

## **FBI Detective 71**

Chapter 71 The New Corpse (please read more! Ask for a monthly pass!)

"So, don't just interact outdoors."

Seeing Ken sitting on the ground with weak legs, but still hugging the weeping Raven tightly, Roan was speechless:

"Let's not talk about mosquito bites. There are so many horror movies released by the Federation every year. Don't you remember any of the stories in them?"

Ken swallowed, and said in a trembling voice:

"I thought it was all stories."

"The inspiration for the stories comes from life, young people."

Shaking his head, let the two young people get into the SUV to rest, then took out his mobile phone and called the parents of the two young people, telling them to come pick them up quickly.

"It should be the same person, Roan."

On the edge of the lake, in a deep pit washed out by the current, a female corpse was buried in the water, lying quietly in it.

Lacey stood on the edge of the pit and took a brief look, and found that the strangle marks on the neck of the female corpse were clearly visible, there were signs of being bound on the wrists and ankles, some bruises could be seen faintly on the collarbone, and the pants of the corpse were also a little skewed.

The most important thing is that the ring on the corpse's hand has disappeared.

"All right."

Seeing Susan's body, Roan was silent for a moment, called Augustus, and briefly described the situation here. Augustus immediately notified the trace inspection department and asked them to send agents here to check the scene as soon as possible.

Hung up the phone, Roan began to look around, and saw a row of deep footprints among the dead leaves on the ground.

"It seems that the murderer's original plan was to throw the victim into the lake behind her back."

Lacey on the side walked to Roan, looked down at the footprints, looked up at the path some distance away, and then looked at the lake that was still a short distance away, and shrugged:

"But he couldn't carry his back halfway, so he threw the victim here."

"No, it shouldn't be."

Looking carefully at the footprints on the ground, Roan frowned. After bending down and squatting down, he simply measured the length of the footprints, and then said:

"The length of this footprint is definitely more than 25 centimeters, it is not clear whether it is 26 or 27.

Take the lowest number of 25, and according to the formula of footprint length and height, multiply 25 by 6.8, which is about 170, so the murderer's height is definitely higher than 170. "

Lacey from the intelligence department looked dazed, and before she could react, Roan continued:

"Whether it's Louise or the scavengers, they say that this white male is of medium build.

I asked Susan about her weight before, and it was only about 45kg. "

An adult Caucasian male with a height of over 170 and a medium build, under normal circumstances, cannot carry an adult Caucasian female who is 1.6 meters tall and weighs 90 kg.

Louis and the scavengers have never said before that they saw the murderer with physical injuries.

Clapping his hands and straightening up, Roan turned his head and saw the expression on Lacey's face, and then grinned: "I learned it in the FBI training academy."

As a killer in the previous life, erasing one's own footprints, and how to fake footprints to confuse trackers, is a must-learn course, such as some basic knowledge:

Adolescents have short steps, thin footprints, irregular distances between footprints, and curved walking routes.

Young people have big steps and big footprints, and the distance between footprints is regular. They walk in a straight line.

Old people have short steps, steady walking, short footprints, and the pressure on the heel of the footprint is heavier than that of the sole of the foot, etc.

After learning the basics, the old killer taught Roan a lot of ways to hide his real age through steps, footprints, etc.

"OK."

Lacey didn't ask in detail. She came from the Intelligence Department and knew something about this knowledge, but she was not very proficient, and she didn't remember it for a while.

"So, what do you mean?"

"What I mean is very simple. The original intention of the murderer was indeed to throw the body into the lake. You are not wrong about that."

Roan pointed to the lake not far away, then pointed to the messy footprints beside the deep pit, frowning slightly:

"But when he came here, he should have encountered some kind of unexpected event, so he had to throw the body in the deep pit."

Hearing this, Lacey frowned: "What unexpected event?"

Roan spread his hands: "I don't know, it's just a guess, maybe someone found the car parked by the murderer."

"All right."

Lacey nodded, didn't say much, and began to search the periphery of the scene carefully with Roan.

In the gully between the deep pit and the lake, on a tree growing obliquely, Roan accidentally found a small transparent packaging bag.

"What's this?"

Seeing Roan carefully pick it up from the leaves, Lacey also came over, tilting her head and asking:

"Like a bag for flour."

"possible."

Roan nodded, put it away carefully, and continued to search around the periphery of the scene.

Soon, several agents from the Trace Inspection Section drove to the scene in a car.

Luo An briefly exchanged with the other party, and after handing over the transparent packaging bag to the other party, several two detectives from the trace inspection department jumped into the deep pit and began to carefully examine the surroundings of the corpse.

After a while, the two frightened young lovers were also picked up by their respective parents.

Seeing the violent reactions of the parents of both parties dancing and dancing, Luo An felt that these two exciting men and women should not be able to sleep tonight.

After the on-site inspection was completed and the corpse was packed into the car, Agent Nell from the Trace Inspection Section came over to Roan who had met Roan because of the appearance of the female corpse in the refrigerator during the disappearance case.

"Hello, Neil, thank you for your hard work."

Roan stretched out his hand, greeted Neil with a smile, and asked with a smile:

"Well, did you find anything?"

"It's all work."

A smile appeared on Detective Nell's round face. Hearing Roan's question, he briefly talked about the situation at the scene, and then said:

"The victim is suspected to have been raped by the murderer before his death, but it can't be determined before the autopsy. If the cause of death is high probability, it is a strangle mark on the neck."

Roan nodded: "OK, please notify me as soon as the autopsy report comes out."

"no problem."

Nell agreed to Roan with a smile, and the two parties returned to their respective cars and returned to the FBI New York headquarters building together.

The office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

"Still can't find any trace of the gray car, Roan."

Lacey went to inform and comfort the family members of the victim Susan, while Roan unloaded the equipment and sat back on the chair at his station.

Just as she was about to stretch, Mona on the side stopped typing on the keyboard and leaned over to Roan to vomit her bitterness.

"There are too few networked monitoring in that area, and it can be checked with one hand. There are too many traffic arteries in the periphery, and the traffic volume is huge. It is impossible to check for suspicious gray cars."

The gray car drove sideways on the house surveillance outside the forest area. Because of the angle, the license plate of the gray car was not visible in the video, nor was there any difference in the windshield. Naturally, it was impossible to check the other party through the main traffic line. .

The only certainty is that the gray car has four tires and the doors are intact.

"Don't be discouraged, Mona, as long as you keep working hard, you will definitely gain something."

Poured a bowl of hot chicken soup on Mona's head, which made her dizzy, and Roan pushed her back to the computer again.

"you"

Mona was about to continue to say something, when Ryder suddenly pushed the door of the No. 5 investigation team, and shouted excitedly at Roan:

"Roan! The portrait simulation you asked me to do, the result has come out, you will never guess who the man who appeared in the church is!"

Ask for a monthly pass at the end of the month! I also hope that all book lovers will support this book more, don't keep it anymore, and let this book have a chance to rush to Sanjiang, thank you all!

Chapter 72 Undercover! (Please follow up! Ask for a monthly pass!)

"Um?"

Ryder's loud voice startled everyone in the No. 5 investigation team. Roan frowned and asked:

"The priest in the church? Or Susan's husband, Jono?"

"No, not them."

Ryder carried two large drawings, walked to Roan's desk and tore them apart.

Roan looked down, and a sketch of a strange but familiar face appeared in front of his eyes.

"This is."

Looking at the portrait in front of him, Roan raised his head in silence for a few seconds, staring at Ryder:

"Agent Mullen from the DEA?"

"That's right, it's him!"

Ryder nodded. He didn't know Agent Mullen's name, but he knew that he was one of the agents who came to Roan that day, and he was also a DEA.

Hearing Roan's words, the other agents who approached also remembered that Augustus brought two agents to find Roan that day, and all of them frowned.

Mona turned around the portrait, looked at the sketches of faces on it, with a dignified expression:

"The DEA guys are serial killers?"

Thinking of the way Agent Mullen looked at him that day, Roan admitted that the other party made him feel uncomfortable.

