

LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

Chapter 11 - 11 Obligations

Luke asked again, "How many tasers like this do you have in your shop?"

"Really only two. The other one was sold in January."

"I need his identity information."

"Okay. But I hope this matter stops here and doesn't affect my business."

Luke said, "I'm not interested in small fries like you, but if you dare to lie, I guarantee you'll retire early."

"I have no reason to lie about this; I'm just a businessman, and nothing is more important to me than my business," the owner replied, pointing to a stool

outside the counter. "Please sit for a while; I'll go check the gun purchase records."

Luke didn't dare relax his vigilance in the gun store, constantly scanning the surroundings and maintaining alertness.

"Sir, I've found it."

The owner came over and placed a document on the counter, "This is the identity information of the customer who bought the modified taser gun."

Name, Tony Will

Phone number, 626 863 9845

Purchase date, January 13, 2022

There was also a copy of a driver's license below the information.

The photo on the driver's license copy was a bit blurry.

Luke pointed to the camera in the corner of the ceiling, "Bring up the surveillance footage."

"Sir, surveillance videos are only saved for one month; it's already March, and the footage has been overwritten; I can't bring it up," the owner explained.

"Hand over the hard drive that stores the surveillance videos; we're taking it back to the police station."

"OK." The owner was somewhat reluctant, but still did as Luke had instructed.

Meanwhile, David was also not idle. After getting the customer's name and driver's license, he directly contacted the clerical officer Matthew to verify the information.

Soon, Matthew relayed back the detailed information on the customer, Tony.

"Sir, here's the hard drive," the owner said, removing the hard drive and handing it to Luke.

David looked at his phone and opened a clear picture of the customer Tony, "Is this the man who bought the modified taser gun?"

The man in the photo was a Caucasian male, looking to be in his forties, with a goatee.

The owner took a careful look, "Uh... he looks somewhat familiar."

David said, "Hey, don't play dumb with me; take a good look; I need a precise answer."

The owner looked troubled, "There are many customers in the store every day; I can't possibly remember everyone's face, especially since it's been over a month, I really can't remember."

David was somewhat dissatisfied and was about to say more.

Luke, worried about a repeat of last time's incident, shook the hard drive in his hand, "David, we still have this, and machines are more reliable than people."

David glanced up and down at the owner, "You better not have lied..."

As they left the store, the owner breathed a sigh of relief and muttered softly, "Fuck! Those two @#¥%..."

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In the black Dodge Challenger.

David smiled, "Entrapment, that's what you call using your brain. Pretty old-fashioned. My grandfather used the same tricks when he was a cop."

Luke laughed, "Human history is just repetition; there's no old and new, what matters is how you use it and who uses it."

"Are you planning to switch to studying philosophy?"

"Yeah, you caught me, call me Professor Luke from now on."

"Come on, better spend more time on the investigation," David rolled his eyes. "I got Tony's address from Matthew; should we go meet him? Maybe this guy is the suspect in the 'taser gun robbery case.'"

"Gurgle..."

Luke's stomach growled, "I suggest we go eat first."

"Are you serious?"

"Of course, I don't want to work on an empty stomach." In his previous life, Luke often skipped meals for work and ended up with stomach problems at a young age.

Having been reincarnated, he would not make the same mistakes again.

The two went to a Mexican restaurant, where Luke ordered a beef burrito, a chicken burrito, and a glass of fresh orange juice.

The burritos were made from cornmeal, yellowish-orange and appetizing. They were filled with shredded purple cabbage, carrot, lettuce, roasted chicken or beef, and topped with salad dressing or sweet chili sauce. Each bite was filled with a sense of bliss.

It was somewhat similar to what locals call a "big pancake wrap everything," but here, the portion of meat was more generous, providing a stronger sense of fullness.

Very satisfying.

After lunch, Luke felt drowsy and settled into the passenger seat.

David, speechless, had no choice but to drive.

"If I were the captain, I'd also take you as an example," David said.

Luke, without even raising his eyelids, responded, "That's exactly my point."

David started the car, "Given your attitude toward work, you probably won't ever get the chance to become a captain in this lifetime."

"David, the world is unfair; it's not just hard work that leads to success."

"Don't go preaching like some silver-haired old man; you're not even older than me."

"You're right, I'll rely on you from now on. I'm going to take a nap; wake me up when we get there." Luke reclined his seat.

Shaking his head, David drove towards Tony's address.

Luke dozed off for about ten minutes but began to feel the car shaking more and more. He sat up and looked out the window to find the scenery vastly changed.

The streets had become dirty and old, sidewalks filled with colorful tents, homeless people everywhere, with a noticeably higher presence of African Americans and Mexicans.

Luke commented, "It seems the suspect isn't living too well."

"If he were, he wouldn't turn to robbery. This area is filled with drug addicts; I bet this guy is a junkie too," David sighed deeply, his brow furrowed.

"You seem to know a lot about the area."

"I'd rather not," David responded as he turned on the right indicator and pulled the car to the curb, "We've arrived."

Luke checked his Glock handgun. It had a seventeen-round magazine, was lightweight, easy to handle, no external safety, ideal for firing immediately in emergencies.

David took out his SUB-2000 carbine, showing a disdainful look, "Hey, boy, you should upgrade your weapon."

Patting the inside of his thigh, Luke laughed, "I already have."

David just looked at him, speechless.

The two approached a dilapidated wooden house, pushed open the broken wooden fence, and found the yard overgrown with weeds and littered with random items.

David gestured for Luke to watch the back door.

Gun in hand, Luke moved to the back of the house and peered through the door's glass but didn't spot anyone inside.

At that moment, David's knocking sounded from the front yard, "Knock, knock..."

No response.

"Knock, knock..."

Another rush of anxious knocks.

David shouted, "Hey, Tony, open up—I know you're home."

Still, the house did not respond.

Luke, who could hear everything clear from the back, knew that if someone were inside, they couldn't have missed the noise.

The house was small and single-storied; observing through the window revealed nothing unusual.

The suspect was either not home, or hiding somewhere inside.

Luke returned to the front yard, "David, the suspect might have already escaped."

After a moment of silence, David made a quieting gesture, "I think I hear something inside... yeah, it sounds like someone's calling for help."

Luke had a bad feeling, "What are you up to now?"

"I heard a cry for help from inside, and as police officers, we have the duty and the right to check it out." As David finished speaking, he forcefully kicked in the door, "Bang!"

"LAPD!"