

FBI Detective 541

Chapter 541 Spy? Letting go? Arrests!

"impossible!"

In the small apartment, his wife Ma Jinli saw the photo in the screenshot of the surveillance video, threw it back on the table, shook her head and said loudly:

“Impossible! He is definitely not my husband Nokwick!”

Luo An glanced at Chenier and said nothing. Chenier moved her chair to sit next to Ma Jinli and asked in a low voice:

“Ma Jinli, have you had any contact with your husband in the past eight hours?”

“No, but every once in a while Nokwick would go out and drive for people to make money.

Because we are worried about being charged money in the middle, we basically don't make phone calls. This has happened many times, and I'm used to it...”

As she spoke, Ma Jinli's voice became softer and softer, and her eyes became redder and redder. Finally, her voice slowly stopped, and she covered her face with her hands and sobbed softly.

Luo An poured a glass of water and pushed it to the other party. Chenier gently patted Maggie's back and comforted her in a low voice:

“I know this must be hard for you, I'm sorry...”

As time passed by, Ma Jinli's mood gradually stabilized, and Chenier continued to ask:

“Does Nokwick have any enemies?”

“I don't know, he's just a taxi driver...”

Ma Jinli picked up the photo again, looked at the familiar face of the man in the photo, and kept repeating a few sentences.

Luo An whispered:

“Ms. Makinli, the best way to find out who killed your husband is for you to tell us all the information you know.”

Ma Jinli's mouth moved slightly when she heard this, and she seemed to want to say something but stopped. Seeing this, Luo An took the tissue and put it in front of her, and then added:

“Ms. Makinli, we are on the same side as you in finding the murderer.”

After a long silence, Ma Jinli picked up a tissue and wiped her tears, and said with a choked voice:

"I...I sometimes did suspect that Nokwick had a secret, but I didn't intend to ask, because I could see that his secret had nothing to do with women, and he didn't find another woman..."

Chenelle patted Maggie's back gently and asked:

“What's the secret? Can you tell us?”

“...Norkwick would sometimes hide money, in the basement.”

Ma Jinli had an ugly smile on her face and explained:

"There is a safe that he hid there. Nokwick always thought that I didn't know about it. In fact, I was just too lazy to expose him."

"OK."

Luo An nodded:

"Can we check the safe? There may be some clues in it."

Ma Jinli nodded:

"Yes, but I don't know the password."

Half an hour later, the trace inspection detective who was called by Luo An took out some professional equipment and quickly opened the safe behind the basement wall.

"A very high-end safe."

The agent from the Trace Inspection Section smiled at Luo An:

"But it doesn't seem to fit well with a taxi driver."

"Thanks for your hard work."

Luo An patted the other party's shoulder, and Chenelle opened the door of the safe and started to take things out.

"what is inside?"

“Dollar dollars, euros, pounds...each bundle is about 10,000 yuan.”

Chenelle put aside a dozen piles of money and complained:

“We didn't find a spy, did we?”

“For a spy, there must be something like a passport or a weapon.”

Luo An picked up the coins, looked at them casually, and asked:

“Is there anything else in the safe?”

“There is also a locked metal box.”

Chenelle handed the box to Luo An, bent down to look at the contents of the safe, stood up and shook her head:

"Gone."

“OK.”

Outside the metal box, there was a small lock, the most common on the market. The agent from the Trace Inspection Section was just about to get the tools, but Luo An had already used the wire he found to open the lock in twos and twos.

The agent from the Trace Inspection Section froze on the spot and looked at Luo An in surprise. Luo An handed the lock to his hand and smiled, then opened the metal box.

Chenelle stretched her neck and looked inside the box, only to find that there was only a mobile phone, a key, and nothing else.

Chenelle picked up the key and looked at it. She was silent for a few seconds and said:

“Why do you feel like we are playing a problem-solving game? What treasure chest does this key allow us to find next?”

“Maybe, maybe there will be some big rewards in the treasure chest.”

Luo An replied casually, picked up the mobile phone in the box and looked at it. After pondering for a few seconds, he led people to clean up the scene and drove back to Investigation Team No. 13.

"Winslow, Lacey, you two go check this key and see if you can find out anything."

Back in the office area, Luo An handed the keys to Winslow and Lacey, then handed the phone to Mona and said: "This is up to you."

"no problem."

Mona took the phone, plugged in the data cable and connected it to the computer. Roan and Chenelle sat next to them to rest. As soon as they picked up the food and took a few bites, Mona said:

“Everyone, there is so much information in this mobile phone.”

Luo An took a bite of his burger and moved his chair to Mona:

"How to say?"

“The first is the memo. The owner of this mobile phone actually kept an account book in the memo.”

Mona showed the computer screen to Luo An. It was full of digital records of income and expenses. It took a long time to scroll down to reach the end.

“The most recent record was three days ago, with an income of +10,000.”

Luo An took a closer look and saw that there were only income and expenses in the account book. There were no specific reasons, and the source and whereabouts of the money could not be seen at all.

Chenelle glanced briefly and looked away, then asked:

“Besides this account book, are there any other clues?”

“At 8:30 this morning, someone sent a text message to the owner of this phone.”

Mona typed on the keyboard a few times, and a text message appeared in front of the two of them:

“Areyouhostingme? (Are you letting me go?)”

After seeing the content of the text message clearly, Chenier became energetic and said:

“The time of death of the victim Nokvik was early this morning. The person who sent this text message seems not to know about it!”

Luo An raised his eyebrows and asked:

“Mona, can you find out who sent this text message?”

“Can't find it.”

Mona shook her head, pointed at her laptop and said:

“The other party's number is not registered, and the GPS is not turned on. The only thing that is certain is that when the other party sent this text message, the base station that received the signal was in the west of Washington, D.C., and the other party should be in Washington, D.C.”

Chenier frowned slightly when she heard this and looked at Luo An:

"what to do?"

Luo An thought for a while and said in a deep voice:

“Send a text message and answer that person! Agree on a meeting place and time, and let's catch some fish!”

"no problem."

Chenelle picked up the phone and asked:

“Where is the appointment?”

“Make an appointment in a place with few surveillance and not too many people.”

Luo An thought for a while and gave an address:

“Garfield Park.”

Chenier thought about the habit of texting and chatting between Nokwick and her that she had seen on Maginli's phone before. She disguised her typing method and sent the time and place.

Time passed by minute by minute, and the atmosphere in the office area was very solemn.

A few people were staring at their mobile phones closely. Except for the sound of Mona typing on the keyboard to locate the other party, Roan was silent with his arms folded on his chest. Michelle and Chenelle's breathing became much quieter.

Ding dong—

Suddenly, a text message rang. Chenier quickly picked up her phone to check, and saw a message from the person opposite:

【OK】

“Yes!”

Chenelle and Michelle were immediately excited, clapped each other's palms and shouted. Roan looked at Mona and asked:

“Have you located that person?”

Mona shook her head:

"Time is too short."

“Then prepare weapons.”

Luo An patted Cheney on the shoulder and said:

“Send a message to Winslow and Lacey, and in three hours we will go to Garfield Park to arrest someone!”

"clear!"

Three hours passed in a flash, Garfield Park.

Roan, Chenelle, Winslow and Lacey dressed as ordinary people, hanging out or chatting with passers-by. Mona and Michelle sat in a car, connected to the computer to monitor the situation.

Not long after, a man wearing a brown jacket came into view. The man paused for a moment, then turned around and ran away!

Chapter 542: Real and fake contacts, arrest, identity

Washington, D.C., Garfield Park, 6:30 pm.

Roan, Chenelle, Winslow and Lacey, like the passers-by who were strolling, chatting and jogging, were dressed in ordinary clothes and eating and drinking with casually bought snacks in their hands.

Suddenly, a white man with short red hair and a brown jacket came into view.

The man walked to the meeting place mentioned in the previous message, looked around briefly, and within five seconds, suddenly turned around and ran away!

"Fu-k!"

Winslow, Chenelle and Lacey, who were calmly surrounding the meeting place, cursed when they saw this scene and hurriedly chased after the man:

"Don't run!"

“Stop!”

The man in the brown jacket ran very fast, and there were a lot of passers-by in the park. He pushed down several passers-by as obstacles while running, and managed to escape from the encirclement of Winslow, Chenelle, and Lacey.

Passers-by at the scene looked confused and didn't understand what was happening. While they screamed out in surprise, in line with the rule of life in the Federation and not to meddle in other people's business, they all hurried to the side to make way for the running people.

Because he was worried about accidental injury and it was temporarily inconvenient to fire, Lacey immediately shouted and ran to the side:

“I'm going to the left!”

“Leave it to us on the right side!”

Chenelle and Winslow replied quickly, then ran quickly to the right, preparing to block the escape route of the man in the brown jacket.

In a car not far away, Mona and Michelle, who were in charge of observation and surveillance, heard what Lacey described about the scene and prepared to get out of the car and go to help.

At this moment, Luo An's order suddenly sounded from the communicator in the ears of the two of them:

“Mona, Michelle, go to the rockery on your right!”

The rockery is not far from the car, but it is not at all on the same route as the escaping man in the jacket. It can even be said to be completely opposite.

The two women who had just gotten out of the car looked at each other with surprise and confusion on their faces, but now was not the time to have questions. They all quickly turned around and ran according to Luo An's order.

