

Becoming the Strongest Master (Konnor Bonilla)

Chapter 7

Chapter 7 You Think You Scare Me?

Maryjane looked at the flames flickering on the cake candle and then at Konnor's sincere, innocent face. She couldn't help but burst into tears. She felt aggrieved, helpless, and slightly touched. Konnor sat down. "You may lean on my shoulder for a while. Even international models want the same treatment in their dreams!" Maryjane held Konnor, crying hard. She didn't know how long it had passed. Konnor patted her back gently a few times. "Enough. Stop crying. The food is getting cold." Then something surprising happened. With his pats, Maryjane's bra was unhooked. Konnor looked slightly embarrassed. And Maryjane was stunned. She let go of him at once, looking wary. Konnor grinned with embarrassment, saying, "I didn't mean to." Maryjane clutched her breasts, blushing, and her ears turned red. "Close your eyes!" Konnor closed his eyes and heard her button her bra. It was a long time. Still, she didn't say that he could open his eyes. Then he opened his eyes and saw that she was eating while staring at him. "Why are you looking at me?" He drank some water.

"Who is looking at you?" Her eyes were evasive. There was a brief silence. Then Konnor asked, "What's your next plan?" Maryjane seemed to enjoy the meal today. She was tucking away regardless of her image and did not hear his words. After having the soup, she wiped her mouth. Konnor lit the candle again. "It's almost twelve o'clock. Make a wish before today is over." She obediently closed her eyes and put her hands together. Then she opened her eyes and blew out the candle. Konnor asked her again, "What's your next step?" She glanced at him. "Didn't you say you were going to support both me and my baby?" Konnor said without hesitation, "OK." Maryjane figured that Konnor, the food delivery guy, was nothing but an uneducated, arrogant street punk. She suppressed her irritation and asked, "And we're supposed to live together like this without a formal relationship?" "Are you saying that you want to get married? No problem," Konnor said right away. Maryjane sneered, "If we get married, both the Dorsey family and the Wilkinson family will come after you, a delivery man without any background. Are you up to that?" Konnor put away the plates. "Of course. Do you dare to get married to me, a delivery man?"

"Maryjane said in a fit of pique, "Sure! Why should I be scared? Yet I have to warn you that I have high living standards. If you don't have enough money to

support me and my baby, I'll marry someone else right away." Konnor reached out to wipe Maryjane's mouth. Maryjane ducked back. Konnor leaned closer to her again, wiped her mouth, and then pinched her cheek. "You big spender." Maryjane looked at him and was surprised to find that though he was just a delivery man, she found him not annoying at all. "Are you getting cold feet?" Konnor glanced at the time. "We will get the marriage certificate tomorrow morning!" Maryjane looked at Konnor who was doing the dishes and stubbornly said, "OK! You think you scare me? I hope you won't back down!" Konnor smiled and said nothing. His phone in his pocket vibrated, and he took it out and saw that it was Jordon. He went out to the balcony and answered the phone. "What's wrong?" "Konnor, are you still in Lakebell?" He heard a young man's voice. "Yes. What's up?" Konnor lit a cigarette. "I received a message that Snake, the fourth killer on the Killer List, is going to Lakebell to kill you." Konnor raised his eyebrows and said dismissively,

"Is the source reliable?" "Very much so! Konnor, Snake is a so-so fighter, but he's sneaky, and you have to guard against him." Konnor took a puff of the cigarette hard. "It's nothing. No need to be worried. Locate him, and I'll find time to finish him tomorrow." Maryjane looked at Konnor, who was on the balcony. Her phone vibrated over and over again. Aliza and Brent kept calling her. She simply blocked their numbers. She was about to turn off the phone. Deanna called her. She answered the phone. "What's up?" "Happy birthday, baby!" Maryjane smiled heartily, "Thanks." "I was so busy today that I almost forgot your birthday," Deanna said apologetically. "It's fine." Maryjane propped her chin with one hand and looked at Konnor on the balcony talking on the phone. She found that when he got serious, he was actually very handsome. "Am I the first to say happy birthday to you?" Deanna asked. "You're the second one." Maryjane took a bite of the cake. "What? Who's the first? Don't tell me yet. Let me guess. Your mom?" Maryjane smiled bitterly, "No." "Your dad?" "No." "Don't tell me it's that jerk, Harry," Deanna said skeptically. "No. It's Konnor," Maryjane said straightforwardly. "Konnor?" Deanna failed to react. A few seconds later, she said in shock, "You mean that delivery guy?" Maryjane ate the sweet but not greasy cake again and said with a tender smile on her face, "Yes." "Fuck! You... How come you are with him again?" Deanna raised her voice. Maryjane bit the fork. "We're going to get our marriage certificate tomorrow." "What the fuck? Are you crazy? You're marrying a food delivery guy? Will you wake up? You're the noble daughter of the Wilkinson family! And he is nothing but a delivery guy! He doesn't even deserve to be your servant!" Deanna was having a hard time accepting it.

She said anxiously, “Maryjane, choose wisely. I get it that what’s going on with your family’s business has been hard on you, but you can’t just let yourself go to seed.” She couldn’t hear Maryjane’s voice, and she continued, flustered, “Where are you?” “I’m at his place.” Deanna froze and then took a deep breath. “Maryjane, calm down! Wait while I figure something out for you. The best solution to your family’s dilemma is the project in the Development Zone. “My grandpa knows the big shot who won the bid. Maryjane, give me some time while I go talk to the big shot myself to let him work with your family on the project. Maryjane, you deserve better than just marrying a delivery man. “Don’t worry. No matter what it takes, I’ll ask that man to help you through it! I’ll go plead him now!” Then Deanna hung up the phone. Maryjane looked at the call history on her phone screen. She was moved. Konnor on the balcony snuffed out the cigarette end and said to the phone, “Building 6 in District A in Dragon Heights? Got it.”

“Konnor, actually, there’s one more thing I feel I need to tell you,” Jordon Kingsley said somehow guiltily. “What is it?” Konnor asked while fiddling with his lighter. Jordon forced a smile and said, “Ms. Byron asked me where you were the day before yesterday.” A crisp sound rang out. Konnor dropped the lighter in his hand. He was nervous for the first time when he said, “Don’t fucking tell me that you told her I was in Lakebell.” Jordon grinned and said, “You know her better than I do. She tied me up that day. She would cut my balls off if I didn’t tell her anything.” “That’s not the excuse to betray me! We are like brothers!” Konnor was flustered. “Konnor, Ms. Byron comes with such a powerful background. She is the toughest young woman who comes from the Byron family, the top-notch family in Bayfort, and she is so wealthy. She has connections with all walks of life. Besides, she has done a lot to win your heart. Just say yes to her. How nice it is to be a gigolo!” “Get lost!” “You got it!” Konnor walked around the balcony irritably.

The images of Kiera Byron, the dashing woman with a ponytail and a wicked smile, kept flashing across his mind. Even Snake, who ranked fourth on the Killer List, didn’t get to put Konnor on pins and needles like this. Konnor was trying to figure out how to avoid Kiera when his phone vibrated. It was a strange number. Konnor was too nervous to pick up the phone. He stared at the screen and saw that the caller hung up after a dozen seconds. Just as he breathed a sigh of relief, his phone vibrated again. It was a text. He clicked on it. “Greetings, Sir. I’m Deanna Harvey, Payton’s granddaughter. I’m sorry to bother you at this time, but I’d like to talk to you about the Development Zone project. I have an idea that I think you’ll be interested in. May I know when will you be free?”

