

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 181-190

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 181

Chapter 181 Where's Your Photo?

It was a call from the troll army. Judging by the incessant ringing, Wanda could only assume that it was

something urgent.

Wanda was just about to answer the call when Fiona looked up from the prawn she was eating and frowned at the former.

Worried that she had offended Fiona, Wanda quickly silenced the call. "Cheers, Aunt Fiona."

Appeased, Fiona smiled and clinked glasses with Wanda.

Meanwhile, Ivan was at his wits' end after failing to reach Wanda. The entire company was in chaos.

"Mr. Yarbrough, our server's been attacked!"

"One of our accounts has been blocked!"

One bad thing happened after another.

It had taken a lot of time and money to build up those accounts. Now that they were gone, the company's

business was at stake.

Ivan was close to hyperventilating. "Did you guys find out who's behind this? Did we offend any hot and rising celebrities with our recent trolling?"

"No, we can't find anything."

means

Ivan thundered, "What do you can't find anything?"

"W—

Whoever's behind this is way too advanced to be working for an entertainment agency," the ashen-faced programmer explained.

"What, are you saying that we crossed a line with some mafia boss or something?" Ivan sputtered in

disbelief.

Yeah th

wild.

programmer answered lamely. A chill ran down his spine as he watched the background run.

Ivan refused to take this for an answer and made to resolve the issue by himself. However, none of the computers would start. They were as good as defunct.

He gritted his teeth. "Launch the storage accounts!"

The programmer hesitated. "But those accounts have real IP addresses. If the police catch on to us...

"We'll only **be** using them for ten minutes tomorrow morning," Ivan countered gravely. "I doubt the police will notice anything."

"But the police have been vigilant about these things," the programmer argued. "Someone could link us to the suicide incident."

Ivan snarled, "It's not our fault that woman couldn't handle a little pressure! Listen up, people: We are not

Chapter 18 Where's Your Photo?

responsible for what our words do to others!

“Launch those storage accounts tomorrow!”

It was clear that certain people wouldn't mind stooping low for the sake of money.

After barking his orders, Ivan saw the live stream channel for Empathy Clinic. He then cursed, “This is giving me the creeps.”

Presently, the moderator for Wynter's live-stream channel was online and had reactivated her account.

Following **that**, the moderator sent Wynter a series of texts.

Mod007; “Someone maliciously reported your live stream channel.”

“We're looking into it now, but it could take **a** while.”

“The higher-ups take this matter very seriously. Don't worry, **we'll** get to the bottom of this.”

Wynter had only just gone online when she noticed the messages piling into her inbox. She glanced at the lit-up icon and typed, “As long as it's been reactivated.”

After all, she had done all the necessary investigation.

Mod007 wrote, “No! As your moderator, I insist!”

There was no emotion underlying Wynter's reply. “In that case, could you break this encryption?”

Mod007 replied, “Uh, I'm supposed to escalate all encryption-related matters.”

Wynter raised a brow. “Can't the moderators do it?”

The moderator wanted to tell her that he could decrypt others, but only his direct superiors could access

the encrypted account in question.

He had barely recovered from the shock of the news, which he had only gotten earlier that afternoon,

Right now, only he and a handful of higher-ups knew that Wynter's live-stream channel had been suspended.

Mod007 replied apologetically, "Sorry."

Wynter laughed. "Forget it. It's like having a high-maintenance pet."

"Who are you calling a pet?" Mod007 demanded.

"Get back to work," Wynter replied, "I'll talk to him."

Mod007 texted, "Have fun."

After that, Wynter opened her conversation with Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood and typed, "My account was suspended. Where's your photo?"

Chapter 182 Resend It

Dalton did not set his phone down once throughout the party.

It was hard for Fabian not to notice this, seeing as Dalton usually did not have his phone on his person.

"You get some important business going **on**?" Fabian asked with a raised brow.

Dalton smiled. "Not business. It's a friend."

As he said this, he unlocked the screen. His gaze immediately darkened, and he began to type. His normally placid expression flickered slightly.

"I just sent it," he replied as Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood.

He got a reply instantly, which read, "I didn't receive it. Maybe you sent it while my account was suspended and it was lost. Resend it."

"Resend it?" he thought. He rubbed the flat of his fingers against his phone and made no reply.

He could still remember the frustration he had felt after sending the photo the first time. He glanced at the chessboard to the side, looking somewhat dazed.

Fabian grew curious at the sight of this. Before he could **ask** Dalton what was wrong, he heard someone. say softly, "Grandpa, you didn't tell me you'd be here!"

It was Naomi. She was wearing a long, white dress that made her look like an angel. She feigned surprise when she entered the room and saw Dalton. "Oh, I didn't expect you to be here too, Dale."

Dalton regarded her indifferently. Without responding to the nickname she had given him, he rose to his feet courteously. "Mr. Quinnell Senior, I've got to go handle a couple of things."

