

FBI Detective 581

Chapter 581 Good girl Hannah, investigation, profile

“Oh, God...”

In an apartment in a certain community in eastern New York, a white woman in her forties wearing dark brown clothes was slumped on the sofa and sobbing.

The woman is the mother of college student Hannah, named Emilia

After learning that her daughter had been killed, her mood collapsed instantly. Lacey quickly sat next to her and whispered comfort. Luo An got her a glass of water and whispered:

“I'm sorry, please have my condolences.”

“Who is the murderer?!”

As soon as Luo An finished speaking, Hannah's mother Emilia raised her head with red eyes and said sharply:

“Did you catch that guy? Why did he do this? That **** guy...”

“Sorry, Ms. Emilia, we haven't found the murderer yet.”

Luo An shook his head and said softly:

“We are here this time just to ask you for some clues...”

Hearing Luo An's words, Emilia was stunned for a moment, and then she realized that the person in front of her was not a New York police officer.

"sorry."

Before Luo An could finish his words, Emilia interrupted him and asked loudly:

“Four months have passed! You still haven't found the murderer?!”

I have looked for you many times! You say you are investigating every time, you are investigating! Now my daughter is dead! You actually..."

“We are the FBI, and we were not responsible for this case before.

“Has Hannah ever had any trouble with anyone?”

"I just..."

“FBI...”

I understand your feelings, but please control your emotions. After all, our top priority now is to find the murderer of your daughter, isn't it? "

“No, Hannah is a very good girl.”

Emilia shook her head, and Lacey continued to ask:

“You haven't found the murderer yet?”

“Older man?”

Emilia continued to shake her head, and after thinking about it, she added:

“But she told me before that she was dating an older man.”

Luo An did not continue to talk nonsense and asked directly:

“Did Hannah ever tell you that anyone was threatening or following her?”

“We understand.”

Hearing this, Luo An glanced at Lacey. Upon seeing this, Lacey immediately took out a photo of the other deceased, Bloom, from her pocket and asked:

Luo An was not angry. He just handed the water glass to the other party and explained quietly:

After pondering for a while, Emilia took the paper and wiped away her tears, cursed the NYPD in a low voice, apologized to Luo An and Lacey, and said with choked sobs:

The layout of this apartment is very warm, and Emilia's temperament is also very gentle, but now that she learned that her daughter was dead, she could no longer suppress the anger in her heart.

“Ms. Emilia, please have my condolences.”

“No.”

“Is it this man?”

“I don't know, Hannah hasn't told me much.”

Emilia still shook her head and said:

“I have never seen this man. Who is he? Is he a suspected murderer?”

“No, he is somewhat related to another case we investigated.”

After asking a few more questions and determining that they could not get any useful information, Roan and Lacey left Emilia's apartment.

The two got into the SUV. After starting the SUV and not going far, Luo An's cell phone suddenly rang a text message tone.

Lacie asked casually:

"what happened?"

“It's Bloom and Hannah's autopsy report.”

Luo An explained while reading the text message:

“The trace examination department first conducted an autopsy on the two people, and the results showed that the cause of death of Bloom and Hannah was indeed the wound on the back of the head that was hit by a stick-like object, and the time of death of the two was also the same.

In addition, there were no signs of violence on Hannah's private parts. "

Lacie let out a breath of relief, then frowned and said:

"So, Hannah and Bloom were both beaten to death by a man with a stick and then thrown into the sea...Who has such a big hatred against them?"

“I don't know, but we can go find Hannah's classmates.”

The red light turned green, Luo An put away his phone and started the car, saying:

“Maybe Hannah's friends will know who she's dating.”

The SUV was very fast. It didn't take long for the two of them to arrive at a university in New York and find Hannah's dormitory classmate.

Upon learning the purpose of Luo An and Lacey's visit, the girl named Alice, who had short blond hair, a pair of big round glasses on her face, and a book in her arms, looked very nervous and looked around constantly. Lacey walked up to Alice calmly and whispered:

“Alice, it's important for us to tell the truth.”

After a long silence, Alice raised her head and glanced at Luo An. Seeing this, Luo An immediately turned around and walked away.

Seeing Luo An walk away, Alice breathed a sigh of relief and whispered:

“Hannah has been dating our professor Mullins.

She was able to enter this university because of Professor Mullins' help. ”

Lacey could still understand the first words, but the latter words made her full of confusion:

“What kind of help does Professor Mullins help?”

Alice's head almost buried in her chest, and her voice was much lower than before:

“It was a recommendation letter written by Professor Mullins for Hannah.

As you know, Hannah's family background is average, and it is impossible to enter this university without a letter of recommendation. ”

Lacey's face changed, she thought of something in an instant, and whispered:

"What do you mean? Hannah had a relationship with Professor Mullins when she was still in high school and underage?"

Alice was silent for a few seconds, nodded slightly, and then added:

“Professor Mullins goes to some high schools every year to give some lectures and take some free courses.”

"damn it!"

Hearing that Professor Mullins used letters of recommendation to lure and force underage girls to have **** with him, Lacey was furious.

Luo An also looked solemn when he learned about this and asked:

“Where is this Professor Mullins?”

“He has left the university.”

Alice replied:

“It seems that there was a conflict with the school because of some scientific issues.”

Lacie raised her eyebrows, and Luo An asked:

“When did he leave?”

“About four months ago.”

After Alice left, Roan and Lacey quickly obtained the university and residence location of Professor Mullins from the school.

In the SUV, Lacey was sitting in the passenger seat, looking at the photo of a white professor in a suit and tie, with a slicked back hair, and yelled:

“What a **** bastard!”

Luo An didn't say anything, and just silently accelerated the speed of the car.

Halfway, Lacey's cell phone rang, and she pressed the answer button. Michelle's voice came from the phone, and she said:

“Experts sent by the Behavioral Analysis Section have completed the simulation portrait of the murderer in the first serial murder case.

As for the second serial murder case, due to insufficient data, a simulation portrait cannot be made for the time being. ”

“Good.”

Luo An, who was driving, also heard Michelle's voice and said:

“Give me a brief introduction.”

“OK.”

Michelle picked up the folder and read aloud:

“The Behavioral Analysis Section believes that the murderer of the [Shape Worker Serial Murder Case] should have the following characteristics:

First, white male, around 30-45 years old.

Considering that more than ten years have passed since the first case occurred, the suspect should be around 40-55 years old now.

Second, the suspect is married or has a girlfriend and is highly educated.

Third, the financial situation is good and there is a second means of transportation in addition to the means of transportation used to go to work on weekdays.

Fourth, psychological or emotional state, long-term depression...”

Michelle mentioned several characteristics one after another, Luo An's eyes gradually narrowed, and Lacey's face became weirder the more she listened.

After Michelle finished speaking, Lacey looked at Luo An and whispered:

“Roan, Emily seemed to say just now that Professor Mullins is about 57 years old this year, right?”

Luo An turned the steering wheel, drove the SUV to another road, and said at the same time:

"I just looked at the school records. Professor Mullins is exactly 57 years old this year."

Lacie swallowed and asked:

"Then do you think this Professor Mullins is...?"

"The probability is not high."

Luo An shook his head, and before Lacey could speak further, he parked the SUV on the side of the road and said:

"We're at Professor Mullins's house, we can have a good chat with him."

Chapter 582: Interrogation, Questions, Profiler

The next day, Thursday, in the morning, in a temporarily borrowed interrogation room in Long Island, New York, an elderly white man in a suit and tie with a slicked back hair sat on a chair behind the interrogation table, looked at Luo An expressionlessly, and said:

"Listen, Mr. FBI, I didn't kill anyone. It wasn't me who killed anyone. I'm not a murderer, okay?"

Looking at the dog-like and sanctimonious Professor Mullins in front of him, Luo An smiled, took a sip of his coffee, and said:

"These words come from the mouth of a t-training addict, and they don't seem to be very credible."

"I'm not practicing t addiction!"

This word was like a switch. Professor Mullins became furious when he heard it. He banged the interrogation table with both hands and shouted:

"You are slandering! It is slander! I will sue you!"

"It doesn't matter, it's up to you."

Luo An grinned, took a folder from Lacey next to him, and said calmly:

"According to our investigation, in the 13 years since you began to hold the position of professor, you have written university introduction letters for 16 girls and 4 boys."

"They are all good children who are good at learning. I will provide them with some help to the best of my ability. Is there any problem?"

Yesterday afternoon, Luo An and Lacey successfully arrived at Professor Mullins' home, but before even entering the door, they were denied access by the other party on the grounds that "there was no search warrant."

Just as Malins was about to speak, Luo An interrupted him one step ahead and said coldly:

"Mr. Mullins, there is no need to argue here about who you are. The jury, the judge, and the prisoners in the prison will make their own judgment.

Let us still focus on Hannah. According to the investigation, not long after she disappeared and died, you left the university where she was and went to work at another university. Is this too much of a coincidence? "

But there are a few older men and women who have already entered society who understand the meaning behind that incident.

