Jump (Please recommend! Please collect!)

Seeing the doubts on Roan's face, Lydia asked:

"Do you know how many fugitives from other countries the federal government takes in every year?"

This Roan really doesn't know, whether in this life or the previous life, he has never paid attention to this information.

Lydia didn't expect Roan to answer, but continued to explain on her own:

"Since thirty years ago, the number of fugitives from other countries entering the federal territory has increased exponentially every year through legal or illegal means.

Ordinary murderers, the NSA doesn't care. What they care about is those political fugitives who enter the federal government with a lot of money from their own country and convert it into US dollars.  
"

Hearing this, Roan's face showed a look of surprise. He guessed something and asked:

"You just kill these political prisoners and get money from them?"

"No, it's not that simple."

When Lydia heard this, she gave Roan a supercilious look. If the NSA's high-level methods were so crude, the FBI would have discovered it long ago, and the NSA would not let him go.

"When my father just died, there was a huge inheritance tax to pay, and I couldn't afford it at the time."

Referring to her father, Lydia's voice was a little dull:

"Just when I was at a loss, people from the NSA came to me. They said that as long as I complete one of their tasks, I can get a lot of money, which is enough for me to pay the \*\*\*\* inheritance tax."

"You agreed?"

"Yes, I agreed to the NSA to contact my person in charge without hesitation"

Lydia's face was very ugly. The chain of bars left to her by her father after his death, as well as her pretty face, seemed to have become a reminder at that time, and many people were eyeing her.

"After I agreed, the NSA contacted my person in charge, gave me a file folder of a certain man's information, and told me that I must marry him within a year.



This man was my first husband when I got married at the age of 22.

And his father was a political fugitive who sneaked into the federal government from Western Europe with a lot of money a few years ago. The political prisoner died of natural causes a year ago. "

Hearing this, Roan suddenly realized.

Most of the political prisoners from other countries who fled to the federal government are registered with the FBI, but if those people did not commit crimes in the country, the FBI would not bother to catch them on weekdays.

A certain high-level NSA stared at these political fugitives who sneaked into the federal government.

To be precise, they are targeting the money of these fugitives.

It is inappropriate to directly kill these political fugitives. The NSA executives want to steal the money by themselves. They don't want to share it with the FBI, let alone attract the attention of the FBI.

So they set their sights on the next generation of political fugitives.

The FBI pays more attention to the political fugitives themselves, and has no interest in their next generation. The FBI will not pay too much attention to the parents of inheritance snatching.

This gave the NSA top executives a chance.

The next thing is very logical:

Find a girl to marry the next generation of political fugitives, find a way to figure out their family's property composition, various passwords, company contracts, etc., and then kill the second generation.

After the death of the second generation, the girl left the family. Before she left, she pretended to leave some money to the second generation relatives to erase her reputation of marrying for money.

Based on the information from the girl, the NSA executives sent people to suppress the second generation's company, investment, etc., and took it into their own hands.

During the whole process, second-generation marriage is a normal behavior, and the FBI will not pay attention, let alone investigate the identity of the wife.

Some family members did not find anything wrong during the whole process, and even felt that the girl was a good girl for not taking advantage of the situation to ask for inheritance.

Some family members found something wrong and suspected the girl, but they couldn't find evidence at all, and the NSA executives would send people to erase all traces.

In addition, according to Lydia, what caused her husband's death was a new type of drug developed by the CIA in India, combined with South Asian specialties, which could not be detected by forensic doctors.

In this way, a large fairy dance led by NSA is constantly being staged in various states of the Federation.

Over the years, not without FBI agents finding problems.

But the FBI has no evidence, and the NSA has been checking for gaps and making up for the gaps, so this matter has continued until now and there is no clear detonation.

Good guy, Roan called him good guy after listening to Lydia's narration.

"So, the rumors outside that you have fewer and fewer bars are false."

Roan's mouth twitched, Lydia got enough money to pay inheritance tax once she got married, what about the remaining three times? How much did she get?

Also, Lydia is so rich as a grassroots businessman, so the NSA executives

Can't think about it, the more I think about it, the more angry I get.

"It's not a lie that I did sell the chain bars my father left me."

Hearing Roan's question, Lydia shrugged and said calmly:

"I just used all the money to buy the building. One-third of the 22-story building where the bar 'Flame Queen' is located is mine."

Roan: "."

Is there a shortage of male employees in your industry?

Shaking his head and kicking the thoughts in his head into the trash can, Roan asked with a serious face:

"Aren't you afraid that the NSA executives will kill you girls in order to hide this matter?"

"At first, I wasn't afraid, because Daisy, the NSA contact I first contacted, was a woman from the previous generation who specialized in this kind of mission, and she was alive and well.

When Dai Xi was too old to continue to engage in this kind of task, he changed his job to become a contact person and was responsible for contacting us.

At the same time, Daisy also brainwashed us, saying that those political prisoners are the sinners of their country. They deceive the people of their own country, use their power for personal gain, and make a lot of money. It is a just act for us to take money from their descendants. "

Speaking of this, the expression on Lydia's face also changed, and she looked at Roan very solemnly:

"But after I completed the mission last time, Daisy disappeared completely, and I couldn't contact her no matter what.

The new contact said that Daisy left the Federation and went to South America, but... "

Hearing this, Luo An's mouth curled into a sneer:

"It is very possible to leave the Federation, but it is uncertain whether the place to go is South America or heaven."

"I need your help, Roan."

Seeing the expression on Roan's face, Lydia's eyes shimmered, she hurriedly squeezed to his side, and said in a very sincere tone:

"I'm telling the truth. I really don't want to die. I can be a tainted witness of the FBI. I can tell you whatever you ask!"

"Okay, Lydia."

Ignoring the seductive body around him, Roan sat up from the bed and walked towards the hanger. While searching for clothes, he accidentally found a pair of handcuffs.

After two seconds of silence, Roan turned around and tore apart the stockings that bound Lydia's hands, and replaced them with handcuffs, then took out his mobile phone and called Lacey.

"Hello?"

"Playing games is fast, Roan."

After taking a bite of the burger, Lacey said vaguely:

"Did you not ask anything? As I said, Lydia is not an easy woman. Let's just give up the case. Anyway, there is no reward for solving the case."

"No, I already asked the answer."

Roan glanced back at Lydia, who was lying on the bed and kept begging him to untie her legs, and said with a frown:

"Do you know where Vernice's home is?"

The relationship is too big, and I can't handle it as a small detective. It's time to put more burden on the leader.

Chapter 53 Reporting to the Chief (Please follow up! Please collect!)

"Lydia told the truth?"

Hearing what Roan said, Lacey looked shocked, then hurriedly swallowed the hamburger in her mouth, and said to the phone with a serious expression:

"Roan, you won't torture Lydia, right? Don't do that!"

If Lydia's lawyer requests an injury test later, all the answers you ask now will be rejected by the judge! "

"Forehead."

Looking back at Lydia sitting on the bed, Roan twitched his mouth:

"Don't worry, I have sense of proportion, I didn't torture her.

You should hurry up and tell me Vernis's home address. "

"OK."

There was a moment of silence, thinking of Roan's performance in the process of solving the case, Lacey still chose to believe him, so she said:

"Vernis' home is not very far from here, I can drive you there."

"OK, you call Vernis first, I will take Lydia downstairs immediately."

Nodding, Roan hung up the phone, turned to look at Lydia, and said with a serious expression:

"Lydia, I will take you to my officer and ask her to add you to the first-level witness protection list. But the premise is that you didn't lie to me just now, and you didn't play tricks on the way to the officer's house, you know?"

