

On The Run 120

Chapter 120

"What the fuck!" I yell, stomping over to the fence line, only to see the digger smash straight through it to start pulling down the other side. I jump back, and the women are also forced to move away as he starts demolishing it when I spot the foreman standing on the other side of the now broken fence line, looking over plans on the hood of his truck with another man.

Stepping over the broken wire fence, I march over to him, furious. "What the fuck do you think you're doing? This is private property!" I yell at the two men only to notice more machinery filling the paddocks surrounding the property. The foreman turns around, clutching his hard hat before it falls off; he had spun around that quickly.

"What is all this?" I motion toward the construction site being cleared as the trucks moving in with demountable buildings on the back of the flatbeds mow tracks into the paddock.

"New subdivision, ma'am." the man says, and I growl, turning to glare at him.

"A new what?"

"The land was purchased a few months back. We are the company assigned!" he says, and I look back at the house and our ruined garage.

"Then what the fuck are you doing pulling down my sheds!" I snarl at him, and he snatches the plans off the hood of his truck.

"That fence line does not belong to you. That shed is part of this land right up until the back clothesline," he says, pointing out the boundary. I snatch the plans from him, glancing at them but not really understanding what I'm looking at.

"See, now, if you'll excuse me, I have work to do!" he snaps at me, and I scoff.

past that fence line, you don't. Get

has permission to rip it down and that multiple

the gun toward us. Mom and I rush out

clutches his hair and growls, rushing over to his car when Marco comes running out with just a black towel wrapped around his waist. His eyes widen when Sondra reloads her gun while she stomps toward the foreman and shoots at

only to cop the butt of the gun in his face. His head whips backward, and he clutches his nose, only for Marco to hit

snarls at him, baring his fangs. His eyes flick to me, and I raise

belts him in the head a few times while she screams at him about ruining her garage. The man shields his head from her blows, his nose bleeding, and the digger driver has stopped to witness his boss receive a beat

I will find out what is going on!" Marco says, looking
glance at the foreman watching as he cracks his broken nose
tilts his head

demands that the other man rushes toward the car and retrieves it before running back to us. Marco
snatches it from his hand and

Marco tells him. "No,

the land title! Pack it up, or you deal with them!" Marco snarls, pointing to the slight incline heading
back to the house. I look back at the house to see the women with pitchforks and shovels, anything they
men look up at the hill, and the foreman gulps when I notice Eli cursing
and I turn back to the foreman. "Whose job is this?"