

LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

Chapter 3 - 3 1 Week

Working overtime was out of the question.

In his last life, Luke had spent most of his life working overtime into the night.

As a child, he stayed up late doing homework, and working overtime was the norm after he started his job.

Enough was enough.

Truly, enough was enough.

Living so diligently, so hard, and with such effort, all he got in return were occupational diseases and meeting God before he even turned forty.

This life he wanted to live a bit easier.

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Luke's mother's home was located in the Ino community.

To the east of the community was a small commercial plaza, not very large, but it had supermarkets, convenience stores, fast food restaurants, and gas stations, all the essentials.

Luke didn't want to stay in the police station, nor did he want to return to his mother's home too early.

He just wanted to find a place to quietly sit for a while, nothing more.

Luke parked his motorcycle in front of a tea shop.

It was Luke's first time trying boba tea in Los Angeles, and the clerk had recommended it to him.

"Oh yeah."

Luke developed a strong interest and only after he got his tea did he realize it was actually just bubble tea with large pearls.

"Fuck!"

Luke felt cheated.

He found a seat by the window, took a sip of the tea, which was excessively sweet, even worse than the bubble tea back home.

Then, he began to daydream.

This was Luke's favorite activity since he had traveled to this world.

He still couldn't figure out why he had ended up in Los Angeles.

When he first traveled, Luke felt torn, desperately wanting to contact his friends and family back home.

But due to professional instincts, he knew he couldn't do that; instead, he restrained his strong desire and learned about his homeland through other channels.

This was a parallel world, and though it was also the year 2022 here, there had been no pandemic, and he could not return.

He tried to accept his new identity, but adapting to life abroad was not as simple as he had imagined.

Before he knew it, half a month had passed...

"Buzz..."

A voice suddenly rang in Luke's mind, [Host matched successfully. Detective System has been activated... A first-time use reward of one 'adventure card' has been granted.]

"What the hell is this?"

Luke thought he was hallucinating, then immediately saw an options menu appear in his mind, with a storage interface on the left.

Luke slapped his head and took a big gulp of the tea; the interface still existed in his mind.

Soon Luke calmed down, and although it seemed unbelievable, how could it compare to traveling to another world?

He ruled out the possibility that something was wrong with his sanity.

Luke's first concern was whether this so-called 'Detective System' could harm him.

He examined himself and felt no abnormalities or discomfort, finding no immediate harm from the 'Detective System' to himself.

Next, he began examining what use the 'Detective System' might have.

The storage interface had a card with 'adventure' written on it, underneath which was a small note[Passive Card, function unknown]

In his mind, Luke thought, "System, what does this card do?"

There was no response.

After asking several times and still receiving no response, the only thing he could do was take the description at face value—it passively triggered some kind of adventure.

It sounded pretty good; he wondered if it might bring in some money?

Suddenly, Luke's professional instincts kicked in.

He had a feeling of being 'watched.'

Luke snapped back to reality and scanned his surroundings. There weren't many people in the shop, and he didn't spot any suspicious figures outside.

"Maybe I'm just being paranoid..."

Having a system suddenly, it was natural to be a bit worried.

Luke calmed down, knowing that since the system was invisible and intangible, as long as he didn't actively seek trouble, no one would discover it.

As a poor joe in Los Angeles, except for being handsome, he had nothing worthy of being spied upon.

Strictly speaking, that Harley motorcycle still belonged to the bank.

The original owner had bought the Harley with a loan, spending twenty thousand US dollars, with a down payment of four thousand US dollars, and a loan of sixteen thousand US dollars, accruing six hundred US dollars in interest per year.

He had to repay 1400 US dollars every month.

Luke's current monthly salary was about 6500 US dollars.

By all accounts, his income wasn't low, but after taxes, he took home less than five thousand, with motorcycle loan payments, credit card debt, and external debts.

At the beginning of the month, after paying off the car loan and the credit debt, only a few hundred US dollars remained for living expenses.

Luke now only wanted to earn money and rent a place.

He didn't want to live at the mercy of others anymore.

After work, lying on his own sofa, watching TV dramas, drinking beer, and eating fried chicken—that would be the life.

Now, he could only live such a life in his dreams.

Hope, this card would bring him good luck.

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Thursday morning, 8:58 AM.

Luke hummed a tune as he walked into 'Robberies-Murder Division.'

Having gained a system, his mood was rather good.

The white bald man David looked over, but Luke flipped him off without waiting for him to speak.

David wasn't mad, "Congratulations, you've won the lottery."

"What do you mean?" Luke became alert. Had the 'Detective System' been exposed?

Impossible.

Since it was invisible and intangible, how could it possibly be discovered?

David pointed to the captain's office, "Queen Susan summons you."

"Childish tricks, I'm not stupid enough to walk right into the trap." Luke had just relaxed when he felt another ominous premonition.

"I've relayed the message." David shrugged indifferently, as if he didn't care whether Luke believed him or not, "Good luck."

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A few minutes later, Luke entered the captain's office.

"Captain, you wanted to see me?"

"Yes." Susan said sternly, gesturing towards the chair across from her for Luke to sit down.

"What are your orders?"

Susan leaned forward, resting her elbows on the desk, "I haven't been in 'Robberies-Murder Division' long, but I can sense that you all don't like me.

Neither do I.

But I don't want to bring that sentiment into our work."

"You're mistaken, I've never thought that."

"Luke, ever since you got injured, something about you has been off. You refuse to work overtime, you cherry-pick your assignments, and you're always distracted in meetings.

If the injury has made you unable to handle your current job, I can help you apply for a transfer to a less strenuous position."

If this had been a few days ago, Luke might not have cared about transferring, but now things were different.

Having just obtained the Detective System and not yet understanding how it was triggered, but judging by the name 'Detective System', it seemed related to the police profession.

He was unsure whether a change in position would affect the 'Detective System.'

Even if it was just for the Detective System, he would have to stay, for now.

"After the injury, indeed, my mindset changed, realizing how important family is, I wanted to spend more time with them, which is why I've been reluctant to work overtime.

I believe in my abilities; I can still perform my duties well and become an indispensable part of this team without overtime."

"I'd like to believe you.

But your current state and your colleagues' opinions of you make me doubt this.

I want to see your actions and changes. Otherwise, whether you like it or not, I'll be helping you apply for a transfer. Understood?"

"Give me half a month, and you'll see my value to the team." Half a month would be enough for Luke to figure out the 'Detective System.'

Susan's tone was devoid of emotion, "You only have one week."