

# The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 64-66

## Chapter 64

### Chapter 64: If It's Meant To Be

"I repeat, I am not that man in the video with Hailey Mckenzie," Carlos said at the Wimbledon press conference. He was frowning, and his face burned in anger. "And this interview was not supposed to be about my personal life. This is about tennis. I would appreciate questions about my upcoming matches."

After Paris, Kate and Carlos left for London with his men. Kate did not want to be left behind and instead made a remote office for herself at the Diamond Hotel in London.

Resting for only a few hours, Carlos immediately jumped into his first responsibility and attended the tournament's press conference on day one.

"He is really denying it, but what about the video?"

"I'd like to see this Carlos look alike if he really exists."

Murmurs around the room reached Carlos' ears, and he could see how he was being judged, silently opposed. Still, he answered the rest of the questions, avoiding those that were related to Hailey. It wasn't the time yet. He still hoped that Gabin would come to his senses.

Plus, the whereabouts of Guillaume Bonnet remained to be a concern. Carlos did not know if it was entirely safe to reveal Kate. More than anything, he wanted the world to know about his Kate, but for her safety, he meant to keep Kate to himself, at least for now. He hoped one day, Guillaume's body would be found soon, dead or alive.

As Carlos went about the interviews, his eyes wandered to his friend. Alexander belonged to the panel of athletes being questioned that day, and Carlos contemplated whether to tell him about Kendra's involvement with Hailey.

After the press conference, the two friends had lunch at the same hotel where the event was held. As they ate, Carlos kept eyeing his friend.

"You are freaking me out, man. What's with that stare?" Alexander sought, his brow raising.

Before Carlos could answer, Alexander's phone went off. Carlos' eyes landed on the screen and saw how it was Kendra calling. A scoff left Alexander's lips. He said, "That's probably the tenth time since I arrived in London."

Alexander canceled the call and went on with his meal.

Carlos asked, "So, you haven't spoken to Kendra?"

Shaking his head, Alexander replied, "Strangely. I thought it would be difficult. I was used to having her around. She was always at my penthouse, always calling. Even her nagging had been part of my life for the past three years. But! I'm getting through it. And it helps with you around... Every day seems better without her." With a sigh, Alexander added, "Sometimes, I think back to our arguments and wonder how I survived our relationship."

"Every time we fight, we end up in bed. It was weird, but it somewhat alleviated whatever issues we had," Alexander said. "Then I'd feel guilty since she'd cry. Now that I think about it, the breakup was better. We never really solved our issues."

"I never really liked her," Carlos admitted.

"I know," Alexander regretfully acknowledged. "I'm sorry I did not listen to you then."

The two friends were exchanging words about Kendra when Carlos noticed Alexander's gaze was fixed on a particular person a few tables away. It was Savannah Knight, and she was with her usual group of female friends. The women's singles had their press conference at the same hotel.

"So, what happened in Dublin?" Carlos asked.

"She – um, did not want to be friends with me. I guess she hates me that much," Alexander replied.

"And you are just going to let it be?" Carlos asked. "I thought you liked her."

Alexander gave off a shocked expression, and Carlos responded, "What? I honestly thought you did. I did not have to confirm it. I saw it. Besides, you liked her once. What were the chances that those feelings came back?"

While answering Carlos, Alexander returned his regard to Savannah. "I guess I always liked her, even when we were taunting each other. My relationship with Kendra perhaps just kept my interest in her... under control."

Just then, screams from the distant table could be heard. A man in a business suit appeared out of nowhere, giving flowers to Savannah. Carlos and Alexander saw the flush on Savannah's cheeks and how the girls were teasing her completely.

Carlos' stare panned from Savannah to Alexander. He studied how his friend gritted his teeth at watching Savannah's potential admirer. Carlos asked, "Are you going to do anything about that?"

Leaning back, Alexander replied, "I don't have any right to."

"So you are just going to give up?" Carlos asked.

Alexander finished his glass of water and then answered, "I wasn't going to jump into a new relationship right away, not after what happened with Kendra, but I was hoping to be friends with her and... start from there."

“But since she hates me, I wanted to... give her the time she needs to forgive me. I worry that forcing myself to be with her might only push her away.”