Fabian didn't stop him from leaving. "Very well, then. Remember what you promised me."

Neither of them bothered to elaborate on the said promise in Naomi's presence.

Naomi watched Dalton leave without acknowledging her. She bit her lip dejectedly. "Grandpa, I don't think Dale's happy to see me."

"He's never happy to see anyone," Fabian countered dryly.

However, Naomi looked so much like **his** long-lost granddaughter that he softened his tone. "Come here. Sit down and keep me company. Tell me, have you met Dr. Genius yet?"

Naomi stiffened.

"Yeah," she muttered, sounding a little despondent. "But I don't think she likes me very much."

Fabian frowned. "What do you mean?"

Lowering her gaze, Naomi recounted, "Well, I brought her gifts the other day to see if she'd change her

mind.

Chapter 182 Resend It

"She told **me** that she won't waste her time on any of us, though it's probably Aunt Fiona's fault.

"Aunt Fiona has already apologized to her, but Dr. Genius is stubborn. I had no choice but to go back to

the hotel after that.”

Fabian was skeptical when he heard this. “Doesn’t sound like something that young lady would do.” He added quietly, “Perhaps I’ll go see her personally some time later.”

Naomi didn’t think Fabian would care so much about some lowly doctor. She knew that Fabian doted on her, and she had come close to bad mouthing Wynter to him earlier. Thankfully, she didn’t.

However, Naomi’s relief was entwined with jealousy. “You think so highly of Dr. Genius, Grandpa. didn’t praise me even though it’s been a while since we last met.”

Yet, you

“It can’t be helped that Dr. Genius is so likable!” Fabian guffawed. “You’re smart, Naomi, but you’ve got

nothing on that young lady just yet.

“You’ll see for yourself once you get to know her. Remember, Naomi, there’s always someone out there who’s better than you.

“Don’t ever look down on those who come from less fortunate backgrounds. They’re the ones with **real**

talent.”

Even as her fingers dug into her palms, Naomi forced a smile and said, “I understand.”

She figured there must be something *wron* with her grandfather if he was comparing her to:

bumpkin.

“No matter. That bumpkin is about to kiss goodbye to her glorious reputation,” Naomi thought, comforting

herself.

Chapter 183 Let’s Meet in Person

There were several parties behind the suspension of Wynter’s live-streaming channel, and given her intelligence, Wynter already knew who they were.

However, one of the parties attacking her channel **had** vanished as soon as the damage was done. That party was none other than Ivan’s troll army.

After hacking into the troll army's system, Wynter did not back out. Instead, she planted a virus into the

system's server.

While she was going through some boring statistics, Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood replied to her message.

She clicked on the message, which read, "Your live-stream channel was suspended?"

She texted back, "Yeah."

Dalton's gaze darkened. He doubted Wynter was at fault for her channel's suspension. As such, he

recorded a voice note, "What happened?"

Wynter was nonchalant. "It's no big deal."

But Dalton thought differently. He screenshotted his conversation with Wynter and sent it to the

administrator of the live-streaming platform.

Startled by the message, the administrator immediately explained, "Mr. Yarwood, we've unsuspended this young lady's live-streaming channel as quickly as we could."

"See to it that this doesn't happen again," Dalton warned with a cold gaze.

"Yes, of course. Don't worry, Mr. Yarwood. This live-streamer has maintained good statistics thus far.

"We had an internal discussion and determined that her content was fine. It's a case of malicious

reporting."

"Then get rid of the accounts behind those malicious reports," Dalton bit out icily.

The administrator wiped off the cold sweat beading on his forehead. "Right away!"

Dalton dropped the matter after that. However, he requested a copy of the platform's operational plan.

This gesture terrified the higher-ups of the platform. Consequently; they told Mod007 that any issue with Empathy Clinic's live-streaming channel must be resolved at first instance.

Meanwhile, Wynter had no idea what Dalton had done for her.

By the time she checked her messages again, she saw his text—what seemed like a message he had written after a lot of contemplation.

Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood: “I won’t resend the picture. Let’s meet in person.”

Wynter did not object to the suggestion. “All right. When and where?” she texted back.

Chapter 189 Lets Meet in Person

I be there for the platform’s annual gala, he replied:

She laughed. “The annual galo? So we’ll meet at Kingbourne in a month?”

Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood: “Yes. It’s a neutral ground. Perfect for our first meeting.”

Wynter raised! a brow. “Do you think that I’ll be able to make it into the top ten trending channels?”

“Yes. You’re that capable,” came his affirmation.

She read the message, but before she could reply, he added, “Besides, as your guardian, I could help you win that player battle.”

He had as good as told her that he would pay any figure for her to rank up.

For some reason, Wynter’s fingers were stiff as she typed, “First you give me resources, and now you’re going to blow money on me?”

One might think that you want something from me.”