Professor Mullins' muscles tensed up. After opening and closing his mouth for a long time, his eyes suddenly lit up and he said:

Looking at the folder pushed in front of him, Malins's face gradually turned red. Luo An chuckled and said:

“I'm not a twitch, I'm just a minor-attracted people! (A person who can be attracted to children)”

Professor Mullins' face changed slightly, but his tone was still very strong and he said:

“...”x2

Hearing the words spoken by Mullins, the cold look on Lacey's face became more serious, and Luo Luoan grinned:

“As expected of a professor, he can create a proper noun for himself so quickly.”

There are several young men and women among them who have been severely brainwashed by Professor Mullins. They always firmly believe that this is a "you are willing to do it" transaction.

They were also quickly persuaded by Luo An, Cheniel, Lacey and others, and expressed their willingness to testify in court.

Luo An closed the folder and sneered:

“Now that we've started asking you these things, do you think we have nothing in our hands?”

“Mr. Mullins, how are the prisoners who practice T-fetish treated in prison? Do you need me to introduce them to you?”

Professor Mullins became even more angry, and Lacey sneered:

“These people were all minors at the time, and you used letters of introduction to deceive them and have **** with them. What else is it if you don't practice T-fetish?”

“Don't talk about yourself like a white lotus, Mr. Mullins.”

“I told you, I'm not practicing t addiction!”

"I am..."

"Is there a problem?"

Lacey was very angry at the time. Luo An stopped her with his hand and turned around to leave. Then he led the agents of Investigation Team 13 to investigate what Professor Mullins had done over the years and found some information that he had used. Talked to young men and women who sent letters of recommendation to college.

"I..."

Professor Mullins opened his mouth, remained silent for a long time, and said seriously:

“Listen, Mr. Agent and Ms. Agent, I do have some clues about Hannah's disappearance and murder.

But it's really not me who killed her, and I'm really not a practicing T. "

Luo An ignored Professor Mullins's last sentence and asked directly:

“What clues do you know?”

Professor Mullins spread his hands:

“I ask for a pardon.”

“Then just sit here.”

Lacie sneered, and Luo An left the chair and stood up:

“I will send someone to take you to prison later.”

“Wait a minute! Wait a minute!”

Professor Mullins hurriedly waved his hand and said:

“We can talk!”

“There's nothing to talk about, Mr. Mullins.”

Luo An picked up the coffee cup on the table and drank it. He looked at Mullins coldly and said: "Two options. One, you don't say anything. I will ask someone to send you to a temporary prison now. Two, tell all the clues you know."

Roan and Mullins looked at each other for a moment. Mullins lowered his head first and said:

“Four months ago, Hannah contacted me and asked me to go out for dinner after get off work.

When I arrived at the door of the restaurant, I found Hannah sitting in a car, chatting with a man.

I wanted to call Hannah to ask if she had arrived, and to make some insinuations to figure out the situation, but Hannah called me first and said that she was temporarily busy and that the meal would be eaten another day.

Without waiting for my answer, Hannah hung up the phone first, and then the man drove her out of the restaurant. "

As for the real reason why Mullins later transferred schools, it was actually because someone on the university's board of directors found out about his use of letters of recommendation to lure and deceive others, and he was kicked out of that university.

After Mullins finished narrating, Lacey frowned, and Roan's expression remained unchanged. He took out the photo of the **** Bloom from his pocket and asked:

“Is that the man you saw?”

Marins took the photo and looked at it, nodded heavily and said:

“That's right! It's him!”

Getting Mullins's affirmative answer, Lacey had more doubts in her mind. She really couldn't figure out why Hannah got into Bloom's car and why she walked with him.

Luo An asked the specific time of that night, as well as the name and location of the restaurant, then stood up and led Lacey out of the interrogation room.

Walking into the office area, Luo An handed the interrogation record to Mona and said:

“Mona, this was the last recorded appearance of Hannah before her disappearance and death.

You carefully check the surveillance near this restaurant and see if you can find out where the car went behind. ”

“OK, leave it to me.”

Mona nodded heavily in agreement, turned around and walked to her seat and started typing on the keyboard.

At the same time, Michelle came over with a white woman in her thirties who was wearing an FBI standard suit. She was about a head shorter than Luo An, with a ponytail and a round face.

“This is Team Leader Luo An of our Investigation Team No. 13”

Luo An reached out and shook hands with each other, and Michelle introduced each other:

“Team leader, this is a professional profiler from the Behavioral Analysis Department, Anne Mori.”

“Hello, Ms. Morrie.”

“Just call me Annie.”

Anne showed a smile on her round face and said:

“I have long heard that Team Leader Luo An of Investigation Team No. 13 is handsome and good at solving crimes. Today I finally have the opportunity to meet him.”

"you flatter me."

Luo An smiled, and after the two shook hands and exchanged a few simple greetings, Luo An brought the topic down to business and asked:

“Annie, what do you think of the murderer of the two serial murders?”

“As far as profiling is concerned, the more information you investigate, the more specific a description I can give.”

Anne smiled and said:

“I have already made my judgment on the murderer of the first serial murder case.

But for the second serial murder case, I'm sorry, the clues you have are really few, and I can't make an accurate judgment. ”

“Understandable.”

Luo An nodded, looked at Michelle, and asked:

“How is the investigation going, Winslow and Chenelle?”

"We're back!"

At this moment, Winslow and Chenille, who were responsible for investigating the second serial murder case involving gunshot wounds to the back of the head, and information on eight victims, each walked into the office area holding two large cardboard boxes and said with a smile:

“The time is just right.”

"Thanks for your hard work."

Roan patted Winslow and Chenelle on the shoulders, and they walked into the conference room together. At this moment, Mona came over holding a laptop:

“Luo An, I found a suspicious car.”

Chapter 583 Sin in the Refrigerator

Thursday, morning, in a temporarily borrowed office in Long Island, New York.

After Mona finished speaking, everyone present immediately gathered together, and Luo An asked:

"what happened?"

Mona put her laptop on the table, pulled up a surveillance video, and explained:

“This is surveillance video from the restaurant Mullins was talking about.”

In the surveillance video, everyone clearly saw the action and scene of Hannah and Bloom standing together and talking, and then Hannah getting into Bloom's car.

Then Bloom started the car and left the restaurant. As soon as the car left, a black car diagonally opposite the restaurant entrance immediately started to leave.

“I didn't notice the black car at first.”

Mona typed on the keyboard a few times, called up another surveillance video, and said:

“The second video is a surveillance video from an intersection not far from the restaurant.

Bloom drove Hannah and passed the intersection, and the black car followed him again. ”

Looking at the photo of the thin white woman with messy brown hair, slightly protruding eyes, dull eyes, and thin body, everyone frowned.

“What a strange thing.”

Lacie scratched her head and said:

“Why do I feel like the whole thing is full of doubts.

“Can you find out who the owner of this black car is?”

In addition, an NYPD patrol record shows that Bloom once reported a crime, saying that someone stole items from his home.

“Did this Josephine have any relationship with Bloom?”

If the murderer was Josephine, why did she kill Hannah? Missed? "

Luo An was silent for a moment, then asked:

Everyone present had seen the appearance of a drug addict, and it was obvious at a glance that Josephine had obviously eaten flour.

Winslow nodded seriously, and Luo An asked:

“Of course, I've found out.”

"certainly."

“Looking for revenge on Bloom?”

“Someone is actually following a strong prisoner.”

Mona nodded heavily and said:

“In fact, according to the information, Bloom sold Josephine's car to her at a low price.

Luo An patted Mona on the shoulder and said:

“Where does this Josephine live now?”

Mona said it was a trivial matter. She scrolled down the computer page and a photo of a middle-aged white woman appeared in front of everyone. She introduced:

“Josephine, 41 years old, has no occupation, no criminal record, and no tax filing record.”

When the patrol arrived at Bloom's residence later, they found the suspicious Josephine, but Bloom later canceled the alarm, saying that it was a misunderstanding and that he had not lost anything, but had just seen it wrong. "

“Bring the person back and ask him, and you will know.”

“It's possible.”

Lacie narrowed her eyes slightly and guessed:

“There is very little effective information about her, and it is impossible to find where she lives.”

Mona frowned slightly, typed on the keyboard for a moment, and said:

“But this black car was filled with gasoline a few days ago. Maybe we can get Josephine's address from that gas station.”

“Good.”

Luo An nodded with satisfaction and ordered:

“Mona, Winslow, and Michelle stayed in the office to help Ms. Anne analyze the murderer of the second serial murder case.

Lacey, Chenelle, come with me. Let's go to that gas station and fill up the SUV with gas. "

"clear!"

An hour later, Luo An and the other two arrived at the gas station successfully.

While the staff was refueling the SUV, Luo An learned from the other party that the owner of the black car lived nearby.

However, he didn't know the exact location, so he suggested that Luo An and the other three go to the laundry not far away and ask. There might be a lot of gain there because of the largest flow of people.

The SUV was filled with gas, the staff put the oil gun back to its original position and asked casually:

“What did that girl do?”

"girl?"

Hearing this word, Lacey and Chenie were stunned for a moment, and Roan narrowed his eyes slightly:

“You said the owner of that black car is a girl?”

“That's right.”