For seconds, Alexander studied Savannah from a distance. He added, “If it’s meant to be, it’s meant to be. Only time will tell.”

Then, Alexander decided to look away, disliking the look of the man who was trying to charm Savannah. He said to Carlos, “So, are you going to tell me why you were looking at me that way or what?”

“Kendra and Hailey had sex with Gabin,” Carlos finally said.

“What?!” Alexander reacted, his voice strengthening.

“They drugged Gabin, and they had what they call...a... threesome,” Carlos relayed.

“Fuck! That’s so disturbing!” Alexander said before standing up. He grabbed his phone and walked away, feeling disgusted about having been in a relationship with Kendra..

Four days passed.

The first and second rounds of the Wimbledon Championships came and went. Carlos and Alexander won with ease that in the afternoon of their match, they found time to discuss with Kate the recent progress of CSK Apparel’s product launch.

They gathered up in the living room of the Diamond Hotel London’s penthouse.

“We have around two thousand elite members in just a few days, more than four thousand of the watches sold, and many more asking about it,” Kate said, her eyes gleaming as she reported. “I have

spoken to Kenzie and Andrew. They are willing to endorse it by buying the membership and showing off the watch, then! During your championship interview with Andrew's TV network."

Kate smiled, claiming Carlos' win. She added, "Andrew said that they will allocate a few minutes to feature the watch."

"Social media are up. Comments are flying. According to Molly, the first store will open right after the Wimbledon Championship! I'd say it is the perfect time to open our very first store!"

"Wow!" Alexander exclaimed. "We are glad to have you, Kate!"

"And we have a new sales director who will push through the sales moving forward, especially since our first store is about to open!" Kate exclaimed.

"CSK will go a long way." Carlos remarked.

Kate chuckled and suggested, "Yep! With kids and grandkids."

Carlos and Kate laughed while Alexander rolled his eyes. He said, "Get a room."

"You are in our temporary home and office. This is technically our room," Kate pointed out to Alexander.

The three of them continued to chat about the company's progress when Carlos suddenly received a call. He answered it, and after a few minutes, he formed a frown. He groaned and massaged his forehead, saying, "Okay. I understand. It was my fault. I should have stopped Kate."

"What's going on?" Kate asked, seeing her man looking stressed out from a single call.

"That was Kyle," Carlos revealed. "Hailey, she – she got out of bail again."

"What? Why? How could my dad allow -"

“She threatened to sue for assault,” Carlos said, reminding Kate of the punch. “Negotiations were made. So she got out of bail again.”

“Ahhh!” Kate screamed. Her face turned red as she claimed, “I hate Hailey to the core!”

Meanwhile, in New York. Hailey Mckenzie was in front of her laptop. She had been online finding news about Carlos, and to her satisfaction, Gabin had not owned up to being the man on the video. What was even more amusing to her was how Carlos had not yet revealed the news about Kate, his real girlfriend. He denied being in the video, which still discredited Carlos in some ways.

She downloaded recordings of their surveillance at home, and she notably edited the part where Carlos walked into their front door. Then, Hailey posted it saying: (Before Wimbledon, a visit from Carlos.)

It was short and straightforward, yet it caused another commotion over the internet.

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From an unknown warehouse, a small local gang gathered around in front of Guillaume Bonnet. He was alive and ready to collect.

The gang leader said, “Are you sure this will work?”

Guillaume acknowledged, saying, “Trust me, she is the girlfriend. And when he finds out we have her, he will rig his own game. Let’s collaborate and bet against Carlos Ronaldo during the finals. I need your money, and I’ll place the bets. How about 50/50 profit share?”

“If you make a mistake, I will have your head!” Said the local gang leader.

“I’m sure... my plan will work,” Guillaume replied. A smirk formed on his face. “We already have her under surveillance... We will take her... a day before the finals.”

## Chapter 65: We Have Your Girlfriend

“It’s a back-to-back win on The Devil’s Team! For the first time, Alexander Jenkins passed the quarterfinals during the Wimbledon Championships. Like The Devil, he was fast today – fier might have already caught The Devil’s powerful serve,” the sports commentator broadcasted after Carlos and Alexander won their matches. “As for Carlos Ronaldo, ladies and gentlemen, it was expected of him. Despite the current issues surrounding his personal life, The Devil remains to be in control on the tennis court!”

