

FBI Detective 631

Chapter 631 Ponzi scheme, making the cake bigger, email

Investigation Team 13, in the team leader's office, Elmer looked at Luo An eagerly.

Roan did not immediately agree to Elmer's request. After thinking for a few seconds, he said:

“Why hasn't Bernard Madoff's Ponzi scheme been exposed for so long?”

Elmer looked stern and thought of something:

“You mean, there's someone else behind Bernard Madoff?”

Luo An shook his head and said:

“It's not necessarily that there are people behind him, but that there are people who see through it but don't tell it, and they just play this 'game' with Bernard Madoff.”

Anyone who has worked in the financial industry can see that there is something wrong with the fund rate of return created by Bernard Madoff. It is impossible to say that the wealthy tycoons and conglomerates on Wall Street cannot see it.

"I think so too."

Elmer said in a deep voice:

“Madoff's foundation has investments from many large consortiums and banks, and even some European countries have invested money in it.

Because of this, I chose to investigate this matter secretly, without daring to disclose any information.
"

Putting down the coffee cup, Luo An asked:

"According to your previous plan, when you find Madoff himself, those consortia will most likely get the information first and then transfer their funds.

"It's dangerous, isn't it?"

Elmer is a standard federal man. He attaches great importance to his own life and the safety of his family, but his deep conscience prevents him from quietly watching nearly 30,000 middle-class families being destroyed by Madoff's scam. The combination of the two made Elmer very confused.

Elmer smiled bitterly and replied:

"Initially, I wanted to find a suitable tax reason to investigate the financial status of any employee of Madoff's foundation.

Roan waved his hand to interrupt Elmer and said:

The status of the consortium in the Federation is well known. Elmer's face was solemn. Luo An continued his analysis:

"No, I mean, your plan is too slow."

Luo An frowned slightly:

Roan did not answer Elmer directly, but took a coffee cup and analyzed it unhurriedly:

Then I "accidentally" discovered that there was a problem with Madoff's fund, and then followed the clues and continued to investigate to expose this matter. "

"I haven't thought of a proper plan yet."

"Before we expose Madoff's scam, we need to clarify a few issues first."

"What was your original plan? Can you tell me about it?"

"The reason why Madoff's scam has been able to last for so long is not only because of his high status and skillful means, but also because the China Securities Regulatory Commission turned a blind eye and certain consortiums or organizations participated.

These financial groups are hiding behind and waiting for Madoff to make money for themselves. They are not afraid that they will not get their money back.

Elmer froze on his chair with a question mark on his face:

"What's the meaning?"

Once you expose this scam, not only Madoff himself will be angry, but the consortium behind him will also be unhappy. After all, for them, not making money means losing money. "

"I know that this method can easily arouse Madoff's vigilance and even force him to kill people..."

Elmer smiled bitterly and shook his head helplessly:

"This plan of yours..."

In the end, you can only get an empty account, and I'm afraid not a penny of the funds invested by nearly 30,000 middle-class families will be left.

After this happens, the federal people will naturally yell at Madoff, and you, as the leader of this case, will also be hostile to the federal people. They will think that you are a member of those consortia, and everything you do is to make profits for the consortium.

At that time, if you can't explain it, your colleagues and superiors will probably have other ideas about you, and your career path will most likely end here. "

"..." Elmer's eyelids twitched. He had been thinking about how to bring down Madoff, but he really hadn't thought much about what would happen after he brought down Madoff.

Compared with other departments, the IRS has a very special status, which makes the IRS-CI's working methods a bit simple and crude. Most of the time, people are arrested first, then the accounts are searched for evidence, and finally the interrogation is carried out.

So Elmer didn't know much about handling detailed cases. After all, he specialized in the field. Seeing Luo An's unhurried look, he quickly asked:

"Luo An, do you have any good ideas?"

"It's very simple."

Luo An didn't sell it and said directly:

"Build the pie, look for the big ones, and move quickly."

The relationship between federal officials and wealthy people is very interesting. Most of the time, people will always say that a certain rich man persuaded a certain official with money, but they will not say that a certain rich man ordered a certain official.

Because federal officials all know the bottom line: they are the ones with the power and can do things, but the rich must also come up with corresponding conditions.

This is why there are many "lobby groups" in Washington, DC:

The group of people in Congress and the White House are the ones who hold power. The wealthy people and consortiums outside can indeed allow them to introduce bills and regulations that benefit the wealthy people, but this process must pay a "price" or take some money. Out of "benefits".

If a rich person wants to break this rule and directly "order" a person with power, he will inevitably be attacked by other people in power, because this touches the bottom line of the person in power.

Madoff is indeed very rich, and has many friends who support and help him, but most of those people are on Wall Street and not many in Washington, DC.

A Ponzi scheme involving US\$50 billion is undoubtedly a big case, and handling it properly is definitely a great achievement. Even FBI Director Robert or IRS Director would not mind showing up to support this case. .

"We need to find a leader who has a high status but lacks some political achievements."

A flash of light flashed in Luo An's eyes and he said in a deep voice:

"You directly raided Madoff's company and took him away, and at the same time completely blocked and froze his bank account.

It is up to the chief to withstand the pressure from the consortium, quickly interrogate Madoff to make him confess, and then return the funds in the account to all the victims at the same time, rather than letting the consortium take all the money.

In the end, Madoff was imprisoned, the chief gained political achievements and reputation, the consortium made no profit but did not lose either, and the middle-class family lost some money but still has some left. They will curse Madoff, but they will not curse you, the leader of the case. The cake is barely enough. "

As long as the consortium still exists, it is absolutely impossible for the defrauded middle class to get back all their funds. Getting part of it back is the best outcome Luo An can think of.

After hearing Luo An's plan, Elmer's eyes became extremely bright and he applauded repeatedly, but suddenly he noticed something and asked:

“You don't intend to participate in this case?”

Luo An nodded, briefly talked about the explosion, spread his hands and said:

"I do not have time."

In addition to this reason, Luo An considered that this matter involves nearly 30,000 middle-class families and will definitely cause a large-scale media discussion afterwards. Luo An does not want to attract the attention of these media, nor does he want to arouse the interest of the president and others.

Secondly, although Elmer is from the IRS, the FBI's involvement in this case cannot be avoided due to the responsibilities of each department.

As long as Luo An reports this matter to Mr. Clement or FBI Director Robert, as a cake maker, even if he does not participate in specific actions later, he will never lack his credit afterwards.

Thinking about these aspects, Luo An described the plan to Elmer in detail, then briefly described the matter to Veranith and Mr. Clement, and after introducing Elmer to FBI Director Robert, he returned to his office.

Who will FBI Director Robert send to work with Director Elmer later, as well as how Madoff, the super con man, will be caught, Luo An puts them all in the back of his mind.

Turning on the computer and looking at the photo of the black and white mixed-race woman on the computer, Luo An narrowed his eyes and thought quietly.

咚! Boom! Boom!

It was almost time to get off work, and when Luo An was packing his things, there was a sudden knock on the door of the team leader's office, and a person walked in, it was Mona.

Luo An asked casually:

"What's wrong?"

"I received an email."

Mona shook her laptop and said in a deep voice:

"The sender is Salls."

Chapter 632: Email content, find Adam

"Email from Salls?"

In the team leader's office, Luo An, who was packing his things, was stunned for a moment, turned to look at Mona, and asked:

"What is the specific content?"

Mona showed the laptop screen to Luo An and said seriously:

“Sales said he knew about the black man and woman and said it was a misunderstanding.

She has no intention of taking action against you, Luo An. You are the FBI, and it was Luo An's responsibility to arrest her father Herrick. She can understand that.

As for the black man and woman, they acted without authorization. Salles sincerely apologized in this email and let the FBI deal with them as we please. "

After reading the text in the email, Luo An raised his eyebrows and smiled:

“I didn't expect Salls to be so humorous.

The reasons for acting without authorization are all conceivable. "

“He also told us to deal with it casually.”

Mona closed her laptop, grinned and said disdainfully:

"dislike."

“No, there's no need...”

But when sending an email, use your computer skills to write something like "This email contains illegal content and the other party cannot receive it" or similar words at the link of the email. "

Driving back to the villa, Luo An and Mona cooked some dinner while having fun. After dinner, the two began to sit on the sofa and watch TV to rest.

“Keep the content intact and don't change a single punctuation mark.

“I haven't thought of it yet.”

"The man and woman have been caught. It's up to us to decide how to deal with it."

Luo An shook his head. Mona turned around and was about to leave after hearing the words. The next second, Luo An's eyes suddenly moved slightly. He reached out and took Mona's arm and said:

“No, it's better to reply to her email.”

After lightly patting Luo An's arm, Mona walked out of the team leader's office with a smile and began to prepare to send the email.

