

Becoming the Strongest Master (Konnor Bonilla)

Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Assassination

The Wilkinson family was one of the most powerful families in Lakebell. It was on the verge of bankruptcy, yet still, it ought not to be underestimated because of its strength and connections. Konnor, the delivery man, actually said that Maryjane's family background was unsatisfying. Konnor saw the change in Maryjane's expression and grinned. "I was just bragging. Don't take it seriously." She didn't, as she had grown accustomed to him being a braggadocio. She wiped her mouth. "Let's go." After they went downstairs, Konnor pushed his e-bike. He patted the e-bike's back seat, and she sat in it. They drew a lot of attention. A black business Mercedes parked at the entrance of the community. Harry, with a gloomy face, was sitting in the car. Through the window, he saw Konnor go out with Maryjane on his e-bike. He banged his fist on the back of the front seat in anger. "Fuck! That bitch! She actually spent the night with that delivery guy! What now? Is she in some kind of charity?" Harry was so pissed off that his face went pale. "What should we do now, Mr. Dorsey?" A scar-face man with a gold chain around his neck asked. Harry's face was twisted. "What now? What do you think? Make that loser suffer! And then find a way to get Maryjane to the hotel! I must sleep with this slut today! She preferred sleeping with a delivery guy than me, and I can't stand it whatsoever!" growled Harry. The scar-face man nodded. "Rest assured, Mr. Dorsey. Consider it done." "Then what are you waiting for? Go deal with it now!" Harry kicked the man in the thigh. The scar-face man got out of the Mercedes and got into a van, which caught up with Konnor's e-bike. Meanwhile, in a dark basement, a foreign man took out a photo of a woman. Then he took out a dagger. He stuck the photo against the wall with the dagger and glanced at his two accomplices. "Let's go!" When they reached out, it could be seen that they each had a black hexagram tattooed on their arm under their sleeve. It was Deanna in the photo. Konnor was on his e-bike. If one looked closely, one would find that he had successfully evaded all surveillance. Maryjane was just pinching Konnor's clothes with her fingers at first, but he was riding too fast. The e-bike didn't have wings, or he might have flown when riding it. Maryjane put her hands on Konnor's waist, and he grabbed her hands so that she would wrap his waist with her arms. There was no gap between their bodies. Maryjane's body was pressed against Konnor's back, and she could hear his heart beating. She found the feeling strange. Konnor glanced in the rearview mirror. Ever since they came out of the neighborhood, they were followed by a Mercedes and a van. He had taken a

few deliberate detours, but the two cars were still behind them. And Maryjane, the silly girl, had no idea. They arrived at the door. And Konnor found that they were still behind them. He thought, "It seems that they're after me. "I'm gonna have to draw them away and deal with them." He looked back at Maryjane. "Go get your ID card. I have to run some errands." Maryjane said coldly, "You're not getting cold feet, are you?" "Are you joking? Woman, go home and wait for me." Then he rode on his e-bike and went toward District A. The men followed him. Konnor knew his way and went to the most valuable villa in Lakebell soon. He pulled out a box from under the sofa. He opened it, and there was a sniper rifle inside. He assembled it quickly. Then he fitted it with a silencer. After that, he took the sniper rifle and headed upstairs. When he reached the stairs, he suddenly heard something coming from upstairs. After listening carefully, he found that it was a woman singing. He pulled the bolt and went up while pressing his body against the wall. The door of a bedroom on the second floor was open. On the bed was a black lace bra and a pair of women's panties. A pair of black stockings slung casually over the back of the chair. A woman's singing voice came from the bathroom inside the bedroom. The water sound stopped. The bathroom door opened. The naked Deanna came out, wiping her hair. As soon as she got out of the bathroom, she saw Konnor standing outside with a sniper rifle. She screamed. Her scream came from the room. She quickly grabbed a towel to wrap it around her body. Konnor pulled the door close at once. "You damn delivery guy! I'll kill you!" Deanna, who was in the bedroom, screamed. It seemed that Konnor hadn't heard her at all. He walked quickly to the window. He opened the window a slit and pointed his sniper rifle in the direction of Building Six. Then he took out his phone and dialed a number. "Hello? Is this the property management? I'm the owner of Building Six. My water pipe is broken. Send someone here to fix it." Then he hung up the phone. He put his phone aside and activated the countdown. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that the van that had followed him all the way, and there was in fact someone else. He grinned and thought, "I'll take you down all today." It was a high-end residential area, so the property personnel came quickly. The man knocked on the door. Yet no one came out of Building Six at all. The man talked to the walkie-talkie on the door. Then he left, puzzled. The second he left. Konnor pulled the trigger. He aimed at the door accurately. A hole appeared in the door, and a man could be seen lying in a pool of blood on the other side of the door. Snake, ranked fourth on the Killer List, died without having the chance to utter a word. Then Konnor called Payton. "Send someone to Dragon Heights to clean up Building Six District A." "OK." Konnor hung up the phone. In the next second, the bedroom door opened. Deanna came storming out, looking like she was gonna kill someone. "You bastard! Who gave you the nerve to come to my

place?” Konnor leaned on the windowsill to enjoy Deanna’s beautiful figure. She changed into a sexy purple translucent nightgown. Ordinary women couldn’t handle it, and yet when it was on Deanna, she looked stunningly pretty. Deanna clutched the collar and the phone. “Get out of my place! Or I’ll call the police!” Konnor lit a cigarette. “Is this place yours?” “Of course! Why? Is it yours?” Deanna scolded angrily. It seemed that Konnor had no intention of leaving at all. “What if I say yes?” Deanna snorted disdainfully, “Go find a mirror and take a look at yourself. Do you know how much this villa costs? 28 million dollars! You’re just a delivery guy. Even if you get to make 1,600 dollars a month, if you want to buy a place like this, you’ll need at least... Well...” Seeing that she had trouble calculating, Konnor helped and said, “At least 1,458 years.” Deanna said angrily, “Who asked you to do the calculation? I could have done it myself! You loser! Do you know the difference between you and me now? I’m warning you to stay away from Maryjane! Don’t think I don’t know what goes on in the heads of men like you! You want to be a gigolo? See if you have what it takes!” “That’s harsh. A gigolo? Do I look like a man like that?” Deanna put her hands on her hips. “What do you think? I’m warning you! You...” Before she got to finish, Konnor pounced at her. He threw Deanna to the ground right then and there. On top of Deanna, he could feel that the body of Deanna, wearing only a nightdress, was soft, warm, and tempting. Deanna screamed again. “Jerk! “Get off me! You...” Again, she didn’t get to finish. She heard a bang. The picture frame hanging on the wall fell down. It was in pieces in an instant. There was a bullet hole in the wall. Deanna’s face turned pale with fear. “What ... happened?” Konnor held Deanna in his arms and rolled into the bedroom.