"Trust me, Roan."

It's her own life at stake, and Lydia's expression is also very serious.

When Roan undid the stockings on her legs, but did not untie the handcuffs on her wrists, Lydia said nothing.

rushed to the wine bottle next to the bed, grabbed a bottle of wine and drank it up.

She was dying of thirst.

"Drink less, Lydia."

Roan pulled out a lady's coat from the hanger on the side, covered Lydia's bare shoulders, and laughed:

"I don't want her to suspect that I brought a drunk to make fun of her when I see the officer later."

"Ah."

Throwing the wine bottle away, Lydia gave Roan a hard look.

Why did I drink so much wine, someone didn't know why?

Roan shrugged, what does it have to do with me, I told you before, you didn't believe it.

On the road, Roan and Lydia sat in the back seat, and Lacey drove.

Before a traffic light, the car stopped slowly. Lacey saw the handcuffs on Lydia's wrists through the rearview mirror, and her eyelids twitched.

If you read correctly, the handcuffs seem to be the same handcuffs that she and her female partner used to play games on the bed.

"What's the matter, Lacey?"

Seeing Lacey looking at him, Roan asked suspiciously:

"Any questions?"

Lydia, who didn't know what she was thinking when she lowered her head, heard this, and turned her gaze to Lacey.

You both have a problem with your whole being!

Lacey let out a long breath, swallowed a lot of questions in her heart, and finally picked up the phone in the passenger seat and shook it:

"It's nothing, I just want to tell you that when Verence answered the phone just now, she didn't seem to be in a good mood."

Verence is really in a bad mood.

She originally wanted to hide the fact that Roan's application to join the foundation was rejected for a while.

After the [Huahu Female Corpse Serial Murder Case] was solved, she resubmitted the application, and this incident passed quietly without Luo An knowing.

But I didn't expect that Lacey contacted me suddenly just now, saying that Roan was in a hurry and would come to me later, so should I tell Roan the news?

If you tell me, as a leader, I promise to invite others, but later tell them that I have not done it, where will I put my face?



If you don't tell me, in case Roan asks questions

In the study room of the apartment, Verinisi looked at the small notebook in front of her, with a complex expression, and continued to be entangled.

Ding Dong—

The doorbell rang, and Vernis, who lowered her head in contemplation, trembled, and hurried to the door of the apartment after waking up.

Seeing through the peepholes of the gate, it was Roan and the others who came, Vernis opened the gate without hesitation.

But the moment the door opened, Verinisi's pupils shrank instantly, and she suddenly realized something:

She is wearing very baggy home clothes at this time!

"Good evening, sir."

The door opened. Roan frowned when he saw that he was wearing loose home clothes and his face was lightly made up.

But there was no change in tone. Roan grabbed Lydia beside him, brought her to him, and explained:

"Sir, I'm sorry to bother you after get off work, but this is a matter of urgency."

"Go into the room and talk."

Virnis had no expression on her face, her tone was indifferent, she motioned for Roan and the others to close the door of the apartment after entering the house, then turned and walked directly to the bedroom, saying at the same time:

"Wait for me in the living room, make your own coffee."

"OK."

Roan and Lydia sat down on the sofa, Lacey walked aside to make coffee, Lydia glanced at the direction of the bedroom, hooked the corner of her mouth to Roan's ear, and whispered:

"Do you like older than you?"

"No, I simply like big ones."

Roan glanced at Lydia, threw the lady's coat that fell on the ground into Lydia's arms, covered the seductive deep groove, and said indifferently:

"Stop playing, Lydia, Verenes is the one who can decide your life and death in the future, you'd better make a good impression on her."

Hearing this, Lydia's face collapsed, and she wanted to continue talking, but Lacey had already walked back with several cups of coffee.

The three sat on the sofa drinking coffee silently.

A few minutes later, Vernis, who changed into a lady's suit and her makeup became cold again, came out of the bedroom and said directly to the three people on the sofa:

"Roan, go into the study. Lacey, take care of this lady."

"Okay, sir."

Roan got up and left the sofa, Lacey sat down beside Lydia, and asked in a low voice:

"Lydia, can you tell me the name and contact information of the new female bartender at your bar?"

Lydia: "."

In the study.

"sit."

Verinis' words were very brief. After the two sat down, she stuffed the small book on the table back into the drawer.

After a few seconds of silence, Verinis decided to tell the other party that Roan was rejected for joining the foundation, but Roan suddenly stared at Vernis's face and asked in a deep voice:

"Sir, are you sure that our conversation here is 100% safe?"

Roan doesn't think anyone will monitor the FBI's team director, but it's always right to be careful.

Hearing this, the expression on Verinisi's face suddenly changed from indifference to dark.

It wasn't that she was dissatisfied with Luo An's questioning of the safety of the study, but that she found that the urgent matter that Luo An said was probably more urgent than she imagined.

"Wait a moment."

Without hesitation, Vernis opened a drawer at the bottom of the desk, which contained a large dark brown box.

Pressing the switch on the big box hard, Vernis raised her head and stared at Roan:

"Now you can talk."

Taking a deep look at Verinisi, Roan coughed lightly and said:

"Here's the thing, sir"

Excluding the process of his own interrogation of Lydia, Roan told Vernis the whole thing, and finally said with a solemn face:

"Sir, this matter is too involved. As an agent, I can't make the decision. I can only add you. I can only seek your help."

Chapter 54 Auction Item No. 113 (Please follow up! Please recommend!)

"I must confirm the authenticity of this matter, Roan."

After listening to Roan's narration, Vernis closed her eyes with a solemn expression, kneaded her temple with her right hand for a while, then opened her eyes, and said to Roan:

"About that contact named Daisy, you ask Lydia to write down all the information she knows, and give it to me. I will find a way to check the specific situation of the other party."

"Okay, sir."

Roan nodded, took the pen and paper, turned and left the study.

He knows how difficult this matter is, and the other party is the NSA, that is, the top level of the National Security Agency of the United States.

A bar owner who wants to bring down the top of a well-known intelligence unit of the federal government.

In the United States, a magical country where there is no corruption and all legal political donations, the success rate of this kind of thing is probably lower than Roan's success in the election and the probability of becoming president.

But the matter still needs to be reported. Roan knew about it from Lydia, so he had a reason to be silenced by the NSA executives.

Although Luo An has a system, he feels that there is a high probability that he will not die in a short while, but he does not want to become 007 and be targeted by governments.

Finally, he was caught in the laboratory, where he conducted three links, two inspections and one research.

But Roan didn't panic. After the previous observations, he found that Verinisi's background was not simple.

This time is 2005. In the male-dominated FBI, Vernis can be the team leader as a woman. If she has no background at all, no fool will believe it.

After seeing the jammer under the other party's desk just now, Roan believed in his own judgment even more.

Although I don't know what Verenice's background is, but seeing that she heard the whole incident, she didn't order herself to forget it on the spot, pretending that this incident never happened, but to confirm the authenticity of this incident. make a decision.

Luo An's mouth curled slightly, this matter is settled.

Let the big shots be dealt with by the big shots, and don't meddle in the struggles between parties and departments.

As an ordinary FBI agent, getting some practical benefits is king.

A few minutes later, Roan put the relevant information about "Daisy" that Lydia said on the desk, and Verenice nodded, signaling Roan to go out and wait for a while.

Close the brown box, edit the information of 'Daisy' into an email, and send it to the No. 2 investigation team leader who is on shift in the FBI New York branch building today. Vernis asked him to investigate the identity of the other party as quickly as possible, and the process confidential.