But to say that the other party is a serial murderer, Luo An always subconsciously feels that something is not right.

"No, not him."

Hearing what Mona said, Ryder shook his head, lifted the portrait of Agent Mullen, pulled out another portrait from below, pressed it on the portrait of Agent Mullen, and patted hard:

"Agent Mullen was one of two people the scavenger saw.

This man is the one Louise said put Susan in the car, and the man who was standing outside the church in the scavengers. "



Seeing the second portrait of a man with profound facial features and a mature appearance, with a small cut on the right eyebrow, Roan frowned slightly and didn't speak yet. William's pupils shrank suddenly and cursed angrily:

"Shit! Damn it! It's him!"

"Um?"

Roan tilted his head and looked at William, only to see William quickly returning to his work station, typing with his ten fingers on the keyboard, a moment later, a case report appeared on the computer screen.

"Roan, when you asked Mona to investigate the criminals in the circle who lived near the Little St. Phil's Church and were imprisoned for rape, stalking, and obscenity, I checked for Mona for a while and found this failure. case.

Because the other party was not in prison, and the time happened a year ago, I didn't record it. "

Roan cast his eyes on the computer screen, and William explained:

"A year and a half ago, this white man named Sean was arrested by the police for \*\*\*\* and murder.

But the New Jersey police only had the testimony of one witness, and no DNA of Sean was detected on the victim's body. The crime scene was washed by rain, leaving no traces.

In addition, there is a witness to protect Sean, emphasizing that Sean was definitely not at the scene of the crime, so Sean was acquitted in the end. "

"What?"

Hearing this case, Ryder, Mona and all the detectives were very surprised, but Roan touched his chin in silence for a few seconds and asked:

"If I'm not mistaken, the witness who testified to Sean is Agent Mullen."

"Yeah."

William nodded.

In the European and American legal systems, it is very common for the police to testify in court during the trial, and in many cases, the testimony of the police can become one of the important evidences in the trial.

"Agent Mullen gave false testimony?"

After reading the case report, combined with the serial homicide case that investigation team No. 5 is currently investigating, the idea of detective Mullen's false testimony suddenly flooded the minds of the detectives in investigation team No. 5.

But. They have no evidence.

Thinking that Mullen is from the DEA and wanted to pull himself undercover before, Roan suddenly understood what:

"This Sean is probably Mullen's undercover agent."

Slapping his hands hard, Roan attracted everyone's attention, and said in a deep voice:

"Everyone, we now have a suspect, and it will always be much easier to deduce clues through the suspect.

Now please investigate this Sean's life immediately, and check his connection with the four victims of the serial murder case! Then, find a way to find key evidence! "

At the critical moment, it's time for the technicians of the No. 5 investigation team to use their abilities.

"OK!"

"no problem!"

William and other five technicians immediately agreed when they heard Roan's words, and turned around to check Sean's life file in the FBI database.

"Ryder."

Roan turned his head, cast his eyes on Ryder, and said in a deep voice:

"You go to the forensic doctor immediately, and you must get the autopsy report as soon as possible."

As long as Sean's DNA is found on Susan's body, their No. 5 investigation team can immediately apply for an arrest warrant.

"OK."

Ryder nodded heavily, threw the sketch on Roan's desk, and turned to leave again.

Looking at Ryder's back quickly disappearing, Roan nodded and turned his gaze to Mona. Just as he was about to ask the other party if he could quietly enter the information database of the Drug Enforcement Administration, Mona interrupted him:

"I have successfully entered the network of the Drug Enforcement Administration."

Roan: "?"

There was a crackling keyboard sound, and soon, a pattern with the words [File Download] appeared on Mona's computer.

Seeing the fast progress bar on the computer, Luo An cursed the garbage speed of a certain network disk in his previous life from the bottom of his heart.

At this moment, an exclamation point suddenly appeared on Mona's computer, Roan's eyelids moved slightly, and the corner of Mona's mouth lifted into a disdainful smile, and her fingers quickly tapped on the keyboard to ensure that the speed of downloading files remained unchanged.

Time passed quickly, and the moment [file download complete] appeared on the computer screen, Mona stood up suddenly, and unplugged the network cable behind the computer's butt.

Roan: "."

This operation is really skillful.

"OK."

Sitting back on the chair, Mona heaved a long sigh of relief, pointed at the computer screen and said:

"Here is Sean's undercover information in the hands of DEA Agent Mullen."

Roan's eyes lit up when he heard the words: "Thank you, Mona!"

Mona stretched her waist and waved her hands: "It's not hard, if the people from the Drug Enforcement Administration come to find you, you can do it."

Roan: ". "

Don't panic, it's time for Augustus to use his abilities.

As I said before, the technicians of the No. 5 investigation team are all old people who have worked in the FBI data room for a long time, and they can find information very quickly.

Only a few minutes passed, and the information on Sean's birth to the present was completely checked.

"Sean Davis, 41 years old this year, social security number is \*\*\*, he lives in the Harwood area, the recorded marriage was three and a half years ago, and the place where the marriage was held was the Little St. Phil's Church."

William sat on a chair and read with a serious expression:

"His wife Linna suddenly disappeared on the way home one night in the third month of marriage. After investigation, it was found that she was kidnapped by a local gangster."

Roan walked to the front of the meeting room, pulled over a whiteboard, and signaled his teammates to continue talking, while he started writing on the whiteboard.

Chapter 73 Contact

"Before getting married, eight years ago, when Sean was 33,"

William pulled up the information in the computer, looked at the screen and read carefully:

"Sean was a salesman at a real estate company where our fourth victim, Tamara Terry, was 22 at the time and happened to be an intern at the real estate company."

"More than that."

As soon as William finished speaking, Mona fiddled with her right hand, pointed to the undercover log on the computer screen and said:

"When Sean was looking for his wife after she went missing, Agent Mullen found him.

After observing for a period of time, he judged that Sean "has brains, understands current affairs, emphasizes emotions and can speak well", so Maren contacted and told Sean that his wife was taken away by the "White Horse Gang". If he wanted to save his wife, The best way is to cooperate with the DEA, the undercover White Horse Gang.

Detective Mullen's judgment was correct. Six months after Sean uncovered the White Horse Gang, he obtained the White Horse Gang's human trafficking information and the criminal evidence of the White Horse Gang's criminal leader, and finally wiped out the entire gang in one fell swoop. "

Hearing what Mona said, everyone looked sideways.

Roan, who was writing in front of the conference room, paused, then turned around and asked:

"Where's Sean's wife?"

"died."

Mona's complexion is not very good-looking:

"According to the little leader of the White Horse Gang in charge of 'transporting goods', Sean's wife was suffocated to death in the transporting car."

Roan thought for a long time, and continued to ask:

"When Sean was undercover in the gang, did he eat flour?"

"eat."

Mona pulled down the computer page, carefully checked the undercover log and read:

"According to Detective Mullen's records, in the first week of joining the 'White Horse Gang', Sean was forced to smoke flour.

After the gang was destroyed, Sean was sent to a drug rehabilitation institution by Mullen, and Sean successfully left there after seven months. "

Roan nodded, and after writing down the words 'I have experienced smoking flour' on the whiteboard, he asked again:

"In the undercover log, is there a record about the 'rape and murder case' a year and a half ago?"

After reading it carefully, Mona shook her head and said:

"No."

Speaking of this, Mona suddenly looked back at William and asked:

"William, when did the 'rape-murder case' happen, and what month?"

Hearing this, William tapped his ten fingers on the keyboard, raised his head and replied after a few seconds:

"April 5, a year and a half ago."

"OK."

The pen play with the right hand stopped, and Mona pointed to the computer screen with a signature pen, and said to Roan:

"A year and a half ago, on April 29, in the undercover log under Mullen, Sean had a new undercover record. This time, the undercover gang was the Hyena Gang."

Roan, who was writing on the whiteboard, cursed secretly when he heard this.

"Not only that."

Opening the contact record written by Agent Mullen when she was undercover with Sean, Mona looked carefully for a moment, then said with a frown:

"When Sean was undercover for the Hyena Gang, Mullen agreed with him to meet once a month at Little St. Phil's Church.