But as a woman who rose to prominence in a short period of time and grabbed a large piece of cake in the underground arms market, would she be afraid of herself?

Luo An put his chin on his hand and thought seriously. He had not yet felt that his reputation had reached such a high level.

Mona was stunned for a moment but nodded, then opened her notebook and asked:

Luo An continued to pack his things, and the time soon reached the end of the day. There was no nonsense and no overtime. Everyone in the No. 13 Investigation Team immediately left the headquarters building and went back to their homes.

Luo An chuckled and asked:

"How do you like it?"

Mona tilted her head, thought for a while, and asked:

Luo An thought for a while and said:

Mona twitched the corner of her mouth, then rolled her eyes at Luo An and said speechlessly:

“You are so bad.”

The two chatted briefly, and Mona asked with some confusion:

“What does Salls mean by sending this email?”

“Where's the reply content?”

Luo An shook his head. Judging from the content alone, this was just an ordinary letter of apology. The words were even a bit humble, giving the impression that Salles was afraid that Luo An would take revenge and arrest her.

“Shall we send her an email back?”

In the middle of the sofa, Mona is holding a pillow in her arms, snacks in her left hand, and a remote control in her right hand, responsible for controlling TV programs.

Luo An sat next to her, holding another bag of snacks and silently putting them into his mouth, looking at the computer with a somewhat distracted look.

Suddenly, Luo An reached out and patted Mona's arm and said:

“Give me your phone.”

"oh."

Mona found her mobile phone and gave it to Luo An, and asked casually:

“What do you want to do?”

"Make a call."

Getting up and kissing Mona on the forehead, Luo An took her mobile phone and walked to the kitchen not far away, found a number and dialed it.

The phone was quickly connected, and a somewhat happy elderly male voice sounded:

“Good evening! Mona, why did you call me today?”

"It's not Mona, it's me, Roan." Roan asked casually. The man on the other end of the phone was Mona's father, Javari Evans.

Hearing Luo An's voice, the voice on the phone paused for a moment, and then the enthusiasm in his tone dissipated by half, and he asked:

"What's wrong? Why did you call me on Mona's cell phone?"

Luo An was already used to Jawali's change of tone, so he selectively ignored it and said directly:

“I need your help. (I need your help)”

Jawali: “...”

Not long after, Luo An left the kitchen and returned to the sofa to return the phone to Mona. Mona asked in confusion:

“I thought I heard you called my father just now. Why are you looking for him?”

Luo An smiled, snatched the snacks from Mona's hand, and replied:

“Just a little thing, let him help me check something.”

“Is it related to Sarles?”

"almost."

Mona nodded and stopped asking. After watching the TV, the two of them washed and rested together, and spent the whole night in silence.

The next day, at nine o'clock in the morning, in the office area of Investigation Team 13, Luo An and Michelle were working on the follow-up documents of the case. Lacey and Chenelle opened the door and walked in together, saying loudly:

“Everyone, we have information about Adam Avalos!”

Several people raised their heads one after another, and Winslow asked:

"Where is he?"

“Just on the Hudson River in the northern suburbs of New York.”

Chenelle handed the document to Luo An, spread her hands helplessly and said:

“After Adam gave Elaine the last payment for making the bomb, the black man Yoang killed him.

John put Adam's body into a trash can, put some big rocks in the trash can, tied the trash can to death, and then pushed Adam's body into the Hudson River with the bucket. "

"All right."

The faces of the agents were a little ugly. Luo An closed his eyes and rubbed his temples.

The Hudson River flows through eastern New York State from north to south. Cities along its banks include Saratoga, Troy, Albany, Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, New York City, etc. It is the economic lifeline of New York State.

Since the emergence of the city of New York, internal battles among human beings have never stopped, including vendettas, love killings, politics, gangs, etc. No one knows how many people are lying at the bottom of the Hudson River.

"Contact the search and rescue department."

After pondering for a few seconds, Luo An opened his eyes and reached out to pat Michelle, and said:

"Let them try to find the body of Adam Avalos and complete the evidence chain in this case."

"OK."

Michelle nodded, picked up the landline phone on the table and started to contact the relevant departments.

At this moment, Luo An's cell phone suddenly rang. He pressed the answer button, and Veranith's voice sounded:

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

"Okay, sir."

Hang up the phone, Luo An simply arranged his work, got up and went to Mr. Clement's office.

At the door of the office, the secretary saw Luo An, immediately stood up and smiled at him, and opened the door of the office for Luo An without asking anything.

"Thanks."

Luo An smiled and thanked the secretary, walked into the office, and found that in addition to the familiar Mr. Veranith and Mr. Clement, there was another person in the office who looked about thirty years old, with short hair and strong muscles. A very capable looking white man.

Luo An glanced briefly and found a conspicuous scar on the edge of the opponent's neck. The experienced Luo An recognized it as a penetrating wound at a glance.

That is, a bullet once penetrated the edge of the white man's neck, but the white man was lucky enough to survive.

Countless thoughts flashed through his mind instantly, but his expression did not change at all. Luo An smiled at the two officers as usual:

"Good morning, sir."

Mr. Clement nodded and introduced:

"Let's meet him, this guy's name is Roland, he's from the CIA."

Chapter 633: CIA agent identity, new information

Mr. Clement's office at FBI headquarters in Washington.

"Hello, Team Leader Luo An."

The white man grinned, showing his big white teeth, and stretched out his hand to shake hands with Luo An:

"I have heard the name of Team Leader Luo An for a long time, and today I finally have the opportunity to meet him."

"Hello."

Roan smiled, stretched out his hand to shake Roland's hand, and then asked with some confusion:

"Excuse me, who are you this time?"

"I have been abroad and was busy handling some cases related to underground arms dealers."

Roland explained casually, and Mr. Clement waved his hand. He immediately nodded and turned to leave the office.

The office door was closed, Mr. Clement coughed lightly and said:

"Luo An, the director and I already know about the bombing and Sarles.

The formal establishment of the special investigation team still requires some procedures, but some preparations can be made in advance. This Roland is the new member who has temporarily joined the special investigation team. "

Once the special investigation team is formally established, you can start taking action. "

The whole world knows that the CIA's work scope is outside the federal borders, dealing with criminals, terrorists, coup assassinations, etc.

After a brief discussion, Luo An and Veranith walked out of the office together. In the corridor, Veranith suddenly whispered:

“Okay, sir.”

Mr. Clement turned his attention to Veranith, and Veranith explained:

Luo An raised his eyebrows and noticed a word:

"temporary?"

After Veranith finished explaining, Luo An smiled and then added:

“In contrast, according to the rules, if our FBI leaves the federal government to work overseas, we must also add an agent from the CIA to our team.”

Luo An looked stern and asked in a low voice:

Either put a layer of skin on yourself, pretend to be from other departments, do things quietly, and be punished if found out.

“You know, we are the FBI, and in most cases, the FBI cannot operate overseas.”

· Within the federal territory, the FBI is responsible for arresting serial murderers, interstate criminals, handling white milk powder, etc. The two do not interfere with each other.

Luo An suddenly understood the meaning of Veranith's words.

Regarding the establishment of a new special investigation team, with Luo An as the leader and responsible for this matter, because of the previous case involving the Speaker of Congress, FBI Director Robert had no objection at all, and was quite supportive, and released the document that day. Go down.

For example, in the case-handling team, an FBI agent is temporarily seconded. "

Verenice nodded, Mr. Clement smiled and said:

"Agent Roland is the candidate recommended by FBI Director Robert and I."

Roan nodded. It was not difficult to tell what Mr. Clement meant. Agent Roland only joined Roan's investigation team temporarily and would leave after handling the Sarles case.

"That's right."

"Luo An, remember to pay more attention to Agent Roland when you leave the Federation and go out for action."

Either follow the rules and add a federal law enforcement officer to the work team to act in compliance.

Seeing Luo An's sudden realization, Veranith's eyes flashed with a look of satisfaction, and then continued:

"If the CIA wants to do something within the Commonwealth, it has only two options:

Following Roland's information on his desk and handing the document to Roan, Mr. Clement continued:

"Agent Roland has some knowledge of Salls' situation, you can have a chat with him.

"Agent Roland has a problem?"

"No, I mean, you should pay more attention to his...actions."

Veranith shook her head, with a strange look on her face, and whispered:

“This Agent Roland has one characteristic, he runs fast!

He has participated in many operations hosted by the CIA over the years. In addition to those that were successfully completed, there were also many that failed.

Those actions that failed, Roland might be injured, even seriously injured, but he would always survive.

Because he can always spot danger before others and run away quickly! "

Hearing Veranith's explanation, Luo An's lips twitched and he was silent for a few seconds before asking:

“CIA has never doubted Roland's identity or other circumstances?” “Of course it has!”

Veranith shook her head, how could a place like the CIA not review Roland after the operation was over.

