

## Chapter 7 Doing It On Purpose

"All right, that's enough. I'm tendering my resignation." Rosalynn cut Keegan off.

Her divorce was well underway. She didn't want to have anything to do with Brian anymore.

"I'm afraid that's not possible. Brian knows that you are Rose. We signed a contract. You are obligated to work in the studio for the next five years," Keegan said apologetically. "He still isn't aware that you are his wife, though."

Rosalynn's jaw dropped. "How dare you make that decision in my place?"

"You know very well just what kind of person Brian is. Do you want me to die?" Keegan pleaded.

Rosalynn had to fight the urge to storm to where he was and beat him up.

"You do know that I have a soft heart, right?"

She and Keegan grew up together.

Back when they were still kids, Keegan was always there to defend her.

Their relationship transcended that of business partners. A little more than friends, but a little less than siblings.

"Rosalynn, the meeting is about to start," a colleague suddenly called from behind her.

Rosalynn hung up with a sigh. At least for now, she had no choice but to go with the flow.

The staff were already seated when she arrived.

After a short while, Brian came in.

As soon as he settled at the head of the long table, a tense silence filled the room.

Rosalynn lowered her eyes as she felt her heartbeat pick up pace.

Brian had no idea that she was his wife.

But was he aware that he had sex with her that night?

And yesterday, she provoked him during that terrible encounter. He must be itching to give her a good scolding.

Brian swept his gaze over everyone, then paused at Rosalynn. His eyes lingered for a beat or two.

"The meeting starts now."

It was Edwin's cue to preside over the meeting.

"Hello, everyone. I am Edwin Byrd, Mr. Hughes' assistant. From today onward, S.W. Studio will be under Hughes Group, and..."

Rosalynn kept her head down and listened as Edwin rambled on and on. Apparently, the operations would continue as they always did, and their salaries would be bumped up in accordance to the policies of Hughes Group.

She knew that Brian was filthy rich, of course, but why did he squander half a billion just to buy her studio?

"As the newest member of Hughes Group, your first project shall be the decoration of the Technology Center. Rosalynn Fuller will take charge of the operation."

Rosalynn's head jerked up at the mention of her name, and she gaped at Edwin in surprise.

"Me?"

"Yes," Edwin replied without batting an eye.

"Are you perhaps mistaken? Why are you making Rosalynn the head of this project? She is just an assistant designer."

This came from Giselle Powell, the director of the design department. She had a stony expression and a straightforward manner.

Edwin looked at Brian and waited for the boss's response.

Brian, in turn, glanced at Rosalynn.

"Keegan has specifically recommended Rosalynn to me. He said that she is a rare genius in the world of design. Why, do you have any problems with her taking charge of the project?"

"But—"

"Are you trying to question my decision?"

Brian raised an eyebrow at Giselle. His tone was dry, but it carried a hint of challenge.

Scared out of her wits, Giselle shut her mouth and ducked her head.

"Does anyone else have a problem? If not, this meeting is adjourned."

Brian stood up and turned to Rosalynn. "Come to my office."

Rosalynn could only stare at him.

He had just made her a public enemy in the workplace.

Was he doing this on purpose?

Rosalynn took a deep breath and gritted her teeth. She gathered her things and walked to Brian's office under envious gazes.