

Chapter 90 Thugs

"Are you the one in charge here?" Rosalynn asked.

"That's right. I am the foreman here. My name is Wesley Byrd. What can I do for you?" Wesley answered.

Rosalynn went straight to the point. "The materials for the Technology Center are supposed to be of top quality. Please explain why these common materials are here. What are they supposed to be used for?"

Wesley he took a glance at his coworkers, all tall burly men.

"Our superior tell us what to do and we do it. We know nothing about the rest that goes on behind the scenes."

"And who is this superior of yours?" Rosalynn demanded, her eyes narrowed. "Tell him to come here right now. I want to speak to him."

It looked like someone was up to no good, playing tricks here and there.

Who could be giving them instructions?

"Who the hell do you think you are, huh?"

One of the workers suddenly stepped forward, raising his chin and looking down his nose at Rosalynn.

"I am Rosalynn Fuller, the designer from S.W. Studio. I am in charge of this project."

Rosalynn studied the man before her, then took a good look at the others. They didn't look like construction workers at all.

If anything, they looked like thugs.

What were they doing here?

It was only a matter of course for a construction team to take over once

the designer had finished the drafts.

Since the S.W. Studio had been acquired by Hughes Group, they weren't able to hire the same construction team they always worked with. Instead, Hughes Group brought their own people in.

So, this must be the doing of someone from Hughes Group.

"You'd better mind your own business, bitch. Do you have any idea who we work for? He is Aldrich Hughes' cousin. You're just a designer. Be careful not to speak out of turn," the man threatened with a ferocious look.

Aldrich Hughes' cousin? Aldrich's father and Brian's father were brothers.

"I don't care who he is. Even Brian Hughes must abide by the laws," Rosalynn retorted. "These are not the right materials. You'll have to return them and procure what is cited in the drawing plans."

As soon as she finished speaking, Rosalynn grabbed a hammer lying around and smashed the cheap materials.

Needless to say, her actions provoked the men.

They rolled up their sleeves and balled their fists. "Bitch! Did you come here looking for trouble?"

"Easy, guys. Don't get so worked up." Wesley walked up to Rosalynn and whispered to her, "Hurry up and run. These goons are here to keep an eye on us. You'd be a fool to think you can go against them."

So, they really were thugs!

Rosalynn gritted her teeth and pulled Wesley aside.

"I'll say it again. Tell your employer to come here. These materials need to be replaced."

"Seems like you want to die!"

The leading thug reached for Rosalynn, his meaty hand aiming for her neck.

With one swift motion, Rosalynn dodged his attack, grabbed his wrist with one hand, and threw him over her shoulder.

"Ah!"

The man's screamed as his body was slammed to the ground.

His cohorts froze in shock and disbelief.

Rosalynn had a svelte figure. Nobody expected her to be a good fighter.

"Ah! It hurts, damn it! What are you waiting for? Get her!"

The man scrambled back to his feet, his free hand cradling the wrist Rosalynn had grabbed.

The men jolted back to their senses. They each made a makeshift weapon from the tools scattered around them, then lunged at Rosalynn all at once.

The sound of fighting rang out in the field. Although outnumbered, Rosalynn remained calm and in control.

Wesley and the other workers could only gape at her in stunned amazement.

"Wesley, call Carson and report to him!" someone shouted.

"Yes, I'll call him right away!"

"I think we'll have to call the police, too. Or that girl might suffer some losses."