

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 1

Chapter 1: The Man Who Got Away

'Have you ever had a man who got away?' Letting out a sigh of regret, Sarah Kate Wright admitted, 'Well, I did. I lost that one person who probably thought of me as the best in the world. Yes, I hurt him. I overlooked his importance in my life, which was probably the reason he left. It was my fault, all my fault. Now, nine years and eighteen days later, all I can do is admire him on billboards, on TV, and over the internet.'

Kate's tall and slender frame stood in the driveway of the Wright Diamond Corporation, the company belonging to her family. She could not move. Her blue eyes were glued to the digital advertisement across the building, utterly captivated by the sight of one, Carlos Ronaldo, a professional tennis player.

"Carlos," Kate said the man's name. She remained gawking at the image of his gorgeous grey eyes. She gulped at the outline of his muscular abdomen, his splendid tanned skin, and how his beard gave off that dangerous yet sexy vibe. On that billboard, Carlos modeled for a famous clothing company known for its denim jeans, Levi Strauss & Co, and he looked absolutely divine.

They say the most painful goodbyes were the ones that were left unsaid. In Carlos' case, he never said goodbye to Kate. He just... left. He never looked back, and it caused Kate one of the most painful partings of her teenage life. Kate was eighteen when she last saw Carlos. Now, at twenty-seven, she couldn't quite decide if she was still so hung up on him, or so she tried to convince herself.

After Carlos left, Kate learned from their high school how he took the offer from William McKenzie. It was an investment William McKenzie had long presented to Carlos. William was one of the wealthiest men in Braeton City, and he was one of those who saw Carlos' potential.

'Was he always that sexy? Minus the beard,' Kate thought, still scrutinizing the billboard. 'Maybe he was. He was rarely shirtless in front of me, anyway.'

With a bitter expression, she muttered, "He takes off his shirt every so often in front of millions of girls, but he never did that for me."

"What are you talking about, Kate? He was always half-naked swimming in our pool when we invited him too." Kate snapped toward her twin brother, Kaleb. He said, "When you watched him at practice, haven't you seen him change his shirt?"

"Bull!" Kaleb remarked in a sarcastic tone. "Your eyes looked elsewhere when you had the right one standing before you."

She pouted her lips and countered, "Well!" She pointed to the billboard, more specifically aiming at Carlos' six-pack abs, and said, "He probably didn't have that yet! And will you please stop reminding me how I made the biggest mistake of my life?"

"He had a little. We were young. He wasn't that broad, of course," Kaleb explained. "Will you stop looking at him? Let's go inside? I have a lot of things to take care of."

"But -"

"You know, Kate, if you can't get over the man, why don't you... go after him," her brother suggested. "How long will you be like this? It's been nine years, Kate. After all this time, just let it all out."

"Go see him and tell him how you really feel!" Her brother went on and on, recounting the times when Kate felt like she was over Carlos, but as soon as reports of him were aired on TV or whenever she was exposed to news feeds of his achievements, she was back to sulking again.

"His birthday is tomorrow. It was announced on TV how the Mckenzie's were throwing him this big party in New York – at the Four Seasons. You'll definitely find him there. No second-guessing," Kaleb added.

It made Kate think deeply. However, it took moments before she followed her brother's advice.

"You are right! Kaleb." Kate only gave her brother one glance before she chased the car she drove into. Then, she turned to Kaleb and revealed her sudden decision. "Tell our brother boss; I want to take a leave from work! I'll go see Carlos!"

From standing in front of the company to gawking at Carlos Ronaldo, Kate hurriedly went to the airport and took the first flight out to the big apple, flying in business class.

While in the air, Kate thought about her previous efforts to connect with Carlos. They were all a fail. Carlos appeared to have changed his number.

Kate tried sending Carlos messages on social media, but she only got one reply from him, and even that, came weeks too late. Nine years ago, Carlos said to her on messenger, "Kate, I need to chase my dreams, even if it means leaving."

No, there was no explanation whatsoever. Carlos' social media became inactive after her hundred replies. The following report that reached Kate came two years after, when Carlos was already joining the professional tour.