“And what do you think I want from you?” Dalton asked.

She smiled at his reply. “My potential for fame, of course.”

Her live—stream channel was a good investment piece. The fact that Dalton recognized that meant he had foresight.

He could make a good business partner if he could stop checking up on her.

Emperor VIP Sir Yarwood responded with a “Hmm.”

Wynter’s lips curled into a smile at his indifferent response, but she did not continue the conversation.

Over at the top floor of the Chamber of Commerce, Dalton stood tall and straight in the dimness. His gaze was as inscrutable as it was dark.

Meanwhile, the Yates were in a celebratory mood today.

After seeing Fiona off, Wanda wasted no time in returning Ivan's call.

Ivan was already at his wits end, but he couldn't risk losing a client like Wanda.

As such, he feigned nonchalance as usual as he asked, "Oh, it's nothing. I just wanted to know if your adopted daughter is related to anyone important"

"Her? Hah! Her parents are from Hávenlight County. I doubt they'd be considered important people." Wanda snorted. "Don't worry, she's just a bumpkin."

Ivan let out a breath of relief when he heard this. He thanked the heavens that Wynter did not hail from

some prestigious family.

He figured that he must have been paranoid after his company's system was hacked.

"I see that the Empathy Clinic's account is no longer suspended. Just as we predicted, Wynter asked the moderator for help. She can be so impatient," Wanda drawled.

Chapter 183 Let's **Meet** in Person

Ivan chuckled. "We'll proceed according to the plan, Mrs. Yates. **See** you on the live-streaming **channel** tomorrow. When we're done, Empathy Clinic will be yours."

Wanda was practically buzzing with excitement at the idea of it. She couldn't wait to make Wynter suffer after having to put up with her antics for so long.

It was a quiet and peaceful night at Waterview Alley.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened, save for Margaret fussing over Wynter's studies. The old lady had spent the evening nagging at Wynter to take her supplements and **do** some extra reading.

The next day, Empathy Clinic went live at 9:30 am.

Wynter was still in the middle of setting up when viewers horded into her live-streaming channel.

"Oh my gosh, the channel's back! Did any of you guys wait a whole day and night for this like I did?" one of

the viewers commented.

“Notice me, please! Let’s do a live connection!”

“I’ve been refreshing this page since 9:00 am! I was worried when the channel was suspended, but now my happy pill is back!”

The live—streaming channel’s chat section was just getting lively when a comment overlaid the screen.

A viewer named Better Tomorrow wrote, “Happy pill? I heard this quack doctor ended up killing one of her patients during treatment once.”

The chat section suddenly fell silent.

The allegation that Wynter had killed one of her patients during treatment was shocking. The viewers were so shocked to read this that some of them even shuddered.

A viewer who went by the handle Hopeless Romantic asked, “What proof do you have?”

Better Tomorrow retorted, “Proof? Aside from killing her patient, she also cheated on her school exams.. Anyone would know this with a little sleuthing!”

Chapter 184 Defeating the Troll Army

Hopeless Romantic demanded in the comments, “Can the streamer explain what’s going on here?”

Presently, Ivan was playing three different roles as he perched in front of his **computer**. He was determined to back Wynter into a corner this time.

When Margaret saw the comments, she gripped onto the edge of the table and wished to defend Wynter.

However, Wynter merely snorted and gazed directly into the camera. “We’ll be doing something a little different from our usual consultations today.”

The viewer named Better Tomorrow commented, “Don’t change the subject! Explain yourself!”

Wynter drawled, “Ivan Yarbrough?”

At once, everyone in the troll army stopped typing. They looked at Ivan in horror. “Mr. Yarbrough, she just...

Ivan had stiffened in his seat as well. He nearly came close to asking Wynter how she knew it was him. Wynter added with a smirk, “The only explanation I have today will only benefit the trolls. Did you trolls know that in severe cases of online slander, you could be sentenced to less than three years of imprisonment?”

Better Tomorrow retorted, “Are you out of your mind? Why would we listen to a murderer citing the law to

us?”

“I think you’re the one who’s out of your mind,” Wynter countered. “Need I remind you of Strawberry Cloud, Mr. Yarbrough? She was the streamer who took her own life a month ago after being cyberbullied.”

The entire troll army blanched at the mention of the deceased streamer. However, Ivan argued stubbornly as Better Tomorrow, “How is it our fault that she cracked under pressure?”

This was often the argument he presented, but he didn’t think it would be the crux of his downfall today.

Wynter smiled. “So it is you, Mr. Yarbrough. I’m going to assume that the accounts you’re using now have: real IP addresses?”

The other viewers on her live-streaming channel had no idea what she meant, but the trolls did. “Mr. Yarbrough, we have to cover our tracks now!”

However, it was as if Wynter had a fly on the troll army’s wall. Her eyes widened slightly as she said, “It’s

too late to run.”

