

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 41

Chapter 41:

Banana or Eggplant “Are you okay?” Carlos asked, seeing his girlfriend struggle to walk. He was holding her hand, but eventually, he circled his arm around Kate’s waist as support. “Can you walk?”

“I’m fine. My knees are still a little wobbly,” Kate revealed. She did not know why. Perhaps it was because they ended their love-making with her on top or that she used her strength to wrap her legs around Carlos when he arrived. Or maybe she was still on cloud nine that her knees turned weak

Carlos had to assist her as they entered the dining room of her home. Upon turning up, she smiled, seeing her brothers, Kaleb and Kyle, were also there. Her sister-in-law, Gaby, was present too.

“Gaby!” Kate waved happily at her sister-in-law, and Gaby waved back.

From where she stood, Kate could see how Gaby mouthed, ‘We need to talk, girl!’ It made Kate giggle. She knew precisely what Gaby wanted to find out.

Soon her eyes landed on her sister. Kenzie, Kate’s older sister, and Kyle’s twin, looked more like Samantha. She had golden and wavy hair with blue eyes. Kenzie was the one who first got married among the siblings.

Kenzie had that massive smile on her face. She turned to Ethan before pointing at Kate, saying, “Look, dad! Kate is limping!”

When Ethan did not look in Kate’s way, Kenzie repeated, “Dad! Look, Kate is limping! Hello?”

Gaby giggled in her seat while the men at the table gave varied expressions. Carlos, on the other hand, formed beads of sweat on his forehead.

In response to her sister, Kate rebutted, “Kenzie! I am not.”

“Yes, you are!” Kenzie answered back. She suggested to her father, “Dad, you should interrogate Carlos. Bring him to the military camp and have him take a polygraph test!”

Kate, “. ”

Carlos, “???”

Samantha laughed thoroughly while Ethan just shook his head.

“What nonsense are you spouting, Kenzie?” Kate demanded. She and Carlos were still standing in front of the dining table, countering Kenzie’s suggestions.

“Mom? Dad? Are you not going to do anything? Kate obviously had sex,” Kenzie pointed out, and Kate turned bright red altogether.

“Stop it, Kenzie!” Kate warned. “Seriously? Does my face spelled like I had sex all over?”

“Yes,” Samantha, Gaby, Kaleb, and Kenzie answered almost’ simultaneously.

“You have that... sex glow,” Kenzie suggested.

“I am that obvious?” Kate asked herself, feeling her ears burn. Laughter filled the air. Gaby and Kenzie replied, “Yes, you are that obvious.”

“Oh, my god! Did I say that out loud?” Kate probed, her hand covering her mouth from the shock. She thought she spoke in her mind, but in the end, she told on herself!

“Wasn’t that why you went to Carlos in the first place?” Samantha followed.

Ethan gave no reaction, merely caressing his forehead. Kyle shook his head, and Kaleb shrieked in hilarity.

“Are you going to deny you had sex now?” Kenzie asked, and seeing her sister struggle to reply, she snapped at her father, “I demand that Carlos be brought to the military camp for interrogation! Now!”

Laughter roared at the dining area at that point, seeing how determined Kenzie was to have Carlos grilled.

“Kenzie, your sister is old enough to make these decisions. She is nearly twenty-eight!” Samantha suggested. “Besides, this is Carlos?”

With a wink, Samantha added, “And they will get married soon. You’ll see.”

“What?” Kenzie shot back. “Just because Carlos is Carlos, he gets a free pass!” Kenzie referred to her husband, Andrew, who was also laughing at her demands. She said to her father, “Dad? Did you forget what you did to my husband? You brought him to the military camp, put him in an isolated room, and even suggested cutting off his balls?”

“How come Kate and Carlos have it easy?” Kenzie demanded.

“May I remind you, my dear daughter, that you... got married without my consent, and you were young back then,” Ethan recounted, referring to Kenzie.

"This is so unfair!" Kenzie grumbled. She pouted her lips, recalling the times when her husband had to go through so many evaluations from her father and grandfather. 2

Kate and Carlos had already taken their seats, observing the exchange between Kenzie and her parents. It made Carlos nervous initially but seeing how nearly everyone was laughing at that point, his nerves calmed down.

Samantha was still amused. She stretched her arm for Kenzie and said, "Kenzie, please, sweetie. Kate is old enough, and we practically grieved when Carlos left. This is a time to celebrate, not lasten Carlos to the same state as Andrew back then."

"No offense to Andrew. We love you, son," Samantha said, smiling at Kenzie's husband. "It's just that the situation is different."

"I understand, mother," Andrew nodded, respecting Samantha's words.

"Kenzie," Andrew was still chuckling. He said to his wife, "Enough, sweetheart. You are here to congratulate your sister, not scare her boyfriend away." He stood up and introduced himself to Carlos, extending his hand. "I'm Andrew Kenworthy, Kenzie's husband. Nice to meet The Devil himself!" Taking Andrew's hand, Carlos said, "Nice to meet you, Andrew. You can call me Carlos." Andrew winked at Kate, saying, "Nice catch, Kate." Kate blushed, but Carlos said back, "I'm equally lucky to have Kate."

"Since I have you now, right in front of me, I am going to take advantage of the situation," Andrew said, leaning back in his seat. "When you win Wimbledon, I want a full exclusive interview."

Carlos fell bemused. It was then when Kate explained, "Andrew is the CEO of KNW Lifestyle Media in the UK"

"Oh," Carlos smiled. He turned to Kenzie, who was still throwing daggers at him. He replied, "Sure, an exclusive might appease kenzie." "Huh!" Kenzie shot back. "You still have a lot of explaining to do, Carlito!"

As the family ate their meals, Carlos was finally told the story about how Andrew was gauged on whether he deserved to be withi Kenzie. He said to Andrew, "I'm glad you passed the test, Andrew."

Andrew chuckled and reminded, "Of course. I would have done anything for Kenzie."

Directing his gaze to Kenzie, Carlos suggested, "And I would have done the same for Kate, Kenz. I swear."

"No leaving this time?" Kenzie sought.

"I'll leave for tournaments, but I'll be in touch," Carlos responded.

The rest of the dinner went smoothly, after which they each had time to chat privately. Kenzie first asked to speak to Carlos on the patio. From there, she asked, "You love my sister, right?"

"Yes, I do. You know that, Kenz," Carlos answered. "You all knew how I felt about Kate."

"Promise me, you won't hurt her again," Kenzie asked. "I know it was somewhat her fault when you left, but she regretted that."

"I know," Carlos replied.

"If only you were here to see her being so miserable when you left," Kenzie pointed out.

"Thank you, Kenzie," Carlos said.

"I'm still upset because you weren't locked up in an interrogation room, though," Kenzie indicated before a chuckle left her lips.

Carlos laughed and said, "And I will forever look up to Andrew for having to withstand such trial."

At a much later time, the men took their chat elsewhere, with Kyle and Kaleb catching up with Andrew and Carlos. The girls, on the other hand, settled in Kate's room.