At the same time, the two meet each time and marry the first three victims on the same day! "

"Shit!"

"Biaozi raised it!"

Hearing what Mona said, all the detectives of the No. 5 investigation team scolded in unison.

After writing the last word, Roan turned around, coughed lightly to attract everyone's attention, pointed at the whiteboard with a serious expression and said:

"According to the information you have found, we have now summarized the following clues:



First: Sean's family lives in the Harwood area, which happens to be in the circle at the center of Little St. Phil's Church. "

Second: The place where Sean and his wife held their wedding, and the place where he met Mullen when he undercovered the "Hyena Gang", happened to be Little St. Phil's Church.

Third: Sean's wife disappeared in the third month after marriage, which is consistent with the time when the previous three victims disappeared after marriage.

At the same time, Sean and Mullen met at the Little St. Phil's Church at the same time as the marriage of the first three victims, so it is very likely that Sean learned the victim's personal information when he met Mullen that day. Months later, the victim was kidnapped.

Fourth: When the fourth victim, Tamara Terry, was married eight years ago, Sean was in the same real estate company as her, so Sean was likely involved in her wedding at that time.

Fifth: One month after the \*\*\*\* and murder case, Sean entered the gang undercover again, which is very likely the condition that Agent Mullen agreed to give him a false testimony. "

After listening to Luo An's words, all the detectives nodded in unison.

The information is correct, and there is nothing wrong with Roan's reasoning.

One is the same by chance, two is the same is luck, three is the same is random, but four or five are all the same.

Looking at the words on the whiteboard, everyone present has confirmed that Sean is definitely the real culprit in this serial murder case.

But with these clues alone, Roan and the others can't arrest people, because it's all indirect evidence.

Next, it's time to look for direct evidence.

Roan walked to Mona's station and began to check the undercover information in Mona's computer.

"The autopsy report hasn't come out yet, so we don't know if there is Sean's DNA at the scene of the crime."

Mona got up and left her seat. After looking at the whiteboard at the front of the office area, she tilted her head and asked:

"I remember there were footprints left by the murderer at the scene of the crime. Can these footprints lock Sean?"

William took a look at the photos in the crime scene investigation report, his eyes lit up, he tapped his hands on the keyboard, and then slapped:

"Sean's credit card usage records show that he bought a pair of shoes three months ago, and the texture of the soles of this pair of shoes is exactly the same as that of the footprints at the scene of the crime!"

"Good!"

Mona's eyes lit up when she heard the words, and she hurriedly turned her gaze to Roan:

"Let's apply for a search warrant now! As long as we find the pair of shoes and test the soil on the shoes, we can prove that the other party has been to the scene of the crime!"

The gray car is also one of the important evidences, but considering that there is no record of Sean buying a gray car, and Sean's undercover "Hyena Gang" also deals with black cars, Mona thinks that the gray car is likely to be Can't find it.

"NO."

Hearing Mona's words, Luo An, who was reading the undercover information on the computer, slowly shook his head and said:

"We need to report this first."

It's okay to file for a search warrant, but Sean is an undercover agent for the DEA and is on a mission with the Hyenas at this time.

It is very simple to directly arrest people or search the other party's residence, but if the DEA plans to rely on Sean to carry out some operations in the near future, but the task fails because of the arrest of Sean.

Roan doesn't care about the DEA group, but the later wrangling issue will definitely require the chief to come forward, so this matter must be told to Augustus first.

At the same time, the Organized Crime Section of the FBI is also watching the Hyena gang together with the DEA. Roan may not care about the DEA, but he cannot ignore the Organized Crime Section of the FBI.

"So, the murderer this time is an undercover agent?"

After listening to Roan's narration, Augustus rubbed his temples, remained silent for a moment, puzzled and said:

"As an undercover agent, daily life is already stressful enough, why do you want to find time to kill people?"

Augus had never done undercover work, but one of his former colleagues had done it for a while.

The latter colleague came back alive and did not leave the psychiatrist for a year in a row. Augustus knew that this kind of work was definitely not suitable for him.

"Maybe it's because of the stressful life and the nervousness every day, but it can't be expressed on the face and words."

Sitting opposite Augustus, Roan took a sip of coffee when he heard this, and expressed his guess:

"When Sean went undercover for the first time, it was for his wife and he had spiritual support.

But later, his wife died and he became addicted to drugs while undercover. This kind of nightmare experience made Sean, who was only a real estate salesman, never want to go through this kind of thing again.

In the case of \*\*\*\* and murder in the alley, Sean asked Maren for help, and the other party agreed to help Sean make false testimony, but the condition was that Sean should be an undercover agent again, so... "

"So this time, Sean was an undercover agent so that he would not go to jail this time, and he didn't have any spiritual support."

Thinking of the group of DEA, sometimes in order to complete the task, not only will they not take care of the emotions of the undercover agent, but sometimes force the other party to do some tasks, Augustus couldn't help curling his lips.

Roan nodded: "I just looked at Agent Mullen's records, and the morning when the four missing persons lost contact was when Agent Mullen was in contact with Sean.

So it should be when the two sides had a meeting in the morning. Agent Mullen said something that made Sean uncomfortable, coupled with the excessive psychological pressure, so in order to vent, Sean finally chose to kidnap a person he remembered three months ago. Women getting married at Little St. Phil's Church. "

Without hesitation, Augustus immediately took out his phone after hearing Roan's conjecture:

"I'm going to contact the Organized Crime Unit."

Chapter 74 Bomb! (Ask for a monthly pass! Ask for a follow-up!)

"Sean, we don't know his undercover identity."

Dillon, a team leader of the Organized Crime Investigation Section on the other end of the phone, heard Augustus' inquiry, and immediately asked his subordinates to check the information on the characters of the Hyena Gang, and then replied:

"We show here that Sean is one of the key henchmen of the Hyena Gang leader. The DEA people never told us that he was an undercover agent."

Dillon didn't care about this. Their group also had undercover agents in the Hyena Gang, and they didn't tell the DEA about the identities of these undercover agents.

According to the rules, only those who are responsible for him in the department know his existence.

Before specific operations are carried out later, they will inform the joint operations department of the identity of the undercover agent to prevent the undercover agent from being killed by mistake.

Hearing Augustus mention Sean's undercover identity, Dillon was a little puzzled, and asked with a smile:

"How did you know Sean's identity? You hacked into the DEA's internal network?"

Augus glared at Roan, who sat obediently on the chair with an innocent face.

"of course not!"

insisted that there was no such thing, Augustus asked seriously:

"This Sean is related to a vicious criminal case we are investigating, and he has a high probability of being the murderer of the case."

Dillon on the other end of the phone understood what Augustus meant. He was saying hello to himself before taking action, and wanted to ask if the action against Sean would interfere with them.

"So, Augustus, don't search Sean's residence today, so as not to disturb the Hyena Gang."

Seeing Agent Norton knocking on the door and handing over the documents after entering the office, Dillon's pupils shrank slightly, and he immediately said to Augustus in a deep voice:

"Our Organized Crime Investigation Section and the DEA will jointly launch a major operation against the Hyena Gang tomorrow. Your investigation team can send people to wait outside tomorrow. After the operation is completed, Sean can be handed over to you for interrogation."

Whether the DEA people would agree to this matter was selectively ignored by Dillon and Augustus.

"OK."

Augustus nodded, smiled and agreed, and made an appointment with Dillon to drink after get off work.

The phone hung up, and Augustus told Roan about the joint operation with other departments tomorrow. Roan frowned slightly, remained silent for a few seconds, and said nothing, nodded, turned and left the team leader's office.

After telling the news to the agents of the No. 5 investigation team, many people relaxed.

The serial murder case has been more than half completed here, and we just need to prepare the key evidence and wait for Sean to take over tomorrow.

After Luo An sat back at his work station, his expression was a little grim.

Because they don't have any direct evidence now, Roan asked Augustus to report this incident just now, mainly to tell those who monitor the Hyena Gang that he is going to search Sean's house and find that Sean went to the edge of the lake last night key evidence.