However, after multiple reviews, it was determined that there was no problem with Roland's identity, experience, phone calls, and actions before and after, so the CIA could only come to one conclusion in the end:

Roland is very observant, has great fortune, and good luck...and his legs and feet are very nimble and he can run fast.

Luo An's face twitched. This was the first time he heard such a thing.

Veranis was also a little speechless, but she still patted Luo An on the shoulder and said:

“Whether Roland is just lucky or really has strong observation skills, you are right to pay more attention to his movements.

There is no shame in running away with him when you find something is wrong. Survival is the most important thing. "

Veriness knew that Luo An was physically strong and stronger than many people, and his mind and brain were not bad either.

Because of this, Veranith is even more worried about Luo An, and is very afraid that Luo An will be injured or even die because of his arrogance at a critical moment.

"I see."

Luo An nodded. He understood very well the principle of running away if you can't fight, and he never thought about doing arrogant and uncertain things. Only by living can you have a future.

"OK."

After a brief chat, Veranith returned to her office, and Luo An also returned to Investigation Team 13.

"Everyone, let me introduce, this is Agent Roland from the CIA."

At the front of the office area of Investigation Team 13, Luo An briefly introduced Roland's identity to the agents. After everyone exchanged a few words, Roland took out a folder and said:

"Here are some relevant information about Sarles. Should we check and discuss it?"

"certainly."

Roan patted Roland on the shoulder and led the agents into the conference room next to him.

At the long conference table, all the agents of Investigation Team 13 were seated. Roland didn't waste any time. He sent the information in the folder to everyone and introduced:

“Saers, the fourth daughter of arms dealer Herrick, is 29 years old this year...”

“Sorry to interrupt.”

Hearing Roland's introduction, several people present were a little surprised. Lacey glanced at Mona and asked in confusion:

“The information we found does not show that Herric has other children?”

“This is information from our CIA database.”

Roland smiled and said:

“You work for the FBI, so it's normal that you can't find it.”

"All right."

Lacie nodded, Mona's eyes moved slightly, and she became interested in the CIA's database again.

Luo An noticed another thing and asked:

“Since Salls is Herric's fourth daughter, who are Herric's first three children?”

“It doesn't matter who they are, because they are already dead.”

Roland found a few **** photos and sent them to everyone, saying:

"After Herrick was taken to prison, his eldest son, second daughter, and third son all died in explosions within a short period of time.

The three children, wives, husbands, and mother, the Herric woman, also died in the explosion, and no bones were left. "

"..."xN

Looking at the photos that needed to be mosaiced on the table, Winslow, Chenelle, and Michelle frowned, Mona and Lacey looked ugly, and Roan asked:

"Did Salls do it?"

"We haven't found it yet."

Roland spread his hands and replied:

"But apart from Salls and her mother still alive, even Herric's youngest fifth son and the mother of the fifth son were killed in a certain villa."

Chapter 634 [Case of Underground Arms Dealer Salls]

FBI Washington Headquarters, Investigation Team 13 Conference Room.

"Wow."

Looking at the red and white photos that needed to be mosaiced on the conference table, Lacey was speechless:

"I didn't expect that Salls was so beautiful but had such a cruel heart."

"It's not necessarily Salls who did it, right?"

Chenier frowned, looked up at Roland, and asked:

"Does Herrick have no enemies? Is it possible that after Herrick was imprisoned, his enemies began to take revenge on his relatives?"

"Herrick has been in the underground arms market for many years, and it is impossible not to have enemies."

Roland shook his head and replied:

"But who actually did these things? Our CIA has not found any useful information. We can only say that there are any possibilities."

"OK."

Roan waved his hand to interrupt Lacey who was about to say something else, and gestured to Roland:

"Go on."

Roland picked up the folder and introduced:

"Saers's mother is Mary, a pianist who is 48 years old this year. She and Herrick gave birth to Saars when she was 19 years old."

Before he became an underground arms dealer, Salles inherited his mother's hobbies and talents and had been teaching piano in an African country as a music teacher. "

Looking at the photo of Salles playing the piano tenderly, Winslow said in surprise:

"From a teacher to an underground arms dealer, the industry span is really big."

Others were also a little surprised but said nothing. Roland then introduced:

"After becoming an underground arms dealer, Salls was very aggressive and killed nearly 10 of his colleagues in a very short period of time, grabbing a large piece of the cake, and his power quickly expanded.

But this approach also made her gain a lot of enemies in a short period of time.

So ever since he entered the underground arms market, Sarles has never settled down and has been in a cycle of "doing business - grabbing territory - assassinating and attacking others - being attacked and assassinated by others". "

Looking at Roland placing nearly ten arms dealers killed by Salls on the conference table, the agents of the No. 13 Investigation Team had different expressions.

But they had to admit that Sarles was very powerful, and it was really extraordinary that he could survive to this day after being attacked with revenge by so many people.

Luo An noticed another thing and asked:

"Some of these killed arms dealers were in Africa and some in South America, and their bases were not in the same country. Does Sarls have no fixed territory or fixed area of activity?"

"Indeed not."

Roland shook his head and explained:

“Because he has many enemies, Sarles rarely stays in the same place for a long time.

She has safe houses or secret bases in many countries in Africa and South America, and often flies people around, so no one can find out her specific whereabouts. ”

Hearing Roland's words, the agents on both sides of the conference table frowned. Mona stopped typing on the keyboard and asked:

“If we can't find Sarles' specific whereabouts, how can we catch her?”

Roland spread his hands, saying that there was nothing he could do, and then turned his eyes to Luo An next to him.

Winslow, Chenille and others also looked at Luo An. Luo An pondered for a few seconds and asked:

“Roland, can your CIA help us get some false identities, and then contact Salls to meet with her in the name of buying weapons?”

Roland shook his head and said:

“It's easy to get some fake identities, but for ordinary arms transactions, Sarles will not show up personally, and will only let her men do the transactions.

As for big business, Sarles only trades with regular customers, or with people recommended by regular customers. ”

The eyes of all the detectives present lit up when they heard this, and Luo An also laughed and said:

"Then the next step is very simple. Let's find a regular customer first, find a way to "persuade" him, and then ask him to introduce me to Salls voluntarily and kindly." "That's a good idea."

Roland picked up the folder and said:

"I will go back and investigate Salers' regular customers, then identify suitable candidates, and choose one to come out and chat with him."

"Need not."

After Roland finished speaking, as soon as he packed up the folders and prepared to leave the conference table, Mona raised her hand and interrupted him, saying loudly:

"I have logged into the CIA database and will be able to find the information of Sarles' regular customers right away."

"... "xN

Roland: "???"

Hearing Mona's words, Winslow, Chenelle, and Michelle were speechless. Lacey's eyes lit up and hurried to Mona's side. Roan raised his hands to cover his eyes helplessly. He knew this would happen. .

Roland's face was full of surprise and he said in disbelief:

"You logged into the CIA's database? How is that possible? Its security is so high..."

"It's not that complicated."

Mona said with a smile while typing on the keyboard:

“I didn't hack into the CIA's database, I just borrowed the account of a CIA agent and used his authority to log in and view the data.

He is one of the CIA's own, and the database will not find the problem. ”

Roland's eyebrows pounded. He remembered that when they first met, Mona asked him for some information in the name of "verifying their identity" ...his intuition told him that he might be familiar with the "certain agent" Mona mentioned.

Roland was about to speak when Roan interrupted him first and took him out of the conference room.

Entering the rest area, Luo An turned on the coffee machine and ground coffee, poured Roland a cup, and then asked with a smile:

“Agent Roland, I won't beat around the bush, but can you tell me where Salers is from?”

Roland originally wanted to discuss Mona's incident with Luo An, but when he heard Luo An's question, he suddenly became stern and said seriously:

“Sorry, Team Leader Luo An, I don't know what you are talking about...”

“No, you know.”

Roan picked up the coffee and took a sip. He looked at Roland with a half-smile and said:

“The underground arms market industry will definitely not be able to do business if there is no support behind it, because arms dealers cannot produce guns and ammunition themselves, they are just middlemen and porters.

I am not interested in what the CIA is doing overseas, and I don't want to know too much about it.

But the Salles matter involves me and my team members, so I have to figure out who is the person behind Salles, OK? "

For the sake of politics and interests, the CIA has done things like carrying out coups and assassinations, supporting puppets, killing people with borrowed knives, and controlling and supporting the top leaders of the milk powder dynasty.

With such a huge underground arms trading market, the CIA cannot let it go. Therefore, about half of the underground arms dealers in the world are related to the CIA, and some arms dealers are even CIA themselves.

Previously, due to the FBI's own responsibilities, Luo An always thought that the Salles matter would eventually be handed over to the CIA, which would handle it.

