

LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

Chapter 2 - 2 Colleagues

The Los Angeles Police Department oversees 21 areas, which, according to location, are divided into four command areas known as divisions.

Central Division, Southern District, Western Division, and Valley Division.

In addition, there are two extra divisions, the Detective Bureau and the Action Bureau.

The Detective Bureau is responsible for investigating criminal cases, somewhat similar to the criminal investigation detachments of municipal public security bureaus in China, only the Detective Bureau is more independent.

Luke is a detective with the Robbery-Homicide Division in the Detective Bureau.

Commonly known as the Major Crimes Unit.

"Woo woo..."

A black Harley motorcycle drove into the Detective Bureau.

Luke took off his helmet and looked at the Detective Bureau building, feeling somewhat conflicted.

Being a police officer in China and a police officer in Los Angeles are entirely different concepts; transitioning identities is not easy.

In China, being a police officer represents honor and a secure job; Luke was also a part of this collective with a strong sense of belonging.

For Los Angeles police, it is merely a job, although the salary is impressive, one must bear the risk of being shot.

Luke had no commitment to sacrifice for the citizens of Los Angeles.

For him, completely blending into this city would take some time.

At 8:59 in the morning, Luke stepped into the office of Squad One, Robbery-Homicide Division.

The office is divided into five areas: the working area, rest room, meeting room, pantry, and the captain's office.

Luke passed through the working area piled with files and reached his own desk in the southwest corner, acting very low-key, but still catching his colleagues' attention.

"Hey, true to form as the biggest star who always makes the grand finale entrance, right on the minute," a balding white man in his thirties pointed at the clock on the wall.

Luke responded with a middle finger.

If you want to get by in the Los Angeles Police Department, you can be a bastard, but you can't be a wuss.

"Creak..."

The door to the captain's office opened, and a white middle-aged woman wearing black-framed glasses walked out, her right arm clutching a stack of documents, "Everyone, to the meeting room for a meeting."

Susan, the captain of Squad One, Robbery-Homicide Division.

Ever since he crossed over to the Los Angeles Police Department, Luke had never seen her smile, always wearing a stern face.

Luke didn't like her much, which might be one of the few points of agreement he had with the other officers.

Luke was the last one to enter the meeting room, sitting at the end of the conference table.

Susan placed the documents on the conference table, pulled the whiteboard closer, and on it was written in large letters "Taser Gun Robbery Case."

"Ladies and gentlemen, since February 18th, there have been two robberies in Los Angeles, both occurring on Friday nights, and both using Taser guns as the weapon."

"The two cases have many similarities, and it is very likely that they are the work of the same suspect."

"Vincent, the deputy captain, give us an update on the investigation," Susan said.

A slick silver-haired old man continued, "Both victims were young white females with long blonde hair, about 170cm tall.

"They were both electrocuted from behind, so we can be fairly sure the suspect used a Taser gun, but no confetti was found at the scene..."

Taser guns do not have bullets; they incapacitate targets by firing electric 'darts.' They are also a non-lethal weapon commonly used by the police.

Each time a Taser gun's cartridge is fired, it releases over forty tiny colorful pieces of confetti, each marked with the gun's serial number, which can be used to trace the origin of the weapon.

"Aside from similar physical appearances, no other connection between the two victims has been found. Based on the victims' descriptions, the suspect is likely male, wearing a hat on his head.

"Due to the dim light in the evening, none were able to get a clear look at the suspect's face..."

The silver-haired Vincent spoke confidently. He was in his sixties, and thanks to the Los Angeles Police Department's retention policy, he was still able to work.

He might be the oldest officer in the Detective Bureau or even the whole Los Angeles police force, with a wealth of crime scene investigation experience, but don't count on him to chase down a suspect.

"Both crime scenes were rather secluded. The female victims were found naked, all their cash, jewelry, and clothing taken from them, yet they were not sexually assaulted..."

Luke still had not adapted to his identity as a Los Angeles police officer, often slacking off.

Yet, upon hearing the case description and out of professional habit, he involuntarily began to think about the case details.

Luke had also been involved in investigating quite a few robbery cases before.

Generally speaking, robberies usually have a very clear purpose, either to take money or to take sex.

But in this case, the suspect's motive was not clear.

If you say he was after money, he could have just stolen the valuables and run, so why strip people of their clothes?

It's very unprofessional and increases the risk of getting caught.

If you say he was after sex, there was no actual action.

It's contradictory.

After Deputy Team Leader Vincent finished briefing the case, he directly overstepped his authority and arranged tasks for the team members.

Luke was assigned to review surveillance footage, which was the job he liked least.

Whether it was psychological or not, Luke felt that Captain Susan's face seemed even colder, speaking with a hint of a London accent,

"One more thing, no one is allowed to reveal any details of the case to the media, they already know enough.

I do not want to see the case detailed in the news again, understand?"

"Yes, captain."

...

Luke took a cup of coffee and sat at his desk to watch the surveillance.

Reviewing surveillance footage is a common investigative method used by Chinese criminal police.

There are much fewer cameras in America compared to China, and talking about per capita with such similar land sizes becomes a bit far-fetched.

Americans value their privacy more, and there aren't many cameras aimed at public safety, with many being private, which makes investigations somewhat difficult.

This method, often successful in China, doesn't work very well in Los Angeles.

There had been two robberies, both occurring on Friday nights, with Luke reviewing surveillance footage between eight and midnight.

As for why the suspect chose Fridays to commit the crimes, Luke felt it might have something to do with the American salary system.

Many American companies use a weekly or biweekly pay system, with wages usually paid on Friday afternoons.

Of course, this was just his speculation, and he had no evidence to support it.

In the morning, Luke had been reviewing surveillance videos the whole time, drinking three cups of coffee, going to the bathroom twice, and smoking two cigarettes.

For lunch, he had a beef burger, a portion of fries, a fried chicken leg, and a grilled chicken wing.

In the afternoon, he continued to review surveillance, eyes stinging and butt numb, yet still without discovering any valuable clues.

6:30 p.m., quitting time had arrived.

Luke stood up, stretched, and started to pack up to leave.

The balding white man standing by the printer looked at Luke with a smile and said, "You're more punctual than my alarm clock. Like the new nickname?"

Luke squinted his eyes, "Alarm clock? You want to set me on your bedside table? Your wife is definitely going to fall in love with someone else."

The balding white man scoffed, "Asshole."

"Don't always praise me, I'll get conceited.

Guys, see you tomorrow." Luke left these words behind and walked straight out of the office.

The other team members had varied expressions, some envious, some disdainful, but not a single one left, all braced for overtime considering the urgency of the case.

The silver-haired old man spread his hands, somewhat helplessly, "The robber might strike again the day after tomorrow, and this kid acts as if it's none of his business.

Why can such an irresponsible brat still stay in the 'Robbery-Homicide Bureau'?

Is this place a nursing home?"

"Haha..." Colleagues burst into laughter.

"He's always been an asshole, but he used to be quite diligent in investigations," said the white man, pointing to his bald head, "Ever since he got injured, he's changed. Could it be PTSD?"

The silver-haired old man sighed softly and waved his hand, "OK, let the captain worry about it.

I'm just the deputy."