But now things have developed into arresting Sean tomorrow, and then searching Sean's house later.

Mona beside also thought of this, she frowned and looked at Roan, and asked in a low voice:

"The longer the time drags on, the higher the possibility of Sean disposing of those shoes, and the lower our success rate of convicting Sean later, this"

"Don't panic."

Roan comforted in a calm voice:

"The autopsy report hasn't come out yet, and Sean's DNA may be found there. And tomorrow, after the Hyena Gang is dealt with by the DEA and organized crime, we have a high probability of finding the gray car that Sean drove that night."

"OK."

Seeing that Roan looked confident, Mona also calmed down.

Then

Ryder brought back bad news.

"Sorry, Roan."

Ryder pushed open the door of the No. 5 investigation team, walked to Roan's station with a gloomy face, and said in a deep voice:

"The autopsy report of the forensic doctor has not yet come out, but I asked the other party, they did not find white genetic material in the victim's body, only found some simethicone.

The victim's fingernails contained no material related to the killer other than dirt. "

Simethicone is the main component of the oil on the outside of some condoms.

"What about fingerprints?"

Beside Mona frowned slightly, looking at Ryder.

"Not found either."

Ryder shook his head, and the Trace Inspection Section carefully checked the clothes on the victim's body. Except for some substances in the trunk of the car, no fingerprints and hairs of the murderer were found.

Skin debris, etc. may be found in the deep pit where the body was found. The blisters disappeared.

"Shit!"

Hearing what Ryder said, Mona cursed secretly, then turned to look at Roan.

Roan rubbed his chin and pondered for a moment, then suddenly remembered something, raised his head and asked:



"Where is the transparent packaging bag I handed over to the trace inspection department?"

"what?"

Ryder looked stunned. He was not at the scene of the crime and didn't know what Roan was talking about.

Seeing the expression on Ryder's face, Roan also thought of this, so he hurriedly sent Ryder back to the trace inspection department to let them check the transparent packaging bag.

Ryder nodded and turned to leave again. Mona looked a little anxious, and Roan waved his hand calmly:

"Don't panic, there must be a way for the car to reach the mountain, and the boat will naturally sink when it reaches the bridge. There will always be a way to solve the difficulties."

"what did you say?"

Mona was at a loss. The native American couldn't understand the English that Roan had randomly translated.

"Not important."

Without explaining, Roan stood up, clapped his palms to attract the attention of the agents, briefly explained what Ryder said just now, and said with a serious expression:

"Everyone, the current situation is like this, we must find more evidence that Sean went to the scene of the crime last night!

Now, please take action to find out all the things Sean has done in the past month, try to find more useful clues, and finally come up with key evidence to crucify Sean! "

"OK!"

"no problem!"

William and other five technicians agreed loudly, and the sound of crackling keyboards began to ring in the office area of the No. 5 investigation team.

Mona also sat on the workstation and danced her fingers, checking the surveillance video from last night again.

"There is a strange situation, Roan."

A few minutes later, William called Roan over, pointed to the data on the computer screen and said:

"According to Sean's credit card spending records, he bought ten old Rapid brand 2003 mobile phones in a mobile phone store a week ago."

"Um?"

Roan was taken aback when he heard this, and looked down to see William calling out the 2003 Rapid brand mobile phone, his pupils shrank suddenly, and he cursed:

"Fu-k! Sean is going to make a remote bomb!"

"What did you say?"

"Bomb? What bomb?"

Hearing the word bomb, everyone in the No. 5 investigation team raised their heads instantly. The collapse of the building was just four years ago, and they haven't forgotten it yet.

Seeing the pictures on the computer, Mona suddenly remembered something, covered her mouth and said in shock:

"Last year, a synagogue exploded in the suburbs of New York, and the murderer used a 2003 Rapid brand mobile phone!"

"Exactly."

Luo An nodded. In his previous life, the old killer saw the news on the news, so he remembered to teach himself how to make remote-controlled bombs.

"The phone's battery doesn't have a good temperature sensor, and it's not a failsafe."

Seeing that everyone was looking at him, Roan signaled William to enlarge the mobile phone on the computer screen, then pointed to it and explained to everyone:

"Make a simple modification to it, and then as long as someone calls this phone for more than 13 seconds, it will immediately detonate the phone.

Of course, the power of a single mobile phone explosion is not great, but just connect some grenades or other explosives around the mobile phone, and then make a call at a critical moment."

"Shit!"

"Jesus!"

After listening to Luo An's explanation, everyone in the No. 5 investigation team saw that Sean had bought ten mobile phones, and their expressions suddenly changed.

Chapter 75 Thank you (Please follow up! Please ask for a monthly pass!)

"But why is Sean making bombs?"

After listening to Roan's description, Mona asked with some doubts:

"Isn't he an undercover agent?"

"who knows?"

Roan shook his head, turned to look at Mona, and asked solemnly:

"I remember that in Agent Mullen's undercover record this month, this incident was not written."

Mona ran back to her seat, carefully checked the files in the computer, and then nodded:

"Yeah."

After hearing the affirmative answer, Roan walked into the team leader's office without hesitation.

"What's wrong?"

Augustus, who was lowering his head to write documents, looked puzzled at Roan who entered his office without knocking.

But after listening to Roan's guess, Augustus' face suddenly became serious:

"Are you sure Sean bought those phones to make bombs?"

"No, I'm not sure."

Roan's words made August's face full of black lines, but then Roan continued:

"But this kind of thing would rather believe that it is true than that it is false.

I remember you telling me just now that the FBI's Organized Crime Unit will be working with the DEA on the Hyena gang tomorrow, and if their source of information is Sean, then"

"The loss of the Organized Crime Section may be huge."

August nodded. Dillon from the Organized Crime Division was also at the Columbus Foundation. He stopped talking nonsense and immediately took out his phone to call Dillon.

"Is there such a thing?"

After listening to Augustus's description, Dillon, who was sitting in the meeting room and discussing tomorrow's action plan with the team members, felt as if his \*\*\*\* was on fire and couldn't sit still.

After a few seconds of silence, Dillon signaled Augustus to hang up the phone for a few minutes, then pressed another number and called the person in charge of DEA's tomorrow's operation.

In the office of the leader of the No. 5 investigation team, Roan and Augustus looked at each other in silence for a moment, and they both picked up the coffee.

After a long time, August's phone rang again.

"Thank you very much, Augustus."

Dillon on the other end of the phone had obviously just finished arguing with someone, and his tone was still a little out of control:

"The DEA did not formulate this joint operation based on the information sent by Sean, but they also don't know about Sean's purchase of mobile phones"

Briefly described the general situation of the matter, Dillon's tone was very serious:

"Augus, I owe you a favor this time."

If Augustus hadn't told himself the news, the FBI would be caught off guard when the joint operation with the DEA was launched tomorrow. How many agents might die, and Dillon's career would be over afterwards.

"Just buy me a drink later."

Hearing the voice on the other end of the phone, Augustus laughed, then glanced at Roan, and said with a smile:

"But this time the news was discovered by my subordinate, the detective named Roan Greenwood. He is one of his own. I will bring him when we drink together in the future. Don't be angry."

"Is it the Roanne Greenwood who killed the serial murderer with a pen and appeared in the New York Daily a few days ago?"

Hearing what Augustus said, Dillon's eyes lit up, and he waved his big hand to indicate that drinking and so on are trivial matters, and then said that his investigation team is a little short of people recently, and wonders if he can send Roan to help them for a few days.

"Call back later."

Augus laughed, ignored Dillon's words, and immediately hung up the phone.

"Old drunkard."

Hearing the busy signal on the phone, Dillon grinned, walked out of his office, and shouted to his agents:

"Thanks to the group of unreliable DEA, we are now re-making tomorrow's action plan!"

"Yes, sir!"

In the distance, in a certain office of the DEA New York branch, Melton, the leader of a certain operation team, grabbed the documents on the table and threw them at Agent Mullen.

"FU-KYOU! Mullen!"

Melton's eyes were filled with anger, pointing at Mullen and yelling:

"How did your undercover agents do it?"

