

# **Becoming the Strongest Master ( Konnor Bonilla )**

## **Chapter 1**

### Chapter 1 The King in Dormant

Konnor Bonilla was awakened by the blaring ringtone. It was from an unknown number. Besides the call, the number also sent several texts. "Where are you?" "I'm pregnant with your baby." "Would you come to see me?" Ignoring the texts, Konnor blocked the number after flagging it as a fraud. "Damn those crooks. They're not going to fool me." Donning his delivery guy uniform, he lit a cigarette. Turning, he noticed his co-workers engaged in a discussion about local news. With the cigarette dangling from his mouth, he inquired, "What are you all talking about?" Barney Stein waved his phone. "The heiress of the Wilkinson family is set to marry the son of Larry Dorsey, the wealthiest man in Lakebell." Konnor tied his shoelaces. "Why bother about those rich folks? It's none of our business." Barney held his phone high. "Look at how stunning Ms. Wilkinson is. But her future husband is a scoundrel and a playboy. The newspapers even claim he has syphilis. I feel sorry for Ms. Wilkinson. Good girls always end up with the bad boys." Konnor glanced at the screen and froze when he saw the woman on the news. "Damn." Worried he might be seeing things, Konnor grabbed the phone and examined it more closely. Barney laughed, "Feeling the same way I do?" Konnor looked at the woman, a strange expression on his face. "I was with her before." Barney took his phone back, looking at him disdainfully. "Come on. Don't be so jealous and quit boasting. Yesterday, you claimed you were with an international movie star. Now, you're saying you were with this wealthy girl." Wyatt Riggs shot Konnor a scornful look. "All he does is brag. The other day, he told me he was a famous international arms dealer." Barney grinned. "That's not the craziest thing I've heard. He once told me he was best friends with the most powerful men in Bayfort. According to him, the wealthy there would bow to him." The two exchanged glances and burst into mocking laughter. "If you were such a big shot, how come you're just a delivery guy like us?" Konnor bit the cigarette in his mouth. "You know nothing. I'm keeping a low profile." Although he was talking to them, his mind was elsewhere. On his first day back in the country, Konnor got drunk with some friends. When he woke up the next day, there was a cold beauty next to him on the bed. At that time, he didn't know she was the heiress of the Wilkinson family in Lakebell. Yet, Konnor still remembered the passionate night they had spent together. However, the woman left directly after waking up, and they hadn't spoken since. Konnor grabbed the battery for his electromobile. Having lived overseas for more than a decade, he returned as Lord Bonilla, the king of the underworld. He was the

owner of Bone City, a city that harbored all the villains in the world. Upon his return, reporting in was expected, but Seth, his master, insisted that he had too much blood on his hands and needed to try living a normal life for a while. Hence, he became a delivery guy. Barney sighed, "Damn it. I look almost identical to Harry, Larry's son. Yet, he can marry such a beautiful woman while I can only deliver food to others." Konnor loaded the battery. "Blame your dad for it." Barney glanced at him. "Come on. We're just the same. Stop mocking me." Wyatt couldn't help but make a snide remark. "No, Barney, you're wrong. Konnor has slept with Ms. Wilkinson and is an international badass. You're no match for him." Barney tsked, "You can be anything when you're bragging. I can even say that I slept with the queen." As if he didn't hear their comments, Konnor went to the bathroom. Wyatt turned and saw a Maserati pull up in front of the store. A pretty woman got out of the car. She wore a white lace shirt, and her perky breasts created an alluring curve on the fabric. The pencil skirt accentuated her slim waist and round ass, complemented by black stockings and a pair of high heels. Despite her fair skin and the absence of makeup, she exuded more beauty than most women. Rimless glasses adorned her stony face, giving it a sultry allure. "Damn," Wyatt swallowed hard, his eyes nearly bulging out. Barney followed Wyatt's gaze and, upon seeing the woman, his Adam's apple bobbed, accompanied by a curse. Upon closer inspection, Barney felt a sense of familiarity with the woman. He hastily checked his phone and realized she was the same person from the news. She looked even better in person. "Isn't that Maryjane Wilkinson? Why would she be here?" Barney couldn't help but ask. Why would a rich girl come to their turf? They were just nobodies. In her high heels, Maryjane walked over, her heels clicking. Wyatt rubbed his hands like a fly and greeted her. "Hello. Are you looking for someone?" Maryjane glanced at him. "Does Konnor Bonilla work here?" Both Barney and Wyatt were stunned. Simultaneously, they looked in the direction of the bathroom. "Yes. Why are you looking for him?" Maryjane didn't answer and merely looked at Konnor as he walked out of the bathroom, tying the lace of his trousers. Maryjane frowned when she took in Konnor's uniform. "Konnor!" She shouted at him. Konnor turned around, a cigarette in his mouth. He froze for a few seconds when he saw Maryjane. "Why are you here?" Konnor was confused. Maryjane glanced at her one-night-stand partner. The memory of that wild night made her blush intensely. On the day she discovered her family had arranged for her to ally with the Dorsey family, she sought solace in alcohol. By mistake, she entered the wrong room and ended up sleeping with Konnor. A few days ago, she realized she had missed her period. Sensing something was amiss, she purchased a pregnancy test. When the plus sign appeared, panic set in. After regaining composure, she promptly contacted the hotel front desk for

