

LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

Chapter 13 - 13 Informant

Luke didn't stop him.

With a drug-addicted wife and possibly even being cuckolded, any normal man would need to let off some steam.

David, having kept all this bottled up, was like a ticking time bomb, and as his partner, Luke was likely to get caught in the blast.

The best solution was to let him vent.

And who better to take it out on than this bunch of bikers?

David drove right up to the bar's entrance, blocking several motorcycles.

"Bang!"

It seemed the biker gang felt provoked; one of them chucked a beer bottle that smashed against the front of the car.

David got out of the car, "Which asshole threw the bottle at my car?"

A big-bearded man in a skull jacket approached, "Are you looking to die?"

David flashed his badge, "Are you looking to go to jail?"

The big bearded man chuckled, "Sir, no offense, but I suggest you get a better car."

"Hahaha..." a dozen bikers laughed mockingly from around them.

"Somebody reported you assholes were causing trouble in the bar. Big Beard, send someone over to come with me, then take the others and get lost, capisce?"

"Not gonna happen. You either arrest us all or none at all." As the words fell, a dozen bikers surrounded them.

Luke's right hand rested on his gun, "Do we need to call for backup?"

"Where would be the fun in that?" David's gaze swept over the bikers, not a trace of fear in his eyes, "You want to hit me? Bring it on, and don't cower in the crowd like cowards."

The bikers were visibly angry, yet no one dared to step forward.

"No one's up for an assault on an officer charge?" David sneered, "Listen, I won't repeat myself. Whoever puts me down won't be detained."

If I beat you down, come quietly to the station with me. It's now or never."

Big Beard looked even more displeased, pointing to a man without a skull on his jacket, "Harry, here's your chance."

A curly-haired man, smelling faintly of alcohol, guzzled a big swig of beer and flung the bottle at David with a fierce throw.

David dodged to the side.

Curly Harry charged forward, throwing a right hook towards David's face.

"Bang!"

David took the punch squarely.

The two grappled, exchanging punches, flesh to flesh.

Using his slight buzz from the alcohol, Harry slammed David against the front of the car.

"Go for it!"

"Way to go, Harry!"

At this point, David was on the back foot and the bikers started jeering and cheering.

Luke was also nervous, his hand on his gun, ready to back up David at any moment, but he knew these bikers were tough to deal with and likely armed as well.

David pushed Curly Harry off and countered with a punch.

Curly Harry was adept at street brawling, delivering a kick to David's stomach that sent him to the ground, followed by a couple of fierce kicks.

David clutched at Curly Harry's legs and executed a tackle, using his body weight to deliver a couple of elbow strikes.

The heavy blows dazed Curly Harry, allowing David to flip him over, cuff his hands behind his back.

David hoisted Curly Harry up and patted his head, "Kid, you didn't do too badly; now let's head back to my place."

A tattooed man stood in front of the car, seemingly trying to prevent Harry from being taken away.

David cursed, "Move it, dumb pig."

Luke drew his gun and threatened, "You want to be taken away too, or just want a peanut thrown at you?"

Big Beard came forward, pushing the tattooed acquaintance aside, "It was a fair fight; you can take him away."

David shoved Curly Harry into the car, "You can brag about your brave deeds today to your fellow inmates now."

Under the angry stares of a group of street racers, the car sped away.

Luke drove in the front seat and asked, "How does it feel?"

David wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, "Much better."

Luke warned, "Don't let it happen again."

"Why do I feel like your tone is becoming more and more like Captain Susan's?"

"Because I've finally understood why the captain was transferred from Internal Affairs to the Robbery and Murder Department."

"Are you trying to brown-nose the captain? Uh oh..." David grinned, wincing as he tugged at the corner of his mouth.

"You're right. To get promoted, you not only need to solve cases but also know how to brown-nose. It's like walking on two legs."

David looked surprised, "You've wised up."

"Or else, reckless and rough like you, if you don't change your way of doing things, you'll suffer sooner or later."

"I know, I get what you mean, but some things... never mind... anyway, thanks." David turned his head towards the curly-haired man, "Hey, I remember you're called Harry."

"Harry Sabo."

"Congratulations, in front of your buddies you've earned yourself a serious assault on a police charge, happy to get a skull jacket once you're back with the gang?"

"Of course, I will thank you warmly in prison."

"Haha, don't be so harsh. How about we have a good chat, and if we enjoy it, you might not have to go to jail."

Harry looked wary, "What do you want? I won't betray the gang."

"No one is asking you to be a traitor, I just want you to get information about someone."

"Who?"

"Tony Will, ring a bell?"

Harry thought for a moment, "A fifty-something white male, a junkie, lives in a house east of the bar."

"That's him. I want all the information on him, especially what isn't available in the records."

Harry was skeptical, "You caught me just to find that loser?"

"Correct, if you can find him, I will let you go."

"Using such tactics, you're simply mad."

Luke laughed, "You're right, he's mad, so you better do as he says. Otherwise... you're on your own."

Harry confirmed, "If I help you find Tony, you'll really let me go?"

"Of course."

"Why do you want to catch him?"

"We're investigating a Taser gun robbery case, and he's likely a suspect."

Harry said, "I can help you, but I don't know him well. I need to be let go first to get his whereabouts."

David unlocked the handcuffs and handed him a business card, "Contact me immediately when you have a lead on Tony."

Harry rubbed his wrists, "Once I have a lead on Tony, we're even, and I won't help you with anything else."

"If you don't find any valuable information, I will personally bring you back. Put your heart into it, got it?"

"I couldn't care less about that guy's fate. Using his info to trade for my freedom, I lose nothing."

David nodded, "You're a smart man."

"I hope you'll keep your word."

"We will."

Luke drove to a secluded area and let Harry out of the car.

As they watched Harry leave, Luke asked, "Just like that, you let him go, not afraid he'll renege?"

"He wouldn't dare."

David said nonchalantly, "If he really does that, I'll spread the word that he wasn't thrown in jail because he turned into a police informant.

Then the street racers will take care of him without me needing to lift a finger."