"You must be so happy now," Gaby suggested. "Was the sex that amazing?" Kenzie sought, giggling as she lay in Kate's bed. "Will you stop telling on me, Kenzie? Gosh!" Kate objected. "Sex must really be great. I mean, it was a long-lost love," Gaby remarked.

"What have you guys tried?" Kenzie asked.

"Stop it, Kenz-stop it."

"Come on, Kate. We are here to help you. Having a healthy sex life with your partner is important," Kenzie suggested. "Sex increases intimacy between romantic partners, and regular sex is linked to lower divorce rates among married couples. It is a form of bonding, you know." Kate fell silent. She glanced at Gaby, who also nodded in agreement. She asked, "Really?"

"Really." Both Gaby and Kenzie replied.

"Okay, then spill," Kate suggested.

Kenzie sat up. She eagerly said, "Well, first things first. Let's test your BJ skills." "BJ?" Kate asked with a brow raised. "Yeah? Lip service," Kenzie clarified, "You know." Kenzie simulated with a fist in front of her mouth, but to her shock, Kate was still puzzled. "Oh, my god!" Gaby exclaimed. "Seriously?" Kenzie sought, "You haven't given him one?" "Haven't he gone down on you yet?" Gaby asked. It took some describing, but Kate eventually understood. She shyly replied, "He did, but I don't know how to return the favor." Kenzie smirked. She cupped Kate's face and said, "Well, you are looking at the right sister to teach you... Let me just... get the right help. So, what is Carlos? A banana? Or an eggplant?" ,

'Banana or eggplant?' Kate gulped. Her face burned when she replied, "An... eggplant. I guess... A bigger and longer one." Gaby and Kenzie laughed their hearts out. When Kenzie was about to fetch an eggplant, Kate said, "An eggplant that's curved upward." "Ahhh!" Gaby screamed. Kenzie winked at her sister, giving Kate a thumbs up! "Got ya!"

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Chapter 42:

Eating Eggplant Raw 'Uncle, I need help in suppressing the Mckenzie's, especially Hailey. She should face trial for possession of illegal drugs, but I'm sure she'll get out with bail," Carlos said to Ethan from inside his study

"I'll see what I can do," Ethan replied. "I think she had caused you enough trouble. Trouble for you means trouble for my daughter." "You should no longer associate yourself with anyone that is linked to her," Ethan suggested, and Carlos agreed.

After setting the issue of Hailey aside, Carlos brought up the possibility that his father may be alive. He accounted for, "Their only basis is how his signature was on the will, which appeared to be recently furnished."

Since he did not have the physical document itself, Carlos showed Ethan the pictures of the will and testament through his phone. They studied one slide to another, zooming the document in and out and focusing on the signatures. In the end, Ethan replied, "Did they trace the lawyer who notarized the document?"

"They are still working on it," Carlos revealed. "They will also interrogate Hugo about the will »

"But uncle, you were there during my father's wake. At least I did not get to see his face before he was buried because mother forbade me to, but I know you and aunt did," Carlos suggested.

Ethan hissed. He leaned back in his seat, his eyes narrowing as he thought about many years back. He replied, "Part of his face was disfigured, but as I remember it, I honestly

thought it was Manuel, Carlos.” Seeing the unpleasant expression from Carlos, Ethan suggested, “Carlos, it would be great if your father is alive. I will use my resources to help you retrieve him if he is. However.” Ethan stood up and walked to where Carlos was. He tapped his shoulder and suggested, “I don’t want to raise your hopes up unless we see proof of life... For now, let’s investigate.”

Ethan expressed this because he saw a hint of hope in Carlos’ eyes. He recalled the days when Carlos lost his father, and Ethan did not want him to go through the same suffering all over again, should this theory be inaccurate.

For the rest of that evening, Carlos chatted with Kate’s brothers from the second-floor family area. They drank while covering Carlos’ daily routine.

“So you wake up at four in the morning to run or go to the gym wherever city you may be. Then, you practice tennis with your partner, ending your day with a potential media appearance or social gathering?” Andrew inquired. Carlos nodded and replied, “If there is a match, then it will be about the match and a conference to follow.”

“And you have to be on four continents each year?” Kyle sought.

“At the... very least,” Carlos responded. “There are the Grand Slams, but I also attend other types of tournaments.”

“So, even if it’s not a major tournament, as long as you show your ass there and play tennis, you get a million dollars either way?” Kaleb probed. “Yes, sometimes, the crowd just... wants to see me play.” Carlos proudly admitted.

“The thing about being a superstar,” Andrew remarked. “But keeping your relationship with Kate a secret must be hard.”

Carlos sighed. He answered, “One day, I will tell the world that Kate is my future wife, but while I still have a problem to deal with, I’ll keep Kate safe by keeping her a secret.” Turning to Andrew, he reminded, “That means no one can know how your media company got an exclusive from me, too.”

Andrew raised a hand and swore, “Absolutely.”

“Andrew! Andrew!” Out of nowhere, Kenzie walked in, carrying six pieces of large, curly eggplant. She said, “Do you mind if we stay a little while longer? Kate and I have something serious to talk about.”

“With the.” Andrew frowned, asking, “Use of an eggplant?” “Why do you have so many eggplants, Kenzie?” Kaleb asked. “Something wrong with Kate?” Carlos sought.

“Please, don’t teach Gaby any of your dreadful ideas,” Kyle suggested. “Excuse me, brother dear, whatever we are going to talk about, I’m pretty sure your wife already

knows!" Kenzie snapped back. She turned to Carlos and teased, "I'm teaching Kate how to eat eggplants."

"How? Eat it raw?" Carlos asked since the eggplants were uncooked. "Duh! Who doesn't like it raw!" Kenzie said before turning her heel and leaving Carlos baffled. 2

The couple returned home to Carlos' mansion at eleven in the evening. Kate was allowed to go with Carlos since he was leaving the next day again.

They went straight to Carlos' room, ready to retire for the night. Before they took their bath, Carlos asked, "What did Kenzie do with all that egeplant, by the way?" Kate had just fetched her sleeping clothes from the in-room closet, and hearing Carlos ask about the eggplant, she blushed. "When you blush like that, it means something," Carlos suggested. "You saw that?" Kate asked. A chuckle left her lips when she asked, "How? Damn, Kenzie!" Carlos explained how Kenzie went to see Andrew, carrying six pieces of egeplant. He asked, "What did you do with the eggplants?"

Kate gathered air into her lungs profusely. She closed the gap between her and Carlos, saying, "Uininni... about that." She wrapped her arms around his neck and asked, "Do you want to know now?"

Carlos narrowed his eyes. It was because Kate looked at him with desire that he was

determined to know. He replied, doubting his own answer, "Yes?" Kate pursed her lips, her eyes briefly looking down before saying, "If you say so." Guiding Carlos to the edge of the bed, she urged him to sit down. On both her knees, she went down in front of him, her hands reaching for his pants. Carlos gulped and confirmed by calling her attention, "Kate? Are you?" When she unzipped his pants, she noticed how Carlos caressed his nape. Kate did not even : have to touch him yet, but he was already hard, and she could tell by the way his manhood enlarged beneath his brief. She caressed him from outside that cotton fabric, feeling his size before eventually pulling down his undergarment.

