

Chapter 45

“What the fuck!” I yell, stomping over to the fence line, only to see the digger smash straight through it to pull 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 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.

“Not past that fence line, you don’t. Get that digger out of my yard!”

I start arguing with the man over where the boundary line is, and even my mother comes rushing out to help, yet the man is adamant that he has permission to rip it

down and that multiple letters were sent out warning about the construction going on when a loud boom echoes around us. The foreman shrieks and ducks while I jump, the sound scaring the living daylights out of me.

Spinning around, Sondra shoots at the tires of the diggers before turning the gun toward us. Mom and I rush out of her way when she shoots out the windows of the truck.

The man 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 the truck again. She hits the side of the car and the man is forced to jump back. He turns on us, and Marco races over, snatching the gun from her hands.

“You fucking crazy bitch!” The foreman screeches at Sondra, 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 him again.

“Mind your fucking tongue, mutt!” Marco snarls at him, baring his fangs. His eyes flick to me, and I raise an eyebrow at his use of the word mutt.

“Not you, this buffoon!” He says, trying to shield the man from Sondra. He grabs her around the waist, but not before she takes off her slipper and 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 down.

“Enough, Sondra. I will find out what is going on!” Marco says, looking back at the destruction they have caused.

“Who approved this job?” Marco demands, and I glance at the foreman, watching as he cracks his broken nose back into place.

“Nightfall city council.” Marco tilts his head to the side.

“Who? Give me the paperwork!” Marco demands that the other man rushes toward the car and retrieve it before running back to us. Marco snatches it from his hand and looks it over, and curses.

“Pack up. This site no longer has the go-ahead!” Marco tells him.

“No, we have council permission and have already been paid—”

“I am the fucking council, and I have just removed 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 could brandish as a weapon.

The men look up at the hill, and the foreman gulps when I notice Eli cursing and dialing on his phone frantically.

My brows pinch together, and I turn back to the foreman. “Whose job is this?”

“Alpha Axton’s.” The man says, and I press my lips in a line.

“Yeah, you fucked up big time, girl. Now you’ll have to answer to him!” The man retorts smugly, and Marco laughs, and I scoff.

“No, now he’ll have to answer to me!” I snarl back at him, and the foreman laughs.

“You? You are damn nuts if you think he will even entertain this little land dispute! Who do you think you are?” The man laughs, and I growl.

“His fucking mate!” I snarl at him, feeling Lexa come forward just as furious that he would do this. Was this his way of ensuring I would have no choice but to return to the city? Turning on my heel and stomping back toward the house when I see Eli rush toward me.

“I’m trying to get a hold of him; he’s been in meetings all morning and keeps blocking me out.”

“You and your men get the fuck off my territory now!” I yell at him, and he stops, putting out his hands in some placating gesture that serves to anger me more when his phone suddenly starts ringing.

“Finally!” Eli says, looking at the screen.

“Is that Axton?” I ask him, and he nods. I snatch the phone from his grip and answer it.