The gas station staff nodded and said:

"She looks to be in her twenties, has short black hair, is very beautiful, and has two dimples on her face when she smiles." Lacey and Chenelle looked at each other, and both saw the suspicion in each other's eyes, Luo An Then asked:

"Do you know that girl's name?"

"Sorry, I didn't ask."

"OK, thank you."

"Emotional perception" can confirm that the other party is telling the truth. Luo An simply thanked her, led Lacey and Chenelle back to the SUV, and drove away from the gas station.

"This girl..."

Chenelle frowned and said:

"She is a car thief?"

"The records Mona found did not indicate that Josephine had given birth."

Luo An's expression remained unchanged, he turned the steering wheel and turned onto another road, saying:

"Go to the laundromat and ask, maybe we can figure out who the other person is."

A few minutes later, the three of them arrived at the laundromat next to the intersection.

After a brief inquiry, the manager of the laundry said that she did not know the girl's name, but she knew the girl's address, which was in the community building diagonally opposite.

"Thanks."

With a simple thank you, the three of them walked towards a very ordinary-looking community not far away, and soon arrived at the floor that the laundry manager said.

The elevator door opened. As soon as he entered the 6th floor of the building, Luo An's expression changed slightly and he took out a Glock 18 from his waist.

Chenelle and Lacey's expressions changed when they saw this, they quickly took out their weapons and asked in a low voice:

"What's wrong?"

"Smells of blood."

Luo An's nose twitched slightly. The moment the elevator door opened, a faint smell of blood invaded his nostrils.

The further he walked, the stronger the smell became. When he reached a door, Luo An was sure that the smell was coming from this room.

Lacie frowned slightly:

"Why don't I smell anything?"

Roan patted Lacey on the shoulder. Chenelle, who was next to her, looked at the house number on the room, her face changed slightly, and she whispered:

"Luo An, this is the room where the laundry manager said the girl lived."

The three of them were holding weapons, two on the left and one on the right, ready on both sides of the door. They knocked briefly on the door a few times. When they found no one answered, they stopped talking, kicked the door open and rushed in.

After entering the room, the three people immediately dispersed left and right, carefully checking each room with weapons.

Chenelle shouted first:

“The left bedroom is safe!”

Lacie's voice followed quickly:

“Kitchen Ann...a generous gift of crab!”

"What's wrong?"

Hearing Lacey's surprised cry, Chenelle's expression changed, and she hurried out of the bedroom and rushed to the kitchen, where she found Lacey standing in a daze at the door of the refrigerator in the kitchen.

Following Lacey's gaze, she saw a human head frozen in a large block of ice in the open refrigerator.

The face of the head is that of a woman. It is frozen in ice, with its eyes wide open and its mouth wide, with a shocked and angry expression on its face. It is staring at Lacey and Chenelle outside the refrigerator.

Luo An also heard the sound and came over. When he saw the female head in the ice, his expression remained unchanged. He observed carefully for a few seconds and frowned:

“It's Josephine.”

Then Luo An looked at Lacey, took her arm and walked to the side, whispering:

“You should take a rest.”

“...Feel sorry.”

Lacie raised her hand to her forehead and walked to the side, whispering:

“I need to slow down.”

Lacie is not afraid of corpses, nor is she afraid of a life-or-death fight with an enemy with a gun.

But Lacey is easily frightened by dismembered corpses, especially those found suddenly.

In the past, when they were still in the No. 5 Investigation Team, Luo An and Lacey dealt with the serial murder case for the first time. When they found the dismembered bodies in the refrigerator, Lacey was shocked and relaxed. long time.

Roan still remembered this incident and understood Lacey, so he asked her to go aside to relax. Then he looked at Chenelle and asked:

"How are you?"

“I'm fine.”

Chenelle swallowed and shook her head. Because of Lacey's actions, she was mentally prepared. Although she was also frightened by the head in the ice, she quickly calmed down her emotions.

Confirming that there was really nothing wrong with Chenelle, Luoan closed the refrigerator door with a slight sigh of relief. Chenelle frowned and asked:

“What is the relationship between that girl and Josephine?”

Chapter 584 Murderer, having mental problems does not mean there is a problem with IQ

“It should be mother and daughter.”

Hearing Cheniel's question, Luo An took out a photo frame and handed it to her and said:

“This is the picture I found in the right bedroom.”

Chenelle took the photo frame and found two women sitting on the sofa inside.

The woman on the left has a haggard face and grins reluctantly at the camera. She is Josephine.

The woman on the right has short black hair, a delicate face, a bright smile, and two dimples on her face. She is the unknown girl.

Handing the photo back to Luo An, Chenelle's face became even more suspicious:

“But didn't you say before that Josephine had no birth record?”

“The possibility that the girl was picked up by Josephine cannot be ruled out.”

Luo An turned around and left the kitchen, waved his hand for Chenelle to follow, and said at the same time:

“Besides, this is the Federation, and you don't have to go to the hospital to give birth.”

I learned from the laundry manager that the black-haired girl returns home every day around three or four in the afternoon.

Luo An pushed the door open and walked into the bathroom. Chenier followed his guidance and turned her eyes and discovered that there was a bathtub in the bathroom.

As a result, as soon as the key was inserted into the keyhole of the door, the door collapsed toward the inside of the room.

The trivial matter of giving birth is not a problem for federal people except in hospital wards, trash cans, bathrooms, public restrooms, and even on the streets.

The Federation is a free and democratic country with relatively simple folk customs.

After waiting quietly for a long time, the elevator door suddenly opened. The black-haired girl hummed a nursery rhyme, holding a bag of ingredients in her hand, and walked slowly to her room.

At this moment, Luo An, Mona and Chenelle rushed out of the next room with pistols raised and said sternly:

"do not move!"

"Look at the bathroom."

Chenelle was silent for a few seconds, took a deep breath, and asked:

"What do we do next?"

There are many small dark red marks in the gaps next to the bathtub.

Since the door had been kicked down by Luo An and could not be repaired in a short period of time, Luo An led Lacey and Chenelle to temporarily borrow a neighbor's room.

As long as they have a pair of scissors, they can show what the miracle of life is.

Looking at the door that collapsed in front of her, the black-haired girl looked confused.

Going to the door, the black-haired girl took out the key and prepared to open the door while talking.

Hearing Luo An's answer, Cheniel's face became very ugly when she thought of similar incidents. She followed Luo An into the right bedroom. She came back to her senses and asked:

“What did you find?”

“Mom, I'm back.”

Luo An took Cheniel out of the right bedroom and said softly:

“Sit back and wait.”

Obviously, this is where the girl disposed of Josephine's body.

“Put your hands behind your head!”

The black-haired girl was stunned for a moment, then grinned, and then suddenly took out a dagger from her pocket. Instead of attacking Lacey and Chenelle who were closest to her, she stabbed herself in the chest.

Ding-

The next second, Luo An moved very quickly, his figure flashed in front of the black-haired girl, grabbed the dagger and threw it aside, and cuffed the handcuffs on the black-haired girl's wrist.

Looking at Luo An's handsome face in front of her, the black-haired girl smiled even brighter and asked in a low voice:

“Hello, my name is Lily, what's your name?”

A few hours later, at 8:30 pm, in a temporarily borrowed office in Long Island, New York.

The door to the interrogation room was opened, and a white woman with gold-rimmed eyes and a delicate face walked out. She raised the folder in her hand and said seriously:

“Team Leader Luo An, your guess is correct. This girl named Lily has serious mental problems.”

Hearing this, Lacey and Chenelle looked ugly, while Luoan's expression remained unchanged and asked:

“Can you give us a detailed introduction?”

“Of course.” The female psychiatrist who was temporarily borrowed by Luo An from other departments nodded and introduced:

“This girl named Lily not only suffers from a mental disorder caused by psychoactive substances, that is, paranoia, but also has schizophrenia, antisocial personality disorder, and pica.”

"Pica?"

Hearing this word, Lacey and Chenelle looked confused, because when they arrested Lily before, the ingredients they bought were all normal food.

In response to the questions raised by Lacey and Chenelle, the female psychiatrist closed the folder, took a deep breath, and said:

“But she ate her own mother, the lady you call Josephine.”

Lacie and Chenie suddenly fell silent. Before Roan could ask any questions, the female psychiatrist added:

“In addition, Lily also admitted that she was responsible for the deaths of Bloom and Hannah that you investigated.

Lily was a child picked up by Josephine. Later, after Josephine met and had a relationship with Bloom, Bloom also reached out to Lily.

Josephine turned a blind eye to these things from beginning to end, and even joined in playing together, which made Lily full of resentment towards the two of them. "

Lacie and Chenelle's expressions became even more ugly. Roan was silent for a few seconds and asked:

“What does this have to do with Hannah?”

“Lily's goal at the beginning was just to kill the man Bloom for revenge.

During the dispute between Bloom and Hannah later, Lily sneaked up from behind and killed Bloom. "

The female psychiatrist replied:

“As for the reason Lily killed Hannah, Hannah and Josephine were similar in build and height, and both had brown hair.

Lily's hatred for Josephine only increased, so after defeating Bloom, Lily recognized Hannah as her mother Josephine and beat her to death.

