

# LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

## Chapter 9 - 9 Brothers

Yino Commercial Square is located at the intersection of three neighborhoods.

The chubby kid and the white girl didn't go into the Yino neighborhood on the west side, but instead went to the Kaile neighborhood on the south side.

A few minutes later, the girl walked up to the doorstep of a house with a gray roof and waved goodbye to the chubby kid.

The chubby kid stood at the door, grinning foolishly as he watched the girl go home.

It was quite a while after the girl entered the house before the chubby kid turned to leave.

He hadn't walked far when he spotted a black Harley motorcycle in the distance, with a black-haired youth looking at him with a smirk.

After hesitating for a bit, perhaps out of a sense of guilty conscience, the chubby kid greeted him with a smile, "Wow, what a coincidence, what brings you here?"

Luke took a drag of his cigarette and replied, "Is that your girlfriend?"

"No, we're just classmates. Don't go spreading rumors." The chubby kid quickly denied.

"I saw you both drinking bubble tea with the same straw. Is that how you and your classmates do it?"

The chubby kid said angrily, "Are you following me?"

"Looks like I guessed right, you really do have a girlfriend."

"Are you trying to scam me?"

"I'm just looking out for you. You're too young, having a girlfriend now will affect your studies."

"Am I hearing things? You actually care about me? Is the sun rising from the west?"

Luke exhaled some smoke, "Watch your tone, I'm your brother."

"So what? You're not my guardian."

"You're right, I should tell Mom about this, and congratulate her on becoming a grandmother soon."

"We've only just started dating; we haven't done 'that' yet. Please don't tell Mom." The chubby kid's tone carried a hint of pleading.

Luke didn't want to fall out with his brother as he still needed to stay at their house for a while, "OK, if you want me to keep a secret, you need to agree to a condition."

"Yeah, I get it." The chubby kid said, looking all too knowing as he pulled out a handful of money and handed it to Luke.

Luke was confused, "What's this about?"

"Come on, that's all my pocket money." Although reluctantly, the chubby kid still placed the money into Luke's hand, the practiced motion was almost heartbreaking.

Luke counted it and there was a total of 126 US dollars.

"We've made a deal then," the chubby kid shrugged and turned to leave.

"Wait a minute."

"All the New Year's money Dad gave me has been scammed out of me by you, I only have this much left." The chubby kid's eyes reddened, his voice choked up.

Luke then took out another four hundred US dollars from his pocket and handed a total of 526 dollars back to the chubby kid.

"What does this mean?" Now it was the chubby kid's turn to be baffled.

"I'm returning your New Year's money."

"Are you serious?"

"Don't count it."

"No, no, no! I'm just too surprised." The chubby kid took back the money and counted it carefully, "You only took three hundred dollars from me, why is there an extra one?"

"That's your allowance."

"Oh my gosh, I'm not dreaming, am I?" The chubby kid slapped himself, the 'slap' sound was crisp, leaving a noticeable red mark on his face.

"You're not dreaming. I still can't quite believe it." The chubby kid stood there stunned for a moment before remembering something, "You just said I had to agree to a condition, what is it?"

Luke said, "Stop calling me an asshole from now on."

"Oh... How did you find out?" The chubby kid felt a bit guilty; indeed, after being swindled out of his New Year's money, he had cursed Luke behind his back but never dared to say it to his face for fear of being beaten up.

"I'm a cop."

"I promise, brother and asshole will be like two parallel lines that will never cross again."

Luke put on his helmet, "Good, get on."

"I've always wanted to try. This is the first time you've invited me." The chubby kid got onto the back seat of the motorcycle, which clearly sagged.

Luke revved the engine, and the Harley roared to life.

The chubby kid's face lit up with anticipation, "You know, I'd rather be driving a Harley myself than just sitting on the back."

Luke laughed, "Keep dreaming."

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Early Saturday morning.

At the Detective Bureau.

By nine o'clock in the morning, Luke was punctually at the Robbery and Murder Department.

The atmosphere in the office was somewhat oppressive.

