

# LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

## Chapter 17: Naloxone

William said, "I'm not quite sure of the specific reason, everyone has their own privacy, even friends are no exception. If you keep asking about someone's privacy, you might not even be able to remain friends."

Luke asked, "Based on what you know about Tony, where could he go?"

"I don't know. He's an adult, he wouldn't tell me everything."

"Has he ever gone missing for this long before?"

"There have been a few times before, and then he came back by himself. Actually, it's nothing out of the ordinary; for people like us, with no family and no job, it's normal to get bored and wander off."

"Does Tony keep in touch with his family?"

"I don't know, at least I've never seen them. But once, while drinking together, he mentioned his wife and children, and it was apparent he still missed them."

"Tony was married?" Luke frowned slightly, the information showed Tony was single, with parents and an elder brother as family members.

"I'm not sure, I only know that he lived with that woman for some time."

"What's her name?"

"I didn't ask."

"How old is the child, a boy or a girl?"

William spread his hands, "come on, we were just chatting that day, and I had a lot to drink, I have no family or kids, and I'm not interested in that topic at all, I really didn't pay attention.

I'm willing to help with your investigation, but I really don't know."

"Besides you, who else knows Tony well?"

"Tony is quite reclusive, he doesn't go out of his way to meet people, he might chat with the homeless nearby, but those homeless people definitely don't know as much as I do..." William paused,

"Right, I just remembered something, Tony knows a wealthy person, I've seen him go to Tony's place."

"How do you know that person is wealthy?"

"He drives a white BMW X5 and wears a nice suit, it's hard to see such people in our neighborhood."

"How many times have you seen this person?"

"I can't remember the exact number, but at least four or five times."

"When does he usually come?"

"I can't remember exactly because it's been over a long period, roughly once a year I guess."

"When was the most recent time you saw him?"

"Maybe... around last Christmas? I can't recall clearly."

"Describe the appearance of the wealthy man."

"I only saw him from a distance, couldn't make out his face, just knew he was Caucasian, male, of average build; Tony never mentioned this person."

"Does Tony have any particular predilections towards women?"

"No, he's not much interested in women."

"Does Tony have a gun?"

"Not that I know of."

"Has Tony ever mentioned his hometown Nevada?"

"His hometown is in Nevada? I had no idea, he never mentioned it, and I thought he was a local based on his accent."

"How is Tony's financial situation?"

"It's okay, at least better than mine. He receives welfare, lives in a comfortable house, occasionally orders takeout; I've never seen him worry about money."

Luke pressed, "But that bit of welfare money couldn't possibly afford him luxury items, could it?"

"I'm not sure about that, he might have other sources of income. That's private, he wouldn't tell, and I wouldn't ask," William said with a knowing look.

"Thank you for assisting us with the investigation." Luke handed him a business card. "If you think of any clues, you can contact me anytime."

William took the card and pointed at the blue tent, "Can I go back to sleep now?"

Luke took out twenty US Dollars and handed it to him, "Get yourself something to eat."

"Thanks. Can I buy beer? I haven't had a drink since Tony disappeared."

"Suit yourself."

Luke turned and left, indifferent to whether the money was spent on a burger or beer.

Back in the car, Luke asked David, "What do you think?"

David pondered for a moment, "You were off yesterday; we checked Tony's past call records—no contact with relatives in Nevada for nearly twenty years. Combined with William's description today, Tony's attitude toward his family is even more abnormal."

Luke continued, "Tony hates the police and doesn't stay in touch with his hometown relatives. Could it be because he committed a crime in Nevada and is afraid to go back, let alone contact his family there?"

"That's possible, but it happened twenty years ago in another state. It won't be easy to get to the bottom of it." David's phone rang right after he spoke.

"Buzz..."

David checked the message, "It's Lindsay's address. I need to make a trip over."

"What are you thinking? If you encounter that guy again, will you beat him up or just shoot him on the spot?"

"I've thought about giving that bastard a beating, but he might take it out on Lindsay, making her situation worse... I just want to help her."

Luke was skeptical. In his view, David was capable of anything. "How will you help?"

David opened the glove compartment and took out several white medicine boxes. "Naloxone."

Luke was familiar with the drug, a mu-receptor antagonist that, when injected, could rapidly reverse the toxic effects of opiates on the central nervous system, saving the life of someone who has overdosed. Safe, inexpensive, and without side effects, it was an emergency lifesaver.

"To those who know, you're helping her; to those who don't, it looks like you're encouraging her drug use. You should be helping her get off drugs, not preparing for an overdose."

"Do you think I haven't tried? Do you think I haven't attempted every method? Getting off drugs isn't as easy as you think. Do you know how many people die from overdoses every year? I'm saving her life."

"Okay, let's not waste any more time; I'm hungry." Luke waved his hand, feeling it was between David and his wife and didn't want to interfere too much.

David shook his head and started the car, "Is being hungry really that terrible?"

"Is there a problem?"

"Listen, if you don't want to go, I can drop you off for a meal first. I can understand..."

Luke interrupted, "Let's eat after the drop-off."

Lindsay's place wasn't far, and they arrived in just a few minutes. David parked the car, looking at the house number, "This should be it."

Outside the window was a shabby square; the wooden fence was broken, surrounded by a piece of sheet metal. The yard was a mess, and the walls were covered with colorful graffiti.

David pulled up the handbrake and took a deep breath, "Wait in the car, I'll be out soon."

"You wait in the car, I'll go deliver."

"What?" David thought he had misheard.

"Are you sure you want to see what's inside the house? If that guy opens the door, can you control yourself not to beat him up, or worse, shoot him?"

David stroked his chin, "You wanted a new partner, right? This could be your chance."

"I did think about a new partner, but not in this way." Luke took the Naloxone from David, got out of the car, and before closing the door, he said,

"Don't mention it."