

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 192

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Chapter 192 The Secretary-General

Lucas asked grimly, "Are you suggesting that we bribe our way out of this?"

He knew Southdale had its problems, but he didn't think these officers would have the nerve to ask for bribes outright.

He thought about his phone call with Otis from yesterday where the latter said Southdale had been rid of corruption.

Lucas clenched his fist. At this point, he would have to personally verify the truth of that statement.

The officer drawled, "I see no point in continuing this interrogation. How dare you accuse public officers of soliciting bribes?"

He set his pen down and stared at the three of them evenly.

The three of them made it difficult for the officer to tackle a confession out of them. An idea crossed his mind as his gaze landed on Wynter.

He would have to coerce a confession out of her. He doubted a young lady like her could endure their grueling interrogation methods.

"Bring the other two away!" he ordered.

The moment Dom heard this, he understood what the officer's intentions were. The officer wanted to interrogate Wynter alone and force a confession out of her.

"Don't you dare touch us!" Dom yelled as he rose to his feet.

However, Dom was knocked backward when the officer landed a punch on his chest. "Clam it, old man! This is a police station, not some run-down village!

"You'd better start cooperating if you want to make it out of this room!"

Wynter had not seen that punch coming. She was too far away to block it from hitting Dom. Now, she cast the officer a dark look.

Dom had never experienced getting punched like that. He coughed as a dull ache spread through his chest.

Wynter's eyes gleamed wickedly. She moved too quickly for anyone to notice.

In a flash, she materialized before the officer with a vicious look on her face.

The officer nearly shrunk back in fear. "Touch me and I'll put you behind bars for good!"

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Dom silently pleaded for Wynter to stay calm. He was still out of breath, but he knew he had to stop Wynter before she was overcome with violence.

"Dr. Genius," he rasped. "I'm fine. I can bounce back, no problem."

In truth, the punch earlier had left Dom in a stupor. He thought his identity in Southdale was enough to keep the police officers in check.

Unfortunately, none of the officers recognized him; he was too high up on the social pyramid.

He wondered why the City Bureau hadn't made a move yet. It shouldn't take this long to make a phone call.

He also contemplated the possibility that Otis was delaying help on purpose,

At the thought of this, Dom looked at Lucas. "Mr. Keller, we have to get out of here." If they didn't, Wynter would end up bearing the brunt of this situation.

Lucas' expression was grave as he kept his gaze on the interrogator who had barged in. "I was in the military and I was an officer with merit. I want to speak to Jerome Grayson," he bit out.

The mention of Jerome stunned the officer and his co-workers. None of them expected Lucas to know Jerome.

Meanwhile, Adam Weissman could no longer ignore the chaos brewing in the Ravenwood police precinct.

Reluctant to leave the woman with whom he'd slept, he disgruntledly got out of bed.

He was upset that the Yates' dirty work was more trouble than it was worth. Wanda had told him that the live-streaming young lady was merely a bumpkin.

"Haven't they confessed yet?" Adam demanded of the interrogator before going into the **room.**

The interrogator answered in hushed tones, "Captain Weissman, one of them knows Chief Commissioner Grayson."

“Oh, please, he’s just bluffing you. Do you think I wouldn’t know anyone who is acquainted with the Chief Commissioner?” Adam was unconvinced, and he was still dazed from the amorous affair he’d had before coming over here.

His phone

had been ringing incessantly in the office. About twenty calls had come in, but Adam did not answer any of them before entering the interrogation room.

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He asked Lucas gruffly, “You wanted to see Jerome ?” His features twisted with malice, “I don’t care who you are. You’re in Southdale now, and you have to play by our rules.”

Lucas sneered. “Having a police captain admonishing me on my first day as the City Bureau’s Secretary–General. I wonder what the deputy mayor will think of that.”

“You’re the Secretary–General?” Adam barked a laugh. “Don’t be...”

However, before he could say the word “ridiculous“, he was cut off by a loud bang.