When Carlos played the Grand Slam for the first time, she attended two of his games. She wasn't expecting to get an explanation from him. Kate simply wanted to see him.

During the second instance of watching him play for the US Open, she brought Kaleb with her.

She met with Carlos when she purposely lost her way to the ladies' room. She wound up sneaking into the locker rooms. Kate perfectly remembered the shocked expression on Carlos' look. Sadly, all she got from him was the direction to the restroom. Back then, he said, "Kate, you can't be here. Not now. Go back to Kaleb. Turn to the left and then right. You'll find the common restrooms."

Now that Kate thought about it, she had always wondered how he knew she came with Kaleb.

Nonetheless, that was Kate's last attempt to seek Carlos. Her pride got in the way, and ever since, she was just one of the million people who secretly cheered for him as he rose to the top ranks of professional tennis players.

Heartbeats later, Kate made it past the tight security of the Four Seasons Hotel. Her elegant looks gave her an easy pass. She packed lightly for that trip, bringing her most glistening golden gown to show off her stature. Kate was, after all, an heiress to the Wright Diamond Corporation, one of the biggest companies in the country. She could not be seen dressing down during such a significant event.

Kate did not have to ask where the main affair was going to be. Instead, her eyes followed the celebrities, and she graciously paraded with them.

Walking into the hotel was one thing, but entering the grand ballroom was another story. Kate tried to explain to the security how she had left her invitation, but it was of no use. They denied Kate entry until she noticed one security personnel received a phone call.

"Yes, ma'am. I understand," said the man in a black suit. He turned to Kate, saying, "I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, Miss Wright. We will escort you to your table."

Kate was taken aback. How was it that everything changed just like that? Still, she was happy about it. Certainly, she could at least see Carlos.

Kate was assigned to the near back. Unfortunately, it was too far from the stage that it was impossible to find Carlos.

Eventually, the program began, and since the Mckenzie's hosted the party, their gorgeous daughter, Hailey Mckenzie, took the stage and welcomed all the guests.

"Welcome, everybody. Thank you for coming to Carlos' birthday party. This person is so dear to me, someone close to my heart, and I am very proud of what he has achieved."

Hailey began, highlighting Carlos' triumphs over the years, and at the end of her speech, she said, "So let us welcome our birthday celebrant, Carlos Ronaldo."

Finally, it was the moment Kate had been waiting for. She felt a lump in her throat when she saw Carlos walking up the stage in his suit, his athletic face looking more handsome than the last she remembered.

Kate's eyes remained on Carlos, not wanting to lose him for a second. She intended to walk up to him after he greeted his visitors.

"Before Carlos takes the microphone," Hailey spoke. "We have a special announcement to make."

Kate saw as Carlos stood next to Hailey, his brows meeting. Everyone could see how they were whispering, but Hailey quickly spoke. "Oh, well. Actions speak louder than words, so here it goes-"

Hailey kissed Carlos outright on that same stage and in front of the guests. It encouraged hoots and applause. Everyone was cheering for them. All the people in the room seemed to be happy for them, except for Kate.

While Hailey's face flushed like a tomato, Kate's face paled like a ghost. While Hailey was giggling and smacking Carlos' arm, Kate's body was tensed in jealousy.

"We knew it!"

"You look good together!"

"Hailey and her family have supported Carlos through thick and thin! She is the best woman for Carlos!"

"Finally!"

"You deserve each other!"

The crowd's cheers repeatedly echoed in Kate's head, and being surrounded by the truth stung her eyes. "Why did I even come here? I feel so stupid!"

Kate stood up, wiping the tear that fell on her cheek, and left. She wound up chartering a flight back to Braeton. Returning home, the first thing she did was go to her room and open her diary.

She flipped through several pages where she had written her cries about Carlos, and finally, after reaching a blank page, she wrote:

[Dear Carlos,

I saw you today. It was the craziest thing I have ever done; to see a man who had forgotten me for nine years. I know it was my fault, but I never thought my punishment would be this heartbreaking.

How come you never gave me a chance? Did you not at least want to speak to me? I had hoped that one day you would come to see me and tell me everything, but that day never came.

