

# LOS ANGELES LEGENDARY SLEUTH

## Chapter 4: Gratitude from a Tire

Luke stepped out of the office, where a black man standing by the water cooler looked at him with an exaggerated expression.

The black man, named Marcus, was known as the big mouth of the detective bureau, "Wow, I heard someone's getting a transfer? It isn't you, is it?"

"You heard wrong."

Marcus asked with his rap-style accent, "Yeah, if it were me, I wouldn't admit it either. I'd sneak off with my stuff."

Luke glanced at the office and walked away to a quieter spot, "It's the captain who's getting transferred."

Vincent, the deputy captain, pressed on, "Did the captain say that herself?"

Luke nodded, "Of course, the captain wants me to take over her position."

"Heh heh..." Marcus let out a snicker, "Are you joking? I'm more qualified to be captain than you."

Luke said seriously, "That's what I thought, so I recommended you to Captain Susan."

Marcus asked reflexively, "What did the captain say?"

Luke, mimicking Susan's tone, said sternly, "Shut up, disappear from my sight right now."

"I just did."

Marcus was stunned and didn't react for a moment.

Vincent, the deputy captain, shook his head, "Marcus, you've been played."

"Haha..."

The other colleagues also started laughing.

By the time Marcus realized what had happened, Luke had already returned to his own seat.

Recently, he indeed had been somewhat negligent in his work for a multitude of reasons.

A Huaguo policeman becoming an LAPD detective had a lot to learn and adapt to, including culture, lifestyle, work, mindset, and environment...

It's not easy.

Luke had read transmigration novels before, where those protagonists quickly adapt to their new identities, even performing better than the original owners of the bodies.

But in reality, it's difficult.

To be strict, he's just a rookie, yet Susan measured him by the standards of an elite detective.

Luke shook his head, pushing aside these mixed thoughts.

First things first, work. After all, the essence of a police officer's duty is to solve cases.

As long as he could crack the 'Taser Robbery Case,' every problem would be solved.

Luke pulled up the files on two cases and began to study them.

The suspect's motive wasn't clear, and it was possible they were hiding the real motive for the crime...

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8 PM.

Flying Bar.

After crossing over, Luke also grew fond of the bar culture and would often come for a drink after work.

Luke came to the bar today not just for leisure, but also with another purpose.

The bar had been renovated last year and the environment was quite nice, with a dance floor, entertainment area, booth area, and bar.

At this time, the place wasn't crowded. Luke took a seat at one of the high stools around the bar.

A bartender wearing a black vest came over, "What would you like today?"

The bartender, a middle-aged white man, knew Luke well as a regular, and they had a good rapport.

"Whiskey."

The bartender poured half a glass of whiskey and placed it on the bar, "Anything else you need?"

"Give me five scratch-off lottery tickets."

The United States is a big lottery country with a variety of types, and each state can establish its own lottery regulation and issuing authorities.

Bars, supermarkets, gas stations, clubs and other convenient places sold the tickets.

Luke rarely bought lottery tickets before, thinking it was a waste of money.

But now he had an 'adventure card.'

For the financially strapped Luke, striking it rich was the best kind of adventure.

Luke sipped his whiskey, savoring it in his mouth, noticing the faint sourness and spiciness, and the substantial kick.

There were snacks in the self-service area, and he picked a small plate of nuts and salt-and-pepper crisps; the rest were too sweet for his liking.

A scent of perfume wafted over, and Luke turned his head to see a young woman approaching.

"Hey, sorry to bother you, we meet again." The woman looked somewhat familiar, the very same one driving the convertible yesterday.

Today, she wore a black professional outfit, adding an air of efficiency to her demeanor.

Luke sized up the person opposite him, "Miss, how may I address you?"

"Daisy, just call me Daisy.

Even though you didn't help out, I still have to say thanks on behalf of my car's tire."

Luke laughed, "I was just worried about your boyfriend getting the wrong idea."

"How considerate of you." Daisy dropped a comment and left.

Luke continued to leisurely enjoy his drink, reveling in the laid-back ambiance.

"Here's your scratch-off lottery ticket, good luck." The bartender handed Luke a scratch card.

"How much is it?"

Luke rubbed his hands together, already eager to start.

"Whiskey five US Dollars, scratch-off lottery ticket five US Dollars, a generous lady has already paid for you, and even left me a five-dollar tip."

"Who paid for me?"

"That beautiful lady who just spoke with you, she has already left."

Luke shook his head, "I don't need others to pay for me, I can pay for myself."

The bartender winked knowingly, the voice of experience, "Hey, relax, this is pretty normal in bars.

Next time you can treat her, strike up more of a conversation, who knows what might happen?"

Luke sighed softly, "It's not the drink I care about, it's the scratch-off lottery ticket.

If I win, whose prize is it? I don't want any trouble."

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Leaving the bar, Daisy walked into a neighborhood street.

The lighting was somewhat dim, and no pedestrians could be seen up ahead on the street.

She faintly heard footsteps behind her, turned her head, and saw a man following in the distance, his face indiscernible.

Daisy grew nervous and quickened her pace.

The footsteps behind her grew more hurried and closer.

In her high heels, she couldn't outrun the pursuer and almost twisted her ankle.

She panicked, reaching into her shoulder bag as if searching for something.

She pulled a small bottle from her bag, turned to face her follower, who wore a baseball cap, his face still unclear, "Who are you?"

Why... No..."

Before Daisy could finish, she saw the man pull a gun from his bag.

"Bang!"

Daisy felt as if struck by lightning, falling to the ground motionless and instantly losing consciousness.

The man in the baseball cap came over, kicked the bottle from Daisy's right hand, and dragged her into a corner of the street.

The man in the baseball cap opened his backpack, put Daisy's shoulder bag inside, threw in her shoes, and reached for her blouse...

Suddenly, a voice broke the silence nearby, "LAPD, put your hands up!"

"Fuck! How could there be police here?" The man in the baseball cap looked astounded.

"Put your hands up!"

"Don't shoot!" The man in the baseball cap looked towards Luke and slowly raised his hands.

Luke, guns in hand, approached the suspect from a few meters away, "Face down on the ground, hands behind your back."

"Sir, you might have misunderstood, she's my girlfriend, she's ill, I was helping her."

"Shut up, eyes front, don't move."

With a gun in his right hand, Luke took out handcuffs with his left, pressed his knee into the suspect's body, handcuffed him from behind, and removed his trousers,

"You have the right to remain silent.

If you choose not to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

You have the right to speak with an attorney present during questioning.

If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you at no cost."

After reciting the Miranda warning, Luke felt the sensation of being a cop once again.

A voice echoed in his mind, "[One adventure experience completed, the adventure card has been activated, now used.]