What made Melton angry was not the fact that Mullen's undercover agents might defect. In the DEA, the number of undercover agents who die, defect, or disappear every year is not small, and Melton has long been used to it.

What really made Melton angry was that this matter was not told to him by his subordinates, nor was it told to him by other DEA colleagues.

Instead, the group of FBIs called him and asked if there was such a thing?

Their FBI agents are more valuable. They cannot be like the DEA, where agents die casually due to misinformation

Shame and lose face to other departments!

"Sorry, sir."

Seeing the anger on Melton's face, he knew the other party's temper well, so he didn't make much excuses, but explained in a deep voice:

"I will re-evaluate the undercover undercover later"

"Go to the psychological evaluation of his son!"

Hearing this, Melton glared at Mullen again.

According to common sense, if a person wants to join the FBI, CIA, NSA and other departments as a new employee, he needs to undergo a series of tasks such as background investigation, career assessment, lie detection, psychological assessment, etc. If one fails, he will not be hired .

But DEA is different.

Even if you are broke, financially struggling, have a disqualified family background, failed a lie test, and even have gang connections, you can be a new DEA employee.

The reason is simple, such people are usually sent abroad by the DEA, such as those countries south of the Federation as undercover agents.

A person with a clean background and no black material will not be able to break into the circles that sell flour in those countries in the southern part of the Federation.

In this case, the DEA will not pay too much attention to the above-mentioned reviews when it chooses undercover agents in China.

The so-called psychological evaluation, most of the time is that DEA agents and undercover agents stand together, smoke a cigarette, and chat.

Taking a deep breath, Melton sat back on his chair, fixed his eyes on Mullen and asked:



"Have you told your undercover agent about the operation tomorrow?"

"No, but"

Hearing this, Mullen immediately shook his head and opened his mouth to say something, but in the end he denied it:

"Sean didn't know about it."

"very good."

Melton heaved a sigh of relief, and while arranging the documents on the table, he said in a concentrated voice:

"Re-formulate tomorrow's action plan, adding the uncertain factor that the Hyena Gang may have a remote-controlled bomb to it, and our DEA agents can't die from a misinformation!"

"Okay, sir."

Mullen nodded, turned and left the office.

Close the door of the office, Mullen's face darkened immediately, and he whispered to himself through gritted teeth:

"Damn Sean, and the FBI bunch."

"Nice job, Roan."

Hanging up the phone, Augustus grinned.

"I'm not alone, sir."

Roan shook his head, and said with a serious expression: "William discovered Sean's purchase of the mobile phone, and the file was investigated by Mona. I just judged that the other party has the possibility of making a bomb."

"Good!"

Hearing Roan's words, Augustus smiled even more.

Chapter 76 Fentanyl (please read more! Ask for a monthly pass!)

Walking out of the team leader's office, Roan said that Augustus had notified the Organized Crime Investigation Division about the bomb. All the detectives of the No. 5 investigation team breathed a sigh of relief.

Everyone is the FBI. Although they are not very familiar with it, they don't want to see their own people injured or killed.

Just as everyone returned to their seats and was about to look for Sean's behavior track for nearly a month again, Ryder suddenly pushed open the door of the No. 5 investigation team and walked in, shouting loudly with a smile on his face:

"Good news, everyone! The transparent packaging bag that Roan found at the scene of the crime has half a fingerprint on it! According to the comparison, it is exactly the same as Sean!"

When he first undercovered the 'White Horse Gang', Mullen arranged for Sean to go to prison for a minor crime, so the police had Sean's fingerprints.

"Very good!"

"Good job!"

Hearing Ryder's words, all the agents of the No. 5 investigation team applauded with smiles on their faces.

With the key evidence, the next thing to do is to wait for the joint operation between the Organized Investigation Section and the DEA to end tomorrow, and hand Sean over to Investigation Team No. 5, and then send him to prison.

【Zhouhu Serial Murder Case】 80% of the work has been completed here. After all the detectives were overjoyed, they all returned to their seats and started.

Fishing.

"Thank you, Ryder."

Ryder sat back at his desk, Roan poured him a cup of coffee, then asked with a smile:

"By the way, those people in the trace inspection department, did they detect what was in the transparent packaging bag before?"

"No hard work, just take the elevator back and forth."

Ryder, who hadn't had time to drink the water, shook his head, raised his head and drank all the coffee in the cup, his face twisted so bitterly, but he still replied:

"Not rock candy, not conch, but fentanyl."

Fentanyl is a narcotic analgesic, but its effect is 80-100 times that of morphine and 50 times that of sea snails. It is extremely toxic, but its price is several times cheaper than that of sea snails.

So after 2000, many gang members will mix fentanyl in the conch in proportion, so that the addiction effect is better, but the cost is much cheaper.

It's not a day or two for Americans to eat flour. It's normal for doctors to prescribe painkillers when they're in doubt. Hearing that this time the package contained fentanyl, Roan didn't say much, shook his head and sat back to himself. chair.

"By the way, Roan."

As soon as she sat back on the chair, Mona on the side handed Roan a folder, tilted her head and said:

"This is the document that the former group supervisor Verenice asked me to hand over to you. I'm sorry, I've been busy today, so I forgot about it."

"It doesn't matter."

Reaching out to take the file, Roan opened the folder and suddenly realized that it was the bank robbery that Brosen had not solved as mentioned before.

In New York, a place with simple folk customs, there are bank robberies every month. Citizens and bank staff are used to it. When robbers come, they will lie on the ground. Most robbers only steal money and don't kill people.

NYPD is also used to it. When they learned that the bank was robbed, they evacuated the crowd and contacted the FBI.

The FBI is more used to it. After hearing the news, they drove to the scene of the crime. Once the robber escaped, he checked the surveillance video and searched for the escape route of the robber.

If the robber does not escape and is blocked in the bank, then negotiate with the robber not to kill the hostage while trying to catch or kill the other party.

According to data, from the beginning of last month to last week of this month, several banks in New York City's Queens, Bronx, and Brooklyn districts suffered a total of 6 robberies.

According to part of the bank's surveillance video, the bank staff at the scene of the robbery and the New York citizens who came to the bank to do business said,

There were two robbers, both wearing black clothes, black trousers, black hoods and black gloves.

As soon as one of the robbers entered the bank, he shot upwards, while holding a mobile phone in his other hand, and there was a recording of TV programs such as "Don't Move", and then he walked in front of the bank's camera and shot it in black. Spray paint smears off bank cameras.

Another robber threw a black bag to the bank clerk after entering the bank, and in the other hand was holding a transparent document bag with words cut from newspapers inside.

The content of the text is the relevant identity information of the bank staff, and the identity information of her family members. At the same time, a pre-recorded recording came from the mobile phone:

"Pack the money immediately. If you don't do what I say, if you dare to press the alarm, or dare to put a locator, or dyeing agent, dye bag, etc. in the bag, someone will kill you later, or someone who will kill you family."

Seeing his own identity information and that of his family members, the bank staff was terrified, so they had to obediently pretend to be money, not daring to do petty tricks at all.

Two and a half minutes passed, and the robbery ended.

Regardless of whether the bag was full or not, the two of them took it and ran straight away, not forgetting to take the transparent folder before leaving.

Because the bank staff dared not press the alarm, the NYPD only knew about the robberies after the robbers escaped. When the FBI arrived at the bank, the two robbers had already disappeared.

During the whole process, not without bank security trying to stop the other party.

But the robber who held his mobile phone and sprayed black paint at the camera would take a hostage every time, and the phone recording threatened the security:

"You shoot, I shoot too."

The security guard had no choice but to listen to the voice recorded by the mobile phone, hand over the gun, and lie on the ground by himself.

Roan: "."

After watching the entire case, Luo An scratched his head, puzzled.

Is the current bank robbery business already so involved?

"Isn't this the case that the team director Brosen is in charge of recently?"

Mona on the side saw Roan scratching his head, turned around and took a look, and asked doubtfully:

"What, you want to intervene?"