Today, I am not writing to tell you about how my day went, or how I saw your last game, or how I saw you on TV. This will be different, and this will be the last that I will write in this journal.

I saw you were happy with Hailey. I saw you kiss a woman in public for the first time. I heard stories about the two of you, but seeing it firsthand made me realize that I had lost you forever.

It is time for me to close this diary permanently. You had long moved on, and I must move on, too.

Maybe in the next lifetime, Kate Wright will be with Carlos Ronaldo. I hope in the next lifetime, Kate Wright will not make the same mistakes that I did.

In my last entry, I will tell you the words I failed to show and let you know.

I LOVE YOU. I did not see it then and was wrong to have missed it. Sadly, I know how it is too late.

Finally, this is goodbye.

Love,

Kate]

Chapter 2: Mister Jade

“Hello,” Kate answered the call in her bedroom voice. Her eyes were still shut and puffed from all her crying last night. Her chest felt so heavy, and her heart seemed to be broken.

Kate was unwilling to get up that weekend. She had the craziest Friday, going to New York, hoping to speak to Carlos Ronaldo once and for all.

Sadly, her goal never materialized. She witnessed Carlos and Hailey Mckenzie briefly kissing on stage, and that was it for her. Her hopes were crushed altogether. Kate left without getting the answers she had longed to hear.

“Miss Wright, this is Frederick of JetSuite charter flights. Good noon. I am calling to make sure your flight went smoothly, and we were hoping that you could give us feedback on the service we provided you last night,” the man said on the other line. “We sent you a survey through the email.”

‘What? It’s noon already?’ Kate sat up and rubbed her eyes. Then, after clearing her throat, she weakly replied, “Yes, Frederick. All went well. Thank you very much for arranging the flight at the very last minute. And yes, I will give my feedback. You helped me so much last night.”

After fleeing The Four Seasons Hotel, New York, Kate remembered how she went straight to the airport, hoping to get a combined flight to Braeton, but there was none.

Luck would have it. Frederick, the ground manager for JetSuite, approached her, offering a charter flight. The more surprising thing was, he provided the service for half the price! She was fortunate. Regardless of how the elderly man found her and seemed to have understood her needs, she did not care. Last night, she badly wanted to get home, and fast. There was no safer place to cry it all out but in the four corners of her bedroom.

Frederick told her it was because her father, Ethan Wright, often availed their services, and that was how he quickly remembered her.

Truth be told, Kate recognized Frederick as well. She had recently traveled with her older brother on two business trips to New York. Kate was confident Frederick was the same man who received them on one occasion. Still, the warm welcome and the huge discount were unexpected.

“Thank you, Miss Wright,” said Frederick. “I will be expecting your email. And, of course, if you could put in a good word for us to your father and brother, that would be a great help for JetSuite.”

“Definitely, Frederick, and thank you for checking on me. It was very nice of you,” Kate admitted.

After the call, Kate groaned as she rested her back on the bed. She clenched her jaws at the picture of Carlos locking lips with Hailey. Then, she reminded herself, “Stop it, Kate. Stop it! You have already decided to give up.”

She took her bath and ate her late breakfast. When she was done, she opened her laptop and checked the charter flight company’s email survey. Before she went through the survey, she noticed an email from a company called CSK Apparel. The said email arrived in her inbox minutes before JetSuite’s survey request. Kate was curious about how the subject line suggested they had a job offer for her.

She read the email, "Dear Miss Wright. We saw your profile from Corporate.com, and your qualifications impressed us -"

"Oh, my god. I can't believe I still had my profile on there," Kate muttered, recalling how Corporate.com was an employment website The Wright Diamond Corporation had invested in. Everyone in the company was encouraged to enter their work profile just to bring traffic to the website, but Kate honestly thought she had already deleted her information.

Kate shrugged, saying, "Oh, well."

She took her time reviewing the company. The more she read about it, the more she became interested. Kate loved fashion, and she especially liked how CSK Apparel was a start-up company. It will bring in challenges, but most of all, it was open to many new ideas that she has so many to offer.

To her surprise, the said company had a very substantial financial backup. It occurred to her that the company had big dreams with big investors. Thus, she went ahead and responded to the job offer.