Carlos’ win was no longer a surprise, but Alexander’s newfound enthusiasm impressed many. Immediately after his match, Carlos congratulated his friend, hugging him as he entered the locker rooms. The Devil remarked, “Best game yet?”

A wide grin appeared on Alexander’s face. He replied, “I was surprised myself. I’ve been sleeping better.”

“You are more focused now that Kendra is not disturbing you,” Carlos remarked, leaving them to chuckle, but at the thought of Kendra, they both sneered.

They bathed and changed, hastily heading out, especially since Carlos was eager to share his win with Kate. That day was Kate’s birthday, and they were going to have dinner at the Kentowrthy mansion.

Outside the locker rooms, other players met them, including those in the women’s singles.

“Good game, Alex!”

“The Devil wins again!”

“Congratulations, Carlos!”

“Congrats, Carlos!” Hannah Dil was the same, thrilled as ever to see the Devil. Then she winked at Alexander. “And congratulations to you too, Alex. You are looking hotter every time you win.”

Carlos and Alexander acknowledged with a nod.

Savannah was behind Hannah, talking with Linda White. When Linda congratulated both male athletes, Savannah also gave her best wishes. She said, "Great game, Carlos." She gulped before mentioning, "Alex. Good luck with the semi-finals."

Alexander was caught off guard. At the mention of his name, he felt his heart skip a beat. He cleared his throat and said back, "Thank you. You had a good game, too."

"Pfft." Savannah scoffed, saying, "I lost."

"Nonetheless, it was a good fight," Alexander answered. "Tennis isn't just about winning; it's how you play

"Nicely said, Alex," Carlos suggested, tapping on his back. "Will you join us?" He asked Alexander about his dinner with Kate and his sister, Kenzie.

Just then, Savannah's admirer appeared out of nowhere, carrying a bouquet of flowers. Alexander's face stiffened. He said to Savannah, "Looks like Romeo is here for you, Savannah."

He turned to Carlos and answered, "I'll join you, if you don't mind."

"Good, because she is expecting you," Carlos replied, referring to Kate. "And I might just introduce you to some single Brits," Carlos teased. Although they were only going to have an intimate family dinner, he told a white lie on purpose. The Devil then shifted his regard to Savannah, asking, "If it's okay with you, Savannah."

Alexander cast him a nasty glare while Savannah's face reddened. She opposed, "Why would you ask

me?" She turned to her admirer, who had been waiting a few meters away, and said, "I have a date."



“Then, if it’s okay with you, Savannah, Linda would like to date Alex,” Hannah suggested. Her words stunned everyone in their circle.

Linda and Hannah wound up in an argument. Hannah said, “What? If Carlos is going to play cupid for Alex, it might as well be you. Didn’t you used to like Alex?” Turning to Alexander, Hannah sought, “Right, Alex?”

Alexander was evaluating his potential response, his eyes studying Savannah, but when she dismissed Hannah’s words, saying, “Of course, better someone you know, right Alex?” She then left without a word, walking towards her new admirer.

Everyone noticed how Alexander’s gaze burned through Savannah’s back. He asked, ‘What’s the deal with the Savannah suitor?’

“Oh, he is a businessman here in London. His name is Landon Cooper. During last year’s Wimbledon, he just sent her flowers, but this time, he came himself,” Hannah revealed. “He is a fan.”

“Does she like him?” Alexander asked, his eyes never leaving Savannah.

“I don’t know,” Linda answered. “I think she wants to... test the waters.”

Another day passed.

Carlos and Alexander were practicing for the Wimbledon Semi-finals. Carlos was up against another high ranking player, while Alexander was paired with Erik Berg.

The two had gone through three sets, with Carlos leading the point, when Lemuel called, “Phone call. This is important.”

Chasing his breath, Carlos pointed to Alexander. He ordered, “I think we are good today. Try winning against Berg!”

“If I don’t win, I’ll make it worth his time.” Alexander smirked, saying, “Hopefully, he would have enough body cramps to make you win.”

“Haha! I will win against Berg, cramps or not,” Carlos declared.

Carlos accepted his phone from Lemuel, and it was then that he heard Gabin’s voice. He asked, “Good to hear from you, Gabin. How is everything?”

