

Becoming the Strongest Master (Konnor Bonilla)

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Dislocating Wrapping Strike

Konnor fiddled with his phone and glanced at Maryjane in the living room. Their eyes met, and Maryjane immediately averted Konnor's gaze and looked away. Konnor withdrew his gaze. Before he responded, Deanna texted him again: "Sir, I understand that you have just come to Lakebell, so you may not know much about the situation here. If you do the Development Zone project yourself, it will be very difficult. Luckily, the Wilkinson family in Lakebell is very powerful, and their working direction before this and your project are completely matched. If you cooperate with the Wilkinson family, the project's progress will be twice the result with half the effort." Her text message surprised Konnor a lot. Deanna was a bit anxious, so she texted him again: "I assure you, Sir, with all the things I've got, that it will do you no harm if you do this project together with the Wilkinson family." Then she added without waiting for his reply: "As long as you cooperate with the Wilkinson family, I will do anything you want." Konnor thought of the girl with a bit of a temper. He couldn't help but smile mischievously and texted her back: "Anything?" Deanna gritted her teeth. "Anything!" "Including your soul and your body?" Konnor texted her back a bit revengeful. After more than a minute, Deanna seemed to have made up her mind and texted back: "Yes. Yet I have a request." "Name it." "You are to hand over the project to Maryjane from the Wilkinson family completely. As long as you promise me this condition, I will give you whatever you want, including my body and soul." Konnor was surprised. Deanna indeed thought of Maryjane as her true friend. The friendship was very sincere. "I'll think about it." He put the phone back in his pocket. Then he pulled open the glass door of the balcony. Maryjane was very tired and had gone to the bedroom to rest. Shortly after, Payton called Konnor. "Sir, I'm so sorry. I overlooked, and my granddaughter took my phone, found your contact, and bothered you." Konnor lit a cigarette. "Don't worry about it. I have to talk to you anyway. Get me a sniper rifle and two bullets and leave them at the villa in District A of Dragon Heights. I'll pick them up tomorrow." "Sure." Konnor thought for a while and then said, "By the way, get the Wilkinson family to deal with the project in the Development Zone. Tell them that Maryjane will be in full charge. The rest of the Wilkinson family isn't allowed to intervene whatsoever." "I'll get Melinda on it tomorrow." Konnor hung up the phone. Then he lay on the couch smoking with his eyes closed. Maryjane was in the bedroom. She lay in bed, thinking about what to do next. Deanna called her, pulling back her thoughts. After she picked up the phone,

Deanna said, thrilled, "Maryjane, I just reached out to the big shot, and he agreed to work with the Wilkinson family on the project! He also promised me to put you in charge!" Maryjane sat up excitedly. "Really?" "Yes! My grandpa told me himself!" Deanna said excitedly. "You don't have to marry that jerk, Harry, anymore! And of course, you don't have to end up with that delivery guy!" Deanna added. Maryjane patted her plump breasts, and there was a flush of excitement on her face. "Deanna, when will the big shot have time? I want to thank him in person." "I don't know. I haven't seen his face yet. My grandpa took my phone. I'll go ask him. I have to say that this big shot showed up just in time. He is your savior!" "You're right." Maryjane nodded hard. Deanna continued, "Maryjane, I'll come and get you to stay with me. What do you say?" "No need. I'm beat today." "So, will you be sharing the room with that delivery guy tonight? There's no one else but you two... You..." Deanna didn't finish her sentence, but her message was clear. Maryjane smiled, "It'll be fine. I'll see you tomorrow." Then she hung up the phone. Finally, a smile could be seen on her pretty, worried face. She fell asleep at some point. Then she woke up in the morning. She checked the clothes she was wearing at once and was glad to find that they were intact. She went out and saw the other bedroom door open. She walked into the room and saw Konnor doing push-ups with two fingers on an upturned brick. Maryjane was stunned. She had a lot of friends who worked out, but no one had ever been able to do this. Once again, Konnor, the delivery man, left a deep impression on her. "You're awake." Konnor stopped working out, turned, and stood up. "What's this?" she asked curiously. "Dislocating Wrapping Strike," Konnor said casually. Maryjane was dumbfounded. "You just made that up to fool me, didn't you?" Konnor put some special potion on his hands without explaining anything to her, because he knew she wouldn't necessarily believe him even if he did. What he practiced was not something ordinary, but serious skills. In fact, those skills were recognized by the state. Far from fancy, useless skills, those skills could actually kill someone! In this day and age, under the influence of some jokers, any topic involving combating skills was likely to attract comments from countless useless losers who would claim that these techniques were fancy and useless in the real world. Men who were the real deal never explained anything. Konnor had practiced fighting since childhood. Before that, Seth said to him. Seth said, "If you want to be someone with fighting skills, you have to remember something. "Morality for those with fighting skills is very important. "Fighting includes more than physical competition. "In fact, it's never just about fighting with someone. "Fighting can be used as self-protection. "Yet there's something more important. "Fighting can be used by one to protect one's country." "Breakfast is on the table. Go eat it after you wash up." Konnor moved his fingers. which were swollen from

the exercise, and with the potion, the swelling was reducing obviously. Maryjane turned around and saw the steam from the kitchen. Konnor pointed at the bathroom. "I went down and bought you toiletries, and I spent a fortune on a bottle of skin cream for you." Maryjane couldn't help but chuckle. Payton texted Konnor, telling him that the sniper rifle he had asked for was at the villa in Dragon Heights already. Konnor peeled an egg and gave it to Maryjane. She took a bite and said, "Come back to my family together with me later." "What for?" "The ID card. How else are we supposed to get a certificate?" she said coldly. Konnor's hands peeling the egg paused. "Have you decided it? You really want to get married to me?" She stared at him. "Or what? Are you scared?" "Why should I, now that you're not?" Konnor swallowed an egg in one gulp. "When shall we meet your parents?" Maryjane asked. He took a sip of the soup. "After you give birth to the baby." She frowned. "Why?" Konnor put on an awkward smile and said, "There are many rules in my family, and I'm worried that they may despise you as their daughter-in-law. Yet surely they won't say a thing after you give birth." The atmosphere suddenly changed. A loud sound rang out. Maryjane put down the fork. She had been outstanding and pampered since she was a kid, and therefore she was proud. She had countless admirers, and none of them had ever gotten to be near her. And yet Konnor, the delivery man, said to her that his family may look down upon her. "Are you saying that I'm lucky to be with you?" she asked sternly. Konnor looked shy. "Have more faith in yourself. My family is actually pretty easygoing. After all, you have a very good look, figure, and temperament. It's just that your family background may be a bit unsatisfying." Maryjane was rendered speechless.