After returning home, Lily couldn't control her emotions after seeing the blood, and killed Josephine again when she was paralyzed from inhaling flour.

But years of nurturing made Lily very grateful to Josephine, so Lily kept Josephine's head as if her mother was still there, cooking for her and accompanying her every day. "

After the female psychiatrist finished narrating, the air became quiet, Lacey's face was gloomy, and Chenelle clenched her hands into fists and was breathing rapidly.

Through the glass door of the interrogation room, Luo An saw Lily inside smiling at him. He was silent for a moment and shook hands with the female psychiatrist:

"Thank you for your hard work."

"You're welcome."

The two exchanged brief greetings, and Luo An asked Chenelle to send the female psychiatrist away.

Looking at their leaving figures, Lacey took a deep breath and asked:

"Luo An, what should we do next?"

Luo An closed his eyes, rubbed his temples, and said:

"When the results of Lily's psychological report come out, she will be handed over to the mental management center."

Lacie frowned when she heard this:

"But..."

Luo An looked back at her and said seriously:

“But what? Lacey, there are two things you cannot forget or mix up.

First, Lily just confessed that her murder weapon was a baseball bat, and told the location where it was abandoned. I will ask Winslow to take people there to investigate and search later.

Second, mental problems do not mean IQ problems. Lily is not a fool, she can clearly distinguish between good and bad things about herself. "

Without discussing these matters too much with Lacey, Luo An patted her on the shoulder and said:

“After all, Lily killed an innocent person, and the rest of the matter can follow normal procedures.”

Walking into the conference room, Luo An made a phone call. Everyone briefly dealt with the follow-up of the case. After Lily was taken away by people from the psychiatric department, everyone left work and left the office area.

In the hotel room, Mona finished washing, put on a bathrobe and walked out of the bathroom, sighing in a low voice:

“What a sad case.”

Not hearing Luo An's answer, Mona put down the towel to wipe her hair and looked towards the living room not far away. She found Luo An sitting on the sofa, looking at the information on the coffee table and thinking deeply.

“Hey, it's time to get off work, my investigation team leader.”

Mona folded the towel into a square, covered Luo An's eyes from behind, and said:

"It's time to rest."

"Let's talk about rest later."

Luo An pulled the towel off his eyes and frowned:

"The second serial murder case, I suddenly felt something familiar."

Chapter 585 President. Anyone who kills people often knows...

In the hotel room, Mona hugged Luo An's neck from behind, her head was squeezed next to Luo An's head, and she asked doubtfully:

"What place is familiar?"

Luo An touched Mona's arm and whispered:

"Anyone who often kills people knows that killing is easy, but disposing of the body is the most troublesome."

Mona rolled her eyes at Luo An:

"What do you mean? Do you often kill people?"

Luo An lowered his head and kissed Mona's arm, and said with a smile:

“No, I mean, corpses are difficult for a lot of people to deal with.”

"I know."

Mona nodded. She had been exposed to so many cases and had seen many case files in the past. She understood what Luo An said was fine, but Mona was still a little confused:

Mona put her hands on her hips and said:

“It's ahead of schedule, it's not like it hasn't happened before.”

Mona blushed pretty, hit Luo An's arm hard, turned around and left:

After washing up, Luo An simply tidied up and lay down on the bed, kissed Mona, turned off the bedside lamp and got ready to sleep.

Luo An sighed, reluctantly put down Mona's feet, turned around and walked to the nearby bathroom to start washing up.

Luo An was stunned when he grabbed Mona's feet and frowned slightly:

“I remember the time is not today?”

Luo An grinned, tilted his head and kissed Mona's pretty face, and then said softly:

“You..., I'll tell you.”

"All right."

“You sleep on the sofa tonight!”

“What do you say?”

In the dark night, Luo An suddenly raised his eyebrows:

“Mona, what do you want to do?”

“Wow, I love your saving.”

Mona suddenly increased the movement of her hands, causing Luo An to snort, and she laughed:

“I just put on your favorite lipstick. It's not a good habit to waste it.”

“Just got some ideas.”

"what idea?"

“I'm not convenient today.”

“It doesn't count if you say it!”

Mona sat on the edge of the big bed, put her feet on Luo An's chest, and said with a smile:

“No, I really mean what I said.”

Luo An threw the document in his hand on the coffee table, turned over the sofa and rushed towards Mona, smiling:

"So, Luo An, what do you mean? Have you discovered the pattern of the murderer behind the second serial murder case?"

Luo An put his hands behind his head and closed his eyes quietly.

The next day, at nine o'clock in the morning, in the temporarily borrowed office, everyone continued to deal with the follow-up work of the "Murder Case with a Stick on the Back of the Head".

Suddenly, Luo An's cell phone rang. He pressed the answer button and found that it was Veranith.

"Good morning, sir."

"good morning."

Veranith smiled and asked:

"How is the case going?"

"Well...this case is a little complicated."

Luo An walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, took a sip of coffee, and began to briefly describe what was originally thought to be one case, but now turned out to be three cases.

After hearing Luo An's statement, Veranith's expression suddenly changed.

One serial murder case was already difficult to solve, but now it has become two cases, and there is another case of double corpses. Veranith's face was as dark as water, and she said seriously:

"Luo An, I'm going to..."

“Fortunately, I have led people to investigate the third double corpse case.”

Luo An smiled, drank the coffee in the cup, then described Hannah's case, and then asked:

“Sir, what did you just say?”

"...fine."

Veranith rolled her beautiful eyes, her eyes were shining brightly, and she was not angry with Luo An. She pondered for a few seconds and said:

"Do you need me to send someone to help?" "No need for now. I will call the chief if necessary."

“OK.”

Verineth nodded, then she lowered her voice and whispered:

“Also, Roan, there's something I need to tell you.

The investigation team you led has a 100% case detection rate so far. I don't know who has spread the word, but now it has been known to the president. "

Luo An put down his coffee cup. The news really surprised him:

“Federal President?”

“That's right.”

Veranith's tone was very serious and she said:

“Listen Roan, I know it's an honor to meet the president.

But matters at the presidential level are very complicated, far beyond what people at your level and mine can handle.

If someone from the president comes to see you, you must not rush to agree. You must contact me or Mr. Clement as soon as possible. Do you understand? "

After such a long period of contact and work, Veranith has seen that Luo An does not value power very much and prefers money.

However, as the Federation is one of the top countries on the planet, and the president, as the leader of a country, his status and power are far beyond what ordinary people can imagine, and the promises he can make are by no means ordinary.

So Veranis is very worried that Luo An will respond to the other party's orders in a hot head without knowing anything, and get involved in some complicated events.

In the end, he was made a scapegoat for some people for no apparent reason, and he lost his life without even knowing what happened.

“I understand, sir.”

Hearing Veranith's words, Luo An's expression became extremely serious, and he nodded in agreement.

It doesn't matter who the current federal president is, nor does the identity of future federal presidents matter. What matters is only their stance and party.

In 2006, the battle between the Republicans and the Democrats was not as intense as it would be in the future, but there was still a lot of chaos.

Luo An has a deep understanding of the murderous nature of the federal political arena, and has always thought about using the things inside to move forward.

There are pitfalls on both sides, and the risk factor is too high to be worth it.

“As long as you understand.”

Veranith breathed a sigh of relief, and the two chatted briefly for a while. When she was about to hang up the phone, Luo An suddenly interrupted her and asked in a low voice:

“Sir, do you know who the person who reported that I have a 100% case detection rate is?”

“I don't know, I'm investigating.”

Veranith's expression changed and she asked:

“Luo An, what are your guesses?”

Luo An was silent for a few seconds, narrowed his eyes slightly, and whispered:

“Sir, Minister Antoine from the Office of Professional Responsibility once invited me to have dinner with him after get off work, but I was busy working on a case at the time, so I declined.”

Hearing Luo An's name, Veranith's face suddenly turned cold, and she said in a cold voice:

“I understand, Luo An, you can continue working on the case, and remember to call me in time if you need help.”

“Okay, sir.”

Hang up the phone, Luo An looked at the scenery outside the floor-to-ceiling window, a flash of thoughtfulness flashed in his eyes, and whispered to himself:

“Jews...”

At this moment, Michelle came over and said:

“Team leader, all the relevant information on the first serial murder case and the second serial murder case has been sorted out.”

"very good."

Luo An put back the messy thoughts in his mind and turned around to walk to the conference room not far away:

“Let's continue to deal with these two serial murder cases.”

In the conference room, the members of Investigation Team No. 13 sat on both sides of the conference table. Anne Morrie, a professional profiler from the Behavioral Analysis Department, sat opposite Luo An.

Michelle walked to the front with the folder, pointed to the twenty photos on the two large white boards, and said:

“Everyone, the murderer of the serial murder case on the left has always been a woman engaged in illegal work...and a man disguised as a woman, so I won't say more here.

The second serial murder case on the right was shot in the back of the head. Here are all the information on the 8 victims.

But unfortunately, we still haven't found the connection or common ground between them. "

"did not find?"

Hearing this, Lacey looked at the pile of folders in the center of the table and was very surprised:

"So much information, yet you haven't found it?"

Luo An closed the folder in his hand and said:

"I did make a discovery."