Unexpectedly, the incident actually gave it to the investigation team of himself and himself, and sent a CIA agent to allow the 13th investigation team to take the agent to go to the Federal Overseas organization to arrest.

For a moment, a lot of possible conspiracies flashed through Luo An's mind, such as "killing people with a borrowed knife", "looking for someone to take the blame", "the mantis stalks the cicada and the oriole behind".

It's not that Luo An has a dark mind and always thinks of the worst when it comes to things.

But this was originally the work of the CIA. Let Luo An and other FBI take action. From a certain perspective, it is not much different from grabbing jobs.

Coupled with the fact that the CIA has a reputation that is almost like sludge, without a trace of "clean" impurities...

The rest room was extremely quiet. Time passed by. Roland was silent for a long time and finally whispered:

“Leader Luo An, do you know MI6?”

Chapter 635 CIA, MI6, benefits

Hearing the words spoken by Roland, Luo An raised his eyebrows and asked:

“Is the person behind Salers from MI6?”

MI6 is a familiar name. Anyone who has watched the 007 series of movies knows that it is the foreign intelligence agency of Great Britain, not Northern Ireland, not quite the United Kingdom.

In addition to MI6, there is also MI5. The relationship between the two is similar to that of the CIA and the FBI. MI6 works abroad, while MI5 is responsible for domestic work.

“No.”

Roland shook his head and replied:

“We haven't determined that yet.”

Just when Luo An was about to ask a question, Roland explained first:

“But what you just said is right. Not everyone can do the underground arms trade. There must be someone behind them.

The CIA determined that the people behind Salles were not our people. Since they were not our people, they could only be MI6 people. ”

Roan's lips twitched. Roland's words were both outrageous and reasonable. After thinking about it for a moment, he asked:

“Half of Sarles's area of activity is in Africa. Is it possible that the people behind her are from a powerful African country, the French Republic?”

Roland was speechless when he heard Luo An call the other party a powerful country in Africa and said:

"impossible."

“What's the reason?”

“There are two main reasons.”

Roland explained seriously:

“First, 60% of the weapons sold by Salers are British, 40% are federal, and there is almost no legal system.

Second, if the people behind Sarles came from the French Republic, MI6 of the Commonwealth would have ended long ago, and it would have been impossible for Sarles to develop smoothly to this point. ”

Luo An suddenly nodded. The grudges between the British Kingdom and the French Republic have become deeply entrenched after hundreds of years of entanglement, and they have become accustomed to stumbling upon each other.

Coupled with the fact that the British Kingdom has developed the habit of being a troublemaker, various countries have already made predictions:

If the British Kingdom does not come out to cause trouble and stir up trouble in a certain incident, then there is a high probability that he is the mastermind behind the incident.

Just like the federation, if the spokesperson makes a statement that has nothing to do with the federation, it is most likely made by the federation.

These two have almost become laws.

Thousands of thoughts flashed through his mind. Luo An's eyes moved slightly, and then he asked:

“Last question, why didn't the CIA take over this incident? Instead, let the FBI handle it?”

Although there is a matter of setting up a "special investigation team", the CIA has the right to refuse with reason. In other overseas cases encountered by the FBI in the past, it was not as readily agreed as this time.

Roland blinked and did not answer immediately. Roan looked at him with a half-smile and said:

“So, your CIA plan is to wait for me to deal with Salles and you guys to come out and take over her business territory, right?”

Roland forced out an awkward smile and whispered:

“Don't say it so harshly, we...”

Roan waved his hand to interrupt Roland and said:

“I don't mind this, but I have a request.”

Roland asked hurriedly:

"any request?"

Luo An stretched out his poor right hand towards him and grinned:

“Where's my share?”

Roland left, walking very quickly, forgetting what happened to Mona just now.

Luo An's request is not too much. Roland could have pretended to be stupid when Luo An didn't mention these things before, but now that Luo An knows about it, he would really be a fool if he still pretends to be stupid.

But Roland has no authority. He needs to go back to his superiors to ask and discuss how much share belongs to Roan.

Watching Roland's figure gradually disappearing in the elevator, Luo An curled his lips, closed the door of the office area and walked to the conference room again.

Luo An has no intention of giving up the operation of arresting Salles, and finally has a chance to make extra money. The CIA seems to be bullying honest people, but as long as it is done correctly, not only will he not be bullied, but he may also be able to make extra money. If you fight back against bullying, you will get a lot of benefits from ending the case.

In the conference room, Lacey, Michelle, Chenelle and Winslow were gathering next to Mona to check the computer. Roan asked casually:

“How is the investigation going?” “I can only say it's an eye-opener.”

Winslow was speechless:

“There is too much “interesting” information in the CIA's database.”

“We'll look at the “interesting” information later.”

Luo An patted Lacey on the shoulder, pushed her away, selectively ignored Lacey's teeth and claws, and asked:

“The primary goal now is to get close to Sarles. How about it? Have you found any suitable regular customers?”

“I sorted out three people.”

Mona nodded, put the photos of the three men on the computer screen, and introduced:

“The first one, now in Africa, is the head of the military government of a small African country, and has done many transactions with Sarles.

The second person is from a certain country in South America and is a big reader in a certain city in that country.

The third person, also in South America, is the leader of the opposition party of another country's government. He has purchased a lot of arms in Salers, mainly for fighting against government troops. ”

“They are all “talents”.”

Looking at the photos and information on the computer, Luo An raised his eyebrows, and Mona tilted her head and asked:

“Which goal do you think is appropriate?”

Luo An motioned to Mona to enlarge the photo of the second target person and said:

“The first head of the military junta was too difficult, and asking him for “help” would easily expose the news.

The third opposition leader is very good at hiding. Even the local government troops could not find him. It was even more difficult for us to find him.

Hence, the second candidate, Almeron Cristo, the reading lord, is the most suitable, and he has the highest success rate in asking for help. "

“OK.”

Mona nodded and continued typing on the keyboard:

“I will investigate and compile information about Almeron Cristo.”

"Do not worry."

Luo An smiled and said:

“The special investigation team has not been formally established, and we still have time.”

"I know."

A few people chatted for a while, and Lacey suddenly looked around and asked:

“What about Roland from the CIA? Where has he gone?”

“He went back to the CIA to ask something.”

Luo An smiled and replied casually, then he came close to Mona and whispered:

“Mona, check something out for me.”

The process is time-consuming but cannot be avoided. In the next two days, the agents of the No. 13 Investigation Team were divided into two groups.

One group is responsible for processing the follow-up documentation of the bombing, and the other group is responsible for investigating the intelligence of Almeron Cristó and Salles.

At ten o'clock in the morning on Friday, Roland walked into the office area of Investigation Team 13 again and entered the team leader's office with Luo An.

Luo An handed the other party a cup of coffee and said:

"You've been away for a long time this time, and my request is so difficult to negotiate?"

Roland smiled, handed the document bag in his hand to Roan, and said:

“My superior said that after the special investigation team arrests Sarls, they can sell the arms and weapons in Sarls' hands to us at a price increase of one-half on the black market.”

“Improve it by half, are you sure?”

Luo An raised his eyebrows and asked:

“If you purchase so many weapons at this price, your superiors are not afraid of losing money and not being able to sell them?”

“No, someone will definitely buy it.”

Roland chuckled:

“For example, those MI6 guys.”

Saers has a lot of weapons in his hands. If he sells them to Roland's superiors at the original price, Roan will definitely make a huge profit.

But Roland's superiors were even more ruthless and obviously planned to take the opportunity to cut MI6.

“Tsk tsk tsk.”

Luo An was speechless. As expected, the CIA would still make money.

There is a black ID in the document bag. Open it and look at it. There is a familiar photo stuck inside, with a line of text written underneath:

CIA secret agent, Roan Greenwood.

Luo An: “...”

Chapter 636 Positioning Device, Departure, Texas

Friday, 11:30 noon, FBI Washington Headquarters, Investigation Team 13, Team Leader's Office.

Looking at the black certificate in his hand, Luo An's mouth twitched, speechlessness written on his face. He looked up at Roland and asked:

“What do you mean?”

Roland chuckled and explained:

“This is the sincerity of our CIA.

In the case of Salles, Team Leader Luo An needs to lead the team out of the federation, and the FBI's internal database may not be able to provide much help.

With this certificate, Team Leader Luo An can directly log in to the CIA's internal database to check information, which is simpler and faster. ”

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and looked at Roland quietly for a few seconds, then nodded and put away the black ID.

He already had certificates from five other departments, as good as the CIA, and he didn't have to worry about being ordered to do tasks by the CIA. Mr. Clement and FBI Director Robert would have trouble with the CIA.

Hand holding a CIA certificate also has advantages. For example, you can put on a vest and throw scapegoats at certain times.