Thirty minutes later, the information about 'Daisy' was encrypted and sent to Verenice's computer.

Seeing an old woman in a car in the garage, shot to the forehead and died on the spot, the items in the apartment were not lost, but it was judged by the Los Angeles Police Department as a case of burglary, Vernis narrowed her eyes slightly.

After a moment of contemplation, she bent down and took out a black phone with a big butt, pressed the number and called.

"Why are you making this call, Verenes?"

FBI Washington Headquarters, Clement, an elderly white man, saw the big-ass mobile phone handed to him by the secretary, with a serious expression on his face, and immediately sat up straight.

But when he heard that it was Verenice on the other end of the phone, Clement immediately said very unhappy:

"You know what this call is for, just for an agent?"

"No, it's the NSA."

Vernice didn't talk nonsense, and directly recounted the incident Roan said from a third-person perspective, and finally said with a serious expression:

"That's the way it is. I'll send you the information later. Mr. Clement, the NSA has crossed the line this time."

NSA, the National Security Agency of the United States, belongs to the Department of Defense, and its job is to monitor radio broadcasts, communications and the Internet.

FBI, Federal Bureau of Investigation, under the Department of Justice, works on counter-terrorism, counter-espionage and criminal investigation.

"You're right, someone crossed the line."

After listening to Verinisi's words, Clement narrowed his eyes and thought slowly, guessing which high-level NSA executive did this, and at the same time thinking about how this matter could help his career.

For example, take another step.

Don't think that the intelligence organizations in the United States are harmonious. In fact, many times, they wish to kill each other on the spot and take power by themselves.

The top of the intelligence community, who doesn't want to be Edgar Hoover.

"You did a good job on this, Verenes."

After thinking for a long time, Clement decided to talk to the head of the NSA in the White House tomorrow, and then smiled into the phone with great satisfaction:

"As expected of members of our Clement family, even women are stronger than men in other families."

"I didn't investigate this matter, Mr. Clement."

Hearing the words on the other end of the phone, Vernis snorted coldly and said:

"It was investigated by my agent Luo An, who you refused to join the foundation and said he was not qualified."

Hearing this, Clement fell silent, then shook his head and smiled:

"Virenes, I know you admire Roann Greenwood, but lying is not a good habit.

You have to know that if you forcibly promote it to a high position without the corresponding ability, the final result can only be reduced to the mud under the feet of everyone. "

Vernis didn't talk nonsense, and said directly:

"Roan discovered the case."

"The witness was found by Roan."

"The other party applied for witness protection and was willing to testify in court, which was also persuaded by Roan."

"...Okay, Vernis, don't say any more, I believe in you."

Washington Headquarters, Clement patted his head very annoyed, with a complicated expression, finally sighed and said:



"I promise you, I will pass Roan Greenwood's application to join the Columbus Foundation later, and at the same time raise his level to the level of a senior agent, is that okay?"

"Not enough, Mr. Clement."

Hearing the sigh on the other end of the phone, the corners of Verenice's mouth rose, and she was in a very good mood.

Recalling what Roan said before when he narrated the case, saying that he had neither a car nor a house, Vernis twitched her eyelids and said:

"A few days ago, the FBI internally notified that a group of criminals' stolen goods were going to be auctioned internally. I remember that there was a small apartment in Greenwich Village, Manhattan, worth 900,000 yuan. Why not sell it to Detective Roan for 500,000 yuan?"

"NO! This joke is not funny, Verenes."

Hearing this, Clement immediately raised his voice, and resolutely refused:

"The market price of that apartment is more than 1.2 million, and the price of 900,000 is already the limit of the FBI's benefits for internal personnel. 500,000 is absolutely impossible. How about it, how about 800,000?"

"500,000, that's it. I'll tell Roan later, and if he wants to buy it, I'll call you again."

Verinis, who knew the inside story, twitched her mouth and hung up the phone without saying a word.

"Damn it, you actually blackmailed your uncle!"

Hearing the busy signal on the phone, Clement twitched, and took several deep breaths to suppress the unhappiness in his heart.

However, 500,000 was also the starting price of that apartment. Clement didn't lose money, but he didn't make any money.

Of course, for some people, no money is a loss.

After a long silence, Clement got up and left the office. After opening the door, he threw the spanking phone into the secretary's arms, and said in a deep voice:

"Prepare the car. I'm going to the White House office. In addition, temporarily remove item 113 from the list. Someone will contact you to buy it later."

The secretary nodded, he was used to this kind of thing:

"Okay, sir."

Chapter 55 Work Harder (Please bookmark! Please follow up!)

In the study, Vernis hung up the big-ass phone and put it back under the desk. After a moment of silence, she asked Roan to bring Lydia into the study.

Roan sat down with Lydia, Vernis leaned back, raised her legs, and said to Lydia expressionlessly:

"Ms. Lydia, I have already contacted my superior. He will contact the higher-ups of the Marshals Bureau and add you to the witness protection plan to protect your future safety."

After hearing this, Lydia breathed a sigh of relief, but Verence said immediately:

"In the next 48 hours, you must sell the 'Flame Queen', except for the 'Flame Queen' bar, all your other real estate will be frozen and confiscated by the FBI.

After testifying in court, for the sake of your life safety, you have to leave New York completely with the police officers of the Marshals Department, and you will never come back in this life. "

"What did you say?"

Leaving New York, Lydia was already mentally prepared, but when she heard that the FBI was going to confiscate her building, she immediately became furious and shouted at Vernis:

"Your FBI is eyeing my money too?"

"Ms. Lydia, please watch your words."

Facing Lydia, whose eyes were flickering with anger, Vernis's expression remained unchanged. She glanced at Roan, who was outside the object, stared into Lydia's eyes and said coldly:

"First, you tried to murder my federal agent, attacking a federal agent is a felony!

If you hadn't chosen to report the case and join the witness protection program, I would have sent you 100% directly to the federal recidivism prison, allowing you to spend the second half of your life with those female lunatics and female murderers!

Second, you only confessed to this case after being interrogated by Detective Luo An, so your behavior is not surrender!

Third, the money you used to buy the property was all obtained illegally. Freezing them is a legal act stipulated by federal law. Not only will your money be frozen, but the funds of everyone involved in the case will also be frozen! "

"Shit!"

Lydia's beautiful face turned into a liver color, and she roared at Verenice:

"Don't think I don't know what you're up to, you FBI and NSA are just trying to steal money from me! Damn it, I shouldn't have said this!"

"If you don't talk about it,"

Verinis opened the email on the computer, released the photo of the corpse inside, and showed it to Lydia:

"The tragedy of Ms. Bettina should happen to you soon. By the way, this Bettina is the Daisy you mentioned."

Seeing the picture of the familiar old woman sitting in the car with a bullet hole on her forehead and her eyes wide open, Lydia turned pale, her legs became weak and she sat back on the chair.

She was just guessing at first, but now the photos tell her, you guessed it right, the NSA executives have started to send people to kill people.

Seeing the terrified expression on Lydia's face, Vernis pressed the mouse to put away the photo, and asked calmly:

"Ms. Lydia, which is more important, money or life, I think you should be able to tell the difference."

A few minutes later, Lydia, who was pale, was taken by Lacey to another bedroom in the apartment.

From tonight until tomorrow when the Marshals arrive, Lacey will follow Lydia closely to protect her safety.

If there is no accident, after Lydia testifies in court, she will be arranged to a remote small city in the Federation. With a new identity, she can't be in the limelight, can't make publicity, and spends the rest of her life tremblingly.

For Lydia, who likes to enjoy herself and is used to being ostentatious every day, this is more uncomfortable than killing her.

