

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 90-92

Chapter 90: Under The Setting Sun "Wake up, my Kate. It's time for some real honeymoon," Carlos said while brushing his fingers through Kate's hair.

After they arrived on the island, the couple indulged in an early lunch before settling into their room. With the spectacular view of the ocean, the couple opted to have a quick swim at the lagoon before taking a bath together.

The plan was to make love right after the shower, but after a long flight, Kate dozed off in her bathrobe, and Carlos did the same.

"Kate?" Carlos called again.

She fluttered her eyes open and smiled. She reminded him, "My island is so beautiful."

Carlos' lips thinned into a smile. He answered, "Yes, it is." "Why did you buy me an island and here in the Maldives?" Kate softly asked.

"Because you always said that this was one of your favorite beach destinations," Carlos answered. "And when I had the chance to visit this country after one of my tournaments, I understood why. It's a paradise out here."

Kate smiled brightly and acknowledged, "It is. For me, the Indian Ocean's finest."

Offering his hand, he said, "Come, let's watch the sunset." He coughed and added, "Among other things."

Kate giggled. She took Carlos' hand, and she carefully got up without putting her weight on her husband. They walked together across their villa, going past the living area and arriving at the massive sundeck with a private pool. "Wow," Kate softly sighed, seeing the skies turning red and the calmness of the lagoon.

Kate took a full turn, appreciating how their villa had no jetty to the island. As far as her eyes could see, there was no other island nearby. It was as private as it could be. For the couple to reach the island, a speedboat would have to take them.

She turned to Carlos, who was already settled on the daybed, his hand urging her to lie next to him. A bottle of wine was already open on the table next to Carlos." Let's drink."

Kate sat next to Carlos while drinking wine. They both admired the sun as it set. Like Kate, Carlos was also in his bathrobe, and she did not miss how the head of his shaft was peeking out. She cuddled closer, and after Carlos set his glass aside,

he cupped her chin and began nibbling on her lips.

Immediately, she moaned into his mouth, delighting at his taste. The sweet liquor added to the flavor, adding to the heat of the moment. Soon enough, she felt his hand going down her neck, caressing it before digging inside her robe.

When Carlos cupped her breast, she gasped. Her skin crawled with pleasure, and butterflies went wild in her stomach. She moaned, "Aaahh... Mmmm." Her eyes thinned at how he carefully massaged her bosom and how he purposely trapped her nipple between his fingers. Carlos maintained to invade her mouth, thrusting his tongue and swapping flavors with Kate. In each second that passed, his kisses became more demanding. Kate also responded with the same eagerness, carelessly eating his tongue while her hands roamed his chest. Soon, their robes barely hung on their torsos, so they gradually took them off. When Kate realized they were both fully bare, she took a second to study his growing erection, and she held it with her hand. She returned to capture Carlos' lips while she palmed him under the setting sun.

Erotic sighs evidently left their lips as they continued to grope each other. Carlos eventually littered kisses all over her neck and then down to her chest. He lingered on her mounds, playfully sucking each breast and circling his tongue around her nipples. He was at it so passionately that Kate writhed at his actions.

Lazily, Carlos' hand reached down to her clit. In response, Kate willingly parted her legs, and in a feather-light motion, The Devil circled his two fingers around her clit.

“Aaahh.” Kate could not help but let go of their kiss. She relished the feel of his fingers against her core, all while sensing the gush of the wind against her bare body. Her eyes momentarily landed on the open sea, and she could not help but feel more aroused at being out in the open.

With the cold wind blowing against her naked peach, Kate felt her orgasm

arriving quickly. She put her hand behind Carlos’ neck and warranted a deeper kiss, her other hand maintained to fondle with his rod.

“Mmmm. Mmmm.” Kate was barely hanging on. She felt her hair stand up and her body becoming restless at the near conclusion. When she finally reached her peak, she squirmed, and Carlos was quick to climb on top of her.

Kate was still catching her breath. Her eyes were dreamy at the sensation of having reached the heavens. She watched as Carlos kneeled in between her slender frame, his legs spread apart, his hand caressing his impressive size.

“Kate.” Carlos traced her lips with his thumb and ordered, “Open your mouth.”