In the huge park, Lacey, Winslow, and Chenelle chased the man in the brown jacket all the way south; Michelle and Mona quickly headed toward the rockery in the opposite north.

As the team leader, Luo An was walking leisurely towards the road in front of the rockery.

There were many passers-by there at this time. Most of them took one look at Luo An and withdrew their gaze. One of the men in sportswear turned to look at Luo An. Luo An immediately waved to him with a smile on his face. smile.

A flash of surprise flashed through the man in sportswear, but the expression on his face remained unchanged. He naturally looked away from Luo An, then turned around and left.

The man in sportswear walked at a natural speed and posture, but he kept looking at Luo An behind him from the corner of his eye.

Seeing Luo An following him steadily, getting faster and faster, and getting closer and closer to him, the man in sportswear's face instantly darkened, and he quickly accelerated his speed.

After walking around a corner, the man in sportswear saw Mona and Michelle running in this direction not far away. His face suddenly became even more ugly, and he pretended to turn around and walk to another path.

At this moment, a hand suddenly placed on the shoulder of the man in sportswear, startling him.

Luo An, the owner of the palm, chuckled and asked:

“Hello, I have something I want to talk to you about.”

Is this guy so fast? Why did he run up behind me? !

The man in sportswear took a breath to suppress the shock in his heart, and asked in a calm tone:

“Did you find the wrong person?”

While speaking, the man in sportswear flashed his eyes, turned around quickly, and made a palm with his right hand, preparing to grab the hand on his shoulder, using the force to press and capture the man behind him, take away the opponent's weapon, and then between the two Before a woman runs here, leave here quickly!

The plan was formulated by the man in sportswear in the blink of an eye, and the man in sportswear was not flustered. He has experienced many similar things, but they all ended in his success. He has enough experience, and today will be no exception.

The moment he grabbed the palm of his shoulder, the man in sportswear raised the corner of his mouth and turned around a few minutes faster. It only took a few seconds for his plan to succeed!

The man in sportswear who turned around suddenly stopped and froze on the spot. Because a black hole of gun muzzle appeared in front of him.

Men in sportswear: “...”

Luo An held up the Glock 18 in his hand, with a bright smile on his face, and asked:

“What do you want to do?”

!*#%...

For a moment, the man in sportswear was filled with greetings to Luo An, but he was not panicked yet, he just pretended to be frightened:

"I should be asking you this! What do you want to do? I have money in my pocket! I can give it all to you!"

At the same time as he spoke, the man in sportswear calculated the running speed of the two women and determined that they should be very close to here, so he suddenly reached out and grabbed the pistol in front of him, preparing to **** the weapon away from them before he could knock them down and leave. this area.

score

The next second, when the man in sportswear stretched out his hand, Luo An was faster than him and punched the opponent in the stomach.

The moment the man in sportswear fell backward due to the uncontrollable force, Luo An took out the handcuffs from his waist and cuffed the opponent's right hand, raised his foot to wrap around the opponent and forced him to fall to the ground, and cuffed the other handcuff to the opponent's left hand and knee. Pressing behind the man, he firmly controlled him and laid him on the ground.

The whole process was concise and fast. Mona and Michelle, who were running towards here not far away, had wide eyes. The two women felt that they just blinked before Luo An locked a man on the ground.

The man in sportswear who was pressed to the ground was even more shocked. He struggled wildly in disbelief and yelled:

“Damn it! Who are you? Just wait! I'm going to find someone to complain about you! *#%...”

A few seconds later, Mona and Michelle finally ran here. The two women calmed their breathing a little. Mona asked first:

“Who is this guy?”

“The name is unknown.”

Luo An smiled and pressed the opponent so hard that he couldn't move, and replied:

“But he was the real target of our text messages.”

From the moment he came to this park, Luo An has always turned on the "emotional perception" in his mind. The previous improvement in perception distance allowed Luo An to always check the situation near the scene while wandering around.

When the man in the brown jacket appeared, Luo An found that the other man's mood was only confusion and nervousness, which was definitely not the emotion that a contact person should have.

After the opponent ran, Winslow and others quickly followed. Most of the passers-by were panicked and confused. Only the man in sportswear near the rockery did not panic at all, and even had a "sure enough" mood.

So Luo An turned his attention to the man in sportswear. The man's expression was normal but his mood swings were very intense, which was obviously abnormal.

Coupled with the fact that the man in the brown jacket was in a bad mood, Luo An immediately guessed that the man in the sportswear was probably just a bait prepared by the man in sportswear, mainly to test whether the situation at the joint was safe.

Sure enough, as soon as Mona and Michelle pulled the man in sportswear up from the ground, Lacey's somewhat frustrated voice sounded from the communicator in the ears of the three of them:

“Team leader! The three of us have caught him, but he is just making extra money!

Someone gave him three hundred dollars and asked him to come and go to that street spot for a few seconds and then run away. The person who gave him the money hid his appearance, and this guy didn't know who the other person was! ”

Luo An bent over to examine the man in sportswear, found a pistol from his pocket, and at the same time answered Lacey with a smile:

“It doesn't matter, I've caught the person who gave him the money.”

“What?”

Lacey, Winslow and Chenie on the other end of the communicator were suddenly surprised, but Luo An didn't explain much and just ordered them to take people to the car first.

Turning off the communicator, Luo An shook the pistol he found from the other party and said with a smile:

“Are you going to keep pretending to be stupid?”

The man in sportswear stared at Luo An for a long time and said:

“I want to see your superior!”

“Tell me who you are first.”

“...IamUSSS! (I'm from the Federal Secret Service!)”

Chapter 543: Identity, \$1 million case

Federal Secret Service, United States Secret Service, abbreviated as USSS.

This department is affiliated with the federal Department of Homeland Security. Its employees are divided into special agents and uniformed departments. It is mainly responsible for the prevention and

investigation of counterfeiting of U.S. dollars, Treasury bonds, and other notes, as well as the protection of the federal president, vice president, and their families.

Forty minutes later, in the conference room of Investigation Team 13, Roan and Veranith were sitting on the center chair, Winslow and Chenelle were standing behind them, and opposite the four of them sat an expressionless sportsman. Pretending to be a man.

Mona's laptop was placed in front of Luo An and Veranith on the conference table, and the identity information of a man in sportswear was displayed on the screen.

“Alejo-Moore.”

Luo An looked at some of the information that could be found on the other party and said with a smile:

“A rare name.”

Alejo ignored Roan. He turned his eyes to Verenis and said:

"I will not answer any of your questions until my immediate superior comes."

The makeup on Verenis's face was very cold, and it felt even colder when her face was expressionless. She opened a folder and threw it to Alejo opposite:

“This is an order signed to you by the commander directly above you.”

Alejo is just an ordinary senior agent in the USSS (Secret Service).

His superior was the agent team leader, but Veranith didn't have the other party's contact information, so she directly called the agent team leader's superior, a certain director.

Alejo: “...”

Seeing the person opposite holding the document, his face flushed, and his mouth opening and closing several times without knowing what to say, Luo An grinned, picked up the coffee pot and filled the coffee cup in front of Veranith.

The thighs beside him are not only long, white and eye-catching, but also never fall off the chain at critical moments, which is really impressive.

Alejo looked down at the folder and was silent for a long time, then raised his head and asked:

“...What do you want to know?”

Veranith turned her attention to Luo An, who found the photo of the victim Nokvik and handed it to him and asked:

“Is he from your Secret Service?”

“NO.”

Alejo shook his head and replied:

“Norkwick had participated in the review and training of the Secret Service before, but failed to persist to the end, so he changed his job and became an informant for our Secret Service.”

“Who is Nokwick's superior? Are you responsible for liaising with him?”

“To be more specific, it's been me in the past five years.”

Alejo licked his chapped lips and replied:

“His original supervisor was promoted within the Secret Service, so Nokwick was transferred to my staff.”

Thinking of the safe he found earlier, Luo An asked:

“The money in the safe comes from your Secret Service?”

“That's right.”

Alejo nodded:

“Norkwick is a very good informant, which is why his previous contact was able to solve so many cases and advance so quickly.

Because of this, Nokwick has always received the highest-level informant fees. ”

“OK.”

Winslow, who was next to him, thought for a while and then asked:

“So, Nokwick was killed because his identity as an informant was exposed?”

The word informant is often combined with "informant", "betrayal", etc. in the federal cultural station, and the identity is very unpopular.

Norkwick was an excellent informant who made a lot of money in this capacity. There was no telling how many people wanted to kill him.

“It's possible.”

Luo An nodded, looked at Alejo, and said:

“The question now is what exactly Nokwick was investigating before he was killed.”

Seeing Luo An's gaze, Alejo was silent for a moment, with a gloomy face, and replied:

“Sorry, I don't know.”

“What?”

"I really do not know."

Alejo looked very unhappy and explained:

"A month ago, Nokwick contacted me and said that he had discovered a big case, but he needed some funds to investigate the case. He didn't have enough money, so he asked me to borrow some."

“Approximately how much?” “...\$600,000.”

Seeing that Winslow and the two looked at him slightly strangely, Alejo quickly explained:

“That's my own money! I've saved it over the years!”

Norkwick approached him before and said that as long as he solved this case, he could make a lot of money, and Alejo would definitely be promoted.