Seeing Lacey walking into the bedroom with Lydia, Verniss tilted her head and glanced at Roan who had been silent all this time, her eyes moved slightly, and she asked indifferently:

"Are you pitying Lydia?"

"Poor? NO!"

Hearing this, Luo An shook his head again and again.

He and Lydia are just having a relationship in bed, and there is no emotional entanglement.

And Lydia had drugged him before, in order to control his behavior. If she hadn't confessed to this big case in the end, Roan had already made plans to make Lydia regret coming to this world.

The scenery at the bottom of the Hudson River should be good.

At the same time, in this large fairy jump case, the high-level officials of the NSA are not good people. Those political prisoners who exploit the common people in their own country, use their power for personal gain, and finally go to the federal government to enjoy their lives are not good people. Not a nice guy.

It's purely a dog-eat-dog relationship between them.

If Lydia was coerced, that's another story. But she knew what she was doing from the beginning to the end, and the current ending was just her own fault.

Tilting his head and looking at Verenice, who looked very cold because of her makeup, Roan grinned and said:

"I was just thinking about what reward the officer will give me for cracking this big case."

Taking Roan back to the study, the two sat down, and Vernis raised her legs:

"You know, Roan, the circumstances of this case are special, so the FBI New York Branch will not admit the existence of this case, and will not provide you with any reward."

Roan nodded, he had already guessed this would happen.

The case involves the high-level intelligence department of the NSA. It is normal not to speak out. If the New York branch of the FBI really announces with great fanfare that Roan has cracked the case, then he will hurry up and run away.

So the reward Roan wanted refers to the people behind Verinisi.

He wanted his share.

"Before you came to me tonight, the Columbus Foundation sent me an email."

Seeing Roan staring at her, Vernis was silent for a moment, but still didn't choose to hide the Foundation's affairs.

After briefly introducing what happened, Verinis said that Roan not only successfully joined the foundation, but also obtained the funding level of a senior agent as an ordinary official agent.

"Of course, this is what you deserve, not a reward."

Hearing this, Roan frowned, and he knew that there must be more to come.

Verinis opened a website, flipped through it, but couldn't find auction item 113. She frowned first, then suddenly realized, and then opened another website.

Turning the computer screen to Roan, Vernis smiled lightly and said:

"Six months ago, our FBI successfully arrested a big liar who was cheating all over the world. This small apartment is one of his properties in Greenwich Village, Manhattan, New York.

The external price of the apartment is 1.2 million, and the internal price of the FBI is 900,000. If you want, 500,000, it is yours. "

Seeing the spacious, bright, warm and sunny apartment on the computer screen, Roan showed a smile on his face:

"Thank you sir, I will prepare the money tomorrow."

A Manhattan apartment that sold for \$1.2 million in 2005 can be bought by yourself with only \$500,000.

If you let go, Luo An will regret it for the rest of his life.

Seeing the smile on Roan's face, Verniss's expression remained unchanged but her mood was good. After hearing Roan's words, she pondered for a moment and said:

"After this case is dealt with above, you will receive a considerable bonus.

In addition, regarding this apartment, you can apply for a loan within the Columbus Foundation, which is about 1%-3% lower than the interest rate of those banks outside, and you can pay it back slowly. "

"Thank you for your kindness, sir, but I want to buy this apartment directly with full payment."

Hearing Luanda's words, Verinisi's expression changed, she looked at him suspiciously, and asked:

"Can you come up with \$500,000?"

"certainly."

Roan nodded, looked up to see the expression on Verenice's face, and understood what she might have misunderstood, so he hurriedly waved his hands and said:

"Don't get me wrong, sir, I didn't violate the FBI's regulations. I was able to give out \$500,000 because I worked harder and got more bonuses."

Verinis: "?"

Chapter 56 Notebook Computer (seeking further reading! Recommending!)

As I said before, tomorrow is the weekend, and it is also the day for wages.

When he bowed his head just now, Roan simply calculated that his basic salary this month is 2,000 US dollars. The New York Journalists Association offered a reward of 50,000 US dollars to catch the murderer who killed the reporter in the park, and he actually got 25,000 US dollars. The killer offered a reward of 5,000 U.S. dollars, but actually got 2,500 U.S. dollars. The murderer Conrad also led to the murder of a congressman, offering a reward of 500,000, and actually got 30,000 US dollars.

Catch the murderer of the serial murder case, \$100,000, actually got \$50,000. The bonus is \$1,500, which doubles to \$3,000. Ms. Yolande, the congressman's wife, gave Roan a \$50,000 thank-you payment and \$100,000 in hush money.

All of them add up to about \$262,500.

In addition to this, there is also the \$1 million thank-you money that the Darrens had promised before, and Roan can get a minimum of \$300,000 in this money.



Adding these, the money Roan can get is already 562,500 US dollars, enough to buy the apartment.

Of course, there is also the tax issue in the United States that "death and tax payment are inescapable".

But Roan doesn't panic, he can just find a suitable accountant later, and those accountants will help him deal with tax issues.

The next day, Saturday.

Roan got up on the sofa in the living room of Verinisi's apartment, and after taking care of his personal hygiene, he took a taxi to the Jacobs Federal Building.

Originally, the FBI does not work on Saturdays and weekends, but Darren and his wife promised to pay the thank you money today, so there is no reason for everyone in the No. 5 investigation team not to come.

Of course, Lacey didn't come, she was still guarding Lydia at Vereneth's house until the bailiffs came and took Lydia away.

Verinis didn't come to the federal building either. She drove directly to Washington in the morning. Roan thought that the people behind her should be looking for her to chat.

"Good morning! Roan!"

"Good morning!"

Entering investigation team No. 5, before Augustus came, all the agents greeted Roan enthusiastically, and Roan was also stuffed with a lot of breakfast and drinks in his arms.

Sitting at his desk, Roan had a strong smile on his face.

Sure enough, the soup was not in vain.

"It's pretty early, Roan."

After Roan ate a bag of breakfast, Mona also arrived at the fifth investigation team.

After she sat down in her seat, she immediately turned to look at Roan, and asked with a serious expression:

"Roan, where's my laptop?"

Hearing what Mona said, Roan blinked and didn't react for a while.

After thinking for a long time, I realized that what Mona was talking about was the computer that was smashed by Mr. Darren in anger.

"Put the computer thing aside, Mona."

Swallowing the coffee in his mouth, Roan pulled Mona into the team leader's office, and locked the door of the team leader's office under the eyes of all the agents.

After a moment of silence, there was a sudden buzzing sound in the office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

In the team leader's office, Mona frowned, staring at Roan with a serious tone:

"Roan, what are you doing?"

"I got some news about your father yesterday."

Ignoring Mona, who was in a defensive posture, Roan pulled a chair and sat in front of her, telling the story about his father Javari-Evans being investigated by the CIA. The NSA couldn't find any clues, so they followed Mo Na. Na's news was completely told to the other party.

After Roan finished narrating, Mona's eyes were slightly red, and after a long silence, she whispered:

"I see, Roan, thank you very much."

Hearing something wrong with the other party's voice, Roan didn't ask about the private affairs between Mona and his father, but said in a deep voice:

"FBI agents are being monitored, according to regulations, I must report to the team leader Augustus.

But before that, I still have to ask about your attitude, if you refuse, I can"

"No, report it, Roan, I'm fine."

Mona took a deep breath, suppressed all the emotions in her heart, and looked up at Roan:

"I'm fine, trust me, I'll make it clear with Augustus."

"you sure?"

"I am sure."