She did so enthusiastically. She adjusted her frame to eat him, bobbing her head between his thighs in just a second.

While the sea melodies were loud enough for them to hear, Carlos could only focus on the slurping sound around his shaft. He swallowed air down his throat as his eyes narrowed at Kate’s lips surrounding his girth. “I love it, Kate – Aahhh.”

Like Kate, Carlos also felt a thrilling chill down his spine. The wind blew against his bare back, and knowing they would make love in the open sea, added to his passion. When Carlos realized he was about to explode, he declared, “I want to cum inside of you.”

Hearing his words, excitement manifested in Kate's eyes. She promptly adjusted her frame and spread her legs. Her insides were still pulsating when Carlos slowly pushed his member in and that ultimately made her legs shake in pleasure." Aaaahh – Ahh! Ahh!"

Kate was over the moon. Her husband was thrusting with full force that their flesh slapped loudly against each other, her cries escaped her mouth with his every push. From the sunset color of the skies, the moon took over, lighting up the night. Despite the hours passed, Carlos and Kate were still at it, making love from the sundeck of their private villa. After Carlos came inside her in the first round, they did it again. The Devil flipped Kate over and pounced on her from behind. Following their second round, the couple moved to the private pool, yet again, doing the deed. It was already past nine in the evening when the couple called it a night. Carlos was still taking control as Kate faced the glass window. Their backs were facing the sea as Carlos maintained his upward thrusting. "Aaahh. Aahhh," When he came, he pushed his manhood with full force, his body slamming against Kate's back, their glowing skins rubbing against each other.

"Oh, god. That was soo good," Kate remarked while chasing her breath. She turned to Carlos and asked for a kiss. After which, she added, "You sure made up for the times I was always on top." A chuckle left Carlos' lips. His gaze turned devilish as he suggested, "Oh, I'm not done yet. Since I'm not joining the Australian Open, and we practically own this island, I am going to make love with you for an entire month." He pecked her cheek and then her neck, revealing, "I'll be on top."

Earlier that day in New York, Savannah woke up feeling her head was about to explode. Last night, she and her co-tennis players finished up several bottles of wine following Carlos Ronaldo's wedding party. Savannah wasn't planning on drinking so much, but she, together with her friends, got carried away with the celebration. "God, what time is it?" She sighed as she idly reached for her phone, her eyes half closed. When she noticed it was already past eleven in the morning, she screamed, "Oh, my god!" She panicked when she realized she had just missed her flight back home. "Linda! Why didn't you wake me up?" Savannah brought Linda along to the wedding celebration, and they shared a two - bedroom suite at a nearby hotel. Realizing how her friend allowed her to sleep it off, she marched out to the living room, but instead of Linda, she found Alexander half naked.

"Alex? What – what are you doing here?" Savannah asked. Before Alexander could answer, Linda walked in from the front door and said, " Here's your shirt, Alex."

Savannah paled, her heart aching altogether. She assumed the worst. She and Alexander had been texting back over the past few days that a small part of her thought back to their pleasant history. However, seeing Linda and Alexander, she could not help but feel upset all over again. She walked out of the hotel suite, merely saying, "Excuse me. I need to call my travel agent." After an hour, she returned to her suite, packing up her things. Linda entered her room and announced, "Nothing happened between Alex and me!" "Like I would believe that. Besides, it's none of my business," Savannah said while zipping her luggage shut. "Last night, I gave you my blessing because what happened between Alex and me was long over."

During Carlos' wedding party, Linda expressed her interest in Alexander, and her group of tennis players kept teasing her to date him. In her proud and drunken self, Savannah simply gave Linda the go signal, but she never thought it would happen, nor did she imagine Linda would act that fast! "Long over? But clearly, you are jealous over something that did not even happen," Linda sarcastically pointed out. She sighed and revealed, "Nothing happened between Alex and me, okay? I could tell you still liked him, so in as much as I wanted to, I refrained from making a move!"