The moment those words left her lips, the troll army’s computer screens were put on lock. The equipment was running as usual, but the screens had frozen.

One of the programmers cried, “Mr. Yarbrough, our data!”

Ivan snarled, “Don’t just sit there gawking! Shut it down!”

Chapter 184 Defeating the Troll Army

The programmers looked like they were close to breaking down. "It's no use. Our data has been automatically transmitted to the police station just now."

Ivan froze. "What?"

Just then, there was a loud bang. In rushed a team of plain-clothed police officers.

Blood drained from Ivan's face as he quickly made to destroy evidence of his illicit activities. However, the police officers pinned him down before he could move.

Just like that, the troll army was brought down..

Meanwhile,

Wanda was completely oblivious to the fate that had befallen Ivan and his troll army.

She stood at the entrance to Waterview Alley and threw a sharp look in a certain direction. After that, she slowly clicked into Wynter's live-streaming channel.

She wanted to watch the drama that would soon unfold.

Naturally, everyone on the live-streaming channel waited for Wynter to explain. Their curiosity grew even more after the viewer named Better Tomorrow had stopped commenting.

"What does any of this have to do with Strawberry Cloud's suicide?" one of the viewers asked on behalf of

the rest.

Wynter was just about to answer when a devastated wail rang through the room. "That's her, everyone! She's the live-streamer who put my grandson in a coma!"

Wynter's camera was still on. The viewers could see everything that was happening on her end. They

the scene to grab Wynter's arm. watched as a middle-aged lady rushed *int*

"You! You will pay for what you did to my grandson!" the lady shrieked at Wynter.

The viewers immediately burst into an uproar. One comment read, "No way, did she really kill one of her patients?"

The middle-

aged lady was relentless. "My grandson would've been fine if he hadn't taken the medicine you prescribed him! You're a quack!"

“Grandson?” Wynter thought as she raised a brow to survey the lady’s face with a dark gaze.

She did not remember treating anybody’s grandson.

Two uniformed officers who had tagged along with the middle-aged lady glowered at Wynter. “You’ll have to come with us to the station.”

Chapter 185 Offending the Secretary-General

Wynter glanced at the uniformed officers and instantly realized that something was amiss. As far as **standard procedures** were concerned, the officers should have made some **inquiries** first.

Instead, **they** had demanded that she leave with them immediately.

Much like the middle-aged lady, these officers had a vendetta against Wynter.

“Officers, we’ve never prescribed anyone any medication. The live-streaming channel has all the records we need to prove this!” Margaret argued anxiously as she shielded Wynter.

One of the officers growled impatiently, “Don’t touch me. If you get in the way of our investigation, then

we’re taking you with us!

“Who gave you two the right to prescribe treatments through live-streaming?”

I

The verdict was out before Wynter or Margaret could even plead their case. If things went badly, the Empathy Clinic would be done for.

Wynter gave Margaret a look to silently comfort her. She then turned to the officers and said, “Officers, I’m going to need to see your badges and body cameras.”

The officers froze. Most people would have balked at the sight of their uniforms. They certainly wouldn’t dare to ask to see the officers’ badges.

One of the officers snorted. “Why should we show our badges to an insignificant streamer like you?”

Wynter pointed out in amusement, “Civilians have a right to verify an officer’s ID during an investigation. Also, officers on duty are obligated to show their badges at the civilian’s request.

“Your body cameras should be turned on throughout the investigation too. You know the se are basics,

right?”

The live—streaming channel was silent for two seconds. After **that**, the comments flooded in.

“She’s awesome! I can’t believe she talked back to the police officers!”

“I don’t think they’re real cops. They don’t have serial numbers.”

“She’s right about the body cameras, though. Those cops are shady!”

“I don’t have to go anywhere with you if you refuse to turn on your body cameras,” Wynter added bluntly.

The two officers exchanged a look and clenched their fists. The person who had hired them failed to mention how difficult Wynter would be or that she was well—versed with the law.

The viewers’ skepticism was starting to show through the comments. Wanda panicked at the sight of this and very nearly barged into Wynter’s house to finish the job herself.

Fortunately **for** Wanda, the middle—aged lady was quite the splendid actress. She **plopped** down onto the floor and wailed, “My poor grandson! This streamer thinks she can bully poor folks like us just because

She has **money!**

Officers; **you** must bring justice **to my** grandson

The officers **Went along** with the lady’s act **and** grabbed **Wynter’s** arm. “See what you did to ruin **an innocent person’s** life? Save your arguments for the interrogations later, missy!”

Officers, **take** me if you must! My granddaughter never prescribed anything to anyone!” Margaret pleaded. **In** her panic, she accidentally bumped into the phone.

ff 100.

The live—streaming channel suddenly went black. The audio had been cut off

The administrator of the live—streaming platform was frantic as he called his assistant.

Dalton was currently on a private jet bound for Griswald and could not be reached. The administrator couldn’t let anything happen to Wynter.