Alejo pondered for a while. Considering that Nokvik had almost no mistakes in so many years and was extremely reliable, he finally agreed and lent the other party the funds a week ago.

In addition to Alejo's \$600,000, Nokwick himself spent a large portion of the informant fees he had saved over the years, nearly \$400,000.

The two together spent nearly 1 million US dollars, just to solve the big case that Nokwick said.

Winslow looked at Alejo with disbelief:

“You took such a large amount of money, 600,000 US dollars! But you don't know what case Nokwick is investigating?”

"I really do not know!"

Seeing that Winslow doubted himself, Alejo suddenly had veins bulging out, his face became as ugly as possible, and he said:

“After Nokwick got the \$600,000, I lost contact with him!

During this week, I have paid attention to the situation of Nokwick's wife, Maginli! Prevent her from leaving the Federation!

Last night, Nokwick finally sent me a message and agreed to meet me at a certain place.

But I waited for a long time and didn't get to Nokvik, so I sent him a message to ask about the situation..."

Winslow and Chenelle looked at each other with suspicion on their faces. They still didn't quite believe Alejo's explanation. Alejo was so anxious that he was restless and his face turned red.

Luo An narrowed his eyes, picked up the coffee and took a sip.

Through "emotional perception", Luo An determined that the other party was telling the truth. After thinking for a moment, he figured out the entire incident:

A month ago, Nokwick discovered a big case but was unable to investigate it due to lack of money, so he found Alejo.

Because of the large amount, Alejo thought for a long time before agreeing to Nokvik a week ago

After receiving the money, Nokwick told his wife Maginli that he was going out to drive for someone, but he was actually going to investigate the case. Makinli and Alejo lost contact with Nokwick from then on.

Last night, Nokwick, who had been out of contact for a long time, sent a message. It may be that he found some clues, or it may be for other reasons. In short, he asked to meet with Alejo.

But Alejo waited in vain for several hours, because Nokwick was killed in a park next to the Potomac River in the early morning.

“A case that requires US\$1 million to be eligible for admission for investigation...”

Luo An put down his coffee cup with a strange look in his eyes, and waved his hands to let Winslow and Chenelle take Alejo out of the conference room.

The door to the conference room was closed, and Veranith's tense and cold face slowly softened, and she asked softly:

“Luo An, what do you think?”

“The case is a bit complicated.”

Roan spread his hands, the private club that Lacey and Chenelle couldn't enter, the one million dollar "case handling fund", and Nokwick's lifeless death, all of which revealed the circumstances behind this matter. Unusual.

How to investigate is Luo An's job, but should we continue the investigation...

Luo An picked up the coffee pot again, filled Veranith's coffee cup, and then looked at the other person's mature face, silently.

From the perspective of political performance, Luo An guessed that Veranith would not give up this case because she and Mr. Clement needed more credit and interpersonal relationships.

As expected, after pondering for a while, Veranith stood up and said seriously:

"Luo An, this case is handed over to you."

Luo An nodded, and before he could speak, Veranith whispered in Luo An's ear:

"Mr. Clement was invited to Mr. President's dinner a few days ago. If you encounter any problems, remember to call."

"Okay, sir."

Luo An suddenly laughed, thought for a moment, and said:

"Sir, it's not convenient for us to investigate that private club."

"I'll handle it."

Vereniss nodded slightly to Luo An, put away the folder and left Investigation Team No. 13.

The door closed, Mona looked up and looked at Luo An:

“What do we do next?”

Luo An pointed at the clock on the wall and said with a smile:

“It's time to get off work, go home!”

Chapter 544 Investigation direction, informant's informant

FBI headquarters in Washington, a villa in a community on the northwest side.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Roan and Mona returned to the villa. Caroline, who was wearing long sleeves and long trousers, yawned and walked downstairs:

“Good evening, you two.”

"Um."

Mona replied casually, put on the slippers Luo An handed her, and walked into the kitchen to prepare food.

Roan nodded towards Caroline. He was planning to go upstairs and enter the room to change clothes, but suddenly he found a large object in the corner room:

“Caroline, what did you buy?”

Caroline poured herself a glass of juice, took a sip and replied with a smile:

"I bought a new grand piano, and the workers just brought it in this afternoon."

Roan's eyelids twitched and he was too lazy to speak. He returned to the room to change clothes. Mona in the kitchen inserted the knife into the cutting board with a bang and glared at Caroline:

"Hey, we agreed before that that room should be used as a gym!"

"That room is very big. Even if there is a grand piano, the remaining space is enough for you to put fitness equipment."

Caroline held the juice in her left hand, leaned lazily at the door of the kitchen, and said with a smile:

"You both have jobs and have something to do during the day.

I have no job and am bored at home, so I had to buy some music equipment to pass the time. "

Caroline actually guessed the reason why Javari Evans sent her to the Federation.

In order to avoid causing trouble to Roan and Mona, Caroline has basically never left the villa since she moved into it. The furthest distance she has walked is the gate at the end of the lawn outside the villa.

Roan and Mona also designed and installed some monitoring, defense, and emergency contact devices around the villa, just in case.

"snort."

Mona glanced at the other person, turned around and continued to prepare the food. Roan changed his clothes and came down to help. Caroline stood aside and started to cheer for the two of them.

Caroline's cooking skills are astounding. The first time she entered the kitchen, she made a pot of indescribable yellow paste for the two of them. From then on, Roan and Mona never let her enter the kitchen again.

Soon, the dinner was finished. Caroline had a small appetite, so she put down the tableware after eating a little, walked into the room not far away, and started to tidy up the large grand piano.

“Caroline!”

Luo An swallowed the beef in his mouth, wiped his mouth, and asked loudly:

“Have you contacted your father these days?”

Mona rarely called Gyawali, while contact between Caroline and Gyawali was frequent.

“Contact me!”

Caroline in the room replied:

"I called. My father is visiting Australia with Mrs. Hanover these days."

“OK.”

Luo An turned his eyes to Mona, who pretended not to care, but actually pricked up her ears. He chuckled, picked up the tableware and continued to taste the steak.

Not long after, Roan and Mona finished their dinner, and the task of clearing the dishes was handed over to Caroline. They chatted for a while and each went back to their respective rooms, without talking for the rest of the night.

The next day, FBI Washington headquarters, office area of Investigation Team 13.

"Good morning everyone."

Luo An walked out of the team leader's office, reached out and knocked on the huge whiteboard hanging on the wall at the front of the office area, and said:

“Regarding this park homicide, we have two goals to investigate next:

First, find the murderer of the victim Nokwick.

Second, find out what case the victim Nokwick was investigating during his lifetime. "

Winslow and Chenelle nodded in unison. Lacey swallowed the breakfast in her mouth and asked:

“Where do we investigate next?”

Luo An asked back:

“How are you doing with the key you found in the box in Nokwick?”

"not so good."

Lacie finished the breakfast in her hands in two bites, picked up the coffee and drank it in one gulp. She took a deep breath and said:

“Winslow and I asked a lock company, and they said that it comes with a key and is the most common lock on the market.

It can be sold in any hardware store, and there are no less than a few thousand people using it in Washington, DC. In addition, there is no need to register to buy and sell it. You can just sell it for money, and it is impossible to find out which lock it is equipped with. "

After Lacey finished explaining, everyone looked at each other helplessly.

Now they have the key, but they can't find which lock it opens.

"When watching the surveillance video before, Mona found out that the sports car driven by Nokwick was rented from a car rental company."

Luo An pondered for a few seconds, pointed to the laptop on Mona's desk, and said: "Winslow, Lacey, go to that car rental company and investigate.

Let's see if there are any clues there. Also, remember to get back the personal information that Nokwick left when renting that car! "

"clear!"

Winslow and Lacey nodded in response, stood up and...picked up the unfinished breakfast on the table, ate it and left the office area.

"Mona, Michelle, please investigate Nokwick's economic situation and consumption information, etc., and see if there are any clues."

"OK."

Mona and Michelle began to work with their heads down. Roan then looked at Chenelle and said:

"Chenelle, bring Alejo from the USSS (Secret Service) here. I have something to ask him."

“OK.”

An hour later, Alejo and Cheniel walked into the conference room again.

"good morning."

“Good morning, Team Leader Luo An.”

Luo An stretched out his hand and shook it with the smiling Alejo. He didn't quite understand why the other person's attitude changed so much today.

Alejo did not hide it, saying that he briefly asked about Luo An's work history yesterday.

Seeing the 100% case detection rate of the special investigation team led by Luo An, Alejo was stunned and couldn't believe it. He carefully read it several times to make sure that he had read it correctly. Alejo was filled with admiration, and then his eyes became extremely bright. .

The reason is simple. Nokwick was killed, and Alejo was worried about what to do with his \$600,000.

“Since Team Leader Luo An is taking the lead, I believe this case will be investigated clearly.”

Alejo grabbed Luo An's hand and shook it repeatedly. The expression on his face was very sincere, as sincere as he wanted.

Roan pulled his hand out of Alejo's hand speechlessly, and asked directly without any nonsense:

“Alejo, Nokwick is your informant, do you know anything else about him?”

"for example?"

“Such as the source of his weapons, his consumption habits, where he often goes, and other similar information.”

Alejo now had almost nothing to say to Roan. He thought for a long time and said:

“When investigating a certain case before, Nokwick said that he had an informant who had a good relationship with him, and Nokwick got a lot of information from that informant.”