Savannah scoffed, and she retorted, "Oh, please. Then what was he doing here, half-naked -"

"You got drunk and could barely walk by yourself. He carried you to your room, and you puked all over his shirt! Then, I realized he was a little stoned, too. I suggested he sleep on the couch while I sent his shirt to the hotel's laundry service." Linda shot back. "Morning came, and that's what you saw; me giving him back his shirt after the hotel washed it!" 1

"Now, I know you and Alex did not have a good start, but since you can't forget him, why make it difficult for yourself? Just tell him, Savy." Linda suggested. "Because I will snatch him from you if you don't!"

"He is single. You are single. Maybe he already learned his lesson, and both of you can make it work this time?"

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Chapter 91: Milk Cow "Wait." Savannah paused. "He – he carried me?" "Yup! You should have seen him. His eyes formed hearts just looking at your drunk ass," Linda suggested, "Nothing happened to both of you?" Savannah asked, her chest relieved at what Linda had told.

“Nothing,” Linda confirmed.

“And when you left earlier, you got him all confused.

It took him nearly a minute to chase after you – ” “He chased after me?” Savannah clarified.

“Yeah, the poor thing was probably looking for you all over the hotel until I told him you got back,” Linda answered.

“You told him I was back?” Savannah asked.

Before Linda could answer, there was a loud knock on the door.

Linda quickly opened it and found Alexander panting, still in the same shirt he wore last night.

Alexander quickly walked towards Savannah’s room, and while looking at her, he asked, “Are you okay? Where did you head off to? Nothing happened between Linda and I -” ■ Savannah’s face turned red.

She wondered if her leaving was that obvious for Alexander and Linda to explain to her.

She toiled in her reply, “of- of course.

Whatever made you think I thought so.” Linda glared at her, but she merely returned to packing because she felt so ashamed of making assumptions.

“Um.

I got a later flight.

I should hurry up "I'll take you to the airport," Alexander offered.

"You don't have to -" "I don't have to, but I want to, Savy," Alexander maintained.

The ride to the airport was awfully quiet Savannah felt Alexander's occasional burning gaze, but she chose to ignore it, pretending to be busy with her phone.

"Savy," Alexander spoke while his eyes were on the road.

"If you can't hold your drinks, maybe you shouldn't have drank so much." "It was Maria.

I swear I wasn't planning to drink that much.

Russians and their liquor," she remarked, referring to how her other tennis friend kept pushing her
aglass.

"You know, for an Irish, you sure are a newbie to drinking," Alexander remarked.

For a fleeting moment, he smiled in Savannah's direction.

"I used to drink in high school, but I got tired of it.

I just focused on my tennis," Savannah answered.

"Is this your car? I thought you sold most of your properties?"

HI

“This is Carlos’.

He still kept his penthouse and his cars,” Alexander revealed.

“I have relocated to Braeton permanently.

Liking the idea of being around Carlos.

And Kate is just accommodating with my move.

She gave me a big discount on one of their hotel penthouses.” “That’s nice.” Savannah took the chance to thank him because they were nearing the airport.

“Thank you for taking me to my hotel room.

I must have weight a ton.” “You were light, and it was a pleasure carrying you,” Alexander said.

A smirk formed on his face before revealing, “You talk a lot when you are drunk, though.” Her eyes widened.

She turned to Alexander and asked, “What – what did I say?” “You said it was your grandfather’s birthday in three weeks, and you invited me,” Alexander said.

His thin smile reached his ears.

Savannah laughed, and she answered, “It is, and since I blurted that out, my offer still stands, but I don’t know if you can survive.

My grandpa lives in our old town in Tipperary, and during his birthday, we milk cows for his party and drink up the milk.

Haha!" The thought of Alexander milking a cow amused Savannah that her eyes gleamed as she laughed.

"You think a city boy like me can't milk a cow?" Alexander asked.

He pulled over to a parking space and said, 'Til be there.

Watch me...

milk cows." He winked at her and suggested, "You might just fall in love with me all over again." Savannah's face burned.

She struggled in her reply, but eventually, she changed the topic, asking, "What? Don't you want to prepare for the Australian Open?" "Nah, I'll take a break.

I'll join the French Open, though," Alexander revealed.

"I would much rather attend your grandfather's birthday party and milk cows." "You can't be serious," Savannah said.