If he did, he wouldn't be able to explain himself to Dalton once the latter arrived in Griswold.

While the administrator was panicking, everyone at Harmony Community was outraged.

Most of the viewers who were watching Wynter's livestream were leaders and professionals.

Zach wanted nothing more than to go down to the police station and demand an explanation.

However, Jackson stopped him. "Calm down. Domie's escorting someone over for a consultation. I'm sure everything will be fine."

Dom was indeed escorting someone over to Wynter's place for consultation. That someone was none other than Lucas Keller, the Secretary-General who had just transferred to Southdale.

Lucas hadn't been officially sworn in yet. He had heard from the leaders about Wynter and the help she had given to Southdale's residents.

In an attempt to get to know her better, he decided to dress in plain clothes today.

However, Lucas and Dom felt like they had stumbled upon a crime scene when they arrived at Wynter's

house.

Dom immediately snapped, "What's with all the ruckus? Who are you people?"

Chapter 186 Oblivious Officers

As Dom said **this**, he hurried up to **the** house and helped Margaret steady herself.

However, he kept his eyes on Wynter as he asked, "A-Are you all right, Dr. Genius?"

Dom had no idea what a bunch of riff-raff was doing at Wynter's house. His leaders would kill him if Wynter **was** hurt, **especially** since she was in his care.

His throat went dry as he tried to come up with an explanation for when he returned later.

Wynter shook her head, her delicate features revealing nothing as she said, "These two men claim to be officers on duty."

Dom glowered at the two uniformed men. "Officers? Where are your collar numbers then?"

Neither of the uniformed men was intimidated by Dom, who was stout and had shown up riding a humble motorbike.

One of them sneered, "This isn't the place or time for bravado, little man. Move!"

In all his years of working, this was the first time Dom had been condescended to. "What did you just call me?"

"Didn't you hear me?" The officer who had spoken earlier raised his stun baton and snarled viciously, "Move or I'll show you what happens to people who obstruct an officer on duty!"

Lucas frowned at the officer's threat. "Which precinct are you two from? Is this the way you carry out your formal duties?"

"We don't have to tell you anything!" one of the men retorted.

The two men were used to being domineering. They couldn't care less about any powerless civilian. "Now, move before we take all of you down to the police station!"

Dom's blood boiled when he heard this. "I'd like to see which of you two idiots would dare

to touch us!"

"That's it, little man. You're coming with us!" One of the officers grew angry and made to

punch Dom.

Suddenly, there was a loud thud. With a smooth high-kick, Wynter had managed to send the officer flying across the alleyway.

Her indifferent gaze seemed to imply that she had only refrained from using violence because **she** hadn't **felt** like it.

Chapter 186 Oblivious Officers

The remaining officer's hand was trembling as he clutched his stun baton and called for help.

"Requesting for back-up at \$1, Waterview Alley! An officer's been assaulted. I repeat, an officer's been assaulted!" he cried into the phone.

Things were getting out of hand now that the real police were alerted.

Dom was unruffled. "Don't worry, Dr. Genius. Once those officers get here, my friend here will teach them a lesson!"

Lucas could tell what the issue was right away. "There's something wrong here," he concluded, his tone gentle but firm.

"There is. I wasn't planning on kicking him because I didn't want to be blamed for assaulting a police officer. But I can't let them hurt the both of you, either," Wynter explained.

She knew from a glance that Lucas was not the simple civilian he portrayed himself *to be*. She went on to say, "I'll go with the police officers later. Could you please stay here with my grandma, Mr. Fisher?"

Dom's eyes

widened. "My friend and I won't allow them to take you away for questioning." Unfortunately, being too high up on the social food chain had its disadvantages.

None of the officers who showed up to bring Wynter in for questioning recognized Dom. They had never so much as heard of Lucas, who had yet to be sworn in as the new Secretary-

General.

The police ended up bringing everyone at the scene into the Ravenwood police precinct for questioning.

That said, they left Margaret untouched after considering her old age.

Wanda had plotted this right from the beginning. She did not use her family's connections, either. It was a simple task she could accomplish on her own.

The captain of the Ravenwood police precinct would, **of** course, be fair in his judgment.

Dom's suit had creased under the police officers' rough manhandling. He snapped at them, "This is against the law!"

None of the officers paid him any mind as they handcuffed him.

Chapter 187 Foul **Play**

nd had a military

Lucas, on the other hand, behaved differently. The man was below 40 background. His whole purpose here at Southdale was to train and gain experience.

However, being arrested had not been on his list of goals to achieve here. He didn't panic, though. Instead, he saw this as an opportunity to learn more about the inner workings of Southdale.

As such, he stayed quiet throughout the ordeal.

It was precisely because of his powerful position that he could be so calm.

That said, Lucas was surprised to see the young lady next to him be so unbothered. She appeared to be completely unfazed by what had just happened.