"Kate," Carlos repeated. He held her chin and asked, "Are you sure?"

With a nod, Kate held the base of his erection and replied, "I'm sure." She opened her mouth and then placed the tip of his member on her lips. Then she parted her lips and tasted him. "Aahhh." A moan lest Carlos' lips, feeling kate's tongue around his shaft. When she sucked him whole, he stopped breathing altogether.

Carlos could not believe it. Kate was eating him eagerly, her lips circling nicely around his stick, her blue eyes studying his every reaction. After giving out another moan, he caressed her face and said, "I love it, Kate. It feels so good."

That wet smacking sound of Kate's lips against his member went on for a minute longer, her cheeks hallowing as she bobbed her head in between his thighs.

Kate, on the other hand, enjoyed eating Carlos. By going down on him, she had a feel of his hardness. She appreciated the softness of his skin, despite how angry his manhood usually appeared to be

“Aaah, Kate.” Soon enough, Carlos’ moans became endless. He felt every bit of her wet mouth sucking him in, and he loved it.

It did not take long before Carlos was ready to get off. He warned, “Kate, I’m cumming – Kate? Kate” He tried, but Kate kept at it, sucking him heartily until Carlos erupted into her throat. “Oh, fuck... that was.” Carlos gulped. He helped himself, jerking off into Kate’s mouth, not leaving a single drop into waste. “Aaah... Kate.” When Kate released his manhood, Carlos crashed his lips into hers. He kissed her intensely. Only when they were out of breath did he stop. He said, “Kate.”

“Carlos?” Kate asked.

“Take off your clothes,” Carlos ordered, his eyes filled with lust.

A smile crept on Kate’s face. She answered, “Gladly – wait. No.”

Out of nowhere, Kate ran to the bathroom, shocking Carlos. From inside, she screamed, “Nooooo! No way!!!!” “Why? Why me? Why does this happen to me?!!!” “Wwwlihy?!”

“Kate? Kate? Open the door! What’s going on?” Carlos kept knocking on the bathroom door, worried for his girlfriend’s sake.

After what it felt like five minutes of waiting, Kate finally opened the door, her makeup stained her face. Her eyes were slightly red from crying. She sobbed as she asked, “Carlos, can you go home and... fetch me some... sanitary pads?” Carlos did not know what to make out of what he found out. At first, he was stupefied, but eventually, he laughed. He asked, “You cried because you had your menstruation?” Kate shot him a glare, but he could not help but be amused. Of course, he understood why she was upset. He pulled Kate into his arms and pecked her forehead, saying, “Don’t worry, my Kate... There is always... next time.”

“When?!”

“When is next time?!! Are you kidding me? How long are you going to be in Paris? Give me a definite date?”

Carlos laughed. “Carlos?”

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Chapter 43:

Sulking Alex “Time to get up, Alex,” Carlos repeatedly kicked Alexander’s feet at five in the morning from their hotel suite in Paris. “It’s time to practice.” The two landed at past midnight in Paris. Immediately after arriving at the hotel, Alexander saw Kendra posting social media pictures of her and another man shortly after getting bailed out of jail. As a result, Alexander indulged in a bottle of wine as his sleeping aide.

Alexander was snoozing face down on the bed. He frowned, turning to Carlos. “Man, I love you, but I’m not the one who is competing in the finals. I don’t need to warm up -”. “But you are my practice partner. Get your lazy ass up!” Carlos kicked him again in the feet.” How will you ever beat me if you keep getting affected by Kendra? She’s out there, maybe in another man’s arms while you sulk? Not the Alexander Jenkins I know, a tennis superstar and model.”

“Superstar? I haven’t gotten to your level yet,” Alexander groaned. “And you won’t if you keep brooding,” Carlos grumbled. “Let’s go and practice. I have a press conference later. Hurry! It’s a thirty-minute drive.”

Only then did Alexander get up to take a shower. Before leaving their hotel room that early morning, Carlos sent Kate a text: (I know you are still sleeping. I want you to know I miss you already. I won’t have this phone with me all the time, so bear with me, my Kate. I love you.)

At seven in the morning, the game was still on, but despite it only being a practice match between Carlos and Alexander, a few other players who came to practice crowded the tennis court.

The tennis ball was being volleyed with intensity, coming from each side of the court. Even with Carlos’ usual powerful strokes and backhand, Alexander caught up, pushing their match to the fourth set, with Carlos leading by two.

Alexander hit the ball perfectly, landing it on the opposite side of where Carlos took his stance. Carlos grunted as he ran to the ball. He barely made it, but he threw it back to Alexander, awarding him the win for the practice match. Three girls in a group clapped hands at the two, but their cheers varied. All of them were female tennis players, and while they did not qualify for the finals, they remained in Paris, wanting to watch the final game for both men’s and women’s singles. “Hi Carlos, good luck with the finals!” Hanna Dil winked at Carlos, saying, “I’m rooting for

you.”

“Hi Alex, Hi Carlos!” Linda White greeted. “Good game, Carlos. You sure gave Alex a simple pass!” It was Savannah Knight, the same woman who modeled with Carlos for a swimwear brand.

“Shut up, Savannah! No one asked for your opinion!” Alexander shot back, wincing at Savannah. “Why did you even come here? Did you get lost?”

Savannah scoffed and added, “It’s true! Carlos probably made you win a set – ” “I did not, Savannah. Alex is just fired up,” Carlos corrected, walking closer to the group of tennis players.

“Yeah, I was imagining you as Kendra,” Alexander declared, making him and Carlos laugh.

When they saw Savannah roll her eyes, Carlos said, “Cut Alex some slack. He and Kendra broke up. I don’t know why you guys hate each other so much, but maybe, for now, Savannah, you can give Alex a break with your back-and-forth taunting.”

“I only came to wish Carlos a good game tomorrow, anyway,” Savannah said before turning on her heel. “Bye, guys! See you tomorrow!”

The two other girls remained, trying to catch Carlos’ attention, but he merely greeted them and suggested leaving. “Alex and I have to go. Excuse us.”

“But Carlos,” Hannah Dil attempted to hold Carlos’ arm, but he pulled away.

Carlos walked ahead without saying more, leaving Alexander to run after him and their security team. “Hannah Dil digs you,” Alexander said. Carlos said nothing. Instead, he asked, “Why do you and Savannah have this anger with each other, anyway?” “I can’t tell you,” Alexander said. “Why?” Carlos asked. “Because,” Alexander replied. Carlos just brushed it off. It wasn’t the first time he asked about the bitterness between them. Besides, it wasn’t his business, even if he was good friends with Alexander.

It was only in the shower rooms, when Carlos and Alexander bathed in their individual cubicles, that they finally covered Savannah. The two athletes were heading to their lockers with a towel around their waist when Alexander finally confessed, “Before I dated Kendra, I was courting Savannah during my ATP tours. It was brief, and no one knew about it. Call it a.. summer fling.”