Chapter 586 Speculation on the identity of the murderer

Saturday, 10:30 am, temporarily borrowed office and conference room.

"These are the personal information of eight victims in the second serial murder case."

Luo An stood up and left his chair, motioning for everyone to distribute and check the information in a pile of folders in the center of the table. He took the whiteboard pen from Michelle and introduced:

"James, male, 30 years old, according to the investigation, he worked in a chemical factory during his lifetime.

Then there is Mandy, female, 26 years old, who was the manager of a store during her lifetime.

Jerome, male, 18 years old, dropped out of school to work in a watch shop.

Hazel, female, 40 years old, works in a laundry.

Hayes, male, 31 years old, is the sales manager of a lawn company.

Piderou, male, 24 years old, works in a supermarket.

Emily, female, 22 years old, works as a waitress in a restaurant.

Lacey was assigned a folder. She looked at the information in her hand and frowned:

“This is not a joke, this is an important clue.”

“These people include black people, white people, Latinos, men and women, some are in good financial condition, and some have unpaid debts...”

The data of the length, width and height of the pits where they were buried between the victims who are not very different in stature are very small, and they can almost be said to be exactly the same...”

“No, the murderer actually left us a lot of clues.”

“...”xN

All the detectives present were full of black marks, and Lacey complained:

“Your joke seems a bit cold, Luo An.”

“So, you're saying we need to turn our attention to the murderer?”

But the problem is that these eight victims are of different races, skin colors, and social statuses. Some are immigrants and some are not immigrants. There is no useful connection between them at all. "

Tapped the whiteboard behind him with a pen, Luo An looked serious and asked:

“Everyone, let's assume that the murderer behind this case not only has the means of transportation to transport the victim, but also has the strength to dig a hole. He will also make the victim kneel in front of the hole he dug, shoot him from behind, and shoot him in a kind of way. Killing the victim in an execution-like gesture.

“But, we have no clues, where can we investigate the murderer?”

Remembering what Luo An said last night and just now, Mona took a brief look at it, put down the folder, and asked:

Luo An put away the smile on his face and said seriously:

“Everyone, since we came into contact with this case, we have been focusing on the victims, trying to find the same characteristics or characteristics in them, so as to find out or infer the murderer's habits or goals.

“Luo An, you just said you found something, what did you find?”

“What I found was that there was nothing obvious in common between the eight victims.”

Evren, male, 37 years old, is a coach of a basketball club. ”

Luo An shook his head and found photos of the scene when the eight victims were dug out of the soil, as well as the autopsy reports of the eight victims, and said:

“First, the autopsy report issued by the trace examination department showed that the cause of death of these eight victims was that someone shot them in the back of the head.

Chenelle raised her eyebrows, understood what Luo An said, and said:

Everyone looked up and looked at Luo An. Luo An laughed and said:

“It seems that they really have nothing in common. They have never even been to the same place during their lifetime, and their deposits are not in the same bank.”

Second, the pits where the victims were buried were all in a standard rectangular shape, 1.8 meters long, 1 meter wide, and between 1.2 meters and 1.5 meters deep.

Luo An nodded, and Lacey was a little confused when she saw this:

This kind of murderer, who do you think he is? "

After Luo An finished speaking, the expressions of everyone in the conference room changed suddenly, and they all expressed their guesses:

“Killer!”

“Scavenger!”

“The executioner!”

“The executioner who thinks he is righteous!”

“Psychosis!”

“...”xN

Hearing the last word, everyone present was stunned for a moment, and turned to look at Lacey who said the word.

Lacie raised her eyebrows:

“I feel like what I said is right.”

“The possibility of mental illness cannot be ruled out.”

Luo An coughed lightly, attracting everyone's attention, and then said: "At the beginning, my speculations mainly went in four directions:

First, the murderer is a scavenger who specializes in handling things for others.

Second, the murderer is a killer, and the eight victims were all orders he received.

Third, the murderer was a self-righteous guy. He saw certain behaviors among the eight victims and felt that they violated justice or religious regulations, so he killed them on behalf of "justice" or "God". "

All the detectives on both sides of the conference table nodded in unison, agreeing with Luo An's conjecture. Chenelle asked:

“What is the fourth conjecture?”

“The fourth conjecture is a bit special. I only thought of it last night.”

Luo An picked up the whiteboard pen and wrote a few words on the whiteboard, then turned around and asked:

“Everyone should know about “Brotherhood”.”

Brotherhood, a special culture of the Federation, is a form of association that organizes gatherings.

Fraternalities on university campuses have become the main place for students to expand their networks and find opportunities for jobs after graduation.

However, new members who want to join the fraternity are generally required to "show their loyalty" by completing very difficult tasks, such as doing push-ups on broken glass, to prove their determination.

This serial murder case will most likely not be the work of a "fraternity" on a university campus.

But when they heard Luo An mention the word "Brotherhood", everyone present suddenly thought of something. Chenier's face first changed and she said:

"Luo An, you mean that these eight victims may be a "loyalty show" part of an organization when it requires new people to join?"

"Kill someone to show your loyalty?"

Winslow also changed his expression and guessed:

"Something that gangsters do?"

"It may also be some other criminal organizations with extreme ideas."

Luo An put down the whiteboard marker, crossed his arms across his chest, and said:

"The main problem is that there is no connection between the eight victims, and there is no information in the data that they have offended someone.

In addition, among the eight victims, except for the sales manager who worked for a lawn company and had some money, the income of the rest was not high.

Especially the 18-year-old boy who works in a watch shop. He depends entirely on the owner of the watch shop for food and drink, and his pockets are cleaner than his face.

So the chance that the murderer is a scavenger or a killer is not high. They may not make much money by killing these eight victims. "

"That's right."

"That's the truth."

All the detectives nodded when they heard this. Luo An's speculation and analysis were sound and well-founded, and they found no problems.

Chenelle briefly summarized Luo An's speculation, and then asked:

"Team leader, what should we do next?"

"Continue to investigate and organize information."

Luo An said in a deep voice:

"If the murderer is an executioner who thinks he represents justice, then he must have chosen to kill because he couldn't stand some of the behaviors of the eight victims. So next we need to find out the behavioral habits of the eight victims during their lifetime. and experience.

In addition, if the murderer is a gang, a member of a radical organization, or some people, then this organization cannot be nameless, and they must recruit members.

As long as they recruit members, they will definitely leave clues. These are what we need to look for. "

"Um..."

After hearing what Luo An said, all the detectives present scratched their heads. Lacey looked embarrassed and said:

“Luo An, although it is a little troublesome to investigate the life experiences of the eight victims, it is not particularly difficult.

But when it comes to investigating the organization's recruitment of members... we don't seem to have a direction at all. ”

This kind of criminal organization must be very hidden. Without information about the organization and no one to recommend it, investigators would be blind and have no idea which direction to go.

Luo An nodded. Of course he knew the difficulties involved, but he was already prepared.

Taking out a familiar card the size of a dark red phone card from his pocket, Luo An grinned:

“The federal land is so large that it has nurtured many talented people.

Now that we are encountering difficulties, it is time for them to cooperate with our FBI's work. ”

Chapter 587 Luo An: The suggestion is very good, don't suggest it next time

The dark red metal card that Luo An took out was the identity certificate he obtained after catching the taxi driver who sneaked into Luo An's villa and tried to find the cross.

Lacey's eyes lit up when she saw the dark red metal card, and Mona sat upright, refreshed, and asked with a smile:

“Luo An, do you plan to use that criminal website in the underground world to look for clues?”

“That's right.”

Luo An nodded with a smile, handed a notebook to Mona, and said:

“Not just this website, I also borrowed several identities from the Intelligence Department for the criminal websites we met earlier.”

"Wow."

Mona took the notebook and sighed, looked down at it a few times, and said with some surprise:

“Eight criminal websites? Why so many?”

“The Internet is developing at a rapid pace, and the underground world naturally has talents with long-term vision. The Intelligence Department has been dealing with these things, and eight criminal websites are not many.”

Luo An smiled. This morning he called the Intelligence Department to ask for help. He thought that if it was not possible, he would ask Veranith to come forward. Unexpectedly, the Intelligence Department heard his name and agreed without saying a word.

Not only did the Intelligence Department directly hand over all eight criminal websites on hand to Luo An, each website even prepared three or four accounts for Luo An to disguise their identities.

Getting help from the Intelligence Department was a good thing, but the fact that the crime detection rate was publicized behind the scenes, coupled with the previous phone call from Veranith, gave Luo An a smell that something was wrong.

Hearing Luo An's question, the detectives immediately turned their attention to the first serial murder case and rummaged through the documents in their hands for a moment. Winslow stood up first and said:

"During the investigation, we found that among the 12 victims in the first serial murder case, the first victim died in 1992, which was too early to find relevant information. The second, third, fourth and fifth victims were Due to similar circumstances, relevant information is scarce and difficult to investigate.

Lacie cursed in a low voice, and Anne Murray, a profiler from the behavioral analysis department next to her, nodded and said in a deep voice:

“This is an obvious act of provocation. On the one hand, it shows that the pleasure brought to the murderer by killing others has gradually decreased, and the murderer has begun to seek more pleasure from relatives or friends of the victim.

