

# LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

## Chapter 7 - 7 Divergence

Joy Gun Store.

A Dodge Challenger stopped at the storefront, and two men got out of the car, a bald white man and a dark-haired youth.

It was David and Luke from the 'Robbery-Murder Division.'

The two entered the gun store, one after the other.

The room was filled with various types of firearms, pistols, rifles, shotguns, sniper rifles, and more.

Luke was dazzled by the assortment and walked up to the counter, flashing his badge, "Which one of you is the owner?"

A middle-aged man with a beard was polishing a rifle on the counter, "I own this place. What seems to be the problem?"

"I'm Detective Luke, and this is Detective Chief David." Luke pulled a photo of the suspect Tim from his pocket, "Have you seen this man?"

The owner glanced at it, "No."

Luke took out a picture of a modified Taser gun, "Does this gun look familiar?"

The owner set down his cloth, took a brief look, "An X26-C model Taser, I have a few of those in stock."

Sir, if you're interested, I can give you a 5% discount."

"This isn't just any Taser gun, it's been modified with a higher voltage and the magazine, making it much more powerful than a standard Taser gun.

Last night, the man in the photo used this gun in a robbery, and according to him, he bought it from your store.

I need a list of customers who've bought modified Taser guns from your store."

The owner was silent for a moment, then shook his head, "I'm just a gun vendor, running a legal business. There are no modified Tasers here, you've got the wrong place."

Luke looked around and pointed to the surveillance camera above, "Pull up the surveillance footage, I want to check it."

"Sir, I'd be happy to cooperate, provided you have a search warrant."

David was getting impatient, stepping closer to the counter, "Hey, if I come back with a search warrant, it won't be just checking surveillance as simple as that.

Would you prefer to shut down for an inspection or to be a guest at the police station?

I assure you, you'll be made to feel right at home."

The owner was irked but backed down, pointing to the camera, "That one's fake, I've got so many treasures in here, I don't need that piece of junk."

"Then we need to have a private talk." After David checked the camera, he pointed at a sales clerk behind the counter, "Either they leave, or you come with me to the station."

The owner directed two of the gun clerks, "Go back and organize the inventory."

David tapped on the photo of the Taser gun on the counter, "I need the customer list for this type of gun."

"I told you, we don't sell modified Taser guns here," the owner said with determination.

David began assembling parts of a rifle on the counter, "A civilian version M16 semiautomatic rifle, the magazine only fits 10 rounds, may be a few less but enough to turn your shop into a mess."

"Are you trying to intimidate me?"

"Once I've finished assembling this, if you still won't talk, I'm going to start shooting."

The owner looked at Luke, "Sir, I'm being threatened. Aren't you going to stop him?"

Luke hesitated.

According to the rules of the police department, he should have stopped David to prevent any further trouble.

But his judgment told him not to do so.

As a partner, even if he didn't agree with David's methods, he couldn't argue in front of the person being questioned... he had to support him at this moment.

"There are so many firearms in your store, an accidental discharge is very common.

We'd only come over after hearing a gunshot, and if you got injured, I'd help you call 911." Luke crouched down, covering his ears,

"This bastard is capable of anything, good luck to you."

David finished assembling the gun, chambered a round, and aimed it at the owner's forehead,

"Time's up!"

The owner raised his hands, "Don't shoot! I'll talk. But the moment you walk out that door, I won't acknowledge any of this."

"I just need the customer list, I don't want to deal with any other bullshit."

The owner's forehead was covered in sweat, "There's only one modified Taser in the store, sold to just one person."

"Why lie?"

"I didn't want any trouble."

"Where did the modified Taser come from?"

"A guy known as 'The Postman' left it here on consignment."

"Why are you consigning for him?"

"A regular Taser gun sells for a thousand US Dollars. A modified one can go for three thousand US Dollars. I just wanted to try and see if it's easy to sell."

"I need his real name and contact information."

"I'm not sure, he approached the store on his own."

We deal in cash transactions. He's somewhat known for gun modifications, everyone calls him 'Postman'."

"If you dare lie or hide anything..."

"I swear to God, that's all I know."

David wiped the handle of the M16 with a cotton cloth and put it back on the counter, "Here's a suggestion, you really should have surveillance installed."

Luke and his companion left Joy Gun Store.

Once in the car, Luke holstered his pistol, leaned back into the seat, and let out a long sigh, "You made it."

David gulped down half a bottle of mineral water, "I understand these people, if I hadn't done it this way, he wouldn't have talked."

"You are too aggressive, there are other ways. I don't want to be caught in a shootout in a gun store with a Glock in my hand, feeling like an idiot."

"It's the fastest way," David said and then glanced at Luke, "You really have changed."

"People have to mature."

Luke, as a former detective from China, was not accustomed to this method of investigation.

It was the first time in his life he had negotiated in a room filled with guns and ammunition.

He was always worried that the two clerks would suddenly appear with semi-automatic rifles and start shooting.

"Fuck!"

He would never partner with this lunatic for a mission again.

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Luke got out of the car halfway.

His legs were still a bit weak as he walked, and he didn't like the feeling.

Flying Bar.

Open from eleven in the morning until two at night.

Luke entered the bar, which was empty except for more staff than customers.

The bartender, Danny, was surprised, "Luke, this is the first time I've seen you here at noon."

"Me too."

"What can I get you?"

Luke sat at the bar, "A curry chicken rice."

"And to drink?"

"Don't tempt me to make mistakes. If the police department fires me, I won't be able to take care of your business anymore."

"You've come all this way just for a curry chicken rice?"

Luke took out a scratch card from his pocket and placed it on the bar, "Cash this for me before I finish my lunch.

I want cash."

"Wow, you actually won eight thousand US Dollars!"

"Is there a problem?"

"No, just that I've played scratch cards for so many years and never won more than five hundred US Dollars.

Buddy, you are really lucky."

Luke had also realized the problem. Winning the lottery once or twice was fine, but too frequently, and he might draw unwanted attention.

Luke needed a stable and legitimate way to liquidate his gains.

After finishing his meal, Luke successfully received the money.

This thought became even more firm.

Of the eight thousand US Dollar prize money, Luke only had about seven thousand left.

Lottery winnings are taxable, and the higher the prize amount, the higher the tax rate.

To be precise, what Luke needed was a way to avoid taxes legally on a long-term cash conversion...