“Informant's informant...”

There was a strange flash in Cheniel's eyes, and Luo An asked:

“What's that informant's name? What does he do?”

“The name seems to be Behrend.”

Alejo frowned and lowered his head to try to recall the conversation at that time. Suddenly he clapped his hands and raised his head, his eyes lit up and he replied:

“He works in a maintenance company and is an electrician by profession!”

Ten minutes later, Mona found Nokwick's informant. She pointed to the information on the computer and introduced:

“Behrend, 49 years old, single, has little savings, likes to drink, and basically spends his earned wages on women on the street.

Because he was not paid for the concert and got into a fight with someone while drunk, he was imprisoned at the Metropolitan Police Department in Washington, D.C. three days ago and is still there.

”

“...”x3

Michelle, Alejo, and Cheniel were speechless, and Roan raised the corner of his mouth:

“How can the Metropolitan Police accuse him of singing without giving him any money? Chenille, come with me. Let's go to the police station and have a chat with this talented person.”

"no problem!"

Metropolitan Police Department, Roan and Chenelle took out their FBI golden badges and soon saw Behrend in a corner interrogation room.

“FBI?”

Hearing the identities of Luo An and Cheniel, Behrend sat on a chair with surprise written on his face:

“I just had a fight and had no money to pay for it. Why are you FBI looking for me? Is that guy dead?”

“It has nothing to do with your fight.”

Roan pushed the photo of Nokvik and the key to him. Behrend's pupils shrank when he saw the photo clearly.

Chapter 545: Clues to the Key, Night Watcher

Roan, who was keenly observant, saw the change in Behrend's eyes, smiled, and said:

“It seems you know something.”

Because he had been imprisoned for several days, there was still wine, body odor, vomit, etc. on his body, which made Behrend's body smell very complicated. When he heard Luo An's words, he frowned slightly, scratched his scalp, and a stream of snowflakes fell, and asked road:

“What's wrong with Kevin?”

Kevin?

Roan and Chenier looked at each other, noticed the problem in each other's words, and asked calmly:

"he died."

“What was the cause of death?”

“Mr. Behrend, we are interrogating you now.”

Luo An lightly tapped the table and pretended to be unhappy:

“Do you know what's going on with this key?”

“I know, but I don't want to tell you.”

Berend grinned, revealing a pair of slightly messy yellowed teeth:

"Unless you help me give the guy who was beaten a sum of money and let him drop the lawsuit against me."

“You are too greedy, Mr. Behrend.”

Chenier's face was slightly cold, Luo An chuckled, leaned back and crossed his legs:

"It's just a piece of news, not worth the price."

"Then what do you give in exchange?"

"A cleaner cell, a clean set of shirts, and a chance to take a shower."

"...not enough, plus three packs of cigarettes."

"A pack."

"Two packs."

"Half a bag."

"Five roots."

"Half a bag! Just half a bag! Deal!"

Seeing that Luo An was talking less and less, Behrend was stunned for a moment, and quickly stopped and agreed.

Chenelle glanced at Luo An with a funny look in her eyes, and gave him a thumbs up calmly. The cold expression on her face did not change. She opened the small notebook and said in a deep voice:

"Say it."

"Kevin is a friend I met while taking a taxi. We have a good relationship. He often drives me to...well, meet women for drinks."

Seeing that he almost admitted the crime, Behrend quickly changed his words. Luo An knocked on the table and said seriously:

“We're not interested in your lower body, tell me about the key.”

“That's the key to a rental warehouse!”

Berend breathed a sigh of relief and said:

“One time Kevin and I went out drinking, and Kevin's key was broken. I asked someone to fix it for him.”

“Good.”

Luo An nodded with satisfaction:

“Where is that warehouse?”

“I don't know exactly where it is, but I know that the warehouse company is in the northwest of the District!”

Warehouse company, a specialty industry that exists in the Federation.

Because most federal people live in rented houses and have trouble moving every time; or the houses they buy are small and there is no place to store items, warehouse companies choose to build a group of warehouses on a certain piece of land and rent them out for people to use to make profits, while people use fixed warehouses to store things.

There are two warehouse rental companies in northwest Washington, D.C. The first one failed to find a target, so Roan and Chenelle drove to the second company.

At the gate outside the warehouse area, Luo An and Chenelle had just stepped out of the car when they heard a fierce quarrel not far away.

Walking around the corner, I found that the two parties involved in the argument were a man in a suit and two white women who looked to be in their thirties.

Hands and ears were red, and he was shouting at the top of his lungs. Every sentence was inseparable from words starting with "F".

"Hello, FBI."

Chenier took out a golden badge to show her identity, temporarily interrupting the quarrel. The man in the suit took a deep breath, quickly smiled at Chenier, and asked:

"Is there a problem?"

Chenelle handed him the search warrant, then showed him Nokwick's identity information and said:

"We need to check the warehouse he rents here."

"no problem!"

The man in a suit was the manager of this warehouse. He quickly walked into the office not far away, found the warehouse that Nokwick rented, took Luo An and Chenier over and opened it with the key. The warehouse here is similar to a container. The moment the door was opened, Chenelle immediately walked in with a flashlight.

Not far away, two middle-aged women came over angrily again. The manager cursed a few times in a low voice. Luo An asked:

"What's going on with you?"

“Their father is dead and they insist that I killed him. He deserves to die...”

The manager's expression was ugly, indicating that the fathers of the two women across from him had previously worked in this warehouse area and were responsible for keeping watch, monitoring surveillance, and ensuring the safety of this warehouse area.

Early yesterday morning, the fathers of two women died suddenly of a heart attack. Their company has decided to pay each other a sum of money.

But the two daughters were very dissatisfied, saying that their father was exhausted from staying up late for a long time, and asked the company to pay more compensation.

Roan's face changed slightly when he heard this. He thought of something. Before he could ask, Chenier suddenly walked out of the warehouse with a very ugly face:

“Luo An, we are late.”

At this time, Chenier had found the lamp in the warehouse and turned it on. The interior of the warehouse was very clear under the light.

The warehouse is not big. There is a folding bed and a suit in the corner, and there are a few unopened bottles of water and bread on the ground in the middle.

The most eye-catching thing is that the entire wall on the right side of the warehouse is covered with a lot of tape. Luo An can tell at a glance that many photos have been posted here.

But now all those photos have disappeared, and there are only a few scattered corner fragments stuck to the tape, swaying in the wind.

"Norkwick should have rested here. The photos on the wall should be the information that Norkwick investigated."

Wearing gloves, Cheniel picked up a bottle of mining water on the ground and said with a gloomy face:

“But they were all torn to pieces and carried away.

I suspect that the person who came here before us was the guy who killed Nokwick in the park! ”

“Call the Trace Inspection Department and ask them to come here to detect fingerprints and other clues!”

Luo An pondered for a few seconds and moved his eyes away from the tape on the wall. After Cheniel responded to the order, he immediately walked out of the warehouse.

“I told you, the money you want is absolutely impossible!”

“Your company is a bunch of vampires! Disgusting vampires!”

"damn it..."

Not far away, the manager was still arguing with the two women. When he saw Luo An, the manager who couldn't quarrel with the two women hurriedly ran towards him, preparing to use Luo An's identity to temporarily avoid the confrontation.

“Mr. Manager, I have something to ask you.”

Luo An grabbed the manager who was about to hide behind him and said with a serious face:

“You said their father's death time was early yesterday morning?”

The manager was stunned for a moment, nodded and replied:

“That's right.”

“What's the specific time?”

"have no idea."

“The cause of death was heart disease? Are you sure?”

“That's what the company said. They said the autopsy results were like this. That's all I know.”

“Do you have surveillance here? How are the surveillance equipment and videos like now?”

“The surveillance equipment is all normal now. It was just that it broke down for a few hours yesterday, and there was a period of missing surveillance video. This kind of thing is not uncommon, and it has happened in the past...”

While the two were talking, two middle-aged women, because of Luo An's FBI status, stood aside and stared at the manager with suppressed temper.

The more the manager answered, the colder Luo An's face became. At the end of the sentence, the manager also reacted. His heart went crazy. He swallowed and asked tentatively:

“Mr. FBI, are you saying that there is something wrong with their father's death?”

The two women were also attracted by the conversation between Luo An and the manager, and looked at each other with surprise on their faces.

They actually just wanted to get more money during this trip. Now it seems that their father's death may really be a problem?

“You go get the surveillance.”

Luo An did not answer the manager's question, but asked him to get the monitoring equipment, and asked Chenelle to follow him closely. Then Luo An walked aside, took out his mobile phone and called Mona.

“It's me, Luo An.”

Luo An told the name of the night watchman in the warehouse, as well as the information that he had two daughters, and said:

“Mona, can you find out the real cause of death? Or do another autopsy on him?”

There was a burst of rapid typing on the keyboard on the other end of the phone, and soon Mona took a breath:

“Luo An, the night watchman was cremated within 10 hours after his death was confirmed!”

Chapter 546 Keys and Locks, Temporary Workers

Washington, D.C., a warehouse rental company in northwest Washington, D.C.

Mona on the other end of the phone frowned, and Luo An in the warehouse was silent for a moment, walked up to two middle-aged women not far away, and asked about their fathers.

