

Becoming the Strongest Master (Konnor Bonilla)

Chapter 6

The room was quiet. The expression on Aliza's face clearly turned from awkwardness to stiffness and then rage. Aliza flared up. She pointed at Konnor's nose and said to Maryjane, "Maryjane, do you know what you're talking about? You're pregnant with his child? He's a delivery man!" Konnor had been annoyed by Aliza since this afternoon. "What's your thing with delivery men? How have we offended you?" Konnor asked fiercely. Aliza pounced at him and pushed him hard. "Get out of my place!" Maryjane spread her arms and stood between them. "Mom, I don't want to marry into the Dorsey family. Give me some time. I promise that I can get our family through this!" Aliza was utterly pissed off and slapped Maryjane hard. "Can you be more shameless?" Maryjane burst into tears silently, but she stubbornly did not cry out. She looked at Aliza who looked like a crazy woman. "What kind of people are shameless in your eyes? And who aren't? For the sake of profit, you want to marry your daughter to a man who has a promiscuous lifestyle. How is that not shameless?" Aliza screamed, irritated by Maryjane's words. "How dare you talk back to me!" As she said, she wanted to slap Maryjane again. A crisp sound rang out. Her hand didn't fall on Maryjane's face. Instead, Konnor grabbed her hand. "You loser! Let go of my hand! You make my hand stink!" Aliza screamed. Hearing that, Konnor reached for the bottom of his shoe and then brushed his hand against Aliza's body. Aliza patted the dust off her body frantically as if she had gotten an electric shock. Harry's face began to twist, and he looked fierce. "Maryjane, I thought you had some self-respect. It turned out that you're a whore! You're cheap enough to let a delivery man fuck you!" Maryjane looked at him coldly. "How noble are you?" "You slut! You make me a cuckold! How dare you talk back!" Another crisp sound rang out. Konnor slapped Harry. Both Aliza and Maryjane were stunned. Obviously, they were surprised that Konnor, the delivery man, dared to slap Harry. "Fuck you! How dare you hit me!" Harry frantically grabbed a vase and threw it at Konnor. The vase broke and shattered all over the floor. Konnor moved his wrist. "She is carrying my child, which makes her mine. Who gave you the nerve to hit my woman?" Harry was completely furious. Everyone in Lakebell knew that he was going to marry Maryjane. He threw a bikini party for three days in order to celebrate. He thought he could sleep with the most beautiful woman in Lakebell. Unexpectedly, a delivery man beat him to it. Harry's face was twisted. "You bitch! You prefer being fucked by a delivery man than by me! I'll make sure you know that there will be consequences!" As Harry spoke, he picked up an ashtray and threw it at Konnor again. Konnor tilted his head to avoid being smashed and then kicked

Harry right away. Harry went sprawling. Konnor never gave him a chance to fight back. Konnor kicked him hard again. Harry's body folded, and he slid straight out of the room. Konnor was about to chase him out and continue to beat him up while Maryjane, who had come back to her senses, pulled him to stop him. She didn't let go. "Stop it! If you continue to beat him, he might die." Harry got up from the floor. "Bitch! This isn't over..." Konnor grabbed an ornament and threw it at him. Harry was hit with blood all over his head. "Piss off!" Harry fled away without even looking back. Aliza's face turned livid. "You shameless girl! Your father and grandfather will be here at any minute! I'll see how you explain to them!" Maryjane's eyes were full of disappointment. Aliza was her mom. Aliza knew exactly what kind of man Harry was, yet still, Aliza was determined to make her life miserable. A roar came from outside the door. "Where are they? Where?" The Wilkinson family almost all lived together, so they all arrived here quickly. Several men rushed in menacingly. An old man with gray hair was in the lead. As soon as he walked in, he saw Konnor in a delivery uniform, so he pointed his cane at Konnor and angrily asked Maryjane, "Are you pregnant with this delivery man's kid?" Maryjane looked pale but said firmly, "Yes!" "Can you be more shameless? There's no difference between you and those whores!" The old man was furious. He was followed by Maryjane's father, uncle, and aunt. "What to do now? The Dorsey family will be very angry if they find out!" Brent Wilkinson, Maryjane's father, said angrily. "What do you think? We have to get her to an abortion!" the old man said furiously. "What's that gonna change? Maryjane is no longer a virgin. Harry was interested in her, only because she was a virgin!" Maryjane's aunt looked at her with disgust. Aliza said right away, "That's not going to be a problem. We'll take her to a hymen repair, and then she'll be no different from a virgin. The surgery isn't expensive. We'll tell Harry that today was nothing but Maryjane's prank. I'm sure we can manage to fool him after he sleeps with her." Everyone was talking, and none of them had ever asked Maryjane about her thoughts. As Maryjane looked at her so-called family, her eyes filled with disappointment, and her body shook. Her head was dizzy. She passed out. She only remembered being held in a strong arm before she passed out. Konnor held Maryjane. He looked at the rest of the Wilkinson family coldly. For the first time, he felt that Maryjane, who had looked noble and stunning in front of everyone, was actually pathetic. With her in his arms, he was about to leave. "Stop right there! What are you thinking? She is way out of your league. Do you really think you get to be with the daughter of the Wilkinson family? Go find a mirror and take a look at yourself!" Aliza sneered. Konnor glanced at them. Still, he was about to leave with Maryjane. Brent smashed a glass. "If you dare to take her away, I'll break your legs, believe it or not!" Konnor paused, his eyes glowing coldly. In the next second, he raised his leg high

and then dropped it in the blink of an eye, his leg singing through the air. A great, dull sound echoed through the room. The quartz coffee table top, which was 8 cm thick, fell apart. Brent blanched with fear and backed away. "I'm taking Maryjane away. Anyone has an opinion?" Konnor looked around. None of the Wilkinson family dared to speak. Konnor carried Maryjane to the place he rented. When he was opening the door, he shook inadvertently, and Maryjane's bag fell to the ground. Her ID card fell as well. Konnor picked it up and glanced at it. Then he was stunned. Today was Maryjane's birthday. Konnor thought it was funny and pathetic. On her birthday, no one said happy birthday to her. And she went through all these shitty things. He opened the door and put her on the bed. He gently took her shoes off. Then he tucked her in. He reached out and touched her forehead, knowing that she was fine. She passed out due to hypoglycemia. No one knew how long it had passed. When Maryjane woke up, she felt that her head was heavy. She looked around. She found herself in a bed that she wasn't familiar with at all. She sat up quickly, checked, and found that the clothes she was wearing were intact. The room was clean and sparsely furnished. She got out of bed and put on her shoes. Then she walked out of the bedroom. She smelt the food's aroma. Following the aroma, she walked to the kitchen. She saw Konnor cooking with a cigarette in his mouth. This was the source of the aroma. She looked at his side face. He might have low social status, yet she had to admit that there was an ineffable momentum about him, which was unique and natural to those noble men who came from top-notch families. However, he was just a delivery man. Turning his head, Konnor saw Maryjane. He quickly snuffed out his cigarette. "You're awake. Have a seat." Maryjane sat down and looked at Konnor, who began to serve food. She sniffed. "Smells good." "Of course. Even those from the royal family cry hard, desperate for food I make." Konnor took off the apron. Maryjane shook her head. "You'll be bragging always even when you're on your deathbed. Right?" Konnor walked toward the entrance. "You shouldn't say the word 'death' today." She was stunned. "Why not?" Konnor was holding a small cake when he came towards her from the door. "Happy birthday!"