This bank robbery case has become a hot topic recently. Everyone in the thirteen investigation teams knows that the sponsor of the case is Brosen, the team leader of the No. 14 investigation team.

Of course, they only know the basic information, they don't know the progress of the investigation of the case, and they don't know that Brosen was forced to set a time to solve the case at the meeting.

"No, I'm just looking."

Hearing what Mona said, Roan shook his head, then changed the subject, turned his head and asked with a smile:

"By the way, do you have time tonight?"

Mona was stunned for a moment, and a look of warning appeared in her eyes: "What are you doing?"

Roan grinned, and the fly rubbed his hands: "I think."

Brooklyn, deep in a certain street.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A burst of gunfire rang out, and Brosen and Matthews led several agents from the No. 14 investigation team, and successfully knocked down two black men who shot at them.

The two black men collapsed on the ground and did not move. Brosen and Matthews carefully went up to check with pistols. Seeing that the other party had lost too much blood and passed out, they glanced casually. Brosen put away the pistol and said:

"call the ambulance."

"Okay, sir."

The agents of the No. 14 investigation team began to clean up the scene and call an ambulance. Just as Brosen was about to take Matthews aside to discuss the direction of the next investigation, Matthews' cell phone rang suddenly.

"Hello?"

Matthews picked up the phone casually. After a few seconds, there was a look of astonishment in his eyes. Then he gritted his molars tightly and said in a deep voice:

"Okay, thanks for the message."

Seeing the expression on Matthews' face, Brosen, who was finishing the pistol, frowned slightly: "What happened?"

Hung up the phone, Matthews took a deep breath, his voice a little hoarse: "Sir, my colleagues in the trace inspection department told me that the No. 5 investigation team has found the murderer of the serial murder case."

Hearing this, Brosen's face darkened instantly, then he raised his pistol, aimed at the garbage in the garbage bin beside him, and pulled the trigger.

bang bang bang bang—

A few seconds later, after venting, Brosen put away the pistol, took a deep breath, his face slowly recovered, turned around and walked in another direction.

Matthews on the side hurriedly followed: "Sir, what shall we do next?"

Brosen's voice was indifferent, but his words were concise: "Solve the case! Arrest people!"

Chapter 77 The Action Begins (Please bookmark! Please follow up!)

The next day, at 5 o'clock in the morning, before the sun rose, Roan walked out of Mona's small apartment with a yawn, and drove a Chevrolet to one of today's joint operations:

A certain villa of the leader of the Hyena Gang.

Yesterday, the system rated Luo An as [good], and [Physical Potion x2, Strength Potion x1] was opened in the treasure chest. At this time, in the backpack grid of Luo An's system, there were [Physical Potion



x7, Fire Resistance Potion x1, and Night Vision Potion] x2, Scuba Potion x1, Strength Potion x3, Swift Potion x1, Antidote Potion x1, Weakness Potion x1, Sleep Potion x1].

"Good morning, Roan."

Chevrolet arrived at the operation preparation area far away from the villa. Ryder walked over with a bag of breakfast and said with a smile:

"I thought you'd come after the operation."

"That was the plan, but Augustus kept calling me and I had to come early."

Roan took the breakfast and said thank you. After taking a big bite, he and Ryder stood next to the Chevrolet, quietly watching the group of operatives preparing their equipment in the distance.

"I do not quite understand."

Ryder swallowed his breakfast in two or three bites, wiped his hands, pointed to the people not far away and asked:

"This time is a joint operation between the Organized Crime Investigation Section and the DEA. There are so many people, why should we participate?"

"Not for us to participate in the operation, just for us to follow behind them and shoot twice casually, just for show."

Abyss swallowed the breakfast with a huge mouth, Roan waved his hand, motioned for Ryder to come closer, and then whispered in his ear:

"Augustus was chatting with Dillon after get off work yesterday, and learned that the drugs and raw materials recently accumulated by the Hyena Gang were probably worth nearly tens of millions of dollars according to the undercover agent."

Of course, the Organized Crime Division and the DEA have been watching the Hyena Gang for so long, we will definitely not be able to pick a big peach if we intervene temporarily, and we can't pick it.

But we told them about the bomb yesterday after all, and Sean's presence gave us reason to intervene.

So what Augustus means is very simple, the big head can't be eaten, and the small head can't be put. As long as the two of us participate in the action, Augustus has a reason to ask for a share of the spoils later. "

They definitely won't get much money, but to solve such a big case, the political gains are far more important than money.

As long as the No. 5 investigation team is mentioned in the news later, Augustus will not lose money.

Augustus is not at a loss, and Roan is certainly not at a loss either.

"All right."

Ryder nodded silently, seeing that the time was almost up, he took Roan and began to organize the equipment together.

This time, the duo's weapons are no longer limited to the pistol Glock 18, but also the assault rifle m4a1.

In addition to the most basic combat uniforms, plate armor vests, tactical helmets, shock bombs, smoke bombs, etc., tear gas bombs and grenades are also added.

Roan took less grenades, but took the same amount of tear gas bombs as stun bombs.

Detective Norton of the Organized Crime Investigation Section was speechless when he saw Roan and Ryder in full armor.

They are just agents and will not be at the forefront. It is the task of SWAT to attack the tough ones.

Before departure today, Dillon told Norton that Roan was the source of the news of the bomb yesterday, and that they would also participate in the operation today, so Norton had a good attitude today, and walked over with a few people smiling:

"Good morning, Agent Luo An, I didn't expect that we would have the opportunity to cooperate so soon."

"Just call me Roan."

Roan stretched out his hand and shook hands with each other, also grinning:

"You have the final say on today's actions. Ryder and I are just here to cooperate."

The meaning in the words is very simple, we don't intend to take your credit.

Hearing Roan's words, the eyes of Norton and his teammates behind him lit up, feeling that Roan's handsome face suddenly became a little more handsome.

Within a few minutes, Roan, Norton and his teammates became good brothers of the half-brother investigation team.

Ryder: "."

Time passed quickly, and the pointer on the clock soon reached six o'clock in the morning set by the joint operation.

In the joint command center in the distance, watching the time reach six o'clock, Dillon from the Organized Crime Investigation Section and Melton from the DEA exchanged glances, and said into the microphone together:

"start to act!"

As soon as the voice fell, all the agents who had been waiting for a long time rushed out of the villa of the leader of the Hyena Gang, a certain large bar, a certain factory, and a certain dock.

Because there may be remote-controlled bombs in the hands of the Hyena Gang, before this group of people acted, each team opened the signal jammer.

At the villa, the special SWAT car smashed the accelerator and rushed into the courtyard. A group of SWAT jumped out of the car in a tactical posture. And Ryder also rushed in.

boom!

"FBI!"

Break the door and smash the villa gate with a hammer. Several SWAT players rushed into the villa in a tactical posture, and the rest followed closely, and began to search the rooms one by one.

boom! boom! boom!

As the fierce gunshots rang out, the Hyena Gang members who had a party all night last night woke up as if they had just woken up from a dream, and they took up the weapons in their hands and prepared to fight back.

It's okay not to shoot, the SWAT people will only order them to throw away their weapons, put on their pants and lie down on the spot.

Once a shot was fired, except for the high-ranking gang members who had been explained in advance, everyone else was shot in the head.

"Upstairs! Upstairs!"

"And the basement!"

"Speed! Speed!"

Two SWAT members quickly rushed up to the second floor with rifles in hand, followed by Agent Norton and Roan.

The moment one of the SWAT team members pushed open the door of a room, the door diagonally opposite suddenly opened. Agent Norton saw the muzzle pointing at his forehead in the door, and his pupils shrank suddenly.

boom!

Roan shot him dead, nodded to Norton, and continued to rush to another room without any nonsense.

Kicking open the door, Roan found that the master bedroom on the second floor was empty and there was no one there, so he frowned.

Norton and a SWAT agent also rushed into the bedroom at this time, and were taken aback when they saw the empty room.

Then Norton confessed that he suddenly remembered something, walked quickly to the bedside in the bedroom, pulled the mural away, and a door with the same color as the wall appeared in front of the three of them:

"It's an elevator!"