“Father was cremated?! How come we didn't know?”

The two middle-aged women looked at each other with astonishment and shook their heads:

“Impossible, you are absolutely mistaken about this.”

Luo An asked without arguing with the two women opposite:

“Where is your father's body now?”

The woman on the left replied:

“In the morgue of Maria Hospital.”

Upon hearing this, Luo An immediately picked up his cell phone and ordered:

“Mona, Michelle, you should go to Maria Hospital now to investigate the procedures for cremation of corpses and other information.”

"no problem!"

Mona on the other end of the phone nodded, patted Michelle on the shoulder, covered the computer, got up and walked out quickly:

“Let's set out now!”

After hanging up the phone, Luo An suggested that the two middle-aged women go to Maria Hospital to see if the corpse in the morgue was their father.

But the two women looked at each other and took a few small steps back. They began to suspect that Luo An and the manager were in the same group, and these words were just to deceive them.

Luo An rolled his eyes. He had no time to argue with the two middle-aged women. He stopped talking nonsense when he couldn't make sense. He put away his mobile phone and walked to the monitoring room not far away.

When the two women saw this, they lowered their heads and discussed for a few seconds. Finally, they decided that one would go to the hospital and the other would stay and wait here.

At the same time, Luo An quickly entered the control room and asked directly:

“How's it going, Chenelle?”

“The surveillance shows signs of being compromised.”

Chenelle looked gloomy, looked away from the computer, and said:

“I can't find the surveillance footage from yesterday morning on my computer, and there's no backup either.

I checked the hardware facilities here and found that the old hard drive was taken away and the new hard drive is now working. ”

While speaking, Cheniel turned her eyes to the manager standing next to her. The manager was startled and waved his hands repeatedly:

“I really don't know what's going on! If the Night Watchman hadn't died, I would rarely come here!”

With "Emotional Perception" turned on, Luo An was sure that the manager was telling the truth. Looking at the old monitoring equipment in front of him, he put his chin on his hand and frowned slightly in silence.

Chenelle pushed the manager out of the room, then walked to Luo An and whispered:

“Luo An, the surveillance camera was taken away, and the night watchman was cremated not long after his death. The person behind this incident...”

“The person behind it is definitely not an ordinary person.”

Luo An's eyes flashed with a faint light, and he smiled slightly, preparing to leave the house.

At this moment, on the table next to him, the lock that the manager had just cut off with pliers and used to lock the door of the warehouse where the photos were taken suddenly caught Luo An's attention.

It was 2006, and the warehouse of this warehouse company still used metal drop-down doors. There was an iron ring on the ground that was imprisoned by cement. Warehouse tenants needed to buy their own locks to lock the doors.

Picked up the lock and looked at it, Luo An's face changed slightly, and Chenelle looked confused:

"What's wrong?"

“There's something wrong with the lock.”

Luo An has some knowledge about sliding door lock picking... and using technical means to open locks.

The keys may look the same in appearance and color, but the length, thickness, and distance of the tooth marks are actually different.

Before getting the key, Luo An had carefully observed the tooth marks on it and deduced the lock it belonged to and what shape the lock core should be.

Before going to the warehouse company, Luo An asked Chenelle to keep the key with her just in case.

When searching for the warehouse just now, the manager saw the search warrant and took out the pliers without giving the two men a chance to use the key.

“The cylinder of this lock does not match that key.”

Luo An picked up a thin wire, inserted it into the lock from behind and poked it a few times. Then he pulled out the wire and threw it aside. He handed it to Chenier with his right hand and frowned:

“Give me the key.”

"Forehead..."

Chenelle doubtfully took out the key from her pocket and handed it to Luo An. Luo An took the key and inserted it into the lock. After inserting it halfway, he couldn't insert it anymore.

“Sure enough.”

Luo An grinned, handed the half-inserted and half-exposed key and lock to Cheniel, and said with a smile: "This key is not used to open the lock on the warehouse door."

Chenelle looked at the lock and key in her hand with a look of astonishment on her face. She really didn't expect that Luo An had this kind of ability and was so meticulous in his observation.

Suppressing the shock in her heart, Cheniel raised her head and frowned:

“But there are no locked items in that warehouse.”

Speaking, Cheniel's face suddenly changed, another guess came to her mind, and she lost her voice:

“Luo An, the items that should be opened with this key will not be taken away like the photos on the wall of that warehouse, right?!”

“It's not impossible.”

Luo An's eyelids twitched and he nodded silently. Chenier's face became even more ugly, and she couldn't help but whisper a few greetings starting with "F".

“But there is another possibility.”

After thinking for a long time, Luo An suddenly remembered something and his eyes lit up. He quickly walked out of the room and pulled the manager over, asking:

“Mr. Manager, what is the name of the tenant of Warehouse No. 636?”

Warehouse No. 636 is the same warehouse where the lock was opened and the photos inside were taken away.

The manager sat next to the computer and found out the information about the warehouse tenants. At the same time, he took out the information about Nokwijk Bragg that Luo An had just handed him and compared it:

“Prague, that's the last name of the owner of this warehouse.”

“Where's Nokwick?”

Chenier also realized something at this time, her eyes lit up and she quickly asked:

“Have you ever registered a warehouse rental using the name Nokwick?”

"I am searching..."

The manager carefully browsed through the search for a moment, pointed to the information he found, and said:

“For people with the same name, the other person is a woman.”

A basin of cold water fell, and the excitement in Cheniel's eyes disappeared.

She raised her head and looked at Luo An. Luo An's expression remained unchanged. After thinking for a while, he said another name:

“Find another guy named Kevin, Kevin Heyman.”

~Kevin Hyman, when the two of them interrogated the guy who found a woman without paying him in the Metropolitan Police Department, the other party gave him the false name that the informant Nokwick Bragg used to disguise himself.

“Kevin Heyman...”

The manager repeated the name in a low voice, slowly tapped the keyboard, and entered the letters into the system page one by one.

A few seconds passed and the computer page flickered. The manager's eyes lit up and he nodded:

“There is a record of this Kevin Heyman in the system!

He has a warehouse that he has rented for more than ten years in another warehouse area of our company in Northeast Washington! ”

“Good!”

Hearing this, Chenier raised her eyebrows and clapped her hands. Luo An chuckled and asked:

“What's the warehouse number?”

“193!”

Twenty minutes later, agents from the Trace Inspection Section arrived at the warehouse area and began processing the traces inside Warehouse No. 636.

Roan and Chenelle exchanged brief greetings with them and then drove to the location of Warehouse 193 in Northeast Washington.

The distance between the two warehouse areas is not that far. As Cheniel drove forward, Luo An's cell phone suddenly rang:

“It's me, Mona.”

Mona on the other end of the phone sounded slightly unhappy. A woman's loud yelling echoed in the background. She whispered:

“Roan, Michelle and I are at Maria Hospital now, and the night watchman was indeed cremated.

The place that originally belonged to him in the morgue was a patient who had been dead for a long time and had no relatives.

The explanation given by the hospital was that a temporary worker made a mistake. He mistakenly looked at the numbers of the patient and the night watchman in the morgue. ”

“Temporary workers...”

Hearing this word, Luo An had a flash of ridicule in his eyes and asked:

“Where is the temporary worker now?”

“He has been expelled from the hospital... Do you want to investigate his information?”

“Just conduct a simple investigation, and then focus more time and attention on the people in charge of these things in the hospital.”

“OK.”

Hang up the phone, Chenier, who was driving, was about to ask, but before she could speak, Luo An's cell phone rang again.

Chapter 547: Clues from all sides, cases investigated during the deceased's lifetime

In the fast-moving car, Luo An gave Chenelle a look and pressed the answer button.

“Roan, it's me, Lacey.”

A familiar female voice sounded on the phone, Lacey said:

“Winslow and I found some interesting clues at that car rental company.”

"for example?"

“Like the name Nokwijk-Prague.”

In a car in the distance, Lacey looked at the paper in her hand and said:

“When Nockwick-Bragg rented the car, he used the name Luthur Field and identified himself as a wealthy man from Hawaii.

besides..."

“Wait a minute, Lacey.”

Looking at the warehouse area that was about to arrive not far away, Luo An interrupted Lacey's words and said:

“You and Winslow return to the investigation team with clues first, and we will discuss it together when we return.”

“OK.”

Lacey on the other end of the phone immediately nodded in agreement. Roan hung up the phone, walked out of the car with Chenelle, took out the FBI's golden badge, and soon headed to Warehouse 193 under the leadership of the person in charge.

At the door of the warehouse, under Cheniel's nervous gaze, Luo An took out the key, bent down, and inserted the key into the lock.

Click!

With a slight turn, the crisp sound of unlocking sounded. Luo An chuckled. Chenie immediately reached out and gave a thumbs up to Luo An, her eyebrows raised and her eyes lit up.

Luo An stood up, and the metal rolling shutter door was suddenly pulled open by him. A complex smell of long-term air stagnation rushed out along with dust.

After taking a few steps back, Luo An and Cheniel waved their hands to blow away the dust, waited for a moment, turned on the flashlight, and walked into the warehouse.

This warehouse is very large, and the first thing you see is a parked orange taxi.

“...”x2

Finding the switch and turning on the lights, Luo An and Chenelle quickly looked away from the taxi and began to carefully search the situation in the warehouse.