In addition to the CIA certificate, there is also a disc in a box in the document bag.

"Wow."

After the introduction, Roland handed the metal box to Luo An and said with a smile:

“My suggestion is that after leaving the Federation, Team Leader Luo An should equip the positioning device and swallow it.”

Roland took a sip of coffee and replied:

“The CIA's database is the same as the FBI's database. There are internal levels. Many intelligence levels are not high enough to be viewed, and some information is even not entered into the system at all and has always been saved in the form of paper data.

“I have never seen a self-exploding watch, but there are indeed watch-style bombs that can be exploded by remote control.”

Luo An raised his eyebrows, shook the metal box in his hand, and asked:

Roland briefly introduced the metal piece and said that it was a positioning device developed by the CIA's technology department.

Roland shook his head and replied:

The disc can only be viewed once, and the content will be cleared and destroyed after viewing. "

“Wouldn't it be accidentally excreted during action?”

If there is a signal jammer or similar equipment on site, the positioning device will also fail to send signals.

The contents of this disc are information that we do not have enough authority to view. My boss recorded it on a disc and I gave it to you.

“Swallow it into your stomach?”

“Our CIA's technology research and development team has considered this issue, so we have already made relevant designs.”

Due to the problem of insufficient energy, the metal plate will send out a signal every 30 minutes after it is activated, and will be silent the rest of the time.

Taking out a somewhat retro-style disc, Luo An asked:

"What's this?"

“About fifty percent, if it were a covert operation, it would not be taken.”

"Inside is some information related to Sarles."

“This is the positioning device our CIA agents wear when they go out.”

“You CIA agents take it when you go out on operations?”

Luo An raised his eyebrows, looked carefully at the retro-style disc in his hand, and asked with a smile:

“Your CIA's equipment is really complete. Are the glasses, watches, etc. in the movie that will explode after completing the mission real?”

Roland smiled, then he stood up and took out a square metal box the size of a mobile phone from his trousers pocket. When he opened it, there was a thin metal piece the size of a fingernail.

“Definitely not accidentally discharged.”

“What about the end of the operation?”

Luo An spread his hands and asked:

“How to get it out?”

After coming to the Federation for so long, this is the first time Luo An has encountered such a high-tech product. He will never trust the other party until he understands the specific situation.

"Well..."

After Luo An asked the question, Roland showed a somewhat unnatural expression on his face and coughed lightly as he replied:

"In most cases, it will be passed naturally within a month.

If you are worried or anxious, you can use Smilen laxative." ^ ^ "..."

Hearing Roland's answer, Luo An was speechless and put the metal box aside in disgust.

Smillen purgative, a common drug in the Commonwealth, is mainly used by doctors to stimulate the intestines and treat patients with constipation.

If non-constipation patients use this medicine, the effect can only be said to be a drastic improvement. Those who have weak feet and can walk out of the bathroom on their own are tough guys.

While not discussing the metal piece, Luo An asked Mona to find a computer that could play the disc. Then Mona left and Luo An inserted the retro-style disc into it.

The contents of the disc are photos and information of three white men, two men and one woman. Their actual identities are all senior agents of MI6.

The CIA suspects that one of the three of them is the man behind Salls. The specific one cannot be confirmed yet, and Luo An needs to investigate by himself.

While Luo An was carefully reading the information from the three people, there was a sudden knock on the door of the team leader's office, and then Lacey reached halfway in, shook the folder in her hand, and said with a smile:

“Luo An, the document establishing the special investigation team has been officially released.”

“Good.”

Opening the file and looking at it, Luo An grinned and said without any nonsense:

“In half an hour, we'll get off work early today. Let's go back and pack up and get ready. We'll set off tomorrow!”

"no problem!"

Lacie responded loudly and immediately left the team leader's office to announce the news.

Five minutes later, the disc content was automatically destroyed, and Roland left the office area of Investigation Team 13.

Luo An put the CIA certificates, metal pieces, special investigation team establishment documents, etc. in a row. After thinking for a moment, he suddenly opened his mouth, put them all away, and left the team leader's office.

The next day, at 8 a.m., Roan took Mona, Lacey, Winslow, Chenelle, Michelle, and the temporary CIA agent Roland on a plane from Washington, D.C., to the southernmost part of the federal government. One of the states, Texas.

The plane was very fast, and everyone arrived in Texas four hours later.

Everyone didn't have much luggage. Apart from personal clothing and guns and ammunition to protect themselves, they didn't take many other items.

"Wow."

Stepping out of the airport, she saw people walking on the street, with weapons such as pistols or rifles on their waists and behind their backs. There was even a scene of a group of people carrying long guns partying to buy burgers not far away. Mona's eyelids trembled:

"I feel like I'm in the 19th century West."

"That's why Texas has a lower crime rate than many states in the union."

Lacie chuckled, pointed to the police patrolling not far away, patted Mona on the shoulder and said:

"In Texas, if you're going to rob you, it's not necessarily the police who knock you down. It's more likely to be a grumpy guy who happens to be passing by with a rifle slung behind his back."

The ownership rate of private firearms in Texas is about 600,000, which is more firepower than many small countries on the planet.

And 600,000 are only the number of registered and legal guns. There are no statistics on illegal guns. No one knows how many there are.

Temporarily renting an eight-seater MPV, the group drove to the hotel they had booked in advance. At seven o'clock in the evening, Luo An took a group of agents from the 13th Investigation Team to the hotel's cafeteria for dinner. Roland had a few I was eating steak and asked casually:

"The nearest border checkpoint is less than forty kilometers away. When do we leave the Commonwealth?"

"tonight."

After dinner, we went back to our room to rest, and drove out of the hotel at eleven o'clock in the evening. In the dark night, Winslow drove everyone southward.

The further south you go, the more desolate the scenery becomes on both sides of the road. Under the illumination of car headlights, there is only yellow-brown soil and short yellow grass on both sides of the road, and nothing else.

The wind outside the car was a bit impatient, but inside the car it was very quiet. Except for Winslow who was driving, the rest of the people closed their eyes to recuperate and recharge, and no one spoke.

After a long silence, Luo An suddenly asked:

“Winslow, how far is it to the border checkpoint?”

“There are still about ten kilometers.”

“OK, stop the car.”

After hearing this order, Roland, who had been keeping his eyes closed, opened his eyes in confusion. Then he saw Luo An holding a black hood used by kidnappers to cover the victim's head, and grinned at him. stand up.

Roland: "??!"

Chapter 637 Reverse Smuggling, Positioning, and War

“No, wait a minute!”

Seeing Luo An holding the hood and smiling at him, Roland's hair stood up instantly and he hurriedly shouted:

“I don't seem to have done anything against the orders of Team Leader Luo An!”

"Yeah?"

Luo An raised his eyebrows and asked:

“Have you taken that positioning metal tablet today?”

"No!"

Roland quickly shook his head. Roan, whose "emotional perception" confirmed that the other party was lying, was too lazy to talk nonsense. He threw the hood directly to Cheniel and Lacey, waved his hand and said:

“Put him on!”

"I..."

The plan was not complicated. Luo An did not plan to leave the federal border checkpoint openly, because that would leave clear traces, so he planned to take people out smuggled out.

Two white men opened their satchels and looked at them to make sure the amount of money was correct. They nodded and patted the compartment behind the pickup truck. Luo An also waved to Mona behind, beckoning everyone to get in the car.

“Seven people, \$35,000.”

Mona shook the phone in her hand and said:

“The other party will be here soon, it will take five minutes.”

Roland's mouth twitched and he didn't know what to say. Roan didn't bother to explain too much to him. He turned around and walked away with Mona and asked:

Mona suddenly realized and stopped asking. Five minutes later, a tattered pickup truck slowly stopped not far away. Roan took a satchel from Mona and walked over.

“OK.”

For simple smuggling, the other party only needs US\$1,000 per person, but with fake identities, the price becomes US\$5,000 per person.

For this reason, Luo An previously contacted Mona's father, Javari Evans, and asked him to help find a smuggler friend in this business. The smuggler friend would take the agents of Investigation Team 13 out of the federation and help them. Prepare a false identity.

Luo An didn't waste any time. He threw the bag directly to the other party and said expressionlessly:

After the agents got off work early yesterday at noon, Luo An quietly called everyone together in the evening and briefly introduced his plan for this operation.

The door of the pickup truck opened, and two middle-aged white men with unshaven beards and a faint smell of odor got out.

Roland, whose eyes were darkened, was about to speak when Luo An stepped out of the car first, took out a signal jammer and a rope and began to tie Roland to his body. He explained calmly:

“Don't worry, I don't intend to do anything to you, but what happens next is not suitable for you to see, so you need to cover your eyes.

"How is it going?"

