

# LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

## Chapter 15: Consulting

Luke thought it over and agreed to Daisy's invitation.

The two made plans to meet on Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

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The Silver Tower Restaurant.

It is a famous French restaurant in Los Angeles.

Luke had also eaten Western food in his home country, but it was all a modified version of it; it would be his first time having authentic French cuisine.

The restaurant is located near Rodeo Drive, close to Beverly Hills, a shopping hub of Los Angeles, with tall palm trees planted along both sides of the road and in the green medians. The buildings along the street are usually no more than two stories high, three or four-story structures are rare.

Accustomed to the skyscrapers at home, Luke found these low-rise buildings somewhat novel. The environment was comfortable and relaxed, and the warmth of the sunset made him feel at ease.

This place was like heaven compared to Tony's neighborhood.

Los Angeles is one of the busiest cities in the world but also one with a vast gap between rich and poor.

Luke arrived at the Silver Tower Restaurant at 6:45 p.m.

The restaurant sat on a second-floor terrace, offering a view of Rodeo Drive's night scene. Luke couldn't afford the luxuries sold there, but enjoying the view was still an option.

At 6:53 p.m., a beautiful woman with long brown hair walked up to the second floor of the restaurant, wearing a black dress underneath a khaki coat.

It was Daisy, the same woman Luke had rescued on Thursday night.

"Officer Luke, sorry to keep you waiting."

"It's not even the scheduled time yet; I just arrived early."

Daisy took off her khaki coat, placing it on the chair beside her, and sat opposite Luke with a graceful figure, "Sorry, I should have come earlier. There was an issue at the company..."

"You just experienced a robbery. Why not take a few more days off?"

"I wish I could, but there are many things that need my attention, clients are like gods."

"What do you do for a living?"

"A lawyer."

"Wow, that's a lucrative career."

"The cost is working over twelve hours a day, plus the commute, I'm busy for roughly fourteen hours each day. I might end up marrying this job in my lifetime," Daisy sighed softly and handed the menu to Luke,

"Let's switch to a more relaxing topic, like tonight's dinner."

Luke took the menu, browsed for a while, and ordered several dishes that looked good: French white wine escargot, seared scallops with foie gras, red wine pepper steak, seafood risotto, and asparagus cream soup.

Though the number of dishes was substantial, the portion sizes seemed small, and Luke could finish them by himself.

Daisy added a few more dishes and a bottle of red wine, then handed the menu back to the waiter.

David did a quick calculation and figured this meal would cost no less than six hundred US Dollars.

The waiter approached with a bottle of red wine, opened it in front of them, and poured it into a decanter, "Would the lady and gentleman like to let the wine breathe?"

Daisy pushed her wine glass forward, "Let's let it breathe as we drink."

The waiter filled their glasses halfway with red wine and then bowed and left.

Daisy lifted her glass, "Officer Luke, thank you for saving me. It might have been a small thing for you, but for me... I can't repay you enough. Cheers to you."

"I accept your gratitude. However, I simply did what I had to do. Let's not bring it up anymore after this glass, or it will make this dinner very awkward," Luke sipped the red wine from his glass.

"You're right, I'll keep my gratitude in my heart. If you ever need legal help, feel free to contact me."

"I will."

Daisy raised her glass again, "In addition to that matter, I also want to thank you for the tire incident. That day I thought you were hitting on me... My attitude was a bit rude, I hope you don't mind."

"Actually... I should also thank your tire," Luke said.

Daisy looked puzzled, "Why is that?"

Luke laughed and said, "Because I really did want to hit on you that day, if it hadn't been for your tire being flat, I would have been totally embarrassed."

"Haha..." Daisy laughed too, "On behalf of my tire, I accept your thanks."

The atmosphere at the dinner table became relaxed.

This was the first time Luke had authentic French cuisine, and it tasted pretty good.

His favorite was the red wine and black pepper steak, which was tender, juicy, and had a great texture and flavor.

Next was the seafood risotto, with whole shrimp and squid tentacles giving a rich texture.

Sipping red wine, eating delicious food, admiring the night view of Los Angeles, and feeling the relaxed and free atmosphere around him was great.

Daisy had drunk quite a bit of red wine, her cheeks slightly flushed, "Officer Luke, I've encountered some bad things again, not sure if I should go to the police station to report it, I want to hear your advice."

"Just call me Luke."

"Um... I went to the law firm this morning and found that the files in my office had been tampered with."

"Could it have been done by your colleagues?"

"I asked, no one had been in my office."

"Did you lose anything?"

"No, that's where I'm puzzled, even though the files were definitely tampered with, nothing was missing."

"Are there any valuables in the office?"

"There is a US Dollar backup cash, and two pieces of jewelry, none of which was stolen."

"Any signs of damage on the door lock?"

"No."

"Could it be that you misremembered the placement of the files?"

"Impossible, I usually deal with a lot of files and arrange them in order for easy locating, but this time the order was messed up; someone definitely tampered with my files."

"Do you have any suspects?"

Daisy shook her head, "It's precisely because I have no suspects that I hesitate whether to call the police. From a legal standpoint, it's difficult to file a case under these circumstances, and the police might even think I'm paranoid from the robbery."

Upon hearing this, Luke subconsciously thought that Daisy was traumatized by the robbery, leading to paranoia.

But thinking about their dinner and conversation together, Daisy's mood seemed relatively stable, and it didn't feel like she had mental issues.

That meant it was indeed possible that someone had been in Daisy's office.

Assuming what Daisy said was true, she had just been robbed on Thursday, and in only two days, her office had been burgled. Wasn't this a bit too coincidental?

More importantly, the cash in her office wasn't taken, indicating the thief wasn't interested in mundane belongings. What was the person's objective then?

Business competition?

Luke speculated, "Daisy, is it possible that your colleagues or competitors, knowing about your robbery, assumed you wouldn't be at the law firm for a while and decided to poach your clients and cases?"

Daisy thought for a moment, her brows slightly furrowed, "My relationship with my colleagues is pretty good, but... competition within the law firm is fierce; I can't rule that out."

"Do you have surveillance inside your office?"

"I'm not comfortable being watched by a camera while working, but there is one in the hallway outside my office."

"Then check the surveillance footage to prove that someone unlawfully entered your office. Only then can the police get involved and investigate. Otherwise, it's hard for them to file a case for investigation without any loss of property."

Daisy raised her glass as a sign, "I understand, and I thank you again for your help."

Luke took a sip of red wine; he had already drunk quite a bit tonight.

Actually, as a lawyer, Daisy should know how to handle such cases; perhaps she just needed emotional support.

Or maybe she just wanted someone to talk to.

From this perspective, the robbery still had a certain impact on her.