There are many and miscellaneous items in the warehouse, including clothes, pants, papers, folding beds, whiteboards, food, etc.

Roan and Chenier quickly figured out that this was most likely the place where Nokwick-Brag would stay when he was working as an informant, and would stay when searching for and organizing clues after leaving home.

“Luo An, I found a notebook.”

Soon, Chenelle found a hidden book behind a desk. She turned around to look for Luo An and found that Luo An was sitting in the taxi, flipping through something.

“It's some photos and documents.”

Feeling Cheniel approaching, Luo An raised his head with a smile and handed the thing in his hand to her:

“The case Nokwick investigated this time is indeed very interesting.”

At 2:30 pm, the office area of Investigation Team No. 13.

Luo An walked out of the team leader's office, and Michelle was distributing coffee, cakes and other food to the agents one by one.

After a short rest, everyone finished eating. Luo An picked up a napkin to wipe his hands. He first looked at Mona and Michelle and asked:

“Mona, how is your investigation going?”

“The survey results cannot be said to be perfect, they can only be said to be almost useless.”

Mona sighed with helplessness, opened her laptop, and said:

“The surveillance in the hospital was bad. The patient who was supposed to be cremated was replaced by a night watchman, and was sent directly to the cremation site without inspection or cleaning.

There are many problems in the whole process, such as some people not checking the list, not confirming their identity, etc.

But the patient had no family or friends, and he didn't pay for the cremation. His cremation was a charity, so many people didn't even bother to check, and the prescribed procedures were just for show, so...”

“So this matter cannot continue to be investigated. There are problems with everyone in the whole process.”

Luo An nodded and accepted Mona's words:

“In a word, all the fault comes from the temporary worker, right?”

“That's right, that's what a hospital means.”

Mona had a flash of ridicule in her eyes, and then said:

"Michelle and I also went to investigate the fired temporary worker. He was very angry and said that he definitely did not remember the number wrong at the time. He also followed the number when pushing the body. He did nothing wrong." Lacey Swallowing the coffee in his mouth, he sneered and said:

“There is a high probability that someone exchanged the numbers of the two corpses without the temporary worker knowing. The temporary worker is just a scapegoat who knows nothing.”

Michelle nodded, Mona spread her hands, they had the same idea.

Luo An picked up the whiteboard pen and wrote the information "hospital" and "temporary workers" on the whiteboard, and then looked at Lacey:

“Lessie, Winslow, what clues did you find?”

“The first thing is the name. When Nockwick rented the sports car, he used the pseudonym Luthur Field.”

Lacey continued to eat without saying anything. Seeing this, Winslow picked up the folder on the table and introduced:

“We looked up Luthur Field and found out he was a real person in the world, not much older than Nokwick.”

"Wow."

Chenier was a little surprised:

"Is Nokwick so brave? Isn't he afraid of having his identity revealed?"

“I'm afraid Nokwick really isn't worried about this.”

Winslow took out the information he found and handed it to everyone, explaining:

“Although Luthul Field was a wealthy man, most of his assets came from inheritance from the previous generation.

He himself prefers traveling and adventure. The company has been handed over to professional managers, and not many people have actually met him. "

"SIX."

Luo An took the paper and looked at it, then asked:

"Is there any more?"

"certainly."

Winslow nodded and continued:

"According to Luthul Field's name, Lacey and I found the hotel where he lived.

During the hotel investigation, we learned that Nokwick had contacted a testing agency and spent a sum of money to have the other party test something. Lacey and I have not yet found out the specific items that were tested. "

"Good."

Roan nodded with satisfaction, wrote the false identity of "Lutehul Field", and the information about "hotel" and "testing agency" on the whiteboard one by one, and finally turned his attention to Chenille.

Chenier nodded, stood up and distributed the document bag she had been holding for a long time to everyone. Luo An stood in front of the whiteboard, posted two photos of a man and a woman, and introduced:

"Everyone, this white man with short blond hair is named Osmond. He is 38 years old and is the owner of a pharmaceutical company.

In the photo next to her, there is a white woman with gold-rimmed glasses, long burgundy hair, and a tough face named Vivina. She is 40 years old and is the head of scientific research projects of this pharmaceutical company. "

"Pharmaceutical company?"

Michelle looked confused:

"I've never heard of this company's name. What drugs do they mainly develop?"

"A drug for liver cancer, the company has not yet launched it on the market."

Luo An smiled and added:

"The drug has not even been sold yet and is still in the research and development stage."

Lacie suddenly said:

"Is this what Nokwick is investigating? Did the drugs produced by this pharmaceutical company kill people?"

"No."

Luo An shook his head, picked up the photos and documents he found in the taxi, and said:

"Nokwick learned from some sources some time ago that the boss of this pharmaceutical company is selling stocks, saying that their products have miraculous effects on liver cancer patients.

Pharmaceutical companies will go public soon. If you buy stocks now, you will definitely make a lot of money by then.

Many people were skeptical about this, so Osmond took the doubters to their company's internal laboratory. Vivina, the head of the scientific research project, introduced his medicine to them in detail. "

Winslow looked at the document in his hand. It contained a bunch of professional terms that he didn't understand. He simply threw it aside and asked:

"This seems to be just an ordinary share purchase and sale?"

"From the perspective of selling stocks, it is indeed the case."

Luo An took another document from Chenier's hand and said with a smile:

"But while he was selling his company's stock, Osmond was also doing something else.

He claimed that he had a fund with an annual return of 13%-17%. Because he bought shares of his own pharmaceutical company, Osmond believed that everyone was a friend, so he recommended this fund. "

"17%?!"x4

Chapter 548 Ponzi Scheme or Insider Trading

FBI Washington Headquarters Building, Office Area of Investigation Team 13.

"17% annual return?!"

Hearing Roan's words, Winslow's eyes suddenly widened. Lacey's face was full of disbelief. Michelle and Chenelle looked at each other and realized something, and they both said in unison:

“Osmond has inside information? Did he jump ahead?”

"Ponzi scheme?"

Both women realized that something was wrong with the rate of return, but their imagination went in completely different directions.

Michelle used to work at the Washington headquarters and saw many cases where inside information was used to create trouble.

Chenelle has worked in the international business department, and most of the similar financial cases she has seen were Ponzi schemes.

“Both are possible.”

Luo An handed the documents in his hand to everyone. Now that he had insufficient information, he could not yet determine what Osmond, the boss of the pharmaceutical company, was doing.

But Luo An has a simpler thinking logic: stocks, funds, financial products, etc. with an annual return rate of more than 6% must be marked with a big question mark.

Because the annual rate of return offered by most banks is only between 3% and 6%, banks are the most profitable guys in the world.

All the detectives present knew what a Ponzi scheme was. Several of them looked at the documents in their hands. Lacey and Chenelle stood together:

“I think the fund Osmond talks about is a Ponzi scheme.”

Winslow shook his head. He chose to trust Michelle's judgment:

“I think Osmond is using inside information to get ahead and cut off the leeks of the people at the bottom.

We can all recognize the Ponzi scheme, but what about the rich people who can't see it? ”

“No, Winslow, you're thinking of something wrong.”

Mona threw the folder aside, raised her head, sneered, and said:

“The Ponzi scheme is actually a story of three people becoming tigers. You believe that you can make money, I believe that you can make money, and then we deceive the next person and it will make money, and finally we can really make money.

This thing itself is an exploitation system, which exploits and **** blood from those who come later to enrich those who come first.

Many rich people probably know that this is a scam, but they all think that as long as they withdraw their money before the scam is exposed, they will not lose money. ”

Luo An grinned and added:

“Just to see who has a sensitive nose and who can run fast.”

“OK.”

Michelle hesitated for a few seconds and nodded. Winslow thought about it and smiled:

“I still think Osmond is using inside information to jump the gun.”

“This cannot be ruled out.”

Luo An did not deny this possibility. He was silent for a few seconds. He picked up the coffee and drank it in one gulp, and said:

“Everyone, whether it was a Ponzi scheme or an inside job, Nokwick-Brager must have been killed because he found out something.

Before his death, Nokwick used the fake name of Luthur Field to find something to be tested by a scientific research institution.

Mona, Michelle, you two use the computer to investigate and see if you can find out what the detected object is.

Winslow, Chenille, Lacey, and the rest of them went offline to investigate the scientific research institution, including surveillance video, entry and exit records, experimental records, etc., and tried their best to get a copy back. "

“OK!”

"no problem!"

The five agents nodded in unison. Michelle and Mona returned to their seats and started operating the computer. The other three simply organized their equipment and immediately left the office area of Investigation Team 13.

As the team leader, Luo An pondered for a while, briefly organized the folders, and took them to Veranith's office.

After Veranith was transferred to the FBI's Washington headquarters, her position was Secretary Stacey's staff assistant.

As a work assistant, Veranith's office in this building has more than doubled in size compared to the office she used to work as a team leader in the New York branch.

Luo An knocked on the door and entered the office:

“Good afternoon, sir.”

"good afternoon."

Seeing Luo An, Veranith didn't waste any words. She waved her hand for him to take a chair and sit down, and then said:

"What's up?"

"About the case in hand, I led people to find some clues." Luo An handed the folder to Veranith and briefly described Osmond, the boss of the pharmaceutical company, Vivina, the head of scientific research, and the Just a fund thing.