“What?” Carlos’s mouth nearly fell to the floor, shocked.

“And then I met Kendra, and I ghosted her,” Alexander revealed. “She had been hating me ever since. I would just let it go. It was my fault, but sometimes her insults get under my skin that I shoot back, you know.”

“So let me get this straight. You courted her, and then you disappeared · no contacts whatsoever?” Carlos asked, and Alexander nodded.

“Yes,” Alexander replied. “Please, don’t tell me you are going to side with her? Sometimes, I ignore her, but her remarks about my game can really be offensive.”

Carlos pimed a finger on him and suggested, "I have nothing to do with your hostility for pach other bur! Try apologizing to her, and maybe... things will change"

The next day, The French Open resumed, and Carlos was about to go head to head with the second-best tennis player in the world, a Swedish player named Erik Berg.

The grand stadium for the French Open finals was filled with tennis enthusiasts. Sports TV networks worldwide covered the event, and different groups came with their own banners to support their favorite players.

Around the world, especially from each of the player's home countries, gymnasiums were packed with supporters cheering for Either Carlos or Erik.

In Braeton City, the street near the city's government office was closed. A comprehensive LED screen was mounted on the side, covering the upcoming game of The Devil, Carlos Ronaldo.

At CSK Apparel, the company allocated their last work hour for observing Carlos' game. They had a monitor arranged on the same floor as Kate's department. Everyone found their own spot while Kate sat next to Arman, the HR Director, and Raffa, the design director.

Before the game was about to start, they watched BNC Media's coverage of Braeton's humble gathering by the city hall. The news anchor announced to a surprised visitor, "We are waiting for the match to start, and no one deserves to be here and cheer The Devil on other than Hailey Mckenzie! Yes, that's right! Our special guest for tonight is Hailey Mckenzie."

Kate's mouth fell to the floor. Her lips twitched as she frantically took out her phone to text her father. She asked: (I thought you took care of Hailey, dad? Why is she in Braeton?)

Ethan replied: (I'm sorry, Kate. When I contacted the judge, he had already agreed on the terms of Hailey's bail. Plus, Braeton's mayor had already invited her to this event. It was a miss on my part. However, to ease your worries, the court issued a restraining order, prohibiting Hailey from going near Carlos. As for suppressing the Mckenzies, Carlos and I are still working on it.)

In the wide monitor, Halley could be seen talking about Carlos. She said, "Carlos has really gone a long way. I am confident he would win this match, the Wimbledon, and then the US Open too. He is going to go all the way. So don't turn off your TVs, guys! Let's support Carlos!"

Hailey looked at the camera and added, "And just a walk down memory lane; let me show you guys some pictures of Carlos when he last won the French Open."

Addressing her words to Carlos this time, Hailey said, "Good luck, Carlos! Braeton loves you, and I love you!"

After briefly featuring Hailey, pictures of Carlos and the Mckenzie's in previous French Open games flashed on TV. There were many pictures of Hailey standing behind or next to Carlos.

Hailey may not be in front of her, but Kate felt the woman was rubbing it in her face. Clearly, Hailey was trying to show the world that she was the closest woman to Carlos, and that utterly pricked a needle in her heart.

Hailey's arrest never made it to the public. This was also a way to protect Carlos and hide his actual whereabouts. Thus, no one still knew that Carlos detested Halley. Many fans think Hailey and Carlos were still friends or were taking a break, considering Carlos' succeeding tournaments

Kate sighed and said under her breath, "I really hate her. She has some nerve."

"You hate her?" Unfortunately, Molly caught onto Kate's words. She was sitting behind Kate,

merely a cubicle away. "Why am I not surprised? I still think Hailey and Mister Ronaldo are good together."

"Yeah, I think so too," Raffa echoed. He turned to Kate and asked, "Why do you hate her, Kate? You should be careful. You will get fired if she is the company's third owner."

"She is jealous of Hailey because Kate is a fan of Mister Ronaldo," Molly implied before a sarcastic laugh left her lips.

Their exchange resulted in Raffa sitting next to Molly, chatting more about Hailey and Carlos. From her seat, Kate sighed. Even the fact that she was the third shareholder was not a piece of information that she could disclose just yet. "I can't wait for this to be all over."

Out of nowhere, she felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned to Arman as he whispered, "Don't worry, Miss Wright. I'm on your side."

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Chapter 44:

French Open Win "Devil! Devil! Devil!"

“Erik! Erik!”

The stadium was torn into two sides. Chants of their favorite tennis superstars could evidently be heard in the open court of Roland Garros’ complex, Carlos sucked in a breath. He wiped his forehead with his wristband and gripped at his lucky pendant. He kissed it with his eyes closed, wishing for the match to win in his favor. Going against Erik Berg, Carlos had already foreseen a challenging match. However, he had long studied all of Erik’s games. He knew his weaknesses and techniques. Carlos was prepared for that match. Still, he could not deny he was a little distracted over the past few days. Thanks to his tempting Kate, he sacrificed a few practice times. Giving Erik one last look, he bounced the ball on the court before finally tossing it up in the air in preparation for his serve. “Aghh!” After an impressive serve, the two tennis players began to return the ball to each other. Both of them were running across the court, able to apply various tennis strokes. Outside the court, heads were turning. The people were gasping at every near failure. They all watched as Erik swung with a backhand, throwing the ball opposite to where Carlos was. They witnessed the Devil scream as he ran like the wind, his arms stretching to reach the ball. He managed to hit the ball, but due to the angle of Carlos’ racket, the ball flew higher, seemingly landing outside the tennis line. “In,” the referee called, but to confirm the findings, they all waited for the camera replay. After the LED screen showed where the ball landed, the referee repeated, “It’s in. Call Stands. Thirty all.” Carlos and Erik were already in their fifth set, with both of them having won two sets each. That final set would decide the winner of the French Open. After granting The Devil his point, he was behind the service line, ready to serve the ball. Kissing his pendant, Carlos gave another powerful serve. Once again, the audience was on the edge of their seats, watching and forecasting how or where the ball would land. When everyone thought Carlos would throw the ball to Erik’s left service area, he merely deflected it, and the ball landed on the other side of the net. Erik tried to perform a groundstroke. The ball bounced once and then twice!

“Yes!!!!” The crowd roared as Carlos earned another point. Even the sports commentator was left screaming, surprised by Carlos’ stroke.

“Forty Thirty. Advantage, Ronaldo,” the referee announced the score. From then on, silence seemed to have engulfed Carlos. He pecked his pendant again, whispering. “Olie more. One more point.”

in Carlos’ next serve, Erik seemed more determined to return the ball each time. In fact, he purposely threw Carlos off course, hitting the ball and targeting the opposite to where the Devil was exh tirne

Erik returned with a groundstroke. He hit it so hard it would appear as though Carlos would fail to reach the ball. Carlos barely made it, but he managed to return the ball, and it clearly landed in Erik’s service area.