Roan nodded and looked at the darkness in the distance silently. Mona looked at Roland who was chatting with Lacey not far away and asked in a low voice:

Seeing Mona's confused face, Luo An pondered for a moment and briefly explained the procedural regulations that require the participation of CIA agents when the FBI conducts overseas operations. Finally, he concluded:

“Roland is not important, but we need his identity.”

In addition, we are not leaving from the border checkpoint this time, and the specific method is kept secret. The positioning device in your body is a problem, so I tied the signal jammer to you, do you understand? "

Although Luo An also obtained the credentials of a CIA agent, he was still an FBI agent and could not submit reports in the name of the CIA.

“Why don't we just dump that guy?”

The reason why Roland was given a hood was to prevent him from seeing clearly the route he and others took to smuggle in. The reason why he **** the jammer was because he did not want his route and plans to be discovered by the CIA.

The pickup truck looked shabby but had strong power. It pulled seven people forward at a speed that was not slow at all, and soon arrived in a very open area.

Two middle-aged white men got out of the car, looked around, and then pulled out a wooden board from a piece of dust that looked the same not far away. Under the wooden board was a tunnel as high as one person.

There are many such tunnels on the federal-Mexico border. No one knows the exact number. Most of them are used by criminal groups to smuggle flour or human trafficking.

Following a white man walking in the tunnel, they walked for more than an hour before reaching the end. They climbed up the ladder and left the tunnel. At this time, everyone had appeared in a certain area in Mexico. It was still a few steps away from the nearest city. It's about a thirty minute walk.

Throwing the fake ID to Luo An, the white man entered the tunnel again and left. Looking at the faintly flashing lights in the distance, Lacey raised her eyebrows:

"Others are smuggling from Mexico to the Federation. I didn't expect that I would one day sneak from the Federation to Mexico." "I really didn't expect it."

Winslow also smiled and dusted himself off:

"This is really my first experience of reverse smuggling."

Chenelle tightened the signal jammer on Roland's body, then turned her eyes to the fake ID in Roan's hand and asked:

"What should we do next? Mexico is in North America, and our target Almeron Cristó is in South America. There is still a long way to go."

"This journey is easy, Franklin will help us."

Roan answered Cheniel's question casually, then put the fake ID into the backpack in Mona's hand and whispered:

"Go back and look for opportunities to burn them all."

Purchasing these fake documents was still a deliberately misleading clue left by Luo An. He had no intention of using these purchased identities to act.

"OK."

Mona nodded, and Luo An didn't talk nonsense. He pointed at the city with faintly flashing lights in the distance and waved his hand:

"Set off!"

Whether it is North America or South America, the federal dollar is the hard currency. Luo An and many people did not know each other when they met, but the moment they met Franklin and the pistol, the two parties became friends.

After arriving in Brazil, South America, Luo An and others easily checked into a hotel in Rio de Janeiro using their new false identities.

In a certain suite, Winslow and Roland were sitting at the coffee table playing cards. At this time, Roland no longer had the signal jammer on his body, and the positioning metal pieces in his body had been removed.

The treatment process is relatively simple. Anyway, during that time, Roland's thighs were shaking and his face turned pale.

On the other side of the suite is a restaurant. At the long dining table in the center of the restaurant, Mona and Michelle each sit in front of a laptop, typing on the keyboard to investigate information.

"How about we change the target."

A moment passed, Mona looked at Luo An with a speechless face and said:

"Almeron Christo, a great reader, is very cautious and brings a large number of followers with him wherever he goes.

Even if he was doing exercise with a woman, he would always keep four or five people outside the room to observe the situation.

It is too difficult to "persuade" this kind of person to contact Salls for us, and we have no way to contact him. "

“Lacie and Chenelle went out for field investigation and may find some useful information.”

Luo An smiled, picked up the coffee pot and poured a cup of coffee for Mona, and asked with a smile:

“You just mentioned that Almeron Cristo has a woman, can you start with his woman?”

"I'm afraid not."

Mona did not speak, and Michelle next to her replied:

“Almeron Cristo has four women in total, and he has at least five bodyguards around each woman. They are called bodyguards, but they actually look more like monitors.

Almeron Cristoda once had a woman. One time, an enemy wanted to kidnap the woman to force Almeron Cristoda.

As a result, Almeron Cristo directly asked his men to shoot. Not only did the woman and the enemy be shot to death indiscriminately, but the villa was also blown up. "

Luo An's brows moved, and Mona was speechless:

“This guy is a madman!”

“It's okay, there are always more methods than difficulties, so don't worry.”

Roan patted Mona and Michelle on the shoulders. At this moment, Lacey and Chenelle suddenly opened the door and walked into the room, saying excitedly:

“Luo An, we found out something!”

Everyone in the room was attracted by Lacey and the two, and Luo An asked:

"What?"

"We found out before that Almeron recently bought a large amount of weapons and ammunition in Salls."

Chenier didn't sell it and quickly explained:

"The reason why he bought this batch of ammunition was because someone was preparing to go to war with him to steal his business!

This guy who plans to start a war also bought his weapons and ammunition from Salls! That guy also knows Salls! "

Chapter 638 Clues, prepare for action

South America, 12 noon, a suite in a hotel in Rio de Janeiro.

"Are there any new buyers?"

After Chenier finished speaking, Winslow asked in surprise:

"What's that guy's name?"

"He is a local here. His name is too long for me to remember."

Chenelle shook her head and said:

"But he has Leonardo in his name, so we can just call him that."

Due to historical reasons, Brazilians use Portuguese more. When choosing names, personal identity, cultural background, social status, etc. must also be considered. Therefore, some people have long and complicated names. After Chenier finished speaking, the agents did not continue. After asking, everyone silently wrote down the name.

Lacie added on the side that Leonardo has a nickname in the underground world of Rio de Janeiro called "Challenger".

The reason is naturally that Almeron, the big drug lord, is the "flour king" of Rio de Janeiro, and Leonardo is the one who wants to overthrow him and occupy the throne.

Winslow lived up to Luo An's expectations and successfully bought the things back in no time.

Of course I want to investigate Mr. Leonardo and see if I can ask him for "help." "

We try to find out the whereabouts of Leonardo the "Challenger" or the places he likes to visit. "

So after arriving in Rio de Janeiro, the first thing Luan did was to throw a few stacks of dollars to Winslow and ask him to find a way to buy weapons and equipment.

Winslow is as strong as an ox and has strong physical skills. He is very intimidating when he pulls his face down. He is not much different from those terrorists.

Lacie and Chenelle took some dollars from Roan and left the room again. Mona and Michelle started typing on the keyboard. Roan turned to Winslow and asked:

“Franklin opens the way, and everything goes smoothly.”

In addition, Winslow had experience in similar operations before working in the hostage rescue team and knew how to find people, so it was most suitable for him to entrust this kind of task to him.

Winslow grinned, raised his hand and waved an "OK" gesture to Luo An, and said:

“Body armor, rifles, pistols, bullets, etc., have all been bought back. They are all high-end goods, absolutely no problem.”

“Good.”

Everyone knew who the world's largest arms dealer was. The agents ignored him. Mona turned her attention to Luo An and asked:

“How are you doing here?”

"no problem!"

Lacie casually picked up the mineral water on the table and took a sip, wiped her mouth and said with a smile:

“Saers is a talented person. She sells weapons and ammunition to Almeron the Great Reader, and she also sells them to Leonardo the Challenger. This woman makes money from both ends.”

There is a study room at the deepest part of the suite, which Winslow used as a place to store weapons.

Luo An smiled, thought for a moment, and said:

“Mona, Michelle, you use computers to investigate, Lacey, Chenelle, you continue offline field investigation.

“What do we do next?”

“OK!”

“This is a qualified underground arms dealer.”

The CIA agent Roland next to him looked a little pale, smiled and said:

“How can arms dealers make money without war?”

Luo An nodded with satisfaction, because the circumstances of this operation were special. When the agents of the 13th Investigation Team left the federation, they only brought basic pistols and other weapons, without any heavy weapons.

“MP5-9mm submachine gun, Colt M1911 pistol, HUGGE body armor...”

Picked up an AK47, Luo An looked at the weapons and equipment on the table and his mouth twitched, and he looked at Winslow speechlessly:

“If it weren't for this AK, I would have suspected that you got it from the federal SEALs.”

Those submachine guns, pistols and body armor are all the standard equipment of the federal SEALs, but they are a little older.

Winslow chuckled, picked up a submachine gun and loaded it with a few clicks, grinning and saying:

“It looks like they are a bit old, but I checked and found that they have never been used, and their safety and reliability are fine.

As for their origin, you know that the federal military has "accidental damage" to weapons and equipment worth millions every year.

This is South America, and you gave me so many Franklins. It is not difficult to buy such a little. "

After carefully checking for a moment and confirming that the weapons and equipment were all in order, Luo An and Winslow left the room together. At nine o'clock in the evening, we called the waiter to bring dinner. While everyone was eating to fill their stomachs, they reported and sorted out the investigation.