Norton walked out of the room quickly and explained at the same time:

"The undercover told me about this, the elevator goes straight to the basement!"

"OK."

Luo An nodded, without asking further questions, the three of them immediately walked out of the room.

As soon as they reached the stairs, there was a sudden fierce firefight from the basement. The expressions of the three of them changed immediately, and they went downstairs a little faster.

Especially Roan, he knew that Ryder was going to the basement just now, and in a hurry, he leaned on the handrail of the stairs with both hands, jumped up, kicked his feet on the walls on both sides of the stairs, and moved left and right. Fly down the stairs at a fast speed.

Norton: "???"

Two SWAT players: "!!"

Boom!

Jumping to the corner of the basement, an empty elevator appeared in front of Roan, two SWAT team members were exchanging fire with the room at the end of the basement, and Ryder, who was fully armed, collapsed to the ground.

Roan grabbed Ryder's feet, pulled him to his position, turned over, and saw that Ryder's body was not injured, but there were a few wisps of white substance on his face.

"Fu-k!"

## Chapter 78 Testimonials

The one-month period of new books has passed, and it is finally time to check the performance of a book when it is put on the shelves.

I have made an appointment with the editor, and it will be on the shelves tomorrow at 12 noon. Please support this book a lot. The first order and subscription are really important to me. The author is here to thank everyone!

To tell the truth, criminal investigation and case-solving novels are originally niche at the beginning, and the background is in the United States, and they are even more niche among the niche.

The author can persevere until now, I am really grateful to all the book friends who have been silently supporting, and also thank the editor for his great support.

The author hereby guarantees that there will definitely be more updates tomorrow after it is put on the shelves, and it will never be interrupted.

There are still many suggestions from book friends, and I will also modify them as appropriate, and try to satisfy everyone without changing the tone of this book.

Finally, there is the issue of the plot. Some book friends said that the plot advances slowly.

Hey, this is also the first time for the author to write a crime-solving novel. When designing each case, his head is almost bald.

It is really a challenge for newcomers to make the case reasonable and not collapse every character in the story.

But I don't panic, as long as everyone supports me, hair or something, it's a big deal to sacrifice!

No more nonsense, the boss will come to check the post later.

Finally, I beg all the book friends to give me a face, and give me a subscription after it goes on the shelves tomorrow, I am very grateful!

Seek first order! Ask for a first order! Ask for a first order!

Chapter 79 Villa Basement (please subscribe!)

Ryder had no wounds on his body, suggesting that the cause of his coma was the white flour on his face.

Opening Ryder's eyes, he found that his face was purple, his breathing was difficult, and his pupils on both sides were obviously narrowed and looked like pinpoints. Luo An suddenly frowned.

With just this bit of flour on Ryder's face, it is impossible for the rock sugar and conch to make him unconscious. The only thing that can cause a coma so quickly is the fentanyl mentioned in the previous chat between the two.

Fentanyl is 80 times more toxic than sea snails. If no measures are taken and Ryder is sent to the hospital after the operation is over, it will be too late.

"Shit."

Without hesitation, Roan immediately took out the bottle of [antidote] from the system page.

At the same time, in order to prevent himself from being poisoned, Roan did not choose to touch the wisps of white substance on Ryder's face with his hands, but forced Ryder's mouth open with the muzzle of a gun before pouring the medicine.

"Take Ryder out of the villa immediately! Call an ambulance!"

At this moment, Agent Norton and the two SWAT team members ran down the stairs. Roan turned decisively and handed Ryder to them, while saying with a serious expression:



"Ryder is opioid poisoned, you must tell the nurse to the ambulance!"

"OK!"

The two SWAT team members did not hesitate when they heard this, and immediately set up Ryder one by one on the left and one on the right, turned around and ran back to the stairs, and rushed out of the villa.

"Sorry, Roan."

Looking at the backs of the three leaving, Norton shifted his tactical posture in front of Roan with a serious expression. Just as he was about to continue to say something, Roan waved his hand and interrupted him. He pointed to the room at the end of the basement and said:

"Catch the enemy first!"

"OK!"

Hearing this, Norton didn't talk nonsense, and decisively shifted to the position of the two SWAT players who were aiming at a room with a gun in the depths of the corridor.

Roan paused slightly, took out [Strength Potion] and [Swift Potion] from the system, raised his head and drank them, and then followed Agent Norton to the SWAT team's room.

"What's the situation now?"

Hearing the question from Agent Norton, the two SWAT team members pointed to the diagonally opposite room with a closed door and said:

"There are three enemies in the room, they are the boss of the Hyena Gang and his two henchmen."

Three enemies were trapped in the diagonally opposite room, but they all had rifles in their hands, and the two sides had just finished exchanging fire.

Rash open the door of the opponent's room and break in directly. There is a high probability that SWAT members will be attacked by rifles.

The ordinary shields in the hands of the two team members could not block the attack of the rifles, and the flash bombs were used up before, so they did not act rashly, but notified the teammates outside the villa to send the thickened bulletproof shields here, ready to wait Attack when the shield comes.

Speaking of this, the two SWAT players also asked about Ryder's current state and expressed apologies to Roan.

Just now, Ryder was attacked by a man with a broken eyebrow on the right side to protect them.

"No, have you ever thought about a question?"

Hearing that the SWAT team members said that there was a man with a broken eyebrow on the right side in the room, Roan raised his eyebrows, but instead of continuing the topic, he asked with a serious expression:

"Why did these three people choose to run to this room after being attacked by us?"

Norton reacted the fastest, and turned to look at Roan with a solemn face:

"You mean, there is a way to escape from the villa in this room? There is a secret passage?"

Roan nodded: "The possibility is very high."

"Fu-k!"

Agent Norton cursed in a low voice, his expression became anxious.

His undercover only knew that there was an elevator in the villa, but he didn't know whether there was a secret passage in the villa.

Norton was just about to ask the two SWAT team members how long it would take for the thickened bulletproof shield to be delivered. At this time, it was almost ten seconds before the enemy closed the door and hid in the room.

At this moment, a gap suddenly opened in the room diagonally opposite them.

Two cylindrical smoke bombs fell to the ground, and thick smoke suddenly exploded in the corridor.

Hoo—

"Shit!"

"Biaozi raised it!"

Seeing the smoke bomb falling to the ground in front of his eyes, Norton and the two SWAT team members cursed in a low voice.

But before the sound of the three people swearing could be heard in the room, Roan moved much faster than usual. With a movement of his eyelids, he decisively took out a shock bomb from his pocket, and threw it along the opposite door that hadn't had time to be completely closed. go in.

Boom!

"ah-"

The moment the shock bomb exploded, there was a scream from the room diagonally opposite.

Without waiting for Norton and the two SWAT players to make any moves, Roan's figure rushed out from their side in an instant, kicked open the door opposite, and threw in two shock bombs without saying a word.

Boom!

Boom!

At this time, Agent Norton and the two SWAT team members finally reacted, and hurriedly raised their guns and rushed towards the diagonally opposite room.

When the three of them entered the room, they saw a huge wooden box on the ground in the corner of the room, which was full of weapons. On the ground behind the wooden box, there was a half-open metal door.

The impact of the shock bomb exploding in the closed room was horrific. The gang leader, Sean, and another confidant had all fainted to the ground at this time.

Just now when he opened the door and threw smoke bombs, the thin confidant who was lying at the door even had a trace of blood flowing from his ears.

Agent Norton and the two SWAT agents holding guns saw this scene, they all gasped in place, and then turned their heads to look at Roan, their eyes full of shock:

"Shit!"

"Gift Crab!"

"Roan, why are you moving so fast?"

"Don't talk about this yet."

Waving his hand to disperse the smoke around him, Roan didn't talk nonsense, and quickly turned around and strode out of the basement, leaving only a handsome back for the three of them:

"The smoke is getting bigger and bigger, get out of here quickly."

Outside the villa, Ryder had been taken away by the ambulance. Roan returned to his Chevrolet and began to disassemble the equipment on his body.

"Mission accomplished, sir."