She said to the officers, "I'll go with you, officers."

Wynter was even smiling radiantly. However, her tone was venomous as she added, "But you'll have to bring her in as well."

With that, Wynter nodded in the direction of the middle-aged lady who was trying to sneak

away.

The officers present exchanged a confused look. They silently asked each other if they had been ordered to arrest the middle-aged lady as well.

Wynter saw their hesitation and bit down on her candy. Her dark hair cascaded over one shoulder as she drawled, "What, you guys get to pick and choose who you bring in for questioning?"

"There are 100 thousand viewers on my livestream watching this, you know."

That was a lie. The livestream had ended a while ago and none of the viewers knew what was happening now.

Still, the lie worked.

Now that the officers knew they were being watched, they couldn't make their ruse too obvious. Some acting was necessary at this point.

The leading officer waved a hand and said, "Round them all up!"

The middle-aged lady gaped at the officers. This was not what they had agreed to. She certainly didn't agree to being brought into the police station.

Chapter 187 Foul Play

“Uh, officers, are you sure about this? *We’re...*”

She looked at them intently, hoping she could make them understand that she side.

on their

However, none of the officers heeded the look she gave them. They had to show they were being fair and just.

As a result, the middle-aged lady was shoved into the car along with Wynter and the others. Margaret was beside herself with panic. She clutched Wynter’s hand and refused to let go. Wynter reassured her, “Don’t worry, Grandma. Wolf will be back soon to keep you company. Get some rest and eat something.

“Don’t worry

about the live-streaming channel, either. I’m just helping the police with their investigation, and I’ll be back after that.

“If anyone comes up to you and blackmails you, ignore them. Don’t entertain them even if they use me as leverage, all right?”

She tucked a strand of gray hair behind Margaret’s ear. “I’ll be fine, Grandma. I’m strong.”

Margaret knew Wynter could take care of herself, but she was still worried. After all, Wynter was being taken to a police station for questioning.

To his credit, the leading officer comforted Margaret, “Don’t worry, ma’am. We’re not the type to fault the innocent and let the wrongdoers go unpunished.

“We’ll let your granddaughter go once she’s been cleared of any wrongdoing.”

He had to put on the good cop act now that he knew 100 thousand people were watching.

If the precinct captain hadn’t assigned him to do this, he would never have agreed to it.

Wanda, who hovered out of sight by the entrance of Waterview Alley, had no idea what was going on. When she saw Wynter and the others leaving in police cruisers, she grinned triumphantly.

“Damn brat. That’s what happens when you mess with me! Let’s see how you’ll fare in prison!” she hissed under her breath.

She was in no hurry to reveal herself. It was much more satisfying playing the mastermind, at least for now.

Granted, more people had been arrested than Wanda initially planned. However, it wouldn’t affect **the** grand scheme of things.

Chapter 187 Foul Play

Wanda thought the others who had been arrested were likely piss—**poor**, bumpkin relatives of Wynter’s.

Wanda had seen those two men earlier show up on a motorbike, which was embarrassing. She wondered where they even got the nerve to raise their voices.

As for Ivan, Wanda had yet to get in touch with him.

If they went according to his plan, then they would both have to start taking precautions once the accounts were launched.

Wanda doubted precautions were in order now. She called up a familiar number after the police cruisers left.

“Hello, Captain Weissman? It’s me again... Yes, your men have taken them in for questioning. I’d appreciate your continued cooperation during the interrogation later...”

Chapter 188 Unfair Interrogation

“Yes, I remember. This stays betu back to work now. Goodbye!”

1. us. No one else will know. All right, I’ll let you get

Wanda chuckled **as** she hung up and happily left for Yates Corporation, her bag swinging from her arm.

Ewan found the details of Wynter’s arrest rather shocking. “I can’t believe her lowly relatives would have the nerve to assault the cops!”

“I thought it was bold of them too,” Wanda agreed, snorting. “But I suppose we can’t expect philistines to know the law.”

She had nothing to worry about now. Once she was through with her plans, Wynter might even end up behind bars.

Wanda initially planned on making life hard for Wynter. However, things turned out even better than planned. Wynter could be locked up for good.

Ewan mused after a long pause, "Tell Gerald to go easy on her. Leaving a mark on her record after the interrogation will do. We're only after her live-streaming channel, after all."

"Whether or not Gerald goes easy on her will be entirely dependent on her attitude," Wanda pointed out. She took a sip of her tea and reveled in her success.

Ewan and Wanda couldn't care less that what they did might ruin Wynter's life. They just wanted to reap whatever profits they could from the live-streaming channel.

Half a year in prison and a record to show for it was bad enough. If Wynter missed her university entrance exams altogether, then her life would be over.

Meanwhile, Dom said as soon as he arrived at the Ravenwood police precinct, "Excuse me, officer, may I speak to your captain?"