Seeing Mona's resolute attitude, Roan nodded and stopped persuading her. When she was about to turn around and leave, Mona suddenly stepped forward to hug Roan, and said in a low voice:

"Thanks."

Before Roan could answer, Mona let go of her arms again, took a deep breath, opened the door of the team leader's office and walked out.

Roan's eyelids moved slightly, and he followed Mona out of the office.

Just returned to their respective workstations, Mona suddenly turned around and looked at him with a serious expression:

"Roan, where's my laptop?"

Roan's mouth twitched, is this a stuck disc?

Seeing Roan's expression was a bit weird, Mona hummed twice, and said directly:

"I already know that Darren smashed my computer, and I also know that he promised to pay us ten computers, but you cheated me by changing the subject yesterday, so the laptop will arrive in a few days, it belongs to your laptop The computer is mine."

Roan was stunned: ".I just told you."

"It's two things, Roan."

Mona waved her hand, indicating that one size fits one size:

"Yesterday you changed the subject and hid the fact that my computer was smashed, so your computer belongs to me.

I thank you for today's news, so how about I treat you to dinner tonight? To the restaurant or to my house? I just recently learned a new dish. "

After a moment of silence, Roan tentatively asked, "What about after dinner?"

Mona had a serious expression and crossed her hands on her chest: "NO, I'm not feeling well these days."

Roan just wanted to ask Mona when she was comfortable. Augustus, with a big belly and a \*\*\*\* face full of smiles, suddenly walked in from the door of the No. 5 investigation team.

Waving the two checks in his hand, August, who could see the back molars with a smile, announced loudly:

"Mr. Darren and Ms. Sabina's thank you money has arrived, everyone is waiting for the bonus!"

After a second of silence, the entire No. 5 investigation team erupted in joy, and everyone gave Luo An the warmest applause.

"Nice job, Roan!"

Augustus walked up to Roan, slapped him heavily on the shoulder, praised him a few times, and then pulled him into the team leader's office.

Sit down, Augustus took out one of the checks and handed it to Roan, Roan took it and looked at the \$500,000 on it, his eyes lit up.

"500,000 belongs to you, and the remaining 500,000 belongs to the investigation team. This is what Mr. Darren told me before."

Augustus looked at Roan with great satisfaction. The more he looked at him, the more he felt that he had a bit of his own style. Then he took out a bunch of car keys and a business card from his pocket, and handed them to Roan:

"This is the Chevrolet car privately given to you by Ms. Sabina, and her business card.

At the same time, she also asked me to ask you if you want to attend the banquet held by her tonight, or not. If you go, there will be surprises. "

Roan: ". "

Thinking of the picture of Sabina hugging Darren and weeping, but her fingers hooking herself, the corner of Roan's mouth twitched, and he shook his head decisively and rejected the invitation to participate in the banquet.

He was afraid that he would die from exhaustion at the banquet.

Seeing Roan shaking his head and refusing, Augustus didn't say much.

Roan wanted to tell Augustus an overview of what happened last night, but Augustus said that Vernice had informed him, and this incident has never happened since then, Roan decisively changed the subject, That is the problem of Mona being targeted by the NSA.

Before Roan left the office, Augustus said solemnly:

"Luo An, take a good rest these two days this weekend. Starting next Monday, you must hurry up and solve the [Lake Female Corpse Serial Murder Case]. If you are sure that you can't solve it, tell me right away, OK? This time you are in the limelight It's a bit big, someone is already watching you."

Hearing this, Roan narrowed his eyes slightly, tilted his head and said to Augustus:

"I see, sir, please rest assured."

Augus was also relieved when he saw this, nodded and finally said:

"By the way, call Mona for me after you go out."

Roan paused, frowned slightly, and just about to say something, Augustus saw his expression and said directly:

"Don't worry, Roan, Mona is from the FBI and from my No. 5 investigation team. It's not up to the NSA to intervene in her matter. It's just that I need to know some inside information to help her."

Hearing this, Roan breathed a sigh of relief: "Thank you, sir."

Didn't continue to say anything, Roan turned and left the team leader's office, Augustus looked down at Mona's identity information in the folder, his eyes sparkled, and he whispered to himself:

"CIA, NSA"

After returning to the work station, Roan signaled Mona to go to the team leader's office, and he took the relevant information of [The Lake Female Corpse Serial Murder Case] from Ryder's desk and began to examine it carefully.

Chapter 57 Barbecue Party (Please follow up! Please collect!)

Monday, seven fifty in the morning.

In the parking lot of the Jacobs Federal Building, a Chevrolet stopped slowly. Roan took off his seat belt and got out of the car. Ryder, who was covered in lumps, also got out of the back seat of the car.

"I'm going to get a cup of black coffee, Roan."

Ryder looked down at his watch, and saw that there was still a lot of time before the scheduled time for work, so he pointed to the coffee shop opposite the parking lot, looked at Roan and asked with a smile:

"Would you like a drink?"

"Of course! But ordinary coffee is fine, remember to add sugar and milk."

Roan smiled wryly: "I prefer sweets."

"OK."

Ryder grinned at him, nodded, and turned to the coffee shop.

Roan patted his heavy head, turned and walked into the Federal Building.

After Augustus handed out bonuses to everyone on Saturday, all the agents decisively left the office area and went home to start their weekend life.

Many of the agents invited Roan to their homes, but Roan smiled and shook his head and refused, because he was in a hurry to deal with the apartment because the salary and bonus had been obtained.

Having been greeted by the people above, the process of buying and transferring the ownership of the apartment is very simple, and the time is not wasted too long. Before noon, Roan got the key of the apartment and the relevant contract certificate.

After that, there is the matter of apartment decoration.

The aesthetics of the former owner of the apartment was very strange. Roan glanced around in each room, with black lines all over his head, and decisively chose to throw them all away and redecorate.

Luo An didn't know much about decoration, but he knew that there were a lot of tricks in it, so he decisively took out his phone and prepared to ask someone for help.

Mona can't, not only is she talking to Augustus, she doesn't have time, and the small apartment she bought on loan before is the kind of apartment that has been renovated, and she can't help Roan.



Lacey can't do it either. Although she has claimed to rent a house these years, she spends most of her time in hotels with other women.

If he asks her for help, Roan thinks Lacey will most likely throw him a bunch of business cards of women who work in a decoration company.

So Roan turned his attention to Ryder.

Ryder is married, has a wife and children, and has a gun shop at home. For decoration, he is the right person to find.

Just before, Ryder invited himself to his gun shop, so Roan didn't hesitate anymore. After calling Ryder, he bought some beef and wine, and drove a Chevrolet to Queens.

Ryder's wife is named Yvonne, from Texas, is a former New York policeman.

During a certain mission, Yvonne's right eye was injured by a stray bullet. Although her life was not in danger, her right eye was also completely blind, and a dark blindfold was placed on her forehead.

But Yvonne's mentality is good. After Ryder and Roan introduced the identities of the two parties, Yvonne decisively threw her son to Ryder, and took Roan to the back of the gun shop to compare the pistols.

After some bang bang bang bang shooting, Yvonne and Roan became good brothers.

Ryder: "."

That night, a barbecue party was held in the backyard of Ryder's house. With Yvonne's introduction, Roan successfully met a lot of rednecks from Texas.

During the period, it was not that no one found fault, but after Roan drank a bottle of strength potion with wine, and won everyone present by arm wrestling, Roan instantly became a good brother in Texas.

At the barbecue party, Roan drank a little too much and slept at Ryder's until the next day.

Just got up from the bed, and when her head was still hurting after washing, Ivana pushed open the door of the second bedroom, and handed Roan a bottle of wine.

means that you don't have to be afraid of having a headache if you drink too much, just drink some wine and let it go through.