The two talked about the possibility of Alexander flying to Ireland, even as they walked to the airport and at the check-in counters.

"Are you really going?" Savannah asked.

"You can't take it back now.

You already invited me," Alexander insisted.

Savannah's mouth hung open, unable to counter.

She cleared her throat and answered, "Fine!" She laughed and added, 'Til post on social media how AlexanderJenkins, the next tennis superstar, is milking cows." "I don't mind milking cows as long as you get to teach me," Alexander suggested.

"See you soon, Savy." Waving goodbye, Savannah said, "See you." After Savannah checked in at the counter, Alexander took out his phone and searched online: How to milk a cow.

3 Meanwhile, in the woman's correctional facility, Hailey watched the news on TV from the prison's entertainment room.

Her brows met, watching the replay of Carlos and Kate's wedding.

Envy flashed in her eyes while seeing the smile on Kate's face, the adoring stare of Carlos, and how the Wrightswelcomed a new son-in-law.

She especially hated the comments that were reflected next to the screen, praising the couple for their union.

"That – that should have been me," under her breath, she whispered.

Regret quickly took over her, recalling how she had drugged Gabin.

If it were not for Gabin, she would still be free.

After her arrest, she learned how the remaining members of the Bonnet Gang had been killed during her kidnapping.

She gave Kate and Carlos a free pass, denying her relationship with The Devil.” Arggh!”

Her nose flared as she wept.

She cried, “I want to get out of here.

I want to get out of here – ‘■ Hailey paused, seeing someone to blame.

‘Yes, that’s right.

If Kendra did not teach me about the drugs, I would not be locked up in here with her! In the next minute, she went after Kendra, pulling her hair and slapping her in the face.

“This is all your fault! This is all your fault!” Kendra also fought back, punching Hailey at every opening.

A whistle blew across the entertainment room.

A prison guard screamed, “You two! Solitary confinement for one week!”

In another prison in Washington, Nolan witnessed the same news that was aired on national TV.

Nolan had a privileged prison cell.

He had his own room and a small television set.

Seeing how Kate had married Carlos, he reacted by crying outright, “No, Kate.

He is not good for you.

What did you do? Why?" He could not accept his fate.

Kate was his dream girl.

She was the popular girl in school that had granted him friendship and a fair amount of attention.

He loved her, and it was precisely because of his love that he changed himself to look better.

After watching Kate from a distance for so many years, he finally had the courage to see her again.

Coincidentally, Carlos Ronaldo also returned to Kate's life that same year! He felt he had lost this chance altogether because of Carlos.

"Kate." Looking at the TV monitor inside his prison cell, he muttered, "When Carlos ends up hurting you, come back to me.

You'll see.

He is not good for you." Outside his door, two prison guards caught his words.

One said, "This guy should be in a mental institution." "Yeah, we better report him.

He really has a nut in the head," said the other prison guard.

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 92

Chapter 92: Alexander Cooperating Two weeks passed. Carlos and Kate were still in the Sunny Side of the world, The Maldives.

excursions, or walking around the island.

Every day over the past week, Carlos had attempted to run again.

Each progressed, as he would make it a yard longer than the last.

Kate urged Carlos to have sand bath therapy at the end of their two-week stay.

As she buried his body with the sand, she said, ' They say a sand bath therapy helps relax your muscles, aside from cleansing the body and removing toxins through sweating.' It was still dawn when the staff dug small pits for Carlos and Kate at the island's extensive sandbank.

Carlos was the first to go under the sands, and then Kate followed.

The island staff helped cover her up.

"I rarely had the time to treat myself this way, Kate," Carlos admitted.

"This feels good." With only her head popping out, she turned to Carlos and replied, "You deserve to take a break, Carlos.

You worked so hard over the past years that your ligaments and tendons are giving up." "You said you worked so hard to give me everything, right? Well, you already have me.

Allow yourself to rest from time to time, from now on," Kate added." Promise me." With a smile, Carlos nodded and answered, "I promise, though, I still want the one-year winning streak." Kate chuckled and propped her head on the soft sands.

She answered, "As you wish, but before that allow your ankle to heal."