He was polite but firm.

However, the interrogator gave Dom a hard shove.

"What does a bumpkin have to say to our captain? Sit down!" He spared no decorum as he pointed at Dom in warning. "I'd keep quiet if I were you."

Dom blinked after getting shoved by the interrogator. He gave the table a hard smack and demanded, "Is this the way you treat a civilian?"

"Shut it!" The interrogator gestured toward the surveillance cameras. "**You're** being

Chapter Thit Untan Interrogation

recorded right now, and you'd be wise not to strike another *officer*."

Dom nearly cussed in the interrogator's face.

Wynter interjected, "Excuse me, but what is your captain's name?"

"You can find it on the official site," the interrogator replied. He was nicer **to** her considering she was a streamer.

Hearing this, Wynter said to Dom, “We can check the captain’s name after. You’re not from around here, so these people might not know you.

“It’s best that we stay calm until this is over. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Dom was touched by her concern for him. He was also impressed with her composure.

He then shot a glare at the officers around them. Clenching his fists, he said quietly to Wynter, “I’ll be fine, Dr. Genius. I just need to make sure you’re safe.

“Jackson made it clear that he’ll have my head if you get hurt under my watch!”

The interrogator sneered at their conversation. “All right, enough with the drama. Are you guys delusional or something?

“Now, I want each of you to tell me your name, age, ID number, and your place of residence. “Also, what is the relationship between the three of you? Why did you help her attack an officer on duty?”

The last question was directed at Dom, who flew into a rage again. “Is this how statement? You might as well have given us your verdict!”

you

take a

The interrogator struck the table with his palm. He raised his fist like he was going to punch Dom. “Answer my questions, old man! None of your funny business!”

Frustration welled up in Dom. He never expected Southdale to be home to such unreasonable officers. To think, this was a place where civilians sought justice!

Wynter clutched Dom’s wrist as she said to the officer, “I took a look at the surveillance cameras you pointed out to us earlier. None of them have been switched on.”

The interrogator stiffened.

“If I were you, I’d think about whether this interrogation is carried out in line with the law,” Wynter added slowly.

Chapter 189 Improper Interrogation

Wynter added, “Also, coercing us into confessing is a crime punishable by Imprisonment up to three years.”

The interrogator’s gaze snapped up to Wynter’s.

Wynter sounded bored as she pointed out, “I suggest you tread more carefully.”

“You know the law?” the interrogator asked, surprised.

Staring at the interrogator, Wynter said, “Normally, a statement is given in the presence of two police officers. One will ask the questions, and the other will record the statement.

“And yet, you’re the only one here. What if something happened to us? What will you do then?”

Her lulling voice and her words packed quite some persuasion.

The interrogator hesitated.

He had already been briefed about the case when he got here. The suspects were brought in by two so-called “officers” whose body cameras were turned off during the arrest.

This was a clear violation of the rules, but one of those officers happened to be Adam Weissman’s distant relative.

The interrogator knew Wynter was right. He would be held responsible if something happened to her and her accomplice during the interrogation.

The interrogator was at a loss when Wynter showed him a way out. “If I were you, I’d get that middle-aged lady’s statement first.

“She said my prescription put her grandson in a coma, but I’ve never prescribed anything through my live-streaming channel.

“You can verify that by playing back all my live streams on the platform.”

Wynter smirked. “I’ll be hiring a lawyer **to** represent me after this. I wonder what he’ll discover once he looks into the circumstances surrounding this case.’

She drawled, “But you and I both know this case is a little too delicate to be probed into. It’s best **if** you back out before then, no?”

At that moment, it was as if Wynter and the interrogator had switched roles.

The latter stiffened as he considered his options. He **set** his pen down and barked, “Don’t go

Chapter 189 Improper interrogation

anywhere!”

Following that, the interrogator left and slammed the door shut behind hi Wynter chuckled at this, her face radiant as ever.

a bang.

Next to her, Lucas smiled. “No wonder the old man kept raving about Dr. Genius whenever he dropped by Kingbourne.

“Now that I’ve met you in person, I must say I’m impressed.”

“Thank you, but I’m not that good,” Wynter replied modestly. “I’m just glad neither you nor Mr. Fisher got hurt.”

Dom was furious. “Those officers are unbelievable! Mr. Keller, you must deal with them accordingly after you’ve been sworn in as secretary! This is an outrage!”

“Sworn in as secretary?” Wynter thought, considering the implication of these words.

Most secretaries did not carry themselves the same way as Lucas did. Wynter had heard that Southdale would be run by a new official soon.

She reckoned Lucas was the official in question.

Wynter at once knew who Lucas was, but she revealed nothing.

Lucas saw this and grew even more impressed with her.

“You know, Dom, you’re not half as composed as Dr. Genius here,” he pointed out.

His elegance and confidence somehow belied his powerful position. He addressed Wynter with a question, “Did you read law at some point, Dr. Genius?”