Roan: "."

Shaking his head and rejecting Ivana's kindness, Roan hurriedly told Ryder and his wife about the need for help in the renovation of the apartment.

After listening to it, Ivana and Ryder said that it was a trivial matter, and agreed decisively. Ivana said that she would definitely help Roan find a decoration company with reasonable price, authentic materials and good technical level.

Then another barbecue party.

Roan: "."

After the Lydia incident, the system gave Roan an excellent evaluation, and [Physical Potion x1, Strength Potion x1, Antidote Potion x1, Danger Perception Potion x1] was found in the treasure chest.

As for the two-day party, the system gave Roan a pass, and the treasure chests were opened with [Stability Potion x1, Weakness Potion x1], [Strength Potion x1, Sleep Potion x1]

At this time, in Luo An's system backpack, there are [Physical Potion x4, Fire Resistance Potion x1, Night Vision Potion x2, Scuba Potion x1, Strength Potion x2, Swift Potion x1, Antidote Potion x1, Danger Perception Potion x1, Weakness Potion x1, sleep potion x1]

Arriving at the floor in the elevator of the Jacob Federal Building, as soon as the elevator door opened, Roan bumped into the team leader Brosen and several of his subordinates head-on.

"Good morning, sir."

Roan stepped out of the elevator, grinning very politely.

Bruosen gave Roan a cold look, and walked directly into the elevator without saying a word.

Behind him, a white man in a suit with an unhappy expression on his face snorted coldly when he passed by Roan, but didn't say much.

Roan frowned, he didn't know each other.

Watching the elevator door slowly close, Luo An raised the corner of his mouth slightly, turned and walked into the No. 5 investigation team.

In the elevator, the white male with an unhappy face is none other than Matthews.

As an old man who has been with Bruosen for ten years, Matthews did not hesitate to leave the investigation team No. Ruo Sen went to the investigation team No. 14.

As the elevator descended slowly, Matthews was silent for a moment, then walked to Brosen and asked in a low voice:

"Sir, investigation team No. 5 still has an unsolved serial murder case, we."

"Ignore them for now."

Casting a glance at Matthews, Brosen had mixed feelings about his old subordinate. After a moment of silence, he said:

"First deal with the case in our own hands, just keep an eye on them. I didn't order you to take any action."

"Okay, sir."

Matthews nodded. At this moment, the elevator door opened, and he hurriedly followed Brosen out.

Investigation Team No. 5.

At this time, Mona hadn't come yet, and Lacey was sleeping on the table again. Roan looked around the office area of the No. 5 investigation team, and sat next to a male technician who was drinking coffee and chatting with other people on the computer. , asked in a low voice:

"Good morning, William, is there any news about the new team leader Brosen?"

William Miller, with a height of 178 cm, deep facial features, and a thin body, is one of the technicians of the No. 5 investigation team.

According to the requirements of the case, he is generally responsible for contacting other government departments other than the FBI.

Such as CIA, NSA, etc.

But in Roan's view, William's greatest ability is actually that he can always get new events happening in any corner of the building at any time from his countless friends at the first time.

On this point, even Lacey who came out of the intelligence department is not as strong as him.

Chapter 58 Case Circumstances (Please read more! Please recommend!)

"Good morning, Roan."

Hearing Roan's question, William, who was drinking coffee, smiled, waved his hand to signal Roan to bow his head, and then he whispered in Roan's ear:

"I heard that a bank robbery case was handed over to investigation team No. 14 recently.

Because the No. 14 investigation team has just been established, and there are fewer people in the team than us, so although Brosen is the team leader, he has to go to the front line every day to follow the investigation. "

"Tsk tsk tsk."

Roan shook his head repeatedly when he heard this. When Brosen was the team leader, he no longer went to the front line in person. Now that he has been promoted to be the team leader, he has to go out to investigate cases every day.

This is really

Roan grinned, patted William on the shoulder, and returned to his station.

Regarding Brosen's current state, Roan's evaluation is only four words: self-inflicted.

Bringing the serial murder case to the media before was a blatant delay. The leader above the team supervisor is not blind, so how could he not punish Bruosen.

Roan originally thought that the officers above would stop Bruosen's promotion, or even demote him, but seeing Bruosen's current appearance, and remembering that Verence once said that Bruosen joined another foundation

"It seems that the foundation that Brosen joined is not simple."

After thinking for a long time, Roan shook his head. It was not his turn to worry about these things at the moment, so he decisively threw the thoughts in his mind into the trash can.

Picking up the folder on the desktop, Luo An checked the relevant information on the [Lake Female Corpse Serial Murder Case] again.

The place where the body was found was a lake on the border between New York and New Jersey.

The four bodies were all women. When they were salvaged, they didn't have any items around them that could prove their identities. In the end, it was the local New Jersey police who investigated the missing persons files to confirm their identities.

The autopsy report showed that the four victims were forcibly strangled to death with ropes. There were signs of binding on the wrists and ankles, bruises on the upper body, and lacerations on the lower body. It is suspected that the four victims had been tortured by the murderer before their death. .

Because the corpse stayed at the bottom of the lake for too long, the white genetic material of the murderer that may have been there, or other information related to the murderer has disappeared, and the forensic doctor did not find any material other than the victim.

In addition, the home address, social environment, life experience, work content, etc. of the four victims seem to have nothing to do with each other. The only common feature is that they are all married, and the rings on the bodies have disappeared.

During the process of investigating the kidnapping case, Roan speculated that the reason why the murderer took off the ring from the victim was because of souvenirs or possessiveness.

It's like before Roan bought the apartment, and he wanted to replace all the decorations in the apartment. This is the subconscious thought of human beings wanting to erase the mark of the former owner of the item.

So Roan asked Ryder to mainly investigate the husbands of the four victims, investigate their interpersonal relationships, work content, emotional life, etc., hoping to find some clues.

but.

Seeing Ryder's investigation information, Roan's mouth twitched.

In Ryder's report, the husbands of the four victims' relationships and work content were all dictated by the husbands, and Ryder did not ask other people to verify whether the four husbands' stories were true or not.

As for the emotional lives of the four husbands, Ryder's record is just one sentence:

Neighbors said that the relationship between their husband and wife is good, and they basically don't quarrel much.

Roan: ". "

Remembering that Ryder was from the SWAT operation team, he was good at persuading others physically, but he was really not very good at investigating cases, Roan took a deep breath, and forcibly suppressed the dirty words in his heart.

"Here's your coffee, Roan."

Roan just closed the folder in his hand, and Ryder, whose suit was about to explode, also walked into the No. 5 investigation team, and put a cup of hot coffee on Roan's table. He grinned and showed his white teeth:

"With milk and sugar, your favorite."

With a movement of the corner of his mouth, Roan picked up the coffee and took a sip. After a moment of silence, he tilted his head and looked at Ryder. Just as he was about to ask a few questions, the door of the No. 5 investigation team was suddenly pushed open, and the pregnant Augustus led Mona away. came in.

boom!

He slammed Lacey's desk hard to wake her up. Augustus stretched out his hand and grabbed the whiteboard at the front of the office area, shouting loudly:

"It's a new week, cheer me up! Now, everyone's attention is on this serial murder case. We have to break it this week and catch the real culprit!"

Having said that, Augustus looked around and found that everyone's attention had been attracted to him. He nodded and pointed to William beside him and said:

"William, give a brief overview of this case!"

"Okay, sir."

