

LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

Chapter 1 - 1 Family

Early morning, Los Angeles.

"Buzz~" The alarm on the bedside phone went off.

A young man with a bandage wrapped around his head slowly woke up, his eyes and hair black, but with the deep features of a Westerner.

He had originally been a criminal police officer in China, and it had been half a month since he transmigrated, yet every morning he still felt like it was all a dream.

Now he was called Luke Lee, a detective at the Los Angeles Police Department.

His father was Chinese.

His mother was Caucasian.

Although he was still a police officer and had Chinese heritage, he was very uncomfortable with his current identity.

The original owner of the body had a flamboyant personality, was unpredictable, and acted entirely on a whim.

He seemed carefree on the surface but was privately scorned as a bastard.

Simply put, he had low emotional intelligence, which hadn't been without its consequences.

This was completely different from his previous life's way of doing things, resulting in him being very passive now.

Even more frustrating was the fact that the original owner had a bad relationship with his family, and he now had no choice but to stay at his mother's house, which was very awkward.

However, transmigrating was not without its benefits. He was now younger and more robust.

The projection on the window wasn't very clear, but the contours of well-developed muscles could still be faintly seen.

All things considered, having another shot at life wasn't too bad...

"Jack, come down for breakfast.

If you miss the school bus again today, don't expect me to drive you!"

A woman's voice came from downstairs; it was his current mom, Linda.

Jack was his little brother, a thirteen-year-old chubby boy—not cute at all.

This was a two-story wooden villa, with a living room, kitchen, and master bedroom on the first floor.

The second floor had a bathroom, study, and the bedrooms for the two brothers.

At this time, just entering March, the temperature in Los Angeles was between 10° and 20°, quite comfortable.

He put on a thick blue shirt and grey jeans and stepped out of the bedroom, turning into the bathroom next door to wash his face and brush his teeth.

After washing up, Luke prepared to go downstairs.

His feet stepping on the wooden white staircase made a 'creak creak' sound, like a reminder.

On the right-hand side of the staircase was the living room, and on the left was an open-style kitchen.

A Caucasian woman wearing a Hello Kitty apron was busying herself in the kitchen.

Luke squeezed out a smile, "Hi, Mom, good morning."

Linda didn't even lift an eyelid, "No, I'm not good.

Last night you came home with a bandage on your head pulling a suitcase, and probably got the neighbors talking again."

Luke said helplessly, "I didn't want it to be this way, but Lena and I broke up... I need to stay here for a while."

Linda put down the spatula, "I told you before not to be with that woman. She doesn't even show the basic respect to elders, and that kind of girl isn't worth dating.

You? You didn't take my advice to heart at all."

Luke nodded, "She indeed wasn't a good partner, so I dumped her."

"You were the one dumped, obviously." Linda looked vindicated.

Luke just smiled and didn't say anything more.

Linda was a bit surprised; knowing her eldest son's character, he wouldn't give in so easily on this issue. There would be a debate, a few arguments, and they would part on bad terms.

Seeing him back down so quietly was, in fact, not what she was used to.

This kid... is a bit different today?

Matured?

Luke walked to the entranceway, picked up a black helmet, and called out, "I'm off to work."

"Creak..."

A thirteen or fourteen-year-old teenager came down the stairs, rubbing his eyes with his chubby white hands, "Mom, I'm in the middle of growing, can't you let me sleep a bit more?"

Linda shrugged, "You've grown fat enough, now what you need is exercise."

Luke, with his right hand moving straight from his right temple forward, greeted, "Isn't this my cute little brother? How have you been recently?"

The chubby kid rolled his eyes, "No, just thinking about my swindled New Year's money makes me want to turn into the Hulk."

Luke needed to stay here for a while longer, and if he wanted to mend things with his family, he couldn't pretend he hadn't heard.

He rolled up his sleeves, "Little bro, who swindled your New Year's money? Tell me."

The chubby kid looked at Luke expressionlessly, as if to say 'keep on acting'.

Luke had merged with most of the original host's memories, but some details weren't clear.

Seeing the other's expression, he realized there might be an issue and carefully recalled the original host's memories...

It suddenly became awkward.

"That... Let's say the New Year's money was a loan from me. I'll pay you back as soon as possible, with interest."

Luke looked down at his watch, "I'm going to be late, Bye."

He grabbed his leather gloves and fled under the expectant gaze of his family.

The first attempt at improving relations with family.

Failure.

"Bang!"

The door closed.

The chubby kid took a carton of milk out of the fridge and poured it into a glass, "Mom, did I hear wrong just now? He's actually going to pay back the money?"

Linda placed the fried pancake on a plate, "He was indeed a bit off today, don't get your hopes up."

"I understand."

The chubby kid sighed, "Is that guy really my brother?"

"As much as I don't want to admit it, it's true."

The chubby kid displayed a maturity beyond his years, "Yay, that's the saddest part."

Linda pointed the spatula at the chubby kid, "Jack, focus on what matters. If you don't get at least a B this time, you can forget about your gaming console until your next life."

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The Luke family lived in a middle-class neighborhood, which had a nice environment.

Their house was one of the smaller ones in the community, with a yard of only twenty to thirty square meters, with a lawn on the east side and a garage on the west, in front of which lay a patch of concrete.

A 'muscular' black motorcycle stood there, a 2021 Harley Fat Boy.

It was the Harley Fat Boy series that Schwarzenegger rode in the movie "Terminator II."

Luke removed the bandage from his head, which was utterly useless.

He put on his helmet, mounted the motorcycle, engaged first gear, and gently twisted the throttle, making the roar of the bike as quiet as possible.

He didn't want to end up sleeping on the streets.

The motorcycle slowly merged onto the community road, and as he got farther from home, he increased the gear and the speed.

"Vroom vroom..."

The sensation of controlling a Harley, solid!

The bike was heavy and the seat was low, it felt more like driving than riding.

The Los Angeles highway scenery was beautiful, with the vast Pacific Ocean on one side and steep cliff ranges on the other, attracting many people for road trips.

Of course, even the most beautiful highways had the same problem: traffic jams.

Luke had no choice but to stop and wait.

Next to him was a red convertible, with a brunette sitting in the driver's seat touching up her makeup.

The woman was gorgeous, dressed in a burgundy short shirt that drew plenty of glances to her full figure.

Luke took off his helmet, waved, and said, "Hey, beauty, excuse me for a moment."

The brunette pressed her red lips together, gave Luke a glance, and said indifferently, "I already have a boyfriend."

Luke smiled, "Okay, I just wanted to let you know that your tire is flat."

The brunette put down her lipstick, looked down, and saw the front tire was indeed flat.

She looked up at Luke again with a forced smile, "Sir, can you help me change it? There's a spare in the car."

By that time, the road ahead had cleared.

"I'm in a hurry, have your boyfriend change it."

Luke twisted the throttle, and the motorcycle roared off...