“A very arrogant guy.”

Putting these things aside for the time being, Luo An briefly mentioned some precautions. Mona then took the computer and notebook, pulled Michelle out of the conference room, and began to enter those websites to post and conduct research.

The contents of the phone calls were roughly the same. The murderer claimed that he had raped and killed the victim. The murderer even described his feelings, which caused the victim's relatives or friends to curse. "

“I found some, but not many.”

So Luo An called Verinis later and communicated briefly for a while. Verinis immediately agreed and was ready to deal with this matter.

The two women left the conference room. Luo An then looked at the other agents who were left behind and asked:

Luo An was very surprised when he got this information. After asking, he learned that the Intelligence Department also heard about the investigation team led by Luo An, which had a 100% detection rate.

Except for these five victims, after the death of the next seven victims, one of their family members or friends all received calls from someone using the victim's mobile phone.

“According to the investigation, the murderer used the victim's mobile phone when making calls.

“Important clues were discovered.”

On the other hand, it also shows that the murderer is very confident in his own safety. He believes that he has eliminated clues related to himself and firmly believes that law enforcement officials cannot find him. ”

“Everyone, how are you doing with the investigation of the first serial murder case, which is a case against a graphic worker?”

After briefly expressing his gratitude to the Intelligence Department, Luo An's expression turned cold after hanging up the phone.

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and then asked:

“Have you found any clues on the mobile phone?”

“Fu-k!”

This time knowing that Luo An needed help, the Intelligence Department was naturally willing to go along with the situation and send him a favor.

Winslow handed a folder to Roan and explained:

Based on the location where the signal was transmitted, we found a total of three base stations, and we can determine that the murderer was in a park on Long Island when he made the call.

But there was no useful information later, because there was no surveillance in that park, and the flow of people was still very large. There were so many men who matched the simulated portraits created by Anne's profiler that it was impossible to investigate them all. "

Luo An looked at the information in the folder and pondered for a while, then asked: "Have you checked the call records of these seven victims' mobile phones? Are there any suspicious disposable phones or anonymous calls?"

"I've checked it, but it's not found."

Winslow shook his head and said:

"I suspect that this murderer used the most old-fashioned method, which is to randomly find women who are engaged in illegal work on the street, and then use money to trick them into following him."

"This is very troublesome."

Lacie frowned when she heard this and said:

"New York is as big as New York, and there are probably hundreds of thousands of women working in the field.

Excluding those who are organized, have gang leaders, and those who work alone on the streets, the number is probably over 10,000.

If the murderer really used the old method of driving on the streets to randomly look for people, based on his murder frequency of once a year, we might not be able to find him at all. "

Roan folded his hands on his chest and remained silent. Chenelle thought for a while and asked:

"What if we use the stupid method and ask the women one by one?"

"Totally impossible."

Lacie shook her head repeatedly and introduced:

"You don't understand this business, there is a lot of traffic in this business.

If a woman is willing to work hard, it is not a problem to receive more than a dozen guests in one night. After all, most men are very fast.

In addition, the turnover of people in this industry is far beyond your imagination.

In addition to those regular workers, there are also many women who work temporarily for a few days due to lack of money. After all, this industry does not require any accumulation of skills.

There are also women who stay in one place for a few days and then go to work elsewhere because they are threatened or worried about being seen by acquaintances.

These circumstances combined make it difficult to find all women.

Even if they find it, they have been in contact with so many men, and they will most likely not be able to remember the appearance of a specific man. At most, they have some impression of the time and duration of a certain man. "

"..."

Listening to Lacey's serious science popularization and explanation, Chenelle and Anne-Mo's heads were full of black lines.

Winslow looked at Lacey with a slightly unkind look. He felt that Lacey's statement about time just now seemed to have insulted him.

Luo An, who was also a man present, glanced at Lacey calmly, tapped her head lightly with the folder, and then asked:

“Do you have any suggestions on how we should investigate next?”

Lacie patted the folder on her head, waggled her fingers and said:

“The murderer was very cautious and never used a mobile phone to contact these victims, so the mobile phone method was not feasible.

If we go directly to the streets and ask questions, we may not be able to find any clues even if we search for a year.

So... how about we hand this case over to other investigation teams. "

Luo An took back the folder, nodded, and said:

“Your suggestion is very good, don't suggest it next time.”

Lacie: “...”

Looking at Lacey who rolled her eyes at Roan, Chenelle frowned:

“Both roads are blocked, team leader, what should we do next?”

"I have an idea."

Luo An pondered for a while, and just as he was about to speak, the door to the conference room suddenly opened, and Mona walked in with a laptop and said excitedly:

“Hey guys, Michelle and I found an interesting post!”

Chapter 588 Hell's Joke

Saturday, 11:30 noon, temporarily borrowed office and conference room.

Mona opened the door and walked into the conference room, attracting the attention of everyone in the room. Lacey raised her eyebrows:

“Interesting post?”

“Mainly some **** jokes.”

Mona placed the laptop on the conference table and showed it to everyone, and introduced:

“For example, why do people in the Federation use metric units without millimeters in their daily lives?

Because you can find millimeters in schools. ”

The expressions on the faces of the agents were a little tense. Luo An coughed lightly and asked:

“What else but a **** joke?”

“There are also “recruitment advertisements”.”

Looking at the content of the post on the computer, everyone present looked ugly. Winslow frowned:

“This kind of thing...”

Mona looked gloomy and said:

“The owner of this post stated that he has been recruiting humans who are willing to be killed by others for a long time. The price is US\$50,000 per person. To show his sincerity, the poster can pay the person who sells his body first during the transaction when the two parties meet.

For example, human bones are called "white gold", eyeballs are called "glitter", and trafficked women are always called "Amy" before they are taken, no matter what their original names are.

Just like the "gold captain" in the Eastern world, various professions in the Western underground world also have many special representative words.

“Not uncommon.”

The origin of this special way of naming can no longer be found, and people in the underground world don't care about the reason for naming. They only have buying and selling in their minds and hearts.

“No, this word means a living person to be slaughtered.”

Mona put away the smile on her face, typed on the keyboard a few times, and said seriously:

“That's right, that's what it means.”

“Meat rabbit? What do you mean? Carnivorous rabbit?”

Hearing Luo An say that "meat rabbit" means a living person, everyone present looked at him with some surprise and shock. Chenier quickly realized something and asked:

"Since the name "meat rabbit" means "living people to be slaughtered", why is there "recruitment" in front of the post?

...Online recruitment of living people who are willing to be killed by others because of money? "

Then below the **** joke, there is a "recruitment advertisement". The person who posted it has been recruiting "meat rabbits". "

These posts all come from one person, and the content of the post always starts with a **** joke to attract attention.

Hearing this unfamiliar word, Lacey, Winslow and Chenelle in the conference room looked puzzled. Roan's face turned cold and he said:

If you have special status, such as lawyers, doctors, motorcycle stuntmen, racing drivers, or people with special certificates, such as senior lawyer license, senior accountant certificate, etc., you can also increase the price within a reasonable range. "

Luo An pondered for a few seconds and asked:

"Mona, the owner of this post, which one is related to the two serial murder cases we are investigating?"

Looking at the computer, there was a bunch of requirements for the height and weight of the "meat rabbit", no infectious diseases, no history of eating flour in the past year, etc., and the air in the conference room was quiet.

Sell your life for money. Some people who have no hope in life and have weaknesses behind them may not do this.

Luo An shook his head. Living in the Federation, having no money in your pocket is basically like walking into hell.

“Michelle and I found some posts on the underground crime website No. 3.

“The second case was a shooting case in the back of the head.”

Mona tapped the keyboard a few times, brought up another black-based page, and explained:

“Just now, Michelle discovered a guy with the same avatar as the owner of the post on Underground World Website No. 3 on Underground World Website No. 5.

We compared the two guys on website No. 3 and website No. 5 and found that they were the same person.” ^ ~ Cheniel looked serious:

“On the No. 5 website, this guy is also advertising, recruiting “meat rabbits?””

“Yes.”

Mona nodded, then scrolled down the computer page and said:

"The difference is that a few months ago, when this guy posted a "recruitment advertisement" on the No. 5 website, in addition to the usual **** jokes, he also included a picture."

Mona pulled up the "recruitment advertisement" from a few months ago. The agents looked carefully and found that the content in the picture was a large rectangular pit that had been dug. There was a shovel standing next to it, and there was also a shovel on the ground. Binding string.

Ignoring the **** joke, Mona tapped on the keyboard a few times, drew a red line segment next to the shovel, compared the measurements and explained:

“The shovel shown in the picture is the most common one on the federal market, with a standard length of 1.3 meters.

Using it as a weight and measure and comparing it with the pit next to it, you can find that the length of the pit is 1.8 meters, the width is 1 meter, and the depth is 1.5 meters. "

"It is exactly the same as the hole dug by the murderer when he executed the victim in the second serial murder case."

Luo An nodded, then motioned Mona to enlarge the bundle of string next to her, and narrowed her eyes slightly:

"Among the eight victims of the second serial murder case, the last three deceased had binding marks on their wrists.

