An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 103 -

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"Stop this right now!" A loud voice rang out.

A group of men in suits and armed to the teeth filed into the room.

"Who are you? How dare you enter the interrogation room without permission! Are you starting a riot?" Mr. Gardner screamed in fury. At this moment, he wa s stewing with rage.

The only thought in his mind was to rip Dustin up into pieces, and anybody wh o stood in his path would be his

mortal enemy as well!

"Mr. Gardner, what an honor to see you!"

"The crowd of people parted like the Red Sea as a gorgeous, alluring woman stalked into the room in her high

heels.

"Natasha?"

When Mr. Gardner saw who it was, the expression on his face fell as the burni ng rage in his eyes died down.

"You're lucky, Dustin. Your girlfriend is here to save you."

Dahlia said sarcastically when she saw Natasha arrive. She felt a little frustrat ed. Although she was relieved

at the thought of being rescued, she felt a twinge of annoyance at receiving N atasha's help.

As she was Dustin's ex– wife, she didn't want to feel obligated to another woman.

Unfortunately, Natasha was the only one who could save Dustin right now.

"Ms. Harmon, why are you here at the police station this late at night with your men? What's the meaning of

this?" Mr. Gardner stepped forward to block their way.

"Hmph! Are you seriously questioning me? You were the one who brought pe ople in without a **fair** trial. Is this how the police investigate crimes?" Natasha scoffed.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." Mr. Gardner said sheepishly.

"You don't understand? Alright then, I'll be straightforward. I'm here to request the release of my man. Let Dustin go immediately before I make you regret it! " Natasha demanded.

"Let him go? This man is a wanted criminal with definitive evidence. Are you g oing to make me release him? **Aren't** you going above the **law**?" Mr. Gardner declared righteously.

Just now, Dustin had beat him up into a pulp. There was no way he could live this down.

Offending Natasha was a small price to pay for him to get his revenge on Dust in!

"How dare you talk about the law to me! Aren't you aware of how contradictory your words are? It is as easy as pie for me to reveal all your dirty underhande d tricks. Let him go immediately if you want to keep things

swept under the rug!" Natasha threatened.

"Natasha, don't push my buttons!" Mr. Gardner warned, his expression darken ed.

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"I know that the Harmon family is influential, however, I have my rights! This is my territory and that guy is a criminal. Moreover, he is under my jurisdiction. You have no right to Interfere in what I do with him!" "If Ms. Harmon doesn't have the right, how about me Instead?" Hunter walked into the interrogation room with

his men in tow.

His noble aura caused the men to move away from him involuntarily.

"What? This kid knows Mr. Anderson?" Draco turned pale with shock. He didn' t believe it when Mr. Gardner

told him about this. Now that he had witnessed **the** situation with his own eyes , only then did he realize the gravity of the situation.

"Wow, even Mr. Anderson is here. Natasha must **have** asked for his help to **s ave** you. Seems like she **really** can't live without you, huh?" Sarcasm dripped from Dahlia's voice as she spoke.

"Mr. Anderson, why are you here as well?" Mr. Gardner frowned.

Natasha alone was tough enough to handle. If Hunter joined in the **fray**, thing s might get out of hand.

"If I didn't show up, would you listen to reason?" Hunter retorted angrily.

"Mr. Anderson, I informed you in the call last time. Give me some time so I can look into it. If there's **a** mistake.

I will let him go immediately." Mr. Gardner tried to wriggle his way out.

"I have no time to waste yapping with you. Let Dustin go this instant!" Hunter o rdered impatiently.

The corrupted ways of the police inspector were well known.

If they had waited for the investigation to end, Dustin would have been dead a nd gone.

"As an inspector, my duty is to capture wanted criminals and protect the peac e of the city. I don't think there's anything wrong with my actions," Mr. Gardner defended himself.

"Mr. Gardner, I'm giving you one last chance. I'm warning you; let him go imm ediately. If not, you shall die an

unseemly death!" Hunter wasn't taking it.

"Mr. Anderson, are you threatening me? Don't you know the consequences of going against the police?" Mr.

Gardner narrowed his eyes.

"I don't care what the consequences are. If you won't let Dustin go, I will tear d own this building!" Hunter

retorted.

Mr. Gardner's face twisted with rage.

He never expected Natasha and Hunter to be so obstinate.

Why would they go to such lengths for a nobody like Dustin?

Didn't they know that Mr. Granville was his father-in-law?

What's wrong with the two of them? They wouldn't even budge an inchi

"Mr. Anderson, don't blame me for not warning you. It is an offense that you have barged into the Interrogation room without permission. If Mr. Granville w ants to find fault. It would be a nightmare for you to handle!" Mr.

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Gardner quickly name-dropped his father-in-law.

"What the hell!"

Hunter lost his patience and swung a heavy blow to Mr. Gardner's face. "I ask ed you to release him immediately. What's with all the excuses?"

"You-How dare you slap me?"

Mr. Gardner held his burning cheek in disbelief.

He was Mr. Granville's son-in-law and a police inspector.

On account of Mr. Granville, they should know better than to provoke him! We re they going to rebel against Mr.

Granville?

"What's wrong with slapping you? Another word from you, and I'm going to put a bullet through your skull!"

Hunter drew his pistol **and** placed the barrel on Mr. Gardner's forehead.

"Wh–

What are you trying to do? Stop messing around!" Cold sweat ran down Mr. G ardner's forehead.

He

never expected Hunter to pull out his gun in the police station, nonetheless. H ad he gone crazy as well?

Wasn't this blatant disrespect toward the law?

"What the hell, when did Mr. Anderson become so rash?" Natasha thought wh en she saw the gun.

She knew Hunter as a calm, collected man. He was always goodnatured and composed in any situation.

What was wrong with him today?

He lost his temper, slapped, and threatened a man at gunpoint.

If it were his son who was kidnapped, Hunter might not even have overreacted in this man ner.

"I'm going to count to five. You will bear the consequences if you still refuse to release Dustin!" Hunter warned, his face nonchalant.

"Mr. Anderson! I'm Mr. Granville's son–in– law! Are you going to defy him?" Mr. Gardner screamed in shock.

"Five, four." Hunter started counting.

"Hunter! What's wrong with

you? If you dare to touch a hair on my head, Mr. Granville will never forgive yo u!"

Mr. Gardner's legs were shaking like a leaf

"Three, two, one!"