“Let me talk first.”

Mona swallowed a big mouthful of steak and introduced:

“Michelle and I found out from the police system in Rio de Janeiro that Leonardo's parents, wife, and daughter were all dead, and he had no relatives. He was the only one who was still alive in the world, without a single weakness.

His territory is in the southeast of the city of Rio de Janeiro. It is mainly a slum. It is his goods distribution center. Some of his men live there, while he himself lives in an ordinary community not far from the slum. ”

“That's right.”

Lacie nodded, she finished her portion of fried chicken buns in three or two bites, and then introduced:

“Chenelle and I also found out that Leonardo will leave Rio de Janeiro early tomorrow morning and head to a certain area in the west to check the cultivation and processing of green plants this season.”

Everyone knows exactly what the green plant Lacey mentioned is, and no one intends to ask in detail.

Luo An noticed something, frowned slightly, and asked:

“This kind of information should be very hidden. How did you find out?”

“Franklin, of course.”

Lacie wiped her mouth and raised the corners of her mouth slightly, and replied:

“This news was purchased by Chenelle and I for \$5,000.”

"sharp."

Mona gave Lacey and Chenelle a thumbs up, and then asked:

“This is a rare opportunity, Luo An, should we take action early tomorrow morning?”

After a long silence, Luo An suddenly moved his eyes slightly, raised his head and said:

“Michelle, show me a photo of the traffic roads in Rio de Janeiro.”

Michelle quickly got up and went to get the computer. She typed on the keyboard a few times to bring up a photo of a city road. Chenelle turned sideways and pointed at the photo and said:

“We haven't found the specific route, but if we want to leave the city from the west, there are only two easy-to-drive cement roads, and the rest are dirt roads with potholes.

There is a crossroads next to an abandoned park. Both roads pass here. We can set up an ambush in this park. ”

"very good."

After looking at the map and pondering for a few seconds, Luo An immediately stood up and said seriously without any nonsense:

“Everyone, take the time to eat, and then rest for a while to recharge your batteries. We will set off at 12:30 in the morning!”

"clear!"

"no problem!"

The time quickly reached midnight and 12:30 in the morning. All the agents walked into the deepest room of the suite to get their equipment, and then went downstairs to the parking lot.

Roan, Lacey and Roland drove the first car in front, followed closely by Mona, Chenelle, Winslow and Michelle in the second car. The group quickly headed to Rio de Janeiro. west side of the city.

At this time in 2006, the level of infrastructure in the city of Rio de Janeiro could only be said to be average. Cement roads did not yet have the same coverage as in later generations, and many places were still dominated by dirt roads.

The two cars quickly arrived at the target area. Just as Winslow was about to drive to the abandoned amusement park in the distance, Luo An suddenly pressed the communicator and ordered:

“Stop moving forward, move the car to the side and hide it.”

Winslow was a little confused, but he immediately followed the order and started to turn the car around. Lacey in the back seat of Roan's car asked:

"What's wrong?"

“Don't worry, let's wait for a while.”

Luo An also slowly drove the car to the side of the road, turned off all the lights and hid it. Both cars disappeared into the dark night. Luo An pressed the communicator to open the public channel and asked:

“Leonardo is leaving Rio de Janeiro early this morning. Do you guys feel that something is wrong?”

Winslow and others in the second car immediately concentrated on thinking. Lacey frowned slightly:

“We bought this news with money. Do you mean that the news is false and we were deceived?”

Luo An shook his head, and just as he was about to explain, fierce gunshots suddenly rang out under the originally silent night sky in the distance!

Chapter 639: The events behind the incident, the target person

boom! boom! boom!

^Bang bang bang—

The fierce sound of gunfire instantly shattered the originally silent night sky, and the flashes of fire were also very noticeable in the dark background.

“Shit!”

"damn it!"

Everyone in the two cars had just focused their attention, waiting attentively for Luo An's words in the communicator. The sudden gunfire suddenly startled them. They subconsciously cursed and at the same time, they all instantly raised their weapons and got ready for battle.

“Don't panic! Calm down!”

Luo An was also attracted by the sound of gunfire. After reacting, he immediately stretched out his hand to hold down Lacey's pistol. At the same time, he pressed the communicator and ordered loudly:

“Don't move! These gunshots have nothing to do with us!”

Everyone in the two cars immediately relaxed a little after hearing this. Roland's eyes flashed and he thought of something, and asked urgently:

“Is this a trap?!”

At the same time, Cheniel's voice also sounded on the communicator, and she also thought of this.

Winslow, Michelle and Mona in the second car nodded repeatedly. Lacey's eyes lit up and she was about to speak. Roan shook his head and said:

“So, the news I paid for is actually a bait deliberately put out by Leonardo!”

Putting the magazine into the pocket next to the body armor, Roland looked at Luo An with admiration and said with a smile:

Roland was a little surprised when he heard this and looked at Roan with suspicion:

“If I were Almeron, even if I knew it was Leonardo's bait, I would try to send people out to ambush and attack.

Snapped-

“Is this bait?!”

If he was not careful and information such as his whereabouts could be easily bought by outsiders with money, he would have been thrown into cement by the enemy to make a bridge. "

It doesn't matter if you fail. Anyway, you have plenty of men. If you die, you will die. There is no shortage of these people. "

"No, Almeron will not "try to send people over", he will definitely send elite men to ambush here."

Lacie frowned slightly, and then analyzed:

“Since Leonardo's release of the news that he was preparing to leave Rio de Janeiro was a bait, with the purpose of inducing Almeron, would Almeron be fooled? It's impossible for him not to see it.”

Succeeded, and Leonardo, the "Challenger" who was suffering from a serious illness, died smoothly.

“It was a guess before, but now it's certain.”

Looking at the flickering orange-red fire in the distance, Luo An saw that Lacey still looked confused, so he explained while arranging his weapons:

“I have been thinking before that Leonardo, as a “challenger” who has the ability to challenge Almeron, the “underground emperor”, cannot be a brainless guy.

“That's right.”

"What?"

The bullet was loaded with a "click", and Luo An continued to explain:

“Not long after we arrived in the city of Rio de Janeiro, we found out that Leonardo planned to challenge Almeron and **** his “throne”.

Roland nodded repeatedly with a serious face, and Lacey suddenly said:

Then Almeron must also know the news, otherwise he would have been kicked off the "throne" long ago. "

Lacie also turned her attention to Luo An, and she didn't understand what Luo An meant by the next sentence.

"Because Leonardo "acted very realistically".

Luo An smiled, pointed at the abandoned amusement park in the distance where gunshots were crackling, and said:

"Almeron has been in this city for many years, and it's not easy to deceive him. You can't just find a substitute or just find a subordinate to pretend to be yourself.

The best way is to go out in person, really drive west, and let Almeron's informants or men see it. Only in this way can the scene be real enough. And it is impossible for Almeron, the master of this kingdom, not to see that this is a play played by Leonardo for himself, but he will still send someone out to play it with Leonardo.

The reason is similar to what Roland said just now. Almeron really wants to kill Leonardo.

The difference is that Almeron can be sure that Leonardo is really here, and he will definitely use his plan to send elites to kill Leonardo tonight. "

To put it simply, tonight is a rivalry between two actors who work in perfect harmony:

Leonardo used himself as bait to lure Almeron to send someone to kill him;

Almeron knew this was a bait, but still chose to use the trick to send out elites;

Leonardo knew that the opponent would most likely send elites, so he made preparations in advance, as evidenced by the sound of firefights that continued for a long time in the distance.

After listening to Luo An's description, everyone felt a little headache. This situation where you are on the first floor, I am on the second floor, but both parties are actually on the third or even fourth floor is really tiring.

Mona was silent for a few seconds and asked in confusion:

"Why did Leonardo do this? He used himself as bait to trick Almeron into sending elites to kill him. Apart from putting himself into a life-and-death crisis, he seemed to get no benefits?"

"What if Leonardo has other men, who are going to raid and assassinate Almeron now?"

Luo An narrowed his eyes slightly and analyzed:

"With all the elites coming out, there may not be many guards left around Almeron. As long as another wave of men successfully assassinates Almeron and kills him, then the city will belong to Leonardo tomorrow.

Of course, Almeron may have seen this, so he set up an ambush around him, waiting for Leonardo's men to fall into the trap..."

"..."x6

After listening to the internal analysis of these intrigues, Winslow, Mona, Lacey, and Roland were all confused and didn't know what to say.

At this time, Michelle, who had been silent and was always paying attention to the battlefield in the distance, asked aloud:

"Then what do we do next? Wait for the battle to end?"

“That's right, by saying so much, I'm just waiting for the people inside to decide the winner.”