Carlos struck the ball so hard, that Erik failed to hit the ball back. “Game! Ronaldo!” The referee announced.

Everyone saw how the challenging finals still overwhelmed Carlos. He was catching his breath as he raised his hands in the air, still holding his racket

“We love The Devil!”

“We love The Devil!” “Thank you! Thank you!” Carlos waved his hands to his fans, saying the exact words, “I love

you all!”

When he found a camera focusing on him, he showed the camera how he pecked his necklace and mouthed, ‘I love you.’

Carlos knew his Kate would be watching. So he sent her a message only they both would understand.

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In the eyes of many viewers worldwide, Carlos was merely returning the love to his fans, but for the person in his heart, she knew exactly the meaning of his gesture.

Back in Braeton City, still at CSK Apparel, Kate was teary-eyed, watching Carlos play. She was especially touched when he sent her a message, looking directly at the cameras. Since Kate was wearing her new bangle, she touched her Circle of Heaven jade and said under her breath, “I love you too.”

The employees at CSK Apparel had a mini party, and while Kate wanted to enjoy Carlos triumph, she preferred to go home to her family, where the celebration would be well-felt

After Kate left, talks about her spread through the office, especially after witnessing her cry after Carlos’ win. Lindsey, Kate’s marketing associate, remarked, “I love my boss, but after seeing her cry and say I love you back to Mister Ronaldo, I conclude she has a major crush on him, like for real... and it might just be an obsession.”

“Well, who doesn’t love The Devil?” said another employee. “Give miss Kate a break.”

“Wait, she said I love you back?” Molly asked, her eyes rounding.

“Yes, I saw it,” Lindsey answered. “I saw it too. She did not say it out loud, but I could tell that was what she said she was lean eyed as she watched the screen after Mister Ronaldo won,” another employee said “Shhh, guys. Please Miss Kate is a Wright Wholows? She can get Carlos, one wilyen another. If you think about it, they belong in the salle social status,” anothiet atployer suggested

A few other employees said the same, also complimenting, "Shein intilul and my could easily be a model if she wanted to. For Miss Kute localp Carlos Ronaldo II' 11011t.It from impossible."

"Still." Molly rolled her eyes, saying, "It's creepy. Besides, I still believe Hailey Mckenzie and Mister Ronaldo are in a relationship."

"Not everything!" They all turned to find Arman, their HR director. He said, "Not everything is what it seemed to be. If I were you, just mind your own business. Follow my advice and leave Miss Wright alone."

Rarely did the HR director give warnings. He was the kindest director in CSK Apparel, but for the first time, he spoke for Kate.

The employees, including Molly, nodded their heads, each of them giving their own acknowledgment. "Yes, sir."

"Noted, Sir. Sorry."

"Thank you, Arman, for the reminder," said Molly.

Meanwhile, on a private island back in France, Guillaume Bonnet received a report from one of his men. "Sir, Mister Ronaldo will go to the La Santé Prison tomorrow. I have a new informant within the police station. He is going to see your father's interrogation."

"A police officer?" Guillaume asked.

"Yes, sir. The police officer I have commissioned said he is willing to deliver Mister Ronaldo to you if you pay him a hundred thousand euros." Guillaume frowned and asked, "Is this person you hired good for it?"

"Yes, sir. He is a corrupt detective – always have. He used to deal drugs that are locked up in evidence," his wingman revealed.

With a nod, Guillaume confirmed, "Very well. Give him the payment. Prepare all our men. I want Carlos Ronaldo on this island no later than next week!"

"Yes, sir."

The following day, Carlos left with the French police and his own bodyguards for the La Santé Prison, where Hugo Bonet was locked up. He proceeded to an interrogation room, and through a one-way mirror, Carlos saw Hugo sitting in front of a table.

In that room, detective Bernard led the questioning. He asked, "Who signed the signature of this... last will and testament that you falsified? We know it's not real. The paper suggested there is no aging. This means you had this made just this year."
"Tell me, who signed this document?"

Detective Bernard had to give a few empty treats, hoping to get something out of Hugo. After some time, a malicious smile formed on Hugo's face. His eyes wandered to the mirror behind detective Bonnet Hugo squinted as he suggested, "Who else? But Mister Manuel Ronaldo himself"

"Yty, he is alive I have him locked up somewhere, and the only way I'm telling you is that you give me full amnesty."

Hearing the name of his father, Carlos' skin crawled. His hands balled into fists.

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 45

Chapter 45:

Explosive Chemistry 'He is alive.

He is alive.

The words kept ringing in Carlos' head while they settled in another room following Hugo's interrogation. His chest was congested, and he could barely breathe at the possibility. Yet, he also thought back to his uncle Ethan's words. At least Kate's parents saw his father's remains, and Ethan considered it was his father resting inside a coffin. Looking at his head of security, he whispered, "What if I have my father's body exhumed?" "That's up to you, sir. At least, it would clear up your suspicion, but Hugo could also be lying." Lemuel suggested. "It's a lengthy process, considering what is left of your father's corpse by now, and it may cause emotional trauma, disturbing your father's resting place. However, DNA tests can still be on bones." Detective Bernard responded. He then promised him they would look into it further. "We have already tracked down the attorney who notarized the document. Maybe we can get information from him." "I don't know if I can wait. I can't rest easy knowing the probability that my father may still be alive? So I want answers. I want the DNA test done," Carlos replied. "If Hugo is lying, then it's just money and time wasted, but if that's not my father buried next to my mother, then I should stop at nothing to find him, dead or alive." Looking at detective Bernard, Carlos asked, "Can you help me with this?" "Of course, I will course it through officer Baker in New York," detective Bernard acknowledged. "We'll need your signed approval for the procedure."

They were about to leave when they heard a knock on the door. Officer Laurent, the French police officer in charge of Carlos and Alexander's safety, walked in, saying, "I'm feeling sick. I've been going in and out of the toilet for thirty minutes. I think the water here made me sick."

“Detective Martin offered to cover for me until I feel better. He happens to be here,” said officer Laurant.

A hiss left detective Bernard’s lips, and he replied, “Very well.” Carlos left prison with all four of his bodyguards, two still from New York police, and a new French Police named Jules Martin.

That evening, Carlos and Alexander had a celebration party to attend, arranged by the French Open organizers. Amongst the attendees, Alexander and Carlos stood out the most, and this was because of the amount of security that followed them around. Carlos had four, while Alexander had two.

Throughout the event, Lemuel stood behind Carlos while the others were spread across the Wand ballroom of the Hotel Peninsula. One was on standby inside an SUV.

Carlos and Alexander were seated with Erik Berg, his girlfriend, two other players, and their

favorite umpire. There were two seats left vacant at their table, and just as Carlos was in deep thought, still thinking about his father, he saw Hannah Dil from the corner of his eye. “Hi, Carlos. Is this seat taken?” Hannah asked. Her eyes gleamed, and her lips thinned into a smile.

“Yes.” Pointing to his bodyguard, Carlos replied, “Lemuel needs to sit once in a while too.”