“I have decided to file a formal complaint. The office is already preparing the paper works for now. It will take a few days since it will be an international litigation,” Gabin revealed. “So, hang on there. When the warrant of arrest has been issued, we will schedule a TV interview.”

“Thank you, Gabin,” Carlos said on the phone. “I can’t thank you enough.”

“How did your wife take it?” Carlos asked.

There was a long stretch of silence before Gabin responded, “She is upset. She says she wants a divorce.”

With a sigh, Carlos said, “I’m sorry, Gabin. Maybe she’ll come around. Do you want me to talk to your wife? Kate took the same drug. She could explain it well.”

“Thanks, Carlos. Maybe we will try that,” Gabin said, and after some time, he bid goodbye, wishing Carlos the best for the Wimbledon Championships.

Wimbledon Semi-finals.

“Alex! Alex!” The crowd cheered. While Carlos had already won his match, Alexander was still at it, fighting his way through the fifth set.

It was an impressive match yet. The first for Erik Berg to reach the fifth set with someone far below his ranking. Alexander's performance awed the tennis enthusiasts. They claimed that Alexander would soon rise to the same level as The Devil.

"Go, Alex! Win this set to get a tie-breaker!" Carlos screamed from one side of the court. Many other players challenged the same, especially the party of Hannah Dil and Linda White. Savannah was also with them, but she kept her thoughts to herself.

The match resumed with Alexander consistently hitting the ball until he found a good opening, and the ball landed the ball in Erik's service area! The audience cheered, recognizing that it had been long since Erik Berg was forced into a tie-breaker.

The game continued, but sadly, despite Alexander's efforts, he lost by two points. Still, the match was notably one of the best many sports commentators named Alexander the next big thing alongside Carlos Ronaldo.

After the semi-finals, Carlos and Alexander shared a manly hug from inside the locker room. Carlos said, "The best game for you, mam. The best game."

"Thanks for everything. I would not have gone this far without you teaching me," Alexander said back, tapping on Carlos' back.

"What is this? Are you stealing my man?" They both turned to find Kate standing behind them. Two of her security bodyguards were behind her.

"What are you doing here?" Carlos asked in shock. He looked around and realized how that part of the locker room did not allow entry for the other players. It was privately made available for them.

Kate giggled and said, "Andrew connected me with one of the organizers. I told them I was a fan and wanted to close this part of the locker rooms! I wanted to see you before the finals. And then, of course, Lemuel agreed. Haha. It went through his approval."

“For the record, there is no bromance going on here, Kate. Carlos is my brother in tennis,” Alexander remarked before heading off to the showers.

A giggle escaped Kate’s lips. She replied, “I know that! I can trust you, Alex, but you should really consider finding your own romance.”

Alexander paused. Before resuming his steps, he said, “I don’t know... maybe I don’t deserve a romance.”

Kate and Carlos shook their heads, feeling sorry for Alexander. After seeing him gone, The Devil called, his arms stretched, suggesting he wanted a hug, “Come here.”

Carlos and Kate had spent the night together. However, since the finals would be the next day, and he had a press conference in the afternoon, the couple agreed not to sleep on the same bed. Carlos worried he might end up being too exhausted, considering Kate always wanted to make a baby.

The Devil decided to book in the nearby hotel where Alexander was staying. He would have a warm-up practice early in the morning and then prepare for his final match with Erik.

As for Kate, she meant to stay with her sister, Kenzie, for that night only.

“I miss you already,” Kate said, warranting a kiss on the lips.

The two shared a brief, yet heated kiss. Then Carlos said, “It’s just going to be one night, my Kate.”

Pouting her lips, Kate looked down at this compartment pendant. She pecked it, saying, “Sending more good luck.” She returned her attention to him and kissed his lips. “Are you sure you want to stay away

from me?”

“My Kate, you are a distraction I cannot ever ignore. Just one night, and you’ll be with your sister, so I feel completely at ease, knowing you will be safe. I need my every focus for tomorrow’s game,” Carlos

suggested. "You understand, right? Everything I do is for you. Tomorrow's win will be my added birthday gift for you."

Kate smiled. She kissed his lips again and said, "I know you'll give it. I'll see you tomorrow after your win. I love you."