Out of the villa, Agent Norton looked at Roan with complicated eyes, but he still contacted the officer and reported:

"The leader of the Hyena Gang and his subordinates have all been arrested. Some gang members tried to resist and were killed on the spot."

"What about our casualties?"

Dillon on the other end of the phone spoke in a hurry, and said in a deep voice:

"When the DEA raided the Hyena gang's 'pharmacy factory', there was a fierce battle, and many people were injured and died there.

For example, Agent Mullen was hit in the chest by a bullet and has now been sent to the hospital. "

The Organized Crime Investigation Section and the DEA are responsible for different locations because of their respective responsibilities.

Villas, bars and other places where members of the Hyena Gang are located belong to the Organized Crime Investigation Section.

The factories, warehouses and other places used by the Hyena Gang to make, transport and store flour belong to the DEA.

"We only have Agent Ryder of the No. 5 investigation team here, who was accidentally poisoned and fell into a coma while protecting the SWAT team."

After briefly describing what happened just now, Norton suddenly remembered something, and hurriedly asked:

"Sir, what's going on at the Hyena gang's bar? Is there a bomb"

"Four fully assembled remote-control bombs were indeed found there, but because we got the news in advance, the signal jammer we prepared worked, and the bombs did not explode."

Dillon briefly talked about what happened, and after confirming that the task at the villa was successfully completed, he hung up the phone. After all, he still had a lot of things to deal with.

#### Chapter 80 Hospital

"Thank you very much for this operation, Roan."

Hung up the phone, and simply arranged for the \*\*\*\* of the personnel at the villa site. Detective Norton immediately walked to Roan's side, expressing his thanks with a serious expression.

Roan not only told them yesterday that the Hyena Gang had a remote-controlled bomb, but also saved his life during the execution of the mission just now. Norton thinks very much now.

Pull Roan into his investigation team.

"You're welcome, Agent Norton."

"Just call me Norton."

"Okay, Norton."

Roan didn't talk nonsense, and immediately pointed to Sean who was still unconscious in the distance and said:

"Ryder has been sent to the hospital. I need to check the situation quickly. Please send this Sean to our No. 5 investigation team."

"no problem!"

Norton patted his chest and agreed, and at the same time invited Roan to go out for a drink after this incident was completely over, and he treated him.

"OK."

Roan agreed with a smile, then stepped on the accelerator, and the Chevrolet rushed out in the direction of the ambulance.

In the hospital, the lights in the operating room were dimly lit. Except for Augustus, Lacey, Mona, William and other agents from the No. 5 investigation team had all arrived.

Roan stood in the corridor, rubbing his thumb and index finger with his right hand.

"Roan."

After a while, Yvonne, who was wearing a dark blindfold on her right eye, walked over quickly. After a brief hug with Lacey and Roan, she asked with a solemn expression:

"What happened, what was Ryder's injury?"

Roan briefly described what happened today, and then said solemnly:

"Sorry, Yvonne, if I hadn't been separated from Ryder"

"No, it's Ryder's fault, not yours."

After hearing Roan say that the white substance on Ryder's face was probably fentanyl, Yvonne turned pale, but when she heard Roan's words, Yvonne immediately took a deep breath to suppress the anxiety in her heart, and said in a deep voice:

"At the beginning, I forced Ryder to withdraw from SWAT because he disregarded his own safety every time he performed a mission, chose to take the greatest risk by himself, and protected his teammates behind him.

I admit that when I was in NYPD before, if I went out to perform missions together, I absolutely liked teammates like Ryder very much, and I could trust him with my back.

But as his wife, I absolutely cannot just sit and watch him walk on the edge of danger every day."

After the two got married, Yvonne forced Ryder to quit SWAT.

But Ryder also had his own pursuit, so he finally chose to join the FBI.

After Yvonne learned of this, she was a little dissatisfied but never said much, because Yvonne knew why Ryder was obsessed with working in the law enforcement department, and compared with SWAT, which was mainly responsible for combating tough battles, the FBI's job content was relatively dangerous. lower.

"I know that Ryder will one day be admitted to the operating room because of his character"



Speaking of this, Yvonne's eyes turned red, and she stared fiercely at the operating room:

"But I didn't expect this day to come so soon."

"Ryder will be fine."

Lacey hugged Yvonne and comforted her in a low voice. Roan, who knew that Ryder was probably fine, stood beside him and didn't say much. Instead, when he was about to go back to interrogate Sean, he would give him a big memory first. Let's talk about recovery.

Not only was it because of Sean's sneak attack on Ryder, but it was also because Roan found out that he used three bottles of potions in this operation, which is really a bit of a loss.

But I don't know if it's Roan's illusion. He feels that every time he uses a bottle of stamina potion and strength potion, his physical fitness seems to be slowly improving.

Especially after drinking the potion of swiftness just now, after the effects of the medicine wore off, his reaction speed was not as fast as when he acted just now, but it was also a little faster than usual.

Although 90% of the effect of the medicine will disappear afterward, as long as 10% of the effect stays in the body, it will be a safe profit.

drop—

While Roan was thinking about it, the door of the operating room suddenly opened, and everyone rushed forward when they saw it. Yvonne even grabbed the doctor's hand, her face full of anxiety:

"Doctor, my husband"

"Your husband is fine."

Some doctors in the Mediterranean took off the masks on their faces, pulled out their hands expressionlessly and said:

"He was sent to the hospital in a timely manner, and his physique is better than the average person. Now he is out of danger. He only needs to stay in the hospital for observation for a period of time. There is a high probability that he will not become addicted to drugs later."

"Okay, okay, thank you doctor."

Hearing the doctor's affirmative answer, Yvonne hugged Lacey next to her and wept with joy. Then she saw Roan next to her, and immediately stepped forward to give him a big hug, her face full of gratitude:

"Thank you very much, Roan, if it weren't for you to send Ryder to the hospital in time, I really can't imagine"

Roan patted Yvonne's shoulder, and the corner of his mouth slightly hooked:

"Ryder is my good brother, this is what I should do."

After Ryder was pushed out of the operating room, he was still in a coma. Roan, Lacey and other detectives from the No. 5 investigation team visited each other briefly, then left the space for Yvonne, and drove back to Yalin. Cobb Federal Building.

In the Chevrolet, Mona sat in the back seat and started typing on the keyboard again, while Lacey sat in the co-pilot, chatting with Luo An.

"After all, Ryder's physique is good, even fentanyl can't hurt him,"

Lacy, who knew the terrible toxicity of fentanyl, smacked her lips, sighing but also somewhat puzzled:

"Or Ryder was lucky and didn't inhale too much fentanyl?"

"Probably both."

Roan raised his brows, and instead of continuing the topic, he questioned:

"Where's Augustus? Why did he go?"

Augus has always been good to the agents of the No. 5 investigation team on weekdays. Why didn't he come because Ryder was injured and hospitalized?

"Augus was called to a meeting."

Hearing Roan's question, Lacey shrugged:

"The DEA and the Organized Crime Investigation Section made too much noise this time, and afterward, a large number of reporters ran to the front of the building and asked to interview them.

But before holding a press conference, the two departments need to unify their voices on some sensitive and confidential issues, so they are still in meetings.

You and Ryder also participated in this operation, so Augustus was also dragged to this meeting"

Hearing Lacey's words, Roan suddenly realized.

When chatting with Norton before the start of the operation, Roan learned that when the hyena gang first appeared, the DEA had already been eyeing them.

After the fact, the Hyena Gang can develop so quickly, and the purchase and sales of flour can be laid so quickly. It is absolutely impossible to say that it has nothing to do with DEA behind it.

When Luo An heard the news, two words popped out of Luo An's mind: Raise the bandits to be self-respecting, raise them first and then kill them.

"Sure enough, there is no good result for gangsters."

It is said that it is a meeting to unify the caliber, isn't this an after-the-fact summary meeting.

Reminiscent of Augustus' \*\*\*\* face, the corners of Roan's mouth slightly raised, not knowing what he would gain this time.

Stepping on the accelerator, Chevrolet rushed towards the Jacob Federal Building.