Konnor's contact information. "Why didn't you answer my call?" Maryjane questioned. Barney and Wyatt were dumbfounded upon hearing the question. They glared at Konnor with envy. Konnor looked shocked and didn't understand what she was talking about until he recalled the strange number. Soon, he remembered the text saying that she was pregnant. He had an ominous feeling back then. His feeling was right. Maryjane said coldly, "I'm pregnant." Konnor flicked the cigarette into the trash can. "What does that have anything to do with me?" Maryjane sneered over his cold-hearted reaction. She knew that men were all pigs. "The baby is yours." The simple words made Konnor's head spin. Barney and Wyatt stared at them in shock. They were surprised that Konnor wasn't bragging and felt in awe of him. The first thought that came to Konnor's mind was that Maryjane was finding a random man to be her baby's dad. He didn't want to raise another man's child. Before Konnor could voice any protest, Maryjane said, "Go to the hospital with me." She turned and got into the car. Barney and Wyatt hurried over and pushed Konnor. "Go. Don't just stand here. What are you waiting for? After getting into the car, Konnor said with a wince, "Are you sure the baby is mine?" "What would I gain from tricking you?" Maryjane asked coldly. Konnor thought for a while and said, "If the baby is mine, I'll take responsibility and take care of both of you." Maryjane retorted, "Take care of us? How? What can you do with a delivery guy's salary?"

Konnor was a little annoyed. "What's wrong with being a delivery guy? I earn money with my hard work. I can raise a child." Maryjane merely snorted, "I'm from the Wilkinson family. I assume you know how influential my family is in Lakebell." Konnor shrugged it off. "The Wilkinson family? Yes, I know. So?" "I'm also the fiancée of Harry, the son of the richest man in Lakebell." Maryjane gritted her teeth as this was the thing she worried about the most. "He's just a man, right?" Harry's title meant nothing to Konnor. Seeing how dismissive Konnor was about the possible threat from the Dorsey family, Maryjane felt annoyed for no reason and believed that he was just an undereducated unruly man. She couldn't count on him. Soon, they arrived at the hospital. Instead of getting out of the car immediately, Maryjane stared out the window, lost in thought. Konnor unbuckled the seatbelt and said, "Let's go. What are you doing?" Maryjane snapped out of her trance and stared at Konnor. "Are you serious about taking responsibility?" Konnor opened the car door. "I'm perfectly fine with taking responsibility if the baby is mine. If not, I'm not going to be a fool." Maryjane said firmly, "The baby is yours." Konnor felt a headache coming and thought, "That's too coincidental. What are the odds of getting pregnant when we only fucked once?" To his surprise, after many formalities, he found out that Maryjane wasn't here for the standard check-up.