“Will you massage my legs after this, my Kate?” Carlos asked, closing his eyes to the feel of the sun rising from the west.

“Of course.

I never failed to massage your legs every day,” Kate reminded.

The couple relished the tickles of the sands around their bodies for minutes, all while chatting.

Eventually, their discussion covered Alexander.

Carlos revealed, “Alex is going to Ireland next week.” “To see Savannah?” Kate asked.

“Uhuh.

It’s Savannah’s grandfather’s birthday,” Carlos revealed.

“Wow,” Kate remarked.

“That’s a good improvement.” “He is stoked about it,” Carlos suggested.

“I want him to be happy.” With a wide grin, Kate replied, “Me too.

I like Alex a lot.

He is such a good friend to you.” “He is,” Carlos acknowledged.

Back in Braeton City, Alexander was a week away from flying to Ireland.

He was stressed.

Aside from learning how to milk cows from the internet, he was preparing gifts.

“Gift for Savannah’s parents?” He asked Oliver.

“Yes, sir Jenkins.

You have one big luggage for all the gifts you can give away to Miss Knight’s family overthere,” Oliver pointed out.

“For her grandfather?” Alexander sought.

“Did you get the ones I asked?” “Yes, sir Jenkins.

We have the latest edition of the jade watch for males,” Oliver acknowledged.

“Did you get the cufflinks?” Alexander asked while checking the watch.

“Yes, sir,” Oliver confirmed.

“I’ve already contacted the Jameson Distillery, and they will prepare four boxes of their best whisky for your arrival,” Oliver revealed.

“As for your itinerary, sir, you will make a pit stop in Dublin to take in the whiskey and then fly off to Tipperary.”

“From there, a local florist will meet you at the airport and have three bouquets of flowers ready- ”
“Three?” Alexander asked, bemused.

“One for Miss Knight’s grandmother, one for her mother, and of course, the grandest bouquet is for Miss Knight,” Oliver suggested.

“Wow, you are so good at this,” Alexander remarked.

“Sir, you have no idea which countries I had to reach to buy all of Miss Wrights -I mean, Misses Ronaldo’s gifts, from Jade pieces of jewelry to flowers, bags, whatnot.

Because Mister Ronaldo asked me to hunt down all the best gifts for his wife, I became the best assistant wooer.” Oliver smirked at the end of his claim.

Alexander laughed and suggested, “Then you won’t have a problem getting your own girl.

Thank you, Oliver.”

A week passed.

Ireland.

On the day of her grandfather’s birthday, Savannah and her family gathered at the milk farm mid-day; where most of her relatives set up a tent for the afternoon party.

Her grandfather, Gulliver Kean, owned a small milk farm in town and maintained it through the years with the help of his wife, Erin Kean, and other Kean relatives who lived nearby.

Savannah kept checking her phone, wondering if Alexander would really show up.

Last night, she gave him the address and even offered to pick him up at the airport, but Alexander said he could find his way.

“Waiting for someone?” Savannah’s mother, Shyla Kean – Knight, asked.

“Um, sort of mum,” she awkwardly replied.

“Someone special?” Behind her mother, her father, Scott Knight, inquired.

She just smiled and said, “Sort of.” Her father left to help with the preparation when her mother leaned in and sneered, “I should tell you, your grandfather invited the Doyles...

I hope that is okay with you.” “Mum, please.

That was years ago,” Savannah reacted.

The Doyles were close family friends to the Keans.

Their son, Ben Doyle and Savannah, dated during the last two months in high school and were on and off during the first six months in college.

Ben remained in the local county while Savannah studied in Dublin Ben and Savannah eventually broke up due to her tournaments.

Savannah was focused on her career and rarely returned to Tipperary.

Months ago, after the French Open Finals, Ben married Savannah's high school best friend, Nora.

It was a sudden marriage.

Savannah never knew they had gotten together.

She simply saw it on social media.

Ben was the typical local town's hunk.

He was rich and handsome.

His family had the biggest milk processing company in town.

Many girls wanted to be with him, and everyone expected Savannah to be the same.

Savannah's mother chuckled.

She reported, "I just want to make sure because you never had a serious relationship after Ben.