Osmond and Vivina's identities are both ordinary. For such wealthy people, the investigation team's previous investigation methods are not suitable, because the other party will 100% say nothing and ask for a lawyer.

Coupled with the large number of people and money involved in this case, Luo An believed that he was just the leader of a small investigation team, and his status and position were not suitable for lifting such a big lid.

So it's time to ask for help.

Looking at the information in her hand, Veranith had a slightly strange expression on her face. After Luo An finished narrating, she closed the folder and raised her eyebrows slightly, took a deep look at Luo An, and said softly:

"You are so fast."

Luo An: "..."

Without waiting for Luo An to speak, Verenes found a black folder from a bunch of files next to it, handed it to Luo An, and said:

"I happened to find some clues about that private club."

Luo An took the folder and lowered his head to look at it. Veranith leaned back and crossed her legs, introducing:

"The owner of that club is a certain senator in Congress.

Osmond, the pharmaceutical company boss you just mentioned, and the senator are college friends. They belong to the same fraternity and have a very good relationship.

When I looked up these clues before, I was still wondering why the relationship between Osmond and the Senator was so good.

The fund you just introduced with an annual return rate of 17% finally made me figure this out. "

"Wow."

After reading the information in the document, Luo An casually said an exclamation.

Luo An was actually not surprised. This was a federation where there was no corruption and everything was in compliance with the law.

It is normal for the senator to have a good relationship with the company boss.

“As for the Vivina you mentioned, I also found out something about her.”

A strange color flashed in Veranith's eyes, and her voice changed slightly:

“She, Osmond, and the senator often went to certain places to gather together.”

Seeing that something wasn't right about the expression on Veranith's face, Luo An suddenly thought of something and asked tentatively:

“Sir, what is the party you are talking about?”

“Just what you think.”

The air in the office suddenly became quiet, and Luo An was a little surprised this time.

After a few seconds of silence, Luo An changed the subject with a slight cough and asked:

“Sir, how should we deal with this case next?”

Senator, company boss, Ponzi scheme, insider trading, private club...each of these words represents trouble.

Verineth glanced at the watch on her wrist, stood up and started packing the documents, and said:

“Mr. Clement will be back soon.”

After finding clues about the club, Veranith originally planned to contact Mr. Clement first, then call Luo An with the clues, and go to Mr. Clement's office with Luo An to discuss the case.

But Veranith never expected that Luo An would investigate the case so quickly. He found out about Osmond almost at the same time as her, and also found clues such as the fund that she had not found.

Thinking of this, Veranis, who had finished packing the documents, glanced at Luo An calmly, with a flash of admiration in her eyes, and said softly:

“Roan, come with me to Mr. Clement's office.”

“OK.”

Luo An stood up and followed, and after a short walk, he arrived at Mr. Clement's office.

Just as Veranith was about to reach out and knock on the door, the secretary outside the office pushed open the office door first. Then he smiled at the two of them and made a "please come in" gesture.

Veranith had a strange look in her eyes, took a deep look at Luo An, and said softly:

“This is the first time I've entered this office without knocking.”

Luo An was a little surprised but said nothing. He didn't know if it was an illusion. He felt like he smelled a smell of vinegar?

Walking into the office, Mr. Clement was leaning on the table writing something. He took the document handed over by Veranith and checked it for a moment. He suddenly looked at Luo An and asked:

“Luo An, what do you think of Tairen?”

Luo An: “...”

Chapter 549 Power, clues, new discoveries

An office at the FBI's Washington headquarters.

Mr. Clement's question came to an end, Veranith's face changed slightly, and Roan fell silent.

It's not that Luo An didn't want to answer, it's just that except for some unpleasant greetings, there didn't seem to be many other words.

Silence is also an attitude. Mr. Clement looked at Luo An for a few seconds and suddenly laughed:

“Don't be nervous, just asking casually.”

Luo An grinned. He was not nervous at all, he just remembered something.

Before coming to the Washington headquarters, Luo An asked Lacey and Mona to briefly investigate some people's information and political leanings.

Mr. Clement, Veranith, Trick Kennedy, etc., from the perspective of race, they are all Anglo-Saxons, which are the so-called Ansa.

The five agents in Investigation Team 13: Mona, Lacey, Chenille, Winslow, and Michelle. Their grandfathers or great-grandfathers were all native Europeans. They are the descendants of European immigrants. Not Jewish either.

Roanne Greenwood's parents are also not Jewish. They immigrated to the Federation from Europe with previous generations.

The only Jew Luo An knew was Antoine, the director of the Office of Professional Responsibility.

Antoine's secretary, Iolaia, was not a Jew but married a Jewish wife.

Thinking of this, Luo An suddenly realized something.

If I remember correctly, the information he and Veranith investigated just now showed that the senator was from Onsa, but Osmond and Vivina, both of their parents were Jewish.

The most important thing about working in the federal government is choosing a side.

Mr. Clement's desire to serve in the Ministry of Justice cannot be circumvented.

A strange color flashed in Roan's eyes. As expected, within a few minutes, Mr. Clement coughed a few times and said:

"Vereniss, Luo An, you continue to investigate this case, but be careful not to arrest anyone for the time being, and wait for the call."

"clear."

Veranith and Roan nodded in agreement. This order was not difficult for them to understand. They were concerned about the case itself, while Mr. Clement was concerned about the politics behind the case.

Out of the office, Luo An walked with his head down, silently thinking about what Mr. Clement might do.

After returning to Investigation Team No. 13 with random thoughts, Luo An opened the door of the office area and asked:

"How's the check going?"

"No clue."

At the work station, Mona spun around on her chair again. When she heard Luo An's question, she answered helplessly:

“That scientific research institution has very strict preventive measures, and I can't find any information at all.”

“What?”

Luo An, who was very aware of Mona's computer skills, was a little surprised:

“You can't even enter that scientific research institution? What's the origin of that scientific research institution?”

“It's not a big one, it was jointly funded by a certain university and a certain company.”

Michelle handed a cup of coffee to Luo An and explained with a smile:

“However, that scientific research institution does not receive much funding every year, so the equipment is relatively old, and the computers used are mostly used as information storage. There is no Internet connection, and Mona cannot invade.”

Luo An: “...”

Mona spread her hands. No matter how powerful she is, she cannot hack into a computer that is not connected to the network cable.

“OK.”

Luo An rubbed his temples and said helplessly:

“Then let's wait for the results of Winslow's investigation.”

After saying that, Luo An turned around and returned to the team leader's office. There were a lot of expenses during the investigation of this case, and he needed to do some simple calculations.

Three hours later, Lacey, Winslow, and Chenelle returned to the office area each holding a cardboard box.

"Thanks for your hard work."

Luo An took a piece of food that had just been delivered by the restaurant and put it into Lacey's hand, and said with a smile:

“What did you find?”

Lacie picked up the food and put it into her mouth, and said while eating:

“That scientific research institution is very poor, and its professors, researchers, and students all have the habit of making extra money.

They will take some social orders, keep a small part of the money they earn, and choose to hand over most of the money to maintain the normal operation of the institution, so that they can continue to do research.” ^ ~ Mona and Michelle looked at each other. They knew that the scientific research institution was very poor, but they didn't expect it to be so poor.

Chynielle added:

“The professors and students at that institution were so united that we couldn't even figure out who the person who helped Nokwick do the testing was.

However, because of our FBI status, two professors finally gave us the report on the items tested by Nokwick, as well as the surveillance video outside their research institution. ”

“Well done.”

Luo An took the monitor and handed it to Mona. Winslow rummaged through the cardboard box for a moment, handed a piece of paper to Luo An, and said:

“This is the report, but I can't understand it.”

Luo An took the paper and looked at it for a few seconds, without changing his expression, and handed it to Michelle next to him.

Lacey smiled when she saw this, and Luo An picked up the snack and hit her on the head lightly.

Winslow and Chenelle beside them lowered their heads to eat, selectively ignoring the actions of Roan and Lacey.

“This is a drug test report.”

Michelle, who had the most knowledge and knowledge reserves present, took the paper and looked at it carefully for a moment, and said:

“Within the designed range, the proportional relationship between the measurement response value and the concentration of the analyte in the sample is too low, UV and HPLC methods...”

“Stop.”

Before Michelle could finish speaking, Luo An interrupted her with his hands in a "T" shape:

“Can you tell me the conclusion directly?”

“The conclusion is that the drug being tested does not meet the standards.”

Michelle pointed to the last position of the paper and said:

“The pharmacological effect on cancer treatment is very low, and the psychological comfort effect is very high.”

Remembering what he found out earlier that Osmond, the owner of a pharmaceutical company, would take people to visit the company's drug laboratory before selling stocks, Luo An's eyes moved slightly, and a conjecture came to mind:

“It seems that Nokwick entered the private club under a false identity, successfully connected with Osmond, and entered the laboratory to visit.

Norkwick then stole several pills and took them to a testing agency for testing. "

Lacie swallowed the food in her mouth and continued:

“This matter was discovered by Osmund, so he sent people to kill Nokwick.”

Chenelle frowned slightly:

“But Osmond is introducing that fund with an annual return of 17% everywhere. He can make a lot of money through a Ponzi scheme...Isn't that pharmaceutical company a front?”

“Why is it a pretense?”