"I love you more," Carlos answered.

Wimbledon Finals.

The next day, Carlos was about to start his first set when Lemuel called him to the side of the court. He said, "There is a text from your old number. The same message popped up on your social media messenger."

He showed Carlos the message: [We have your girlfriend. Win the first set and lose the next two, or she dies.] Carlos' skin crawled.

## **Chapter 66: Where Is Kate?**

The Lawn Tennis Championships.

The Wimbledon Championships, commonly known simply as Wimbledon, was the oldest tennis tournament in the world and widely regarded as the most prestigious. Its Centre Court was considered the most famous tennis court.

Unlike the Roland Garros court in Paris, Wimbledon was played on grass.

To Carlos, the court mattered in every event. Certain environmental factors often change how the ball bounced and how his feet would move against the surface. Thus, the practice was essential to him in each main event.

After waking up at four in the morning, he played tennis with Alexander on one of the grass courts. He ate a light breakfast and rested for two hours while preparing for his last match.

Heartbeats later, The Gentlemen's Singles began.

"First set. Ronaldo, Berk to serve. Ready? the umpire confirmed, but from where he stood, he saw Carlos team of security called the superstar's attention.

Carlos was excited about that match. It would mark his third grand slam win within that year, and he meant to take it all. Seeing Lemuel appear out of nowhere and the referee halting the game, he frowned.

The crowd and Erik Berg were equally bemused.

"What's going on, Lemuel? The game is starting?" Carlos asked.

"Sir, this is important. There is a message for you. There is a text from your old number. The same message popped up on your social media messenger," Lemuel revealed. He showed Carlos the message, and it read:

(We have your girlfriend. Win the first set and lose the next three, or she dies.)

Carlos gulped. He was so eager for that day's game that he did not even check all of his devices. When he woke up, Carlos merely sent Kate a text. Then, he left the hotel with his bodyguards.

He whispered to Lemuel, "Did you try to call Kate?"

"Yes, sir. I did, but she is not answering." Lemuel replied.

"I brought your other mobile, so you can open it," Lemuel suggested. "You can give me her sister's number? And Mister Jenkins can make the calls."

Carlos nodded. After opening the phone, he instructed, "Let me call first and if Kenzie does not answer my call, ask Alex to keep calling. I doubt she would be taken from Andrew's home. It's very well guarded."

"I agree, sir. So What do you plan to do? Lemuel said.

"I can still... win the first set," Carlos said, and although he felt confident that Kate was safe, a small part of him badly wanted to confirm it himself.

Just as he feared, Kenzie did not pick up the first ring. Thus, he ordered Lemuel to keep calling while he went about his match. He returned to the court, taking deep breaths. Carlos pecked his pendant, and he muttered, "Kate is safe. Kate is safe. She must be. She has to be."

After the referee checked on Carlos, the first set of the match began. Both tennis players were grunting, huffing, and puffing throughout the game. From around the court, the tennis fans were mostly silent, merely shrieking and howling at every good point, regardless of who earned it.

In the back of his head, Carlos was worried sick, but confirming if Kate was safe was his prime motivation. He was fired up and won the first set.

It appeared to Carlos that the organizers had been informed of the situation. One security had also approached the umpire. The Devil walked up to Lemuel and asked, "Where is Kate?"

"Sir, I spoke to her sister Kenzie, and they were shocked to find out that Kate is not in their home, but all her bodyguards are missing too. We have been trying to contact her throughout your first set, but she did not answer," Lemuel reported.

Hearing the report, Carlos' skin crawled. He felt the fear this time for real.

"Should we postpone the game one of the organizers approached.

"No No. Carlos said. "We might alert them. Whoever contacted me."

“Kate, where are you? Carlos thought in his head before a hiss left his lips. “She could have gone out with the bodyguards. There were six in all who followed around her. She should be okay”

“Right, sir. She must be okay.” Lemuel echoed

From behind Lemuel, he saw Alex still on the phone. He said, “Let Alex keep trying” He turned to Erik, who was shrugging, asking what was happening. Carlos concluded, “I’ll lose the second set But! Find Kate!”

Carlos could not help it With Kate nowhere to be found, fear crept into his heart. It appeared to her that his whole life flashed through his mind; his love for Kate, how he worked so hard to be where he was, and part of it was for Kate. His world could not crumble when finally, he had everything! It just can’t!