William took out a folder and briefly described the case that Roan had read before. Augustus nodded in satisfaction and asked him to sit back, then knocked on the whiteboard and shouted again:

"The situation of the case is like this. I believe some of you should have read it more than once, but I still want to emphasize once that the murderer in this case is not simple, and we are still not sure whether the murderer is still committing crimes!

So we must pay 200% attention this week and wait for new news at any time, is it clear? "

"Yes, sir!"

"Good."



Hearing the voices of the agents, Augustus nodded in satisfaction, then turned his gaze to Roan, turned and walked towards the team leader's office:

"Roan, come here."

Roan: "."

Seeing all the agents cast all kinds of eyes on him, Roan sighed, but followed Augustus into the team leader's office.

"sit."

In the office, Augustus poured a cup of coffee for both of them, and after sitting down on a chair, he said with a solemn expression:

"Roan, this case is very important to you."

Roan: "."

Why do these words sound so familiar?

Seeing the strange expression on Roan's face, Augustus was stunned for a moment, then reacted, waved his hand, and looked at Roan with a slight frown:

"Don't get me wrong, Roan, this time I'm not talking about Brosen and the others."

Hearing this, Roan tilted his head in confusion:

"Not them, who else?"

"It's the police over there in New Jersey."

Augus took a sip of his coffee, his \*\*\*\* face was serious:

"You have to know one thing, Roan, no police anywhere likes the FBI."

Luan suddenly realized that this is the truth.

Because of the authority, since the birth of the FBI, the police in various regions have been unhappy with the FBI.

In the eyes of the police, it is their job to solve crimes and arrest people. What is your FBI?

And if the FBI solves the case that the police did not solve, where will the police face it?

So many cops completely ignore FBI agents and never listen to their advice and orders.

Even some more irritable police officers will inform the suspect to run away quickly before the FBI arrests the person, so that the FBI personnel will rush to nothing, and he will lead a group of policemen behind him to eat bread and drink coffee and applaud and laugh.

Don't think that these are all made up, these are all real things that have existed.

It wasn't until after the plane bombed the building in 2001 that the FBI's Washington headquarters established a nationwide criminal record inquiry system due to the reform of the Department of Justice, and the relationship between the FBI and the local police department was slightly better.

But still not so good.

Although the local police will no longer notify the suspect to run away, it is still very common to ignore the FBI, or do not work hard.

"So, Roan."

Seeing that Roan guessed the meaning of his words, Augustus stared at him and said:

"During the investigation of the case this time, you should pay more attention to the police in New Jersey."

Roan nodded, licked his lips, with a warm smile on his face:

"Don't worry, sir, I never take the initiative to bully others, nor will I allow others to bully me."

Chapter 59 New Jersey (please read more! Please collect!)

"Good."

Seeing the expression on Roan's face, Augustus nodded in satisfaction. He knew that Roan had always been very measured, so he stopped talking nonsense, but changed the subject and asked:

"How about it, [The Lake Female Corpse Serial Murder Case] Do you have any thoughts now? I remember that Ryder got a lot of information in those days."

Hearing this, Luo An's eyelids twitched and his head hurt.

After a moment of silence, he said:

"According to the data, the murderer took away the rings from each victim's hand. I suspect their husbands should know something, so I plan to talk to the husbands of several victims now."

"OK."

Seeing that Roan already had an idea, Augustus took a sip of coffee and nodded and said:

"Call immediately if you have any problems, and the No. 5 investigation team will support you at any time."

"Okay, sir."

Leaving the team leader's office, Roan first took out the Nokia in his pocket and called Mona to make sure that there was no problem with the communication means, and then took Ryder to the equipment warehouse this time.

Equipment Curry, Roan put on a combat uniform and a plate-carrying vest, a tactical helmet in his hand, five smoke bombs and ten shock bombs in his pocket, and two submachine guns Glock 18 on his waist.

After taking three pistols with extended magazines, Roan's eyes twitched. This time he was going to the border between New York and New Jersey, which was a bit far from the headquarters, and it was impossible for support to be on call.

So he took seven more extended magazines and made up a whole number.

"Roan, if you are in the SWAT operation team, you will definitely survive to the end!"

Ryder on the side saw this scene, his eyes lit up, he decisively threw away the normal version of the Glock 18, took off the small bulletproof vest on his body, and changed into the same equipment as Roan.

The difference is that because Ryder has a wider waist and greater strength, he took a full twenty extended magazines.

After changing the equipment, Roan and Ryder glanced at each other, saw the fully armed opponent, laughed, and strode out.

Everyone in investigation team No. 5: ". "

New Jersey, next door to New York State, is the fourth smallest and most densely populated state in the United States, nicknamed 'Garden State'.

Roan's destination for their trip is located at the top of New Jersey and belongs to the Northville area of New Jersey.

Originally, the police in New Jersey should be responsible for this case, but because the lake where the body was found is located at the junction of New York and New Jersey, the police in New Jersey did not want to cause a lot of trouble because of cross-district law enforcement, so they decisively chose to report the case to The FBI in New York.

"The first victim, Linda Chippo, was twenty-eight years old and disappeared eight months ago.

The second victim, Beatrice Leon, was thirty-four years old and disappeared two months ago.

The third victim, Natalie Carlyle, 25 years old, disappeared a month ago

The fourth victim, Tamara Terry, 30, disappeared two weeks ago"

After listening to Ryder's narration, Roan sat in the co-pilot and looked down at the autopsy reports of the four victims, nodded and said:

"Let's go first to the home of the fourth victim, Tamara Terry. She was killed after she disappeared two weeks ago. Her husband should be able to remember a lot of things, such as who targeted his wife."

"no problem."

Ryder nodded, turned the steering wheel to turn the SUV around, and drove in the other direction.

Ryder's investigation these days is not useless, at least he now has a clear memory of every victim's home address.

When the SUV crossed the bridge and entered New Jersey, Roan didn't notice anything unusual. He also felt that the scenery in New Jersey was good, and there were many parks.

But the more the car walked towards the Northville area, the more Roan felt something was wrong.

Why are there more and more women wearing cool clothes on both sides of the road? And what do they mean by grabbing the hand of a passing driver?

"Most of those women are women who make money from their lower body, some full-time and some part-time."

Seeing the doubts on Roan's face, Ryder shrugged and said nonchalantly:

"You know, in the Federation, everyone has to work hard to make money to support themselves"

"Forehead."

Roan didn't know what to say when he heard this, he hesitated for a moment and asked:

"Do the police in New Jersey leave them alone?"

"Of course! But when necessary."

Ryder nodded and then shook his head:

"There are only so many police officers. Sometimes one policeman has three cases at the same time. How can they have time to care about these women?"

And even if they are caught, the punishment is nothing more than being locked up for a period of time, and the bail can be released in advance. The police are too lazy to waste time on such things. "

"understood."

Roan pursed his lips and nodded. The police in the United States are different from the police in the East. The police here are just a kind of job, the kind that goes to work every day and gets paid.

Moreover, when grassroots policemen in the United States work, their superiors will order them to consider the cost of law enforcement. Like these women on the side of the road, the cost of law enforcement is far greater than the benefits of law enforcement.

Unless the high-level police station gives an order and is determined to sweep the wave, or there is a major case of death, these policemen are too lazy to deal with it most of the time.

The dark SUV continued on, and soon arrived in Northville, the northernmost area of New Jersey. The home of the fourth victim, Tamara Terry, was a rectangular red bungalow.

The two got out of the car and walked forward. Ryder reached out and patted the door of the house vigorously, shouting loudly:

"Sanderson! Open the door! I'm Agent Ryder from the FBI! We've met before!"

Sanderson, husband of Tamara Terry.

No response from the room.