Luo An took the report aside:

“If the money defrauded through the Ponzi scheme is invested in pharmaceutical companies, we will find ways to speed up the research and development of drugs.

As long as the drug is successfully developed and the company is listed, the scam will no longer be a scam, but will become an early investment. Osmond will also transform into a successful businessman and entrepreneur. "

"..."x4

Winslow, Chenelle, Lacey and Michelle fell silent.

At this moment, Mona, who had been typing on the keyboard next to her, suddenly said:

"Everyone, the surveillance has discovered something!"

Everyone quickly moved to Mona. Mona pointed to the surveillance screen on the computer and introduced:

"This is the surveillance video of Nokwick entering the testing facility."

In the surveillance footage, Nokvik parked the car on the side of the road, got out of the car and quickly walked into the scientific research institution.

Mona then zoomed in on the upper right corner of the surveillance screen. A few dozen seconds later, a black off-road vehicle slowly appeared on another street on the side.

Mona immediately called up the second surveillance video without waiting for anyone to ask.

This was half an hour before Nokwick's death, at the corner of a road outside a street in the park where the crime occurred. At this time, a black off-road vehicle was also parked here.

Mona took screenshots of two black off-road vehicles and put them together and said:

“This is the same car.”

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and asked:

“Who is the owner of the car? Can it be found out?”

“This car is in the name of a security company.”

Mona typed on the keyboard a few times and quickly retrieved the information about the security company:

"WWW" security company, the boss of the company is...wait a minute!"

Mona was halfway through speaking, her eyes widened and she suddenly stopped:

“Information is blocked?!”

Chapter 550: If you can't do it, you have no power, go to your superiors

Office area of Investigation Team No. 13.

“The security company's information is blocked?!”

After Mona finished speaking, Lacey, Winslow, and Michelle suddenly widened their eyes in surprise. Chenelle was also very surprised and asked hurriedly:

“Which department is closed?”

Mona quickly typed on the keyboard a few times, and a red warning message appeared on her laptop:

“It's the USSS! (Secret Service)”

Luo An's expression remained unchanged and he asked:

“What's the reason?”

Mona spread her hands and looked very ugly:

“Involving confidentiality, no specific reason was written.”

Winslow and others looked at each other in confusion. Chenelle looked at Roan and put forward her own suggestion:

“Are you going to call that Secret Service agent Alejo Moore?”

“You can give it a try, but he is just an ordinary agent, not even a captain. His authority is limited, so I'm afraid he is not that capable.”

Roan did not reject Chenelle's suggestion and asked Lacey and Chenelle to call Alejo Moore. At the same time, he briefly sorted out the information and went to Veranith's office again with his laptop.

“Information is locked?”

In the office, Veranith frowned immediately after receiving the computer from Luo An. Without hesitation, she immediately found the relevant phone number and called the Secret Service.

The call was quickly connected. Luo An looked at this scene, picked up the coffee pot and filled himself and Veranith with coffee. Veranith took the cup casually and said:

“Hello, I am Veranith, staff assistant in the Criminal, Cyber, Response and Services Division, FBI Headquarters in Washington.”

"Hello."

A slightly hoarse middle-aged male voice sounded on the other end of the phone:

“What's the matter?”

“We are currently investigating a case here.”

Verineth briefly described the overview of the case at hand, and finally expressed the hope that the Secret Service could open up the security company's information to the FBI.

After Veranis finished speaking, there was silence on the other end of the phone for a few seconds, and she replied without any fluctuation in her voice:

“Sorry, I can't help you.”

Veranith's face turned cold:

“Why?”

“This security company involves the security information of some important government officials.”

The work of the Federal Secret Service is mainly responsible for protecting the president and vice president of the federation, their spouses and family members, foreign heads of state visiting the federation and their spouses, important figures, and government officials.

The man on the other end of the phone had no problem expressing himself in words, but his attitude was very perfunctory. His answer to Veranith's question was simple:

If you can't do it and don't have the power, go to your superiors.

Hang up the landline phone call, Veranith's chest heaved with anger, and her face looked very ugly.

Taking a few deep breaths and slowly suppressing the negative emotions, Veranith looked at Luo An, who was sitting opposite her, and said in a deep voice:

“An hour ago, Mr. Clement went to the Houses of Parliament.”

Veranith was very angry, but the Secret Service was full of official talk and was so reasonable that it was impossible to find any flaws. She couldn't force the other party if they didn't cooperate, so she could only wait to turn around and seek help from Mr. Clement.

Veriness actually doesn't want to ask Mr. Clement for help. On the one hand, she is a proud woman and hopes to deal with the problems she encounters during her work by herself.

On the other hand, Veranith was a little afraid of being looked down upon by Luo An. She was originally transferred to the FBI headquarters because of Luo An, but now she has to go to Mr. Clement for help when she encounters problems. Then she seems to be a bit unworthy as a commander. Optional.

As for asking [Crime, Internet, Response and Services Department] Minister Stacey for help, Veranith thought about it for a while and threw the idea into the trash can.

The FBI Washington Headquarters, under the [Criminal, Cyber, Response and Services Division], has a total of thirteen investigation teams. Behind the leader of each investigation team, there is support from different forces.

Behind Minister Stacey, there was a former deputy director who supported him. Due to some things, the former deputy director voluntarily retired. Minister Stacey used some means to retain his position, at the cost of starting his own semi-retirement life.

Except for holding the financial power in his hands, Minister Stacy has handed over most of the other work to Veranith and several other staff assistants.

The focus now is to help Luo An solve the problem. Other things can be put aside for the time being. Veranith suppressed the messy thoughts in her mind, looked at Luo An and said:

“Luo An, please return to Investigation Team 13 first. I will help you handle this matter tomorrow.”

Luo An's eyes moved slightly, he put down the coffee cup and asked with a smile:

"Sir, I heard that you have a good relationship with the IRS?" Luo An actually doesn't like asking Mr. Clement for help all the time, not to mention that the matter has not reached a dead end yet.

Even if the Secret Service does not cooperate, Luo An still has ways to get the information about the security company, such as asking Mona to invade by force, or asking the IRS for help.

But the former is not necessary. It is not convenient to ask other departments for help. After all, it is necessary to save some face for the superior, so Luo An gave Veranith a little reminder.

“IRS?”

Veranith was stunned for a moment and didn't react. She thought carefully for a few seconds before remembering that Roan was talking about Director Elmer of IRS-CI (Internal Revenue Service Criminal Investigation Section).

Veriness and Elmer have collaborated in the past, and their relationship is not bad, but they don't have much contact with each other, and they don't think of each other for a while.

After Luo An reminded her, Veranith suddenly remembered the incident, her eyes suddenly lit up, and she picked up the landline and called Elmer.

“Hello, this is the IRS, I'm Elmer.”

“Hello, Director Elmer, I'm Verenith.”

The two exchanged a few simple words, and Verenith brought the conversation to the main topic.

Director Elmer was a little hesitant at first, but when he heard that the person in charge of the case was Luo An, he immediately agreed:

“No problem! Just leave this matter to me!”

“Thank you, Director Elmer.”

Hang up the phone, Verenith looked at Luo An with sparkling eyes.

Verenith knew Elmer's experience of being promoted from team leader to supervisor, and she also knew the relationship between Luo An and Elmer's supervisor. She also knew that Luo An's words just now set a stage for her.

Suppressing her somewhat heavy breathing and calming down her emotions, Verenith spoke in a very gentle tone:

“Director Elmer has agreed, Luo An, please go to his place later.”

“OK.”

Luo An smiled and nodded in agreement, drank the coffee in his cup, exchanged a few words, and then stood up and left the office.

Looking at Luo An's back, Verenith's bright eyes flashed, her eyebrows raised, and she pondered for a few seconds. She opened the drawer, took out a small notebook, and wrote silently:

1. The coffee beans are good. Luo An seems to like them very much and will buy more later.

2. I remember that some people in the Secret Service were causing trouble and refusing to cooperate.

The Federal Internal Revenue Service Building is located at the intersection of 12th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue in the Northwest District of Washington, DC. It looks square and very serious as a whole, not far from the FBI's Washington headquarters.

Led by the IRS agents, Luo An walked into the IRS-CI (Internal Revenue Service Criminal Investigation Division) area and met Director Elmer in an office.

"Haha, Team Leader Luo An!"

As soon as he entered the office, Director Elmer gave Luo An a big hug, patted Luo An on the back repeatedly and said with a smile:

"I really didn't expect that you would be transferred to work in Washington, D.C. so quickly!"

"lucky."

Luo An and Director Elmer patted each other on the back and said with a smile:

"I came here after solving a few cases."

"lucky?"

Elmer let go of his arms, poured two cups of coffee for himself and Luo An, poured two small glasses of wine and handed them to Luo An, and said with a smile:

“Bless your luck!”

Looking at the wine in his hand, Luo An raised his eyebrows:

“Is it okay for you IRS to drink alcohol on the job?”

“Of course not!”

Elmer chuckled and whispered:

“We've been working overtime every day this week, so just drink a little less to refresh ourselves.”

He had long heard that the work pressure in the IRS was high. Luo An's eyes flashed, he picked up the wine glass and clinked it with Elmer, and the two drank it down with a smile.

After putting away their wine glasses and chatting for a while, the two of them turned to serious matters. Luo An asked:

“What's going on with that security company?”