"The thin rope inferred by the Trace Inspection Section is also consistent with the rope in this photo."

Chenelle and Winslow both became excited, and Lacey asked hurriedly:

"Can you find out the true identity of the owner of this post?"

"Of course, but..."

Mona nodded, indicating that she was capable of doing this, but she did not start taking action immediately. Instead, she turned to look at Luo An.

Luo An instantly understood what Mona meant. Mona couldn't do it under normal circumstances, but she could by hacking into the website.

"Wait a minute, I'm going to buy an orange... I'm going to make a phone call."

Selectively ignoring Mona's eager eyes, Luo An waved his hand and walked out of the room.

Mona's actions may have a negative impact on other law enforcement agencies performing tasks, and eventually lead to Mona being punished. In order to prevent this from happening, Luo An decided to contact the Intelligence Department first.

The phone call was quickly answered. After hearing Luo An's description, the Intelligence Department immediately said that there was no need to bother. After asking for the name and number of the poster, he said:

"We will be able to find out this guy's true identity soon, and we will send it to Team Leader Luo An later!"

Luo An's eyes lit up and he smiled:

"Thank you then."

"You're welcome. Let's go have a drink together when we get the chance."

"Of course! I'm treating you!"

After a few brief greetings, both parties hung up the phone together.

Because of his fame and ability, Luo An felt the "fruit of face" for the first time, and the corners of his mouth were slightly raised, revealing a smile.

But many things have advantages and disadvantages. Luo An had a lot of thoughts in his mind. While thinking about future plans and plans, he turned around and returned to the conference room.

"The Intelligence Ministry will send us the information about the owner of this post later."

In the conference room, Luo An chose to ignore Mona's disappointed look, clapped his hands and said:

“Get ready to sort out your equipment!”

"no problem!"

All the agents in the conference room responded in unison, simply packed up the documents and started to walk out.

Half an hour later, Luo An's computer received an email, which contained a photo of a white man and his identity information:

Innes-Heller, 44 years old, went to prison for intentional injury when he was young. He is unemployed and lives in New Jersey, not far from New York.

Luo An typed out the information and distributed it to the agents, saying:

“Let's go! Let's go talk to Mr. Innes about his silly jokes!”

“Understood!”xN

Chapter 589 Suspect: Team Leader Luo An, let's help each other

In northern New Jersey, a city at a certain county level, on a certain road in the south.

“What do you call an 80-year-old black man? Answer: Antique farm tools.”

In a fast-moving SUV, Lacey was sitting in the back seat wearing a body armor, looking at the posts on the computer, with a strange look on her face, and said:

“It's a miracle that Innes Heller is alive today and was not beaten to death by a black man in prison.”

Winslow, who was next to him, carefully inspected his equipment and replied casually:

“Those black people all have a talent for making jokes. Maybe these jokes were told by the black people in prison.”

Lacey looked away from the computer, glanced at Winslow, and said with a smile:

“Your **** joke is not bad either.”

Winslow was stunned for a moment and looked at Lacey with confusion on his face. Lacey smiled and whispered:

“Don't you mean that all the prisons are black people?”

Winslow was speechless when he heard this. Chenelle, who was driving, rolled her eyes at Lacey through the rearview mirror. Roan, who was in the passenger seat, shook the gun in his hand and said:

Lacey in the back seat nodded, quickly put the computer aside and began to sort out the weapons. After Luo An checked the equipment on his body, he reached out and pressed the communicator next to his ear and asked:

“What is the condition of the target person?”

So the action plan formulated by Investigation Team No. 13 is very simple: open the door! Arrests!

Hearing the voice of the FBI, Innis-Heller had no idea of resisting with a gun. Instead, he was preparing to clear the computer. When Luo An and others broke in, he was about to unplug the network cable and unplug the wire.

score

“Stop chatting, get to the target location immediately, and pack your equipment quickly!”

The target person never left the house and stayed at his home. "

With a loud noise, the front and rear doors of the apartment were shattered at the same time. The SWAT team members rushed into the apartment with weapons in hand and shouted:

“Put your hands behind your head!”

According to the layout of the apartment, the SWAT team and the No. 13 Investigation Team were divided into two teams, each responsible for the front and rear doors. A SWAT team member held a blast shield and went straight to the front door. The SWAT team member behind him held a breaking hammer. After receiving the order, , he immediately hit the apartment door with force!

score

“FBI!”

Mona and Michelle were sitting in the car with several SWAT agents. When they heard Roan's question, Mona typed on the keyboard a few times and answered:

“An hour ago, the target person went out and threw a bag of garbage.

The agents of the No. 13 Investigation Team broke into the apartment and found no one on the first floor. Luo An immediately led people to the second floor.

“OK.”

“Good.”

Luo An nodded with satisfaction. Previous information showed that Innis-Heller had no experience as a soldier, nor had he participated in military training or military clubs.

"lay down your weapon!"

The two cars quickly arrived at the target location. This is a common wooden apartment in the Federation. It has two floors. The whole body is red and orange and the color is very conspicuous. The area is not large. There are two doors on the front and rear lawns. There is also a door in front of the door. A small staircase.

On the road not far behind the SUV, a dark SWAT personnel carrier followed quickly.

“Go upstairs! Go upstairs!”

Luo An kicked down the door of the study room on the second floor. In the room was a middle-aged white man wearing shorts and short sleeves with short hair and a frightened face. He was the target person Innes Heller.

"do not move!"

"Raise your hand!"

Chenelle and Winslow shouted loudly when they saw this. Roan moved even faster and kicked Innis-Heller in the stomach, sending him flying and hitting the wall.

There was a muffled sound, and Innes Heller's face instantly turned pale. He groaned and collapsed forward to the ground. Chenier and Winslow quickly stepped forward and put guns to his head, while Luo An took out the handcuffs and held him in place. His hands were cuffed tightly together.

While Luo An and the others held Innis Heller firmly, Mona quickly ran to the desktop computer next to her, tapped the keyboard a few times and let out a long sigh of relief, then gave Luo An and the other three a thumbs up and smiled. road:

“Just a little bit close, well done!”

Luo An stood up, raised his eyebrows, and asked:

“Is everything complete?”

“Some of it was deleted, but it can be found back.”

Mona motioned to Michelle and Lacey to help deal with the computer case, and explained with a smile:

“The operation was successful, everything we were looking for is there.”

"That's good."

Luo An breathed a sigh of relief. Innis-Heller had been picked up by Winslow and Chenelle. Luo An patted him on the shoulder and smiled:

“I'm sorry, Mr. Innes-Heller, we have arrested you for making racist remarks that violate political correctness.”

Innes-Heller: "???"

In 2006, politically correct things had begun to take shape, but there were not many things where the number of BUFFs was used to determine who would be in charge.

So when Innis-Heller was arrested, his face was full of doubts about Roan's words.

It wasn't until he entered the interrogation room and heard Roan and Chenelle starting to ask about the posts on the underground world website that Innis-Heller realized that what he just said was a joke.

Across the interrogation table, Innis-Heller was handcuffed to a chair, covering his face and remaining silent.

Luo An took a leisurely sip of his coffee, and just as he was about to speak, there was a sudden knock on the door of the interrogation room, and then Mona walked in with her laptop in her arms.

Putting the laptop on the interrogation table, Mona glanced at Innis-Heller with disdain and introduced:

“Team leader, I just found Innes Heller's account on his computer that he registered on six underground world websites. The content of the posts in them are roughly the same, and they are all related to “meat rabbits”.

In addition, I also found about 50g of child pornographic content in a secret folder on the hard drive of his desktop computer.

We caught another t-training fetish. "

Roan and Cheniel were both a little surprised when they heard this, but before they could speak, Innis-Heller quickly put down his hands and said loudly:

“I'm not practicing t addiction!”

“Few people will directly admit their addiction to t-training, I understand.”

Luo An waved his hand and said:

“Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Liantezhi, we have plenty of time, we can talk slowly.”

“Damn it, I'm really not a t addict!”

Seeing the disdain flashing in Cheniel and Mona's eyes, and then hearing Roan's words, Innis-Heller's face turned redder.

Taking a few deep breaths, Innis-Heller suppressed his impatience and said seriously:

“Mr. Agent, ladies and gentlemen, I'm really not a fan of t-training.

What you find on the disk is just merchandise.

Do you understand the product? I make money from it, but I have no interest in it itself. ”

Chenier and Mona's eyes were still full of disbelief, while Luo An suddenly realized:

“In other words, you are just selling children's **** content and are a disseminator of children's porn. You are not a **** addict yourself, right?”

Innis-Heller froze when he heard this. Under federal law, the crime of spreading child **** does not seem to be much lower than practicing the fetish itself.

Innes-Heller hesitated for a few seconds and was about to continue explaining. Roan interrupted him with a wave of his hand, motioned Mona to leave and brought the conversation to the main topic.

After briefly describing the serial murder case on the beach, Luo An pushed the photo of the pit to the other party with a serious face and asked:

“Do you have anything to say?”

"I..."

After another long silence, Innis-Heller looked up at Luo An and said:

"Mr. Agent, I want to make it clear first that I am just a businessman, and everything I do is just to make money."