Took out four grenades and stuffed them into the side pockets of the body armor. Luo An grinned and ordered loudly:

"Everyone, group up according to vehicles! Winslow, you take Chenelle, Mona and Michelle together and act from the left! Lacey, Roland, and I enter from the right to capture the target person, Lun. Nadeau.

Remember, act fast! Whether it's Leonardo or Almeron, both sides may be preparing for backup, and we must move in and out quickly! "

“Understood!” x6

The agents immediately opened the car door and ran out of the car. As a group, they quickly and covertly moved in the opposite direction of the abandoned amusement park.

As he was walking, he found Roland running behind him and Lacey. Roan frowned, brought him to him, and whispered:

“You are the CIA and have more experience than us. You open the way and we will follow you.”

Roland: “...”

Inside the abandoned amusement park, in a half-collapsed haunted house, Leonardo, who had a short head, deep eye sockets, a few drops of blood on his face, and a dusty coat, was holding a rifle and taking a deep breath. He patted the brown coat next to him. His subordinates asked:

“How's the action going on the other side?”

“I don't know, boss.”

The man in the brown coat didn't look very good:

“I called the guy in charge of sentry observation over there, but no one answered.”

boom! boom! boom!

Hands up his gun to kill an enemy who is holding an AK and is about to shoot. Lacey carefully observes the surroundings and frowns:

“Where is the target person?”

"follow me!"

Roan, who turned on "emotional perception", clearly sensed the two figures coming together and immediately led Lacey and Roland in the direction of the haunted house.

At this moment, the communicator in his ear suddenly rang, and Winslow said urgently:

“Everyone, be careful! A new enemy has appeared! If we are the third party, this wave of people seems to be the fourth party!”

Chapter 640 Successful robbery, leaving Rio de Janeiro

“Fourth Party?!”

In the abandoned amusement park, Lacey, who heard Winslow's words on the communicator and advanced cautiously with a submachine gun, frowned:

“What's going on tonight? Who is this person from?”

“It may be one of Leonardo's enemies who wants to take advantage of the situation, or it may be someone from Almeron's side.”

Luo An said casually, and while walking quickly towards the haunted house, he ordered:

“Winslow, move towards us quickly, be careful not to get hurt!”

"clear!"

The communicator hung up, Roland shot an enemy with a gun to death, followed closely behind Luo An, frowning:

“Team leader, are we in the wrong place? The target person doesn't seem to be...”

“Get down!”

Hearing Leonardo's order, the two men quickly turned their guns and prepared to attack. Leonardo himself also raised his rifle to aim at Luo An and pull the trigger.

“Shoot! Shoot quickly!”

Behind the wall is a very messy small room, which should have been the rest room of the haunted house staff. Because of the grenades, Leonardo and the four men he had just gathered all lowered their heads and were on guard.

“You guys who are arrogant...”

Roan turned his attention to Roland and found that this guy reacted quickly and hid directly behind a three-sided obstacle next to him. He was the safest place for the three people present.

Leonardo and his two men were startled. They had no idea why Luo An, who was on the opposite side just now, suddenly ran here. But the reason was no longer important. The top priority was to shoot and kill the enemy quickly.

^Bang bang bang bang bang—

The next second, Luo An used "emotional perception" to locate the enemy in the haunted house, took out two grenades from his pocket and threw them.

Bang!

He raised his knees to resist Leonardo's move of annihilating his descendants. Luo An was too lazy to talk nonsense and directly hit Leonardo's chin with an uppercut.

“Sonof better than eating!”

boom! boom!

The next second, the two men standing on the left felt a black shadow suddenly appear beside them. Before they could react, gunshots suddenly rang out. The watermelons of the two men instantly shattered and their bodies went limp, ready to fall to the ground.

Leonardo and his two men quickly bent down to avoid the corpse. At the same time, Lacey and Roland also ran to the other side, aimed their guns at the two men and pulled the trigger.

There was a hint of speechlessness in his eyes, but this was not the time to talk nonsense. Luo An waved his hands and silently made a few gestures, indicating that he would break through from the left, while Lacey and Roland surrounded him from the right. They both understood and nodded. .

“Fu-k!”

Roland and Lacey, who were hiding behind the corner, ran out to the right at the same time. He was shocked when he saw the speed of Luo An's movements from the corner of his eye. He felt as if Luo An's figure disappeared from his eyes in a flash.

A series of bullets were all fired. Leonardo raised his knee and hit Luo An's crotch hard, and cursed fiercely:

Boom!

Boom!

The grenade exploded deafeningly, and the sound of the opponent's shooting stopped for an instant. Luo An took this opportunity to step on the ground and jumped forward, leaping over the half-collapsed wall with a single swoop.

Bang!

Before the three of them could shoot, after Luo An killed two of his men, he took advantage of the moment when their bodies had not fallen to the ground and kicked them. The corpses instantly hit Leonardo three times with terrifying force. The man flew over.

Lacie reacted very quickly. After hearing Luo An's order, she immediately rolled around on the ground and hid behind the nearby bunker, lowering her head tightly to protect herself.

boom! boom!

boom! boom!

Four gunshots were fired, and the two men could no longer straighten their bent waists and fell directly to the ground. Leonardo was about to fire back when Luo An instantly moved to his side, grabbed the rifle in his hand and forced it. He raised the muzzle of the gun.

boom! boom! boom!

Before Roland finished speaking, Roan suddenly shouted and got down, and then a burst of bullets suddenly shot towards them from the direction of the haunted house!

"damn it!"

A sharp pain came through, and Leonardo instantly rolled his eyes and fainted due to his body's protective mechanism.

Snapped-

Throwing the fainted Leonardo to Roland, Roan ordered:

“Get ready to retreat! Lacey, you cover Roland!”

"clear!"

Roland and Lacey were immediately ready to leave. Roan pressed the communicator and asked:

"Winslow, how's it going over there?" "We're fine."

Winslow stated that the four of them briefly exchanged fire with the newly emerged enemy, but were not injured and were heading towards Roan.

“Good, the target person has been captured, retreat according to the planned route!”

"clear!"

The communicator hung up, and Luo An immediately led Lacey and Roland to evacuate in the original direction, killed several enemies and ran back to the car smoothly.

After waiting for a moment, Mona and Michelle returned first. Luo An frowned when he saw this:

“Where are Winslow and Chenelle?”

Mona quickly replied:

“They found something and will be there soon.”

Not long after the children got into the car, Winslow and Chenelle finally returned. It was not the right time to talk nonsense at this time, so Luo An immediately started the car and rushed into the distance.

“The guy who means raising a child!”

“Damn it!”

“Who are these people? Where did they come from?”

Watching the two cars speeding away from here, a group of guys with rifles and black hoods started yelling and looking for cars to give chase.

Not far away, on the roof of an abandoned building, a bearded man held a night vision telescope and watched two cars leaving quickly. He frowned, took out his mobile phone and said:

“Boss, there was an accident, a new person came in, and they took Leonardo away. We don't know who the other person is yet.”

“Then look for it.”

An old, but serious and very oppressive male voice sounded on the phone:

“If you want to see someone alive or dead or see a corpse, you must find Leonardo!”

“Okay, boss.”

The bearded man hung up the phone, put away his cell phone and night vision binoculars, turned around and walked in the other direction.

At the same time, in the second car that was speeding, Winslow was driving, and Chenelle in the passenger seat turned on the communicator and explained:

“Winslow and I just took advantage of the chaos to check out the newly appeared fourth-party characters, and they all have a tattoo that looks like a tooth.

This kind of tattoo is the mark of one of Leonardo's subordinates. ”

The words were a bit convoluted, but Luo An understood what Chenelle meant:

“You're saying that one of Leonardo's men betrayed him, right?”

“It's most likely so.”

Chenelle nodded and replied:

“After all, the newly emerged fourth party does not look like it is ready to rescue Leonardo.”

“Is this Almeron's back-up preparation?”

Lacie thought for a moment and suddenly said:

“Almeron guessed Leonardo's plan and bribed one of Leonardo's men in advance, preparing for his men to take the opportunity to kill Leonardo tonight.”

“No one in this group of people is simple.”

Luo An smiled. People who can get ahead in the underground world definitely have extraordinary minds.

Mona looked at the rapidly reversing scenery outside the car window and asked:

“Where are we going next? Leonardo is taken away by us. Not only Leonardo's men will be looking for him frantically, but his rival Almeron will definitely send people to search for him.

These two people have spies all over the city of Rio de Janeiro. I'm afraid it will be difficult for us to hide.”

“You are right, Rio de Janeiro can no longer stay in this city.”

The two cars moved forward quickly. Mona and Michelle were surprised to find a small airport not far away, with several small planes parked inside. Luo An added with a smile:

“Our next stop, Brasilia!”