For the rest of the day, Kate decided to do some online shopping. It was her best bet to getting Carlos out of her head. She searched for new pieces of jadeite jewelry on auction and found one to her liking.

Kate was the third child in their family. Her older brother, Kyle, was the CEO of The Wright Diamond Corporation, the company belonging to their family and that of her father's forefathers. Her older sister, Kenzie, was in the UK. Kenzie married a London boy. Then, there was Kaleb, her twin brother.

Kenzie, her sister, was into diamonds. Kate, on the other hand, was into jades, both nephrites and jadeites. She was obsessed with collecting such pieces even when she was fifteen.

She was about to buy a pair of earrings when someone knocked on her door. "Kate, there is a delivery for you."

"Um. Okay, have the guards checked it?" She asked whoever was the maid behind the door.

"Yes, they are checking the package, but the item is inside a velvet box. They think it's jewelry," the maid replied.

Kate did not particularly recall if she had ordered anything recently, but she went down to receive her package.

In the living room, Kate gawked at the velvet box with a note that said, "I'm sorry." She wondered what that meant because, as far as she was concerned, no one had offended her in the last months.

She opened the box cautiously, and her eyes widened at the view of a pair of jadeite earrings, the same one that she bid for at an online auction site over a week ago. Kate's lips could not help but form into a circle. She exclaimed, "Oh, my god!"

Being a jade collector, Kate had all the tools needed to test the authenticity of such jewelry. Thus, after putting the pair of earrings to the test, she wore them proudly, flaunting her new jadeite jewelry at dinner.

"Oh, is that new?" Samantha Wright, a woman with golden hair, said. She had the same pair of blue eyes as Kate.

Kate smiled, answering, "Yes, mom, and it is a real jadeite."

"I'm happy for you, sweetie," said her mother.

"Did that come from your Mister Jade again?" Kate's father, Ethan Wright, walked in. He stood tall, authoritative as usual. His chin was up while his brown eyes were precisely studying the studs on her ears.

Kate smirked and replied, "There was no name on the card. It might be him." As she replied, Kate silently reflected, 'But then again, why would he say sorry?'

"Hmmm." Ethan pulled a chair in front of the table and said, "Well, usually, Mister Jade sends you these gifts on your birthday. But today is not your birthday."

Four years ago, Kate started receiving gifts from Mister Jade on birthdays. Mister Jade never missed greeting and gifting her a piece of valuable jade. May it be jewelry or a piece of handcraft. Unfortunately, her family never found out who Mister Jade was, nor did Kate's father put much effort into knowing his name. In Ethan's view, as long as the jades were harmless, he did not mind that his daughter was receiving admiration gifts.

It was expected. Kate was beautiful, after all. Even Kate's older sister had lots of gifts during her birthdays. Heck, even his sons received admiration gifts.

"It's a beautiful piece, Kate," Samantha remarked.

Kate could not help but smile from ear to ear. While she was heartbroken again because of the same man, she at least had a new pair of her favorite gemstone dangling over her ears.

"Whoever gave you those earrings... seem to know you well, Kate," her father suggested. "Do you want me to trace whoever this Jade Admirer is?"

“Why not?” Samantha suggested. “Who knows, he might actually be a nice person.”

Kate contemplated, but soon she nodded in agreement, saying, “Okay, dad. Why not? You would be able to find out who is... Mister Jade.”

Meanwhile, miles away, a man with striking features was walking onto the runway, ready to board his private jet. When he reached the foot of the aircraft’s boarding stairs, he turned to the ground manager and asked, “Did she get home safely?”

“I believe so, sir. She answered the email survey from her home,” the ground manager replied.

Getting on the plane, the same towering man received an update from his assistant, “She replied to the job offer, sir. She would like to know more.”

“And the kiss incident?” The man with grey eyes sought.

“All taken care of, sir,” his assistant said. “No word nor photo will leak to the public.”

“Good. The house?” The man asked.

“Paid for, sir. Renovations are on the way,” his assistant replied.

Looking distantly through the airport porthole, the same striking man faintly said, “Two more Grand Slam, Kate. Two more. It will all be over soon.”