“But ”

“Savannah? There you are? You asked me to save a seat for you?” Carlos called, seeing how Savannah walked in just in time.

“She asked you? But we just walked in together!” Hannah protested. Carlos saw the protest in Savannah’s face, but he insisted, saying, “Come on, Savannah, I have kept this seat for you for half an hour. Besides, Alex has something to tell you!” Turning to his friend, Alexander gave him a death glare. Carlos just shrugged. He turned to Hannah and said, “There is an empty table at the end, Hannah. You can sit there.”

Ultimately, Hannah left bitterly, and Savannah approached their group. Carlos immediately got up and offered the chair next to Alexander.

Savannah cast an angry look at Carlos, saying, “Really? I just saved you from sitting next to Hannah, and you are throwing me to sit next to him?” “He has something to tell you,” Carlos maintained. “And thank you for helping me.” “I don’t have anything to say to you,” Alexander said to Savannah. “Well.” While taking her seat, Savannah narrowed

her eyes at Alexander, saying, "It's typical of you not to say anything when it matters, right? You are good at that."

Carlos did not miss how Alexander clenched his jaws, turning red at Savannah's words, and then a staring contest happened between the two, not the pleasant kind.

"You two look like you have a lover's quarrel," Erik remarked from across the table.

"They do. And they do this very often," Carlos suggested.

"We are not lovers. I would rather die than be with Alex," Savannah remarked, her face forming a sneer. "I highly doubt that," Alexander slipped, making everyone around the table look at them. "Woah! Woah! Is there something going on between the two of you?" Carlos teased.

"No!" Both Alexander and Savannah said at the same time, their eyes throwing daggers at The Devil.

"I think the two of you have good chemistry," Erik's girlfriend remarked.

"What?" A protest escaped Alexander's lips. "The only chemistry we have is the kind that explodes into a bomb!" Remarked Savannah, leaving the entire table laughing at her remark.

"Nice!" Carlos said, chuckling, "An explosive chemistry."

The heat was on between Savannah and Alexander. For minutes, while listening to speeches

from the tennis association leaders, they were both at it, arguing while sometimes just glaring at each other. Alexander kept sending Carlos mental messages with his eyes, but The Devil ignored him.

After savoring dinner and entertainment, the event was near to its conclusion. It was always a practice for Lemuel to take Carlos out before everyone else. It was easier to manage, especially with a few fans turning up in surprise.

"Are you heading out?" Savannah asked. "Can I go with you guys? I'm tired. Can you drop me at my hotel?"

"You realize going with Carlos means going with me, right?" Alexander pointed out. Savannah glowered at Alexander, saying, "This has nothing to do with me hating you. I just want to get out of here. You are too conceited. You aren't even that good-looking." "Stop," Carlos warned. "Enough arguing for tonight. Let's go."

After excusing from everyone, including the tennis organizers, their party left with Lemuel and two of Alexander's bodyguards. At the door, Lemuel met officer Jules Martin. He said, "I can't find Fred and Ray."

A frown easily formed on Lemuel's face when he tried to contact his colleagues. Speaking through the earpiece, he checked on them. "Rey? Fred?"

There was no response.

Lemuel was about to direct everyone to the hotel lobby when Jules suggested, "The lobby is packed with fans. Let's just go directly to the parking lot. Maybe the two are there. Drake should be there, ready with the car?" "Yes, I just spoke to him. He is there," Lemuel confirmed.

They all made their way to the lift, with Savannah still tagging along. While at the elevator, Carlos kept glaring at Alexander. His eyes suggested for Alexander to finally talk to Savannah about the past.

It was at the parking lot when Alexander ultimately found the courage to say, "I'll take you to your hotel, Savannah. You can ride with me. Carlos and I ride in different vehicles."

"Over my dead body!" Savannah retorted.

"Don't be stubborn," Alexander said, grabbing her by the arm and guiding her to the parking area across the lift. They were all a few meters away from their vehicles when, out of nowhere, a black car sped in their direction and skidded to a stop, attempting to hit Lemuel. Lemuel leaped onto the pavement, saving himself from the impact, but what happened next was not what Carlos expected.

Jules Martin had his hand up with a gun pointing at Carlos. He commanded, referring to the black car. "Get in, Carlos Ronaldo! And we will leave your friends behind!"

"You are all we need!"

BANG! "Aaaah!" Savannah screamed.

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 46

Chapter 46:

Soldiers' Help "Get in, Carlos Ronaldo! And we will leave your friends behind! You are all we need!" Carlos was shocked beyond words, seeing the French police point a gun at him. While this was going on, Alexander and Savannah froze in their stance, their faces paled at the recognition of danger. Savannah instantly shuddered in Alexander's hold. They had just made it two feet away from Carlos when officer Martin announced

his intention. "Get in!" Jules Martin repeated. He used the gun to direct Carlos to the car right in front of them.

"Stop this! You can never get away with this!" On impulse, the bodyguards that followed Alexander pointed a gun at the French officer. Slowly, they were taking steps closer to Carlos. Three other men in the car came out, holding their own pistols. At that point, it was two against three, with Alexander's bodyguard at a disadvantage. After diving to the other side of the parking area, Lemuel was still out of sight. Carlos' three other bodyguards were completely missing in action, and The Devil speculated officer Martin had something to do with it.

"I said get the fucking in now!" Jules ordered, his voice strengthening. "Get – "

BANG!

"Aaaah!" A scream left Savannah's lips as her hands balled into fists against Alexander's shirt. Both of them flinched at the sound of the gun going off.

Carlos gasped, but he quickly recovered from that loud bang. It wasn't his first time hearing a gunshot, but facing danger certainly made his skin crawl.

"Aaaaa!" Aside from a woman's shriek, they heard a man groan in pain. The scream came from one of Jules' accomplices. Lemuel shot him from behind his shoulder, and he wound up throwing his gun to the ground. Lemuel had apparently been slowly crawling down from behind the opponent's car and taking cover from the trunk. He purposely shot the closest target he could get his hands on. "Don't move! Don't fucking pick up that gun!" Lemuel announced, his gunpoint shifting from Jules to the other conspirators. His eyes swiftly checked the insides of the car while walking sideways. After seeing that they had no other company, he announced, "Run, Carlos! Run up to the upper ground parking!" Alexander's bodyguards were doing the same, focusing their gunpoint on the kidnapers. Hearing Lemuel's directive, Carlos turned on his heel in a flash, and so did Alexander and Savannah. Apart from tennis, running was another skill the athletes were excellent at. Running was part of their daily routine.

The three tennis players could hear screams and threats from behind them until gunshots were fired again! They did not know precisely what was happening, but for a fleeting moment, Carlos looked back. He saw how one of Alexander's bodyguards seemed to have been wounded, and a fight with fists had taken place.

"Officer Martin is chasing us!" Alexander announced, and that made Savannah cry. She had cirler kicked off her heels and was running on her bare feet.

"Stop! Stop!" Jules ordered. "I don't want to hurt you, Mister Ronaldo! They need you alive! Stop now, and I will not shoot your friends!"

