

LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

Chapter 8 - 8 The Postman

Detective Bureau.

After the meal, Captain Susan convened everyone to the meeting room for a meeting.

The newly transferred policewoman Jenny took the initiative to pour coffee for everyone.

Susan looked to David and Luke, who had returned from their investigation, and asked, "Was there any issue at Joy Gun Store?"

David said, "The boss is slippery, there's no surveillance in the store, it's all cash transactions, and he was uncooperative at first."

After a lot of persuasion, he finally admitted to selling modified taser guns.

He claims a person code-named 'Postman' placed the modified taser guns in the store on consignment, and only one has been sold."

Susan pressed, "The real identity of 'Postman'?"

David replied, "The boss doesn't know it either."

Vincent, the deputy captain, said, "It's also possible he doesn't want to say."

David, with an unhappy expression, retorted, "If you're questioning my ability, maybe next time you should handle situations like this yourself."

"Young man, don't be so hot-tempered, I'm just saying it's a possibility," the deputy captain Vincent continued to analyze,

"If what the boss said is true, finding 'Postman' would lock down the sales channel of the modified taser guns and lead us to the suspect of the taser gun robbery cases.

The problem now is how to ascertain 'Postman's true identity since nicknames don't come with social security numbers."

Raymond mused, "I seem to have heard this nickname somewhere."

Vincent, the deputy captain, joked, "I've heard it too, NBA star Karl Malone's nickname is 'Postman'; and let me share a little secret, he's also worked as a part-time policeman."

Captain Susan said, "Deputy captain, now is not the time to talk about basketball or your contemporaries."

"He's not my contemporary, he's several years younger than me, are you satisfied?" Deputy captain Vincent shot back without hesitation, turning to Marcus,

"You know the local gangs best, can you find out 'Postman's identity?"

"Ah, finally you remember me," Marcus said with a broad lipped smile.

Marcus had grown up in the slums and knew the various gangs well. Although he didn't seem very reliable and wasn't the brightest, he was excellent at locating people.

Susan solemnly said, "It's one-thirty in the afternoon now, the suspect might reoffend tonight.

Marcus, we don't have much time."

"I'll do my best." Having said that, Marcus stood up and left the office.

Policewoman Jenny inquired, "The suspect has already committed two offenses, shouldn't he be aware that the police are actively pursuing him, is there a possibility that he will hold back or flee?"

"I hope so, but the situation at the crime scene suggests that's very unlikely." Deputy captain Vincent picked up a whiteboard marker to write and mark, "On February 18th, the first offense occurred, the victim was only robbed of belongings and clothes.

On February 25th, in the second offense, the suspect cut the victim's thigh and wrote 'you like' in blood at the scene.

Compared with the first offense, the second was more aggressive.

In my experience, unless apprehended by the police, it is unlikely he will stop; he will only become more vicious."

After pondering for a moment, Luke asked, "Why would the suspect leave the words 'you like' at the scene, what's his purpose?"

Deputy captain Vincent explained, "Serial offenders usually fall into two categories. The first is economic reasons, which can be reasoned with logic.

The second is someone who has been psychically stimulated in some way, and unless you've been through the same, it's hard to predict their behavior."

Luke shook his head, "Then forget it, I still prefer to speak with evidence."

"It's a wise move.

I once had a very capable colleague who ended up with schizophrenia trying to catch a serial killer."

"Are you joking?"

The deputy captain said earnestly, "No."

Luke was pondering whether to put in some overtime today, but after thinking it over, he decided against it.

He was a man with a system; if he needed overtime to solve a case, then the system wasn't worth keeping.

In order to avoid overwork or becoming schizophrenic, Luke still left work on time.

Not a single colleague left; all sorts of complicated gazes were directed at Luke.

"Whatever, my health is the most precious thing," he thought to himself.

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Chinatown in Los Angeles.

This place was teeming with Chinese people, and the Hokkien dialect could be heard at any given time.

It was Luke's first visit to Chinatown, where Chinese advertisements were everywhere, featuring Sichuan restaurants, nail salons, travel agencies that processed passport extensions, green card services, and even the advertising claims were as exaggerated as those on the posters stapled to utility poles back home.

Luke was overwhelmed with emotion; he was homesick.

It took a while before he remembered the purpose of his visit to Chinatown.

After days of eating fried chicken and burgers, his brain and taste buds were protesting, craving a taste of home-cooked food.

Luke parked his motorcycle in front of a restaurant, the sign of which was green; on the left read "Yingchun Pavilion" in Chinese and on the right, the English translation, with two red lanterns hanging beside it.

Upon entering the restaurant, a young Asian woman wearing a cheongsam stood at the door and said in English, "Welcome."

He found a seat by the window and an Asian waitress handed him a menu.

Luke glanced at it; the menu had both Chinese and English, with 'General Tso's Chicken' listed at the very top.

This dish might not be well-known in China, but it's extremely popular in America.

Luke hadn't tried it either.

He quickly scanned the menu and ordered four dishes: General Tso's Chicken, Spicy Boiled Beef, Stir-Fried Kidneys with Lao Gan Ma, Seafood Delight, a bowl of rice, and a bottle of Wuliangye.

Luke had been feeling very stressed during this time, homesick but unable to return, longing for hometown delicacies that he couldn't afford.

Now that he had money, he could finally eat to his heart's content.

That settled it.

In America, they also crack down on drunk driving and enforce the laws strictly.

But in this respect, they consistently emphasize human rights and freedoms, including the right and freedom to drink alcohol.

As a result, America is one of the most lenient countries in the world when it comes to defining drunk driving offenses.

Luke could hold his liquor well, and two liang wouldn't be a problem; it wouldn't affect his ability to ride his motorcycle or walk in a straight line.

With his stomach and thirst satisfied,

Luke ordered a pot of Longjing tea, to alleviate the effects of alcohol and to soothe his homesickness.

The meal cost him over two hundred US dollars.

It was just past seven in the evening.

Luke pocketed the half-finished bottle of Wuliangye and rode his Harley back home.

He would ultimately have to face reality.

Because he had been drinking, Luke didn't ride fast.

As he neared the commercial plaza of the Iro community, he spotted a familiar figure.

A chubby boy with black hair and a white girl in a school uniform were walking together along the side of the road.

As for distinguishing between white girls and Asian girls,

You look at the face from the front, and from behind, you look at the bottom; white girls tend to have more pronounced behinds.

Luke slowed down; this chubby boy was none other than his younger brother, Jack.

The two seemed to be enjoying their conversation along the way, the girl holding a cup of bubble tea in her hands.

The chubby boy tried to wrap his arm around the girl's waist several times but then pulled back.

From their demeanor and actions, it was clear that their relationship wasn't just that of ordinary classmates or friends.

Luke stopped his bike, somewhat amused and bemused, "What's going on? The little chubby guy is only thirteen!"