“What are you up to?” Maryjane answered coldly, “I’m getting an abortion.” “You can have the baby if it’s mine,” Konnor said without thinking. Maryjane stared at Konnor’s eyes and merely chuckled, not saying a word. “Maryjane.” A nurse called her name. Maryjane looked up, her eyes glazed and red-rimmed. She stood up and walked toward the nurse. But she stopped after taking a few steps and turned around to look at Konnor. In the end, she walked into the operating room. She lay on the operating table. A doctor came in with a long tube, getting ready to perform the surgery. Suddenly, Maryjane stopped him by shouting, “I’m not getting an abortion. Let me take a break here.” The doctor respected Maryjane’s choice and put down the tube. Konnor sat in the hallway. Feeling stuffy, he turned and walked out of the hospital to smoke outside. When Maryjane walked out of the room and didn’t see Konnor, she was disappointed and chuckled bitterly inside, “I knew that I couldn’t count on him.” She walked outside, swaying on her feet. To her surprise, when she reached the door, Konnor was running back inside while rinsing his mouth. Konnor noticed her and took her purse from her hands, letting Maryjane lean on him as they walked. Although it was just a small gesture, Maryjane felt a little better. “I’m too weak to drive. Can you take me home? You know how to drive, right?” Maryjane asked. Konnor took the car key and kicked at a tire. “It’s just a piece of junk. I even know how to fly a fighter aircraft.” Maryjane shook her head in defeat and got into the car. After Konnor got into the car, Maryjane explained, “This isn’t a regular car. It’s...” Before she could finish, Konnor started the car expertly by stepping on the throttle hard. It took Maryjane a few seconds to recover. For the first time, she was looking at him with only surprise in her eyes. The luxury cars were different from the regular cars. Normally, a delivery guy could never afford a car like this. Not to mention learning how to drive it. “Where do you live?” Konnor asked. “No. 19, Block B, Dragon Heights.” Maryjane closed her eyes after answering. Konnor’s phone kept on vibrating in his pocket. He fished it out and saw it was Seth calling. He picked it up. “What’s up?” “There’s a bidding tonight. One of the projects in the Development Zone is essential to our commercial distribution. I’m giving you 160 million dollars. Go to the bidding and win that project,” Seth commanded. “OK.” “By the way, Payton Harvey, the head of the Lakebell Branch of Dragon Chamber of Commerce, is working for us. He’ll follow your orders.” “Got it.” Finally, the car arrived at Dragon Heights, the most high-end residential area in Lakebell. The most expensive mansion in the area was bought by a mysterious man. It was said that it cost 28 million dollars.” As the heiress of the Wilkinson family, it made sense that Maryjane lived here. Maryjane had been in a daze since she got into the car. Konnor waved his hand in front of her, breaking her out of her trance. “We’ve arrived.” Maryjane grunted and for a reason she couldn’t

fathom, she asked, "Do you want to come in?" Konnor fiddled with his lighter. "Don't you worry that I'll do something to you once we're alone?" Maryjane snorted, "You already got me pregnant once. I'm not afraid of experiencing it a second time." Konnor jumped out of the car. "Stop it. Stop. I'll go. Let's not see each other again." Maryjane opened the car door and got out of the car. But she didn't expect that, as she was distracted, she tripped and fell to the ground, twisting her ankle. Konnor was about to light a cigarette. But he put it down and helped Maryjane up. "What a klutz. Idiot." Maryjane frowned and glared at him. "I dare you to say that again." "You're an idiot. Damn." Maryjane bit Konnor hard, venting her pent-up fear, sorrow, and desperation out on Konnor without holding back. Konnor cursed loudly because of the pain. He spanked Maryjane's perky ass hard. The loud crack could be heard clearly. Under the pencil skirt, Maryjane's round ass bounced. Konnor found that he liked the feeling. And Maryjane finally stopped biting him. Konnor tugged his collar to a side and cursed when he saw a bloody bite mark on his shoulder. "Damn you. Are you a dog?" Maryjane tilted her chin up, acting like a triumphant avenger. Limping into her house, she said as an afterthought, "I have a first-aid kit. Do you dare to come inside my house?" "I'm not scared of you." Konnor followed her inside without hesitation. He applied some powder on his shoulder. Seeing how clumsy Maryjane was when she tried to apply ointment on her ankle, Konnor strode over and snatched the ointment out of her hand before applying it on her ankle. Holding Maryjane's dainty foot in his hand, Konnor felt the saying about judging a woman by her feet had a point. Maryjane's feet were fair and delicate. Maryjane tried to retract her foot, but Konnor had a firm grip on her ankle. She blushed fiercely. Staring at Konnor, she was lost in thoughts again. But then she remembered she was supposed to marry into the Dorsey family, and she became upset. To her surprise, the door opened. Aliza Wilkinson, her mom, and Deanna Harvey, her best friend, walked through the door together. They noticed Maryjane and Konnor immediately. "Mare, what's wrong?" Aliza asked. Maryjane hurriedly stood up. Holding the ointment in his hand, Konnor explained, "She twisted..." Maryjane cut him off by answering, "I twisted my ankle." But Konnor could never guess her following words. "So, my boyfriend came back with me to apply ointment to me."