

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 17

Chapter 17:

Justice Is

Coming “What a shocking game, everyone. Alexander Jenkins ran with all his strength, and you can see that in the replay, the way his face glowered while attempting to reach for that ball. His hopes of getting through the semi-finals at the French Open died in the quarterfinals,” said the sports commentator featured on television.

The French TV network repeatedly played Alexander's game, including the end, where Carlos appeared to have a heated exchange with his practice partner. Carlos and Alexander were seen cursing each other, screaming at the unforeseen defeat.

“Clearly, The Devil was upset. His good friend failed to prove himself when Alexander promised during the Australian Open that he would outperform himself during this competition,” the announcer said on TV.

Carlos and Alexander watched the replay from inside the hotel room, shared with the French detectives and police officers. The operation was in full swing, starting with Alexander's failure to win the match.

“They definitely bought it,” one detective said while monitoring the gambling sites. “We have identified three gambling sites where many had placed bets against Alexander.”

“At PointOneBet, over ten million dollars were placed,” the detective revealed. “FanSportsBet had five million suspicious bets against Mister Jenkins, and then Freebets had around ten million dollars.”

“We have already alerted the betting websites, and they have promised their cooperation. They will announce the wins without conducting an investigation. They will only delay the pay-outs.”

“Good,” Detective Bernard remarked. “Let's start running a trace. Identify those who placed the bets, find their addresses, connect with local authorities, and put all suspects under twenty-four-hour surveillance.”

“Team, this is it. The moment we have been waiting for. Our five-year sacrifices will finally bear fruits!”

Bernard turned to Alexander and Carlos, saying, “It won't be long now, gentlemen, and you will be free from this operation.” He fixed his eyes on Carlos and suggested, “Mister Ronaldo, justice is coming for your father's death.” Carlos

acknowledged. His jaws clenched as he echoed the detective's words, "Justice for my father."

Over the next few days, Carlos and Alexander followed a strict routine. They went to the tennis complex for Carlos' games while sometimes practicing, and then they returned to the hotel again. The only instances where they socialized were during tennis gatherings hosted by the French Open organizers. As a safety measure, their rooms repeatedly were swept for potential hidden cameras and recorders, including their daily clothing and bags. In between, they received call instructions from the Bonnet gang, reminding them about the

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biggest match—fixing scheme that was about to take place in the history of tennis.

Both players kept away from their mobiles at that point. This was also true with their personal security team and Carlos' assistant. They were explicitly instructed to detach themselves temporarily from their families and friends until the covert operation was over. It was a struggle for Carlos and Alexander, but their only consolation was knowing it would all end soon.

A day before the semifinals, Carlos lay in his bed, thinking only of Kate. He softly muttered, "One more week to go."

French Open Semifinals: Ronaldo Versus Mutet.

The same identified gambling sites were receiving stakes, but while the average betters were banking on Carlos to win, the wager for him to lose was slowly climbing in millions of dollars.

At the stadium where Carlos was currently playing, the crowd was cheering, and heads were snapping from one direction to the other, their eyes constantly following the tennis ball. "Love, fifteen," the umpire, or that day's referee, announced after Carlos won a point. "Advantage, Ronaldo."

The Devil was in the lead for the match, Ronaldo versus Mutet, having already won his first two sets. They were now playing the third set with Mutet, serving the balls.

Carlos was in his ready stance from the opposite side of the court, anticipating where the ball would land. His opponent, Mutet, ranked number five in the world and was putting up a good fight.

The crowd was cheering Carlos on, expecting his win. However, one person in the VIP seats was smiling from ear to ear, awaiting Carlos to rig his own game. Hugo Bonet met Carlos' eyes and nodded at The Devil. It was Carlos' cue to begin losing points.

"Bets against Mister Ronaldo have now reached thirty million dollars, and it's still soaring," Carlos heard from his earpiece. A smirk could not help but escape his lips, knowing that Hugo would lose so much money.

Mutet served the ball, and Carlos ran to the other side of the court. He volleyed it back, but when Mutet hit the tennis ball, Carlos threw it against the net. Mutet earned a point.

"Fifteen all," the referee announced, suggesting a tie.

In the next serve, it was the same. Carlos failed to hit the ball correctly, and his supporters started complaining. "What's wrong with The Devil?" "Get your head in the game, Ronaldo?" "You are not kissing your fucking pendant!" It was true. Carlos had refused to kiss his compartment pendant, for he was losing the game on purpose. With his followers noticing, he was forced to act on it, but he only pretended to kiss his pendant. Holding it with his fist, he pecked his hand instead of his lucky charm. On the succeeding serves, Carlos failed to return the ball properly again, and Mutet won the

Chapter ? Justice Is Coming

third set.

A player needed to win four points to win a game and three sets to win the match. Now that Mutet had won one set, The Devil was ready to make Hugo angry.

Mutet and Carlos switched courts. It was Carlos' turn to serve the ball, and he did his first with his usual devilish serve. He easily won a point, but that was also part of Hugo's plans. Carlos' patrons started believing The Devil was back to his old self. However, after two more serves, Carlos lost his points. Mutet led by three points, a total score of thirty-five in the third set.

"All bets are in now," Carlos heard from his earpiece. Bernard was updating him on what was going on with the gambling sites. "Mister Hugo Bonnet is about to lose sixty million dollars. Go for it, Mister Ronaldo. Show him who is the real devil!"

From Carlos' baseline, he smirked. He said back in a whisper, "Roger that."

Carlos turned to find Hugo, and he nodded at the gang leader as if assuring him. He positioned himself, ready to toss the b

all up in the air. He channeled all his energy into his right hand, and he grunted as he hit the ball with full force.

“Wow!”

The Devil did it again!”

“Oh, my god!” Carlos hit the ball with an average speed of 150 mph! His opponent missed it completely, barely noticing how the ball went past him. The crowd hollered, and many claimed how The Devil was back

On his next serve, Mutet was able to hit the ball, but Carlos swung his famous and capable backhand, throwing his opponent off course. The ball landed in Mutet’s service area, and Carlos won the point again. From the corner of Carlos’ eye, he saw Hugo stand up. He was glaring at him, his face turning bright red in frustration. Hugo purposely gave him a “slit in the throat” sign as a warning, but Carlos ignored it.

On his last serve, a consistent ball volley occurred between the two players, but like the last, Carlos went all in with his unrelenting backhand stroke, making Mutet miss the ball! “Game! Ronaldo!” the referee announced.

In the end, Mutet did not match Carlos’ Ronaldo, The Devil, in court. It was Carlos who advanced to the finals, satisfying the hearts of the French audience. Still on the tennis court, Carlos was taking deep breaths. He repeatedly raised his racket, encouraging his fans to call his name.

“Devil!”

“Devil!”

“Devil!”

However, despite the loud roars around him, the detective’s warning was deafening in Carlos’ ears. Bernard said to him, “Get ready, Carlos. Go straight to the locker room. Wear a

bulletproof vest and leave with the security team.” “Follow the protocol. Don’t wander off. Stay safe.” Carlos gulped. His heart started to race.