Luo An chuckled:

"That is to say, you know the circumstances behind this serial murder case, right?"

"I do know something."

Innis-Heller nodded, then shook his head and said:

"But I can't say."

Chenelle narrowed her eyes slightly:

"Are you scared?"

Chenelle thought that the reason Innis-Heller didn't say anything was because he was afraid of being retaliated against and killed in prison after entering the prison.

"I'm really scared."

Innis-Heller nodded, readily admitted this, and then added:

"In addition, I think Mr. Detective, with your position, you may not be able to investigate the situation behind this matter.

How about this, I tell you the identities of the buyers who bought the things on my disk, and if you catch them, it will be a great achievement.

As for me, I will help you arrest people and help you accumulate credit. How about you also help me get an exoneration agreement or a witness agreement to reduce my charges?

Helping each other benefits everyone. "

After Innis-Heller finished speaking, Cheniel's face suddenly turned cold.

She didn't think Luo An would agree to the other party, but she realized that if Innis-Heller didn't lie, there might be a big problem behind this case.

Luo An pondered for a few seconds, then suddenly smiled and asked:

"Mr. Innes, you said you are a businessman, so I have a little problem.

Have you paid taxes on those things you sold? "

Chapter 590: Interrogation, buy low, sell high, I am a businessman

Saturday, 5:30 pm, temporarily borrowed office, interrogation room.

"Have you paid taxes?"

Hearing Roan's question, Cheniel's eyes looked a little strange. Innis-Heller was stunned for a moment, then his eyelids twitched, and he didn't know what to say:

"I..."

Luo An made a surprised expression:

"Then it's not paid."

Innis-Heller's throat was dry and his face was twitching. Luo An leaned back, crossed his legs, and said with a smile:

"Mr. Innes, you don't want your tax evasion to be known to the IRS."

"..."x2

The meaning of the word IRS is known to everyone present.

Compared to being caught by the FBI and finally thrown into jail by a judge to play soap.

Once you are targeted by the IRS for tax evasion, it means that your life will come to an end.

Innis-Heller looked grim:

"Are you sure you want to know? Or, are you sure you have the right to investigate?"

Innis-Heller's face changed slightly:

Innes-Heller shook his head:

"No."

Innis-Heller's face became stiffer, while Luo An grinned.

Luo An continued to ask:

Hearing this, a cold light flashed in Cheniel's eyes, but Luo An's expression did not change, and he asked the other party a few questions:

In a free and democratic country like the Federation, bankruptcy is the most terrifying thing, because it means life is worse than death!

Luo An then asked:

After Luo An's threatening words came to an end, Chenelle looked at him with a strange expression. She always felt that something was wrong with that sentence.

"...No."

Except for the absolute top figures in the federal political arena, the relatively closed circles of large chaebols, large conglomerates, and the military, Mr. Clement, who is behind Luo An, has a way to show up even if he meets some figures like those on Capitol Hill.

"This matter has anything to do with the Federal President?"

Because there is still a way to survive after entering prison, but being targeted by the IRS means that bankruptcy is not far away.

Since he discovered that the Intelligence Ministry was willing to sell his favors, Luo An has carefully thought about his current status, value, etc.

Innis-Heller's face turned completely dark. He hesitated for a long time, took a few deep breaths, looked up at Luo An, and asked:

"What do you want to know?"

Then Luo An suddenly discovered that the investigation team he led had a 100% detection rate and was backed by Mr. Veranis and Mr. Clement. In the eyes of many people within the FBI and other departments at the same level, he had actually become A guy who is hot, capable, and not easy to mess with.

"...No."

"Where is the army?"

Mr. Clement then used the political wisdom, ability, connections, etc. he had accumulated over the years to obtain sufficient benefits for him and Luo An through some exchanges of interests.

"And those big financial groups?"

Luo An picked up the coffee and took a sip:

"The case of serial murders with gunshot wounds to the back of the head on the beach."

At this stage, the main thing that hinders Luo An is that he is too young, making it impossible for him to continue to move up in the short term.

Think about it from another angle. During this period, Luo An also happened to be accumulating qualifications for himself.

When Mr. Clement succeeds in moving up, Luo An's qualifications will be almost accumulated, and he will be able to take a big step forward.

After asking Nice Heller a few questions and successfully eliminating a few of the answers he least wanted, Luo An chuckled, spread his hands forward, and said:

“Please start your performance.”

Innis-Heller suddenly choked up. Seeing Luo An looking at him with a relaxed face, he also felt angry in his heart. He snorted coldly and said:

“First of all, the first thing is that not all of the corpses on the beach are found. New York State, New Jersey, and several nearby states all have similar corpse dumps.”

Hearing Innis-Heller's words, Chenelle's face was extremely solemn. A flash of thoughtfulness flashed in Luo An's eyes, and his expression remained unchanged as he asked:

“So, this is an organization?”

“That's right.”

“What is the name of this organization?”

Innis-Heller leaned back in his chair and said:

"I have no idea."

Snapped! Snapped! Snapped!

Chenelle knocked on the table with her pen and said unhappily:

“You know this organization, but you don't know its name? Is this lie a little too false?”

Luo An didn't say anything, and Innis-Heller said calmly: “I'm not lying to you, I really don't know.

I am just a peripheral peripheral, or in other words, not even a peripheral, at best a "meat rabbit" supplier. "

Innes-Heller said he came into contact with the organization by accident five years ago.

Learning from an outside member of the organization that they were willing to spend US\$200,000 to purchase a "high-quality meat rabbit," Innis-Heller became an outside supplier of "meat rabbits."

"Each person in the ridiculous post was priced at \$50,000."

Chenelle sneered:

"200,000 to 50,000, you are really black."

"I said, I am a businessman."

Innes-Heller looked unconcerned, even a little proud:

"Buying low and selling high is a normal method, otherwise how would a businessman make money."

Waving his hands to interrupt the conversation between the two, Luo An leaned forward slightly and asked in a solemn voice:

"Do you know the purpose of this unknown organization's acquisition of "meat rabbits"?"

"I don't know, human trafficking, organ trading, biological experiments, and killing people for fun are all possible."

Innis-Heller shook his head, made a few guesses, and then said:

“I only care about making money and never asked about this.

However, during one transaction, I casually asked the person I was dealing with how to join the organization.

The other party told me that it was very simple, as long as they shot and killed a person under their witness. "

After Innis-Heller finished speaking, the air in the interrogation room fell silent.

Chenelle was angry and shocked in her heart, but at the same time she admired Luo An beside her because his words successfully verified Luo An's previous conjecture of "showing loyalty".

Luo An didn't care about Cheniel's eyes. He frowned and thought for a moment, then asked:

“How do you do business with an organization every time? Do you have the other party's contact information?”

“I only have a burner phone.”

Innes-Heller said that every time he buys a suitable "meat rabbit", he will use a disposable mobile phone to call another disposable mobile phone. The two parties agree on the time and place of the transaction, and then pay the money with one hand and the other with the other hand. goods.

At the transaction site, the organizer will take away the burner phone from Innes-Heller, give him a new burner phone, and give him a new number. The phone with the new number is also a burner phone.

As for the disposable mobile phones used previously, they will be physically destroyed by the organization's people on the spot and then burned with fire.

This means that for each transaction, both parties use brand-new disposable mobile phones. They exchange one for each transaction and save it for the next transaction.

Speaking of this, Innis-Heller complained with an unhappy face:

“The person I interact with is more greedy for money than me!

Every time he gave me a new burner phone, he charged me \$300.

**** it! \$300 is enough for me to buy several burner phones out there..."

Ignoring Innis-Heller's complaints about dog-eating dogs, after listening to his narration, Chenelle gritted her back molars and was very angry, and at the same time a little surprised.

The methods used in organizing transactions are so cautious, and the masterminds behind the control of the organization are definitely extraordinary.

Luo An was also aware of this problem, but he was not panicked or anxious at all.

Because most of the time, the design of the top people is very good, but the people below who implement it cannot achieve the expected ideas in the design.

For example, Innis-Heller just complained that the person he was dealing with obviously used the disposable cell phone required by the organization to take the opportunity to extort money from Innis-Heller.

The leader of the organization who is willing to spend 200,000 US dollars to buy "meat rabbits" cannot care about the 300 US dollars, nor can he issue such an order. This is most likely a small idea of traders seeking their own interests.

The small actions of these low-level people are an opportunity to find out this criminal organization.

Then he asked some organizational questions. Luo An suddenly changed the topic and said:

“Those buyers who have purchased the children's **** content on your computer, please write down a list.”

Chenier was stunned for a moment, and Innis-Heller's face turned dark when he reacted.

Luo An grinned. There was no reason not to eat the meat that reached the mouth. Anyway, they were all a group of people practicing t-stirring. Catching them would be good for the children.

Amid Innis-Heller's whispered curses, Chenelle walked out of the interrogation room with the interrogation record and list, and Roan followed slowly with a coffee cup.

Upon seeing this, Lacey and others immediately came together to check for clues.

After reading the interrogation record, Lacey, Winslow and others cursed, and Mona asked:

“What do we do next?”

“It's very simple, call and ask for the officer.”