He pecked on his pendant, and under his breath, he muttered, “Be safe, Kate

With The Devil serving, the two tennis players were again volleying the ball Carlos won the first two games, but he purposely weakened his strokes in the next, allowing Erik to return with a better hit.

On some of his serves, he angled his racket higher, making the ball land outside the service area.

“Booo!”

“Bloody hell! What’s wrong with the Devil?!”



His fans were getting frustrated, but Carlos was left with no choice. They had not traced Kate's whereabouts for the last minutes.

Carlos lost the second set but saw the frown on Erik's face. The Devil knew his opponent was suspecting his win.

On the next break, yet again, Carlos approached his team, and it was then when Lemuel showed a picture of a girl tied to a chair, which made his heart ache. His eyes narrowed, trying to identify the figure, but the room was somewhat dark, and the girl's eyes and mouth were covered. He did not think it was how Kate would dress, but the picture wasn't clear enough for him to decide fully,

If this was a prank, It was indeed working. He was scared of losing Kate and was on the verge of running off to find her. However, if he was to leave the match, and if it was really Kate in the picture, her life would be in danger

With what was at stake, Carlos was prepared to rig his match completely. He walked back to the court, feeling defeated.

'Thrid set. Ronaldo, Berk to serve.'

On the Devil's return, he barely attempted to hit with force. The crowd was booing and making

complaints. Even Erik eyed him suspiciously, it forced Carlos to look at the stadium, all while listening to the beating of his heart.

He looked to the far right, then turned to the left, but just as he did, his eyes met a pair of blue orbs whose hands were up as if asking for answers

Carlos frowned. The person he was staring at was wearing a jacket and a hat over her head, but as he fixed his gaze on the figure, he saw her brown hair, and with the way she was demanding answers, merely by mouthing her words, his heart raced.

"Kate? He thought in his head

He raised his hand, suggesting he wanted to take another break and walked over to Lemuel and Alexander He said, "I think that's Kate over there, wearing a pink hat. Confirm it."

Alexander was quick to go around the stadium, and eventually, Carlos witnessed how his friend stood next to Kate. Alexander gave him a thumbs up, and only then did he realize her bodyguards still surrounded Kate, only that they were standing in distant seats, dressed in casual clothes

His Kate came to see his game in person, and she did not even tell him! So who was this person that had been kidnapped? Carlos could only assume it was fake!

He grabbed his phone and replied: [I don't know who you fucking have there, nor do I know it's just a set up, but I'm looking at my girlfriend right now She is just... within my line of sight! Fuck you! And Fuck your betul

He returned to the court and pecked his pendant. He looked around, pretending to scan every side of the stadium, but in truth, he eyed his Kate once more After which, he declared, "Now the real game starts

In the next hour, Carlos and Erik went at it passionately, showing off their tennis skills Carlos won the third set, and on the next, he was so unforgiving! He was planning to punish his Kate for the panic that he underwent

"How could she leave the house when I specifically told her to stay hidden? Carlos thought as he grunted on his next stroke While the crowd was in an uproar, following the point that he earned, he concluded, My Kate is so stubborn!

Finally playing for the championship point, Carlos tossed the ball for his serve He wailed, his eyes narrowing at the tennis ball before he hit it with his racket. He went at it with all his strength that Erik failed to return, sliding against the lawn court

"And this year's Wimbledon Champion is The Devil! He has done it again!"

"Devil!"

“Devil!”

“Devil!”

Back in New York.

Guillaume Bonnet’s face paled while watching the championships. He just lost the very last of his money, worse, he lost the money from the local gang too!

He was doomed, and he concluded he might as well take his own life!

Guillaume knew the local gang was going to come after him soon. Thus, he screamed, his body turning to the girl who was supposed to be the answer to his financial crisis!

He punched the girl in the face and wrapped his hands around her throat. “Why? Why did he let you die?!”

“I’m going to kill you! I’m going to kill you!”

The girl was choking, gurgling in her own saliva.

When Guillaume removed the cover from her mouth and eyes, the girl screamed, I am not his girlfriend! It’s not me! I never was – Ahh!” 1

BANG 2

BANG!