Hearing that, an idea crept into Carlos' head. He instructed his practice partner, "Don't follow me, Alex!" He immediately took a left turn, running at high speed to the lower ground parking area. Since they were only after him, he intentionally strayed away from his friends.

Jules Martin was cursing and gave a warning shot. After running around the parking area of the Peninsula Hotel, people were turning up. However, at the sight of what was happening in the underground parking, they scrambled back to wherever they came from.

Despite Carlos' efforts to run like the wind, he found himself at a dead end, trapped in between cars and a wall. Jules panted. Briefly, he had his head down, chasing his breath. He cursed and cursed at Carlos. "Come with me now – Ahh! You have no idea what I have given up! I need you to come with me!"

Carlos was also panting. After carefully assessing the situation, he raised his hands in the air. He walked closer to the gunpoint, determining his next move. He said, "Okay. Okay. I'll come with you."

Jules was relieved. He hissed and said, "Good! Come with me now -"

Swiftly, Carlos held the gun's barrel, re-directed its aim, and adjusted his body to the side so that he was off the firing range. His free hand formed into a karate chop, hitting Jules' wrist. His actions forced the French police's hand and grip, to turn to himself. Only then did Carlos pull away, seizing the gun in his hand. Everything happened so fast; Jules Martin fell stupefied at how The Devil disarmed him with the gun. He watched as Carlos disassemble the handgun and removed its bullet magazine. One by one, Carlos pushed the bullets out, creating a crisp sound as they fell to the ground.

Carlos threw the gun pieces behind him. He bent, in a ready stance, his hands formed into fists, ready to fight for his life.

"Argggh!" Officer Martin grunted, ready to attack Carlos, but just as he lunged his body, his entire weight was quickly pulled back, his frame landing on the pavement. More grunts left his lips, and he next heard the clicking sound of more guns.

"Freeze! Put your hands up where we can see them!" Two unknown men tackled Jules down on the pavement, each with a gun in their hands. Looking at Carlos, they introduced themselves. "Mister Ronaldo. I am First Seargent Bartley Michaels, and this is Sergeant Bishop Travis. We are here in the order of the US Major General, as requested by Mister Ethan Wright."

"We are sorry we are late."

In a private hospital in Paris, Carlos was hugging Lemuel. He said, "I don't know what I'd do if I had lost you."

"Sir, I'm a hard man to kill," Lemuel said. "You weren't kidding." Carlos pulled away and studied the bandage around his leg. He suffered a gunshot wound to his thighs, which was why he couldn't chase after Carlos.

While Lemuel was lucky, Fred and one of Alexander's bodyguards underwent surgery, for they had both gunshot wounds through the chest and their vitals remain uncertain. Carlos' two bodyguards apparently were unresponsive because they inhaled sleeping gasses inside the SUV.

Only Fred suffered a gunshot wound, and they suspected it was because the latter may have fought back with Jules. Fred was found in the male bathroom, bleeding. The soldiers sent by Ethan Wright first came to Fred's aid before frantically searching for Carlos and the rest of the group Savannah was in shock, but Alexander acted as his comfort. "If it weren't for those soldiers, we would have been in deep trouble," Lemuel admitted. "Fred might not have made it. The soldier, First Sergeant Michaels, I believe, was the one who

created an airway in Fred's chest so he could breathe. His lungs collapsed."

"Will they be okay?" Carlos asked.

Lemuel nodded. He said, "I've been shot a few times myself. With the right help, they will be. I've already confirmed that no vital organ was hit."

With a sigh of relief, Carlos said, "Thank God."

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The two were sitting in a private area outside the operating room where Fred and the other bodyguard were being treated. Lemuel turned to Carlos and asked, "Which brings me to my questions. Why are there soldiers following you? And... you disarmed the French police with his gun? I know I taught you stuff, but I think we did not have enough practice." Carlos chuckled, then replied, "I learned self-defense because of Kate's family. All of Kate's siblings, including her, know how to defend themselves. Aunt Sam taught me how to disarm a gun and how to disassemble it."

Silence engulfed them. Lemuel thought he heard crickets altogether. “Is. Your. Mother. In-law an assassin? She looks delightful, though. Ha. Ha. Ha. Just trying to light up the conversation.”

At Lemuel’s remark, Carlos laughed. He massaged his neck and answered, “No. Aunt Sam is the daughter of former General Winfield Davis. And I can imagine that is why I have soldiers following me around. I did not even know, but that’s uncle Ethan for you. He also had Kate under surveillance since my return.”

“Fuck. No way,” Lemuel remarked. “Aunt Sam studied a few years in the military school before pursuing her own preferred career,” Carlos added.

“Wow,” Lemuel said. “No wonder. Have you ever noticed how Mister Wright always granted your aunt Sam’s requests? Your future mother-in-law must be scary.”

Laughter filled the air as Carlos replied, “No, man. Aunt Sam is simply... uncle Ethan’s weakness. He would do anything for her.”

“Ah” Lemuel said, “Just like you’d do anything for Miss Kate Wright.”

Carlos nodded, saying, “Yes, anything.”

While Lemuel and Carlos were chatting about Samantha, a nurse had just finished treating Savannah’s wounds in another room. She had cuts on her feet after all the running without shoes on.

She was still very emotional at being caught in a crossfire, her eyes watering as she muttered, “I can’t believe what just happened.”

“It’s okay,” Alexander stretched his arm to her and held her hand. He said, “It’s over now. I’m sorry you got involved in this.” A tear fell down her cheek as she spoke. “Thank you for not leaving me behind. Thank you for carrying me to the ambulance.”

Tightening his grip on her hand, Alexander said, “Sssh. It’s nothing. It was my responsibility to take care of you.”

Alexander stood up and embraced Savannah, soothing her by caressing her back. Only after her tears dried up did he pull away. He studied her as she lay in the hospital bed. He said, “Savannah? About before? ... I’m really sorry. I... I wasn’t man enough to tell you the truth.” Savannah’s mouth parted. She gulped and asked, “What about now? Are you a man already?”

The Devil’s Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 47

Chapter 47:

Not A Fling For Me “What about now? Are you a man already?” The question took Alexander aback. He felt slightly offended, but at the same time, he knew it was all his fault.

Alexander sucked in a breath and looked into Savannah’s hazel eyes. For a moment, he studied her features. Her red hair was tied into a messy bun. Her face had been cleared of make-up, showing off those light, sprinkling freckles on her skin. He used to think those freckles made her look naturally beautiful.

Going back to her probing, he hesitantly replied, “Yes, I am a man now, I guess.” “I met Kendra after we... we sort of had a fling, and everything changed for me. We were continents apart, both chasing our dreams, and I just assumed it would never work out. I should have told you. I should have at least called, but I did not have the courage to tell you how my feelings changed, and I’m sorry.” “I’m sorry, Savannah,” he repeated, spotting how she averted his gaze. “Hey?” He asked, recognizing her silence. Still looking away, Savannah cleared her throat and replied, “I know it was just a few months that we spent together. Plus, we were seeing each other in between tournaments.” She clenched her jaws before resuming, “But, it wasn’t just a fling for me, Alex.”