Surprised to hear this, Dom turned to look at Wynter inquisitively.

Wynter did not elaborate much and only offered a smile. “I dabbled in it once.”

“I thought you were a medical student!” Dom said, perplexed.

“The two disciplines aren’t mutually exclusive,” Wynter answered casually.

Dom blinked and tried to make sense of her statement.

However, Lucas burst into laughter. “The old man was right! Southdale might not be big, but it certainly has enough room for a genius!”

He was pleasantly surprised by the young lady. He had also figured out the best way to run Southdale.

A bitter chuckle escaped Dom. "Mr. Keller, someone's trying to frame Dr. Genius."

Chapter 189 Improper Interrogation

Lucas' gaze darkened at this. "**We'll** get to **the bottom of this**. My driver's probably at the City Bureau right **now**."

Chapter 190 Outrage

Meanwhile, everyone inside the City Bureau's office was waiting eagerly to meet the new Secretary-General.

Aside from his extraordinary position, the man also bore the Keller's name. Anyone who had been in **the** industry for long enough would know what this meant.

All **the** departments had gathered in the office. They could get this meet-and-greet started as soon as **the** big man arrived.

Even the boulevard that led up to the City Bureau had been swept spotless today.

Everyone peered through the windows while waiting, but they did not spot any approaching vehicles.

However, Otis Buchanan, the deputy mayor, was patient. He instead busied himself with swapping out tea bags in the thermos flask with new ones.

At last, a car approached. But it hurtled toward the City Bureau with a speed that was uncharacteristic of Lucas.

Otis was still baffled when the driver bolted out of the Peugeot. He surveyed the crowd and asked urgently, "Which of you is Mr. Buchanan?"

"I am. Is something wrong, sir?" Otis recognized him. "Are you Mr. Keller's bodyguard?"

Bodyguard aside, the man had served in the military. He was also Lucas' confidante. He might not look the part, but his gait was steady and his stance was firm.

It would be unfortunate for him if he didn't and couldn't recognize Otis.

He had hidden himself among the crowd and stayed under the auxiliary officers' radar.

“Where’s Mr. Keller?” Otis asked, chuckling. “He told me last night that he’d be visiting a friend. I couldn’t reach him on his phone.

“Is he on his way? Or is he being held back?”

The driver looked grim. “Mr. Buchanan, is anyone in the police force present?”

“Ah, I’m afraid not. Captain Grayson is unavailable today,” Otis explained, still smiling. “Is there something that might require an officer’s attention?”

The driver said aloud, “Mr. Keller has been taken away by the police for questioning.”

At that moment, Otis’ smile slipped. He stared at the driver in disbelief. “**W**—What? The

Chapter 190 Outrage

police did what?”

“Some police officers arrested Mr. Keller,” the driver elaborated gravely. “. the Chamber of Commerce was also arrested.

or from

“The officers on duty didn’t turn on their body cameras. I’m worried they might resort to coercion during the interrogation.”

Otis’ blood ran cold when he heard the driver’s explanation.

As for the others, their eyes were as wide as saucers. They couldn’t believe the new City Bureau Secretary had been arrested before he even made it the office.

No justice was at work here, only outrage. Lucas was assigned to Southdale to restructure it and help it flourish. And yet, he ran into trouble on his first day here.

Otis thought he might collapse from the shock. He pressed a hand to his chest. His breath came up short as he said, “Get Jerome on the phone! Now!”

Jerome Grayson was the chief commissioner of the police force. In other words, all the precincts answered to him.

The regular officers might not know Otis, who was the deputy mayor. If he truly wanted to resolve this, he needed to pull strings with the right people.

More importantly, this was a matter under Jerome’s purview to begin with.

Lucas and Dom were formidable characters. Granted, the latter was not quite a force as the former, but he answered to Jackson.

Otis had half the mind to fire Jerome. He couldn't believe Jerome would allow his officers to do something so outrageous.

Otis' phone rang before anyone could reach Jerome. He glanced at the caller ID and shuddered. He was reluctant to answer it, but he did anyway.

"Hello, Mr. Munn Senior," he greeted politely.

He had never heard Jackson so angry before.

Jackson growled, "Otis, I swear if anything happens to that young lady who was taken in for questioning..."

Otis wiped the sweat off his forehead. "Mr. Munn Senior, who might that young lady be?"

"I might have retired, Otis," Jackson ground out like he was offering Otis an intimidating deal. "But I'm still famous enough to go to Kingbourne and have someone keep an eye on **you**."

Chapter 190 Outrage

Otis' hand trembled. "N—
No, Mr. Munn Senior. Once I **see** Jerome, I... We'll **go and** apologize **to** the young lady together!"

He silently cursed the officers' ineptitude. Their ignorance would be the death **of** Otis. He wondered where they **got** the audacity to pull something like this.