Ryder patted hard again, but there was still no sound.

Roan frowned, tilted his head and asked:

"Ask Mona to call him?"

Ryder frowned when he heard the words, and was about to speak when there was a sudden sound of a heavy object falling to the ground and breaking in the house.

boom-

"Shit, there's someone in the room!"

Hearing this movement, Ryder no longer hesitated, raised his pistol, kicked open the door and rushed in:

"FBI! Hold still!"

Roan was full of swear words, but quickly followed Ryder's actions and searched room by room to confirm safety.

There was no one in the kitchen, living room and other places. Roan raised his pistol and rushed into the master bedroom in a tactical posture, but no one was found, but there was a corner of a pajamas in the corner of the door of the closet.

"The person in the cabinet raised his hands and walked out by himself!"

Roan stood obliquely on the side of the cabinet and shouted loudly:

"If you don't come out after three numbers, I'll shoot! Three!"

"woo woo woo"



Hearing the call, the people in the cabinet did not come out, but the sound of sobbing came out, and Roan was stunned when he heard it.

Because this is the cry of a child.

ten minutes later.

On the sofa in the living room, Ryder held the toy in both hands, and was comforting the twitching blond little loli in a low voice.

Roan, who was on the phone next to him, sighed when he saw this scene.

Chapter 60 Danni (Please follow up! Please recommend!)

Dani, 6 years old this year, is the daughter of Sanderson and Tamara.

After her mother disappeared and was confirmed dead, Sanderson, as a father, did not send Dani to school, nor did she take her to see a psychiatrist, let alone let Dani have contact with other children, but directly locked her in the home.

Everything I eat every day is also leftovers from last night.

"I've called Sanderson and he said he'll be home soon."

Hearing Mona's voice on the other end of the phone, Roan nodded and said:

"OK, by the way, contact the government child protection department in New Jersey. There is a little girl here who needs their protection."

"Okay, I'll get in touch right away."

"Roan!"

Ryder, who was sitting on the sofa, comforted Dani for a long time, but he didn't see her answering him, so he lowered his head and sobbed. Ryder had no choice but to turn his eyes to Roan.

When Roan carried Dani out of the bedroom just now, Dani didn't cry all the time.

Seeing Ryder's helpless appearance, Roan's head was full of black lines.

How to communicate with children is his weakest point.

But in this situation, Roan had no choice but to sit down on the sofa, take the toy in Ryder's hand, take a deep breath, and start asking Dani about the model of the toy.

Hearing Roan's question, the blond Dani didn't answer, but looked up at Roan for a while, and slowly stopped crying, then bowed her head and hugged Roan's arm, neither speaking nor letting go.

Ryder: "."

Roan: "."

A few minutes later, a pickup truck drove quickly from afar.

After leaving a deep brake mark on the ground, a man with a big beard and an unnaturally flushed face ran out from the driver's seat of the pickup truck and rushed towards the rectangular house shouting:

"Danny! Are you okay Danny!"

Seeing that Sanderson finally came back, Roan was just about to get up, but found that Dani held her arms and did not let go. After a few seconds of silence, Roan held her in his arms, and just quietly looked at the yelling Sanderson .

"and who are you?"

reached out to hug Dani, but Dani turned her head and refused. Sanderson was taken aback for a moment, and then glared at Roan angrily:

"Why are you FBI looking for me again? Do you suspect that I am a murderer?"

"Please control your emotions, Mr. Sanderson"

Before Ryder finished speaking, Sanderson turned his head and continued to yell at him:

"FU-KYOU!

I remember you! Agent Ryder of the FBI! Didn't you ask me a lot of information before? Why are you looking for me again now? Have you found the murderer of my wife? "

Seeing Sanderson's big flushed face, blurred eyes, and smelling the faint smell of inferior perfume and alcohol coming from the other party, Roan's face was very ugly.

Tilting his head to signal Ryder to block Sanderson, Roan turned around and carried Dani back to the bedroom. After discussing with her in a low voice, Roan closed the bedroom door and walked towards the living room with a serious expression.

"Rubbish!"

"Bit-h!"

"Shit!"

Sanderson's eyes were blurred at this time, and he yelled loudly with foul words. Roan didn't talk nonsense, pulled Ryder away, and kicked Sanderson in the stomach.

Boom—

Sanderson fell back on the sofa, and Roan picked up the water that was just poured for Dani on the living room table, and splashed it directly on his face.

"F-"

Without waiting for Sanderson to swear, Roan took out the Glock 18, ignored Ryder's eyes, put the muzzle of the gun directly into Sanderson's mouth, and asked sharply:

"Are you sober?"

".woke up."

"Can you talk nicely?"

".able."

boom-

Roan didn't shoot, but threw the watering cup heavily on the ground. The sound of the cup cracking scared Sanderson's body, and Roan put away the Glock 18 stuffed in the opponent's mouth.

Turning his head and seeing Ryder's serious eyes, Roan raised his brows and pointed to the insurance of Glock 18 calmly.

Not at all, but enough to scare a drunken Sanderson.

"Since my wife disappeared, you police have been telling me, 'We can't say anything.'"

A few minutes later, Sanderson, who was much more awake, sat on the sofa, covered his face, and was very emotional:

"When you contacted me again, what you told me was the news of my wife's death! Now, I don't know what happened to my wife. I only know that she is dead. Instead, you keep asking me about her life. , don't you think this is too much?"

"I can understand your mood, OK?"

Roan fixed his eyes on Sanderson, and said in a deep voice:

"We want to help you, but before that, you need to help us first. Only in this way can we find the real culprit who killed your wife! So, answer me now, where was your wife when she disappeared?"

Hearing what Roan said, Sanderson took a deep breath, pressed his temples and thought for a long time, then whispered:

"Tamara is a cashier at Wall Supermarket, and that large supermarket is about fifteen minutes away by car.

The supermarket closes around 10:30 in the evening, so Tamara usually gets home around 10:50 every day.

Three weeks ago, she called me after get off work and said she would be home in 20 minutes and asked me to prepare something for her to eat, so I started to make some simple food at home.

But Tamara didn't come back until thirty minutes later. That's the last time I heard from her. "

"OK."

Roan took a pen, briefly wrote down Sanderson's narrative, and then continued to ask:

"Before Tamara disappeared, did you mention that she was being followed or harassed?"

"No."

Sanderson shook his head and explained:

"Tamara is just a cashier in a supermarket. Sometimes she does get teased by some gangsters, but it's just teasing. Both Tamara and her colleagues are used to it, and they even scold them back at ordinary times. "

Roan continued to write and draw, and then asked again:

"As Tamara's husband, have you ever found anyone around her who annoys her or who is always courting her?"

"NO."

Sanderson shook her head: "Tamara is very straightforward. If you like it, you like it. If you don't like it, you don't like it. If someone asks, she will give the answer on the spot, and she never delays."

"All right."

Writing down these words, Roan frowned, and found no useful clues. After thinking for a while, he raised his head and handed Sanderson a piece of paper:

"Which Wall supermarket does Tamara work in, write down the address for me."

"OK."

Putting away the records of the inquiry, Roan walked out of the house and called Mona, confirming that the child protection department in New Jersey would arrive in three minutes, so he called Ryder back to the SUV, and was about to drive to the Wall supermarket to find clues .

At this moment, Dany suddenly sneaked out of the house while Sanderson was not paying attention, and ran straight towards the SUV.

Roan was taken aback when he saw this, he hurriedly opened the car door and ran out of the car to pick up Danni.

Before Roan could speak, Dani's crisp voice sounded in his ears:

"I know where my mother is."