Her voice faded as she disclosed, “I – I earnestly loved you.”

There was an awkward silence that stretched between them. Alexander did not know how to answer her revelation. However, even before he could come up with a response, Savannah said, “But it’s okay. I got over it. Don’t worry.” Finally, she gazed into his green eyes and suggested, “And you are right. Getting into a relationship with another tennis player is just a problem. Imagine both of you traveling around the world every year for tournaments. Sometimes, you don’t even meet up in events.”

Perhaps it was true in the past. However, in their current tennis rankings, they were, more or less, at the same level. Thus, Alexander and Savannah would be joining the same major tournaments. Only the minor tournaments and sponsored matches would perhaps put them in a different country.

“I was just really upset about how you treated me. Even if your feelings had changed. I did nothing wrong to you. I did not deserve to be treated like nothing ever happened to us,” Savannah pointed out.

Alexander bowed his head. He ran his fingers through his curly blond hair and answered, “I’m sorry. I have no good excuse to tell you other than the fact that I could not break it to you then. I knew you were such a nice person, Savvy – I mean, Savannah.”

There was a time when he called her nickname, but obviously, he had no right to do so now. He returned his regard to her and repeated, “I did not want to have to look you in the eye or hear your sweet voice only hurt you.” “I.” He gulped and asked, “You get

what I mean, right? I'm really sorry, Savannah. You don't know how relieved I am to tell you this now."

"I get what you mean. Although years too late, thank you for telling me," Savannah said. "At least we got that out of the way." "Again, I'm really sorry -"

"Anyway, I'm okay now, really. That was a long time ago," Savannah clarified. "I don't have those feelings for you anymore." "I accept your apology," Savannah suddenly said, and a faint smile formed on her face. She extended her hand to him, saying, "Friends?" Alexander smiled and took her hand, acknowledging, "Friends." "I'm going to get some sleep, Alex. I'm so tired," Savannah said before shutting her eyes and turning to the other side, opposite to where Alexander sat.

Watching her back, Alexander reflected on Savannah's words. He did not know what to make out of her revelation. Alexander was relieved that she ultimately forgave him, and somehow, hearing her admit her previous feelings sent delightful tingles throughout his body. He contemplated, 'So she loved me.' However, that excitement quickly died, recounting how she claimed to no longer have feelings for him.

For a fleeting moment, he pondered on his previous choices. 'What if I did not entertain my feelings for Kendra back then? What if I sought Savannah and tried to continue what we started?'

"I'm back to the hotel, my Kate," Carlos said, lying in bed. "Are you okay? Did you get hurt? What if I come to you?" Kate asked on the other line. Carlos could barely keep his eyes open, tired from what had happened overnight. Six hours had passed since the incident at The Peninsula Hotel, and Carlos belatedly had a breather. He badly wanted to sleep, but knowing that the soldiers would report to his uncle Ethan, he knew he had to call his Kate. Otherwise, she would think of the worst-case scenario. "I'm fine but sore from the running, and I'm tired of having been awake all night. After the French police and what it seemed like, one other gang member who survived, had been arrested, we went to the hospital to get ourselves checked. Fred and Alex's bodyguard were both injured badly, and we had to check on their operation," Carlos narrated before a yawn escaped his lips.

"Will you be okay?" Kate asked. "I'm so worried."

"I'll be okay. The French police have doubled our security -"

"But how do we know that there aren't any traitors anymore?" Kate asked.

Carlos sighed and said, "Well, the soldiers are at my door, my Kate. Bernard has assigned the same police officers who were with us during the covert operation. We know them at least, and I trusted them with my life back then. I trust them still."

with a sigh, he admitted, “The lead detective in the case, and I made a mistake of putting someone new to be with us. It was a miscalculation that won’t happen again.”

“Okay, if you say so, Carlos. I miss you so much and worry about you all the time. Please come home soon,” Kate asked. “Get some sleep.” “I will be soon,” Carlos replied. “Love you.” “I love you, too.”

At the police headquarters in Paris. “Mister Ronaldo, I sincerely apologize for my oversight,” Detective Bernard said, extending his hand to Carlos. “I assure you, it won’t happen again.”

“Internal affairs had apparently been investigating officer Martin, but they kept it only with the higher-ups. He was a bad cop, and I had no idea.” Officer Bernard revealed to Carlos how Jules Martin had set it up from the start.

“He was the same person who urged officer Laurent to drink water from La Santé Prison, and we found a video of how he and Fred were in a heated argument. They wound up pointing guns at each other in one of the hotel hallways, but Jules shot first, and he had a silencer. Plus, there was no one around them. So, no one saw and knew what happened until the soldiers came looking for Fred and your group.” “I see,” Carlos said while massaging his jaws.

“While your men were injured in the process, rest well, knowing that their lives are no longer in danger. I heard that the operation was a success, only that the two men need more time to recuperate,” detective Bernard said. “Another good thing that happened here is.” Detective Bernard turned to his desk and brought out a phone that had been placed inside a sealed plastic. He said, “We have details of where Jules Martin and the gang members were supposed to take you. “Clochemerle Island.” “And we have done our research. This same island may not belong to the Bonnets, but it is registered in the maiden name of Hugo’s mother.”

“Together with the admission of the other gang member that survived.” With a sigh of relief, the officer claimed, “Mister Ronaldo, I firmly believe that Guillaume Bonnet is on this island. This may be... the end of our worries.” Carlos gulped. He asked, “When are you going there?” Leaning closer to Carlos, the detective reported, “We are preparing for the arrest operation. We will give you feedback tomorrow.” Shutting his eyes. Carlos said under his breath, “I can’t wait.”

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Returning to the hospital, Carlos came to visit Fred and Alexander’s bodyguard first. Then, he went to see Savannah. She was already dressed in a new pair of clothes, ready to leave. Alexander had been with her overnight and slept in her hospital suite.

At the door, Carlos said, "Leaving already?" "Alter last night? I want to go home and spend the rest of the break with my family," Savannah revealed. She turned to Alexander and gave him an embrace before hugging Carlos"

Stay safe, guys, and I'll see you in Wimbledon!"

"So you guys settled your differences?" Carlos asked.

Savannah smiled and responded, "We spoke." She looked at the two friends before bidding goodbye, "I have to go. I have a flight to catch and still need to get to my hotel. Thanks for buying me clothes, Alex!"

After seeing Savannah go, Carlos turned to Alexander, asking, "Why are blushing?"

"What? I wasn't blushing," Alexander retorted with a frown, but his face turned a shade darker after Carlos' suggestion. "Yes, you were. You are red right now!" Carlos claimed, pointing at his face.

Alexander awkwardly walked in a circle and sat on the chair. He unknowingly hissed and reported, "She said... she loved me."

"Woah -"

"But she also said she is over me," Alexander continued. "Well." Massaging his bearded jaws, Carlos asked, "Is that good? Or does the frown on your face mean you were disappointed?"