David glanced at Luke, "I thought you weren't going to come in today."

Ordinarily, if there were no urgent cases on hand, detectives could take the weekend off.

But if there was a case investigation, they'd have to take time off later.

Luke had indeed struggled with the decision to come in today, but whether out of a sense of police duty or pure interest in the case, he ended up coming.

"Did any new cases come in last night?"

David shrugged his shoulders, "Haven't heard anything so far."

Vincent, the Deputy Head, said, "No news is good news."

Raymond eyed the clock on the wall. "The previous two 'Taser gun robberies' happened on Friday nights, before one o'clock in the morning.

But we haven't received any alerts today, could it be possible the suspect didn't commit any crimes last night?"

Vincent, the Deputy Head, combed his sparse silver hair with a comb, "The suspect left a blood message 'youlike' at the scene, clearly taunting the police, he definitely won't stop so easily.

He is sure to strike again."

Luke took the opportunity to say, "Could the suspect have changed the time or method of his crimes?"

Vincent, the Deputy Head, thought for a moment, "The suspect has a very clear modus operandi, I personally think it's unlikely they will change."

Jenny twirled her carbon pen in her hand, "There's also the possibility that the suspect committed the crime again last night, but the victim chose not to report it for some reason."

Vincent, the Deputy Head, snapped his fingers, "Bingo, I think that's the more likely possibility.

The suspect always chooses remote places for his crimes; the victims probably were not found by anyone else before they regained consciousness.

Moreover, although the suspect robbed all property and clothing, the actual financial loss isn't substantial—most people don't carry much on them.

Being stripped of one's clothing, however, is much more unacceptable.

Some women, having experienced such an event, would be too ashamed to speak up and might choose to remain silent."

Jenny said, "Although I'm a woman and can understand their situation I still think they are indulging the criminal."

"Creak..."

The door to the Robbery and Murder Department's office was pushed open, and the black Marcus walked in, wearing a gold necklace around his neck, dangling a police badge below it, looking flashy.

"Hey, guys, I'm here!"

Vincent, the Deputy Head, pointed at the clock on the wall, "You're late."

"Come on, I was up all night investigating. You shouldn't treat someone who works hard and dedicates everything to the police force like this."

Vincent, the Deputy Head, huffed, "Smooth-talking kid, you'd better have brought some useful leads."

Ten minutes later.

Conference room.

Captain Susan sat at the head of the conference table with a stern face and asked, "Marcus, tell us about your investigation."

Marcus took a big gulp of his coffee, set down the cup, and said, "Jenny, put two sugar cubes in my coffee next time, thanks."

Jenny responded with a middle finger.

With a hehe, Marcus smiled, "Yesterday, I contacted some friends from the gangs, asking them to help investigate the 'Postman's' lead.

This guy is elusive and hard to find.

I paid a steep price for the information; he's a firearms expert—pistols, rifles, sniper rifles, Taser guns—he can modify them all.

The guy is simply a genius.

I had him look at the photo of the modified Taser gun; he admitted that he modified it and that there were five modified Taser guns in total, consigned to three gun stores.

Joy Gun Store is one of them."

Susan asked, "What's the 'Postman's' real name? Why didn't you bring him into the station for questioning?"

Marcus said, "I promised my gang contacts that I wouldn't touch him; that was the only way to get information.

If I arrested him, no one would help me with similar situations in the future."

Susan pressed, "How do you know he's telling the truth? If he is lying to you? He could even be an accomplice."

Marcus replied, "I follow the rules, and he has to as well. If he lied, he'd die a terrible death."

Susan frowned slightly, the atmosphere in the conference room got a bit awkward.

Vincent, the Deputy Head, whispered a reminder, "Captain, the priority is to catch the culprit.

This isn't Internal Affairs... If you stick to those rules, you'll only make the case harder to investigate."

"I know this isn't Internal Affairs," Susan retorted. "Do you know why the chief put me, the head of Internal Affairs, in charge as Captain?"

That comment hit Vincent, the Deputy Head, where it hurt, "I don't know, and I don't care to know."