And you know, this place is a small town and word goes around.

Some of your high school classmates spread rumors you were spotted with red eyes in Dublin, days after Ben's wedding."

"Really? I never knew they talked about me that way," Savannah suggested. "Could I have not cried for other reasons?" Savannah perfectly recalled that the only time she cried was after Alexander visited her apartment, and that was shortly after she learned about Ben's wedding.

She scoffed, thinking, 'Why should it be about Ben?' "Small town, big gossip.

Aside from milking, making stories is the next best thing to do around here.

Your grandma told me everything earlier today," Shyla revealed.

"Doesn't affect me," Savannah insisted, shaking her head.

She supposed she could not blame them entirely.

She had not been with anyone else.

After Ben, the next person who came close to a relationship was Alexander, who did not even blossom into a real boyfriend.

Hours later, the Doyles arrived, bringing their share of treats for the party.

It was a practice for their community to bring a dish or two when attending birthday celebrations.

The Doyles went straight to greet Gulliver and Erin Kean and exchanged pleasantries.

From where Savannah sat, she could see her grandfather's regret.

She was sure her grandfather and her grandmother liked Ben for her.

Savannah simply shook her head and returned to checking her phone.

She muttered, "Where are you, Alex?" She called him, but his phone could not be reached.

She sent a text, but there was no response either.

“Savy? Savy.

How are you?” Savannah looked up to find her high school best friend, Nora.

“Nora, I’m fine.” Savannah got up and greeted.

“It’s nice to see you again, Nora.” Savannah saw guilt all over Nora’s face as she said, “Savy, I’m sorry about Ben and me.

I knew he was your high school crush, and we were supposed to be best of friends, but “Nora, what are you talking about? That was years ago, and I left to make a career for myself.

Your relationship with Ben has nothing to do with me,” Savannah suggested.

“But you never came to our wedding, nor did you come to see me or chat with me.

I honestly thought you were upset with US,” Nora indicated, her voice strengthening while her chest heaved.

“I understand.

I was that person you shared most of your secrets, and I knew exactly how much you cared about Ben, but with you away in college, we could not help but become close, and after many years, everything just happened.” Savannah frowned.

‘Did Nora suggest they fooled around when she was still dating Ben? But so what? I don’t have those feelings for Ben anymore.

It was...

a long time ago.' She did not know where and why this drama was pouring out of Nora when she seriously did not care.

She did not even know she was invited to the wedding! When she tried to appease Nora, her former best friend kept pleading while appearing teary-eyed.

Nora was catching nearly everyone's attention, and Savannah was feeling uncomfortable.

She thought Nora was trying to make her feel pitiful about losing Ben altogether.

Savannah's parents wound up walking toward them; the same could be said with the Doyle family.

Ben, for one, asked, "Everything okay?" "Yes, everything is okay.

Why wouldn't it be? Nora, don't be silly.

I give you and Ben my best wishes.

You don't have to worry about me." Savannah directed her gaze to Ben and laughed.

She said, "Ben, right? That was a long time ago!" Savannah did not miss the doubt in everyone's eyes.

She was about to say more when two wild trucks caught everyone's attention.

Two Ford Rangers were driving in the field's direction, both vehicles accessorized and lifted.

Two men came down from the first truck, bridging boxes of Jameson Whiskey.

One announced, "Jameson whiskey for Mister Kean's birthday." A tall man with curly blond locks stepped down on the second vehicle.

He wore a brown coat that reached his thighs and fitted denim jeans down his long legs.

He was good-looking, arrived in style, and carried himself confidently.

Instantly, all eyes were on Alexander Jenkins.

“Um, hi, everyone,” Alexander waved his hand, his green eyes gleaming.

“Oh, there’s my boyfriend,” Savannah swiftly claimed.

She sped her steps to the shocked Alexander.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and whispered, “Cooperate with me.” She pecked on his lips.

At first, Alexander stilled, but realizing the opportunity before him, he also wrapped his arms around her and forced open her mouth for a deeper kiss.

“What are you doing?” Savannah asked, slightly objecting.

“I am.” Alexander smirked and replied, “Cooperating.” He leaned in and kissed her for real.

