

## The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 18

### Chapter 18: Taken

"This is a custom-made hat, made of bulletproof material. So it will be a little heavy and uncomfortable," the police officer said, all while helping Carlos and Alexander with their clothes. Carlos had come to know this man as officer Laurent.

While detective Bernard led the operation, watching everything from the van across the complex, officer Laurent was in charge of keeping Carlos and Alexander safe.

"I don't care if I have to carry the entire world over my head," Alexander remarked. "Give me that hat."

"Officer Laurent, we are ready," another man in uniform named Samuel, announced.

"We are almost done here," Mister Laurent said back.

Taking a deep breath, Carlos looked at himself in the mirror. Lines on his face offset his usual attractive look. Worry had kicked in, and he could not help but pray to the heavens, wishing everything would go according to the authorities' plans.

Aside from the vest, his overalls were also made of bulletproof materials. Everything that he had on him added to his weight and made him look bulky. He covered his ear with one hand, hoping to get a clear response from detective Bernard. Carlos asked, "What's the status within the complex?"

"Mister Ronaldo, be at ease. We have eyes in the sky and eyes on the ground. Hugo's men appear ready to strike the moment you step outside the complex. Even the hotel we are staying at is already compromised, but that was already expected. You will leave the complex exactly how we planned it. Ready?" The detective said.

"I understand," Carlos said. He turned to Alexander and said, "Let's go. Let's get ready."

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Outside the locker rooms of Roland Garros complex, the other tennis players were alarmed at how they were not allowed to enter. A commotion erupted, but it soon died down when the security team of Carlos Ronaldo and Alexander Jenkins cleared the exit for the two-star athletes.

What surprised the other tennis players was that Carlos and Alexander seemed to have more bodyguards than usual, and they were all suited up with bulletproof vests beneath their coats.

“Hey, Carlos, my man!” One other tennis player greeted, but much to his dismay, one of the bodyguards warded him off.

“Sorry, Mister Ronaldo will not be entertaining anyone for now,” said a tall man, leading the security team. It was Samuel, the police officer undercover.

“Carlos! Carlos!” The tennis player insisted, but soon he stopped when Carlos waved at him. He could not see his face, but Carlos’ features were enough to give recognition, a sense of familiarity.

The other players also received a not-so-friendly form of acknowledgment from both

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Alexander and Carlos, all while leaving the locker rooms and walking through the complex, The two athletes merely waved their hands or gave nods. When Carlos and Alexander reached the complex’s exit, their rides were already waiting for them. Unlike in the past, when only one vehicle was there to fetch them, two black SUVs followed each other, driving through the streets of Paris. Carlos and Alexander were in the first vehicle.

It did not take long for a blue van with a black tint to tail on them. Two other motorcycles seemed to drive side by side in each SUV.

The van started to speed up, taking over the second SUV. It appeared to the police officers that the van was trying to split up the SUVs. To secure the tennis players, the first SUV sped up and exited into a freeway, but in doing so, the van separated them from the other bodyguards.

Using a radio, officer Samuel reported from inside the first SUV, all while looking back, “I hear shots fired. Send back up now.” He turned to Carlos and Alexander, saying, “Get ready. They are coming for us.”

Officer Samuel’s eyes followed the motorcycle and saw how the same rider was taking out a gun. However, that did not concern him. The SUV was bulletproof. It would take several shots before the vehicle would be penetrated.

Bang! Bang!

The motorcycle driver fired shots. They could not hear him from the inside, but they read his lips as he mouthed, “Pull over! Pull over!”

The chase was on!

The first SUV was going at it at high speed. Reaching a crossing, a white Lexus pursued them. The passengers on the said vehicle clearly belong to the Bonnet gang. Their windows were rolled down, each of them carrying a gun and demanding that the SUV pull over.

One motorcycle persistently trailed behind. The Lexus drove next to the black SUV, working to force them into the side. The gang did not care for their vehicle's condition, merely slamming the car's bodies against the running SUV.

They were almost near the freeway's exit when the SUV was pushed to the side of the road, breaking the street barriers in the process. With tires blowing up, their vehicle could not move against the dirt. The SUV where Carlos and Alexander rode in was forced to a stop and the three police officers, who were posing as bodyguards, stepped out, their guns pointing at the arriving gang members.

From the Bonnet gang's view, they saw how the bodyguards were ready to open fire at them, but behind the SUV, they also saw Carlos and Alexander running towards the highway exit. They could identify them based on the clothes they wore. The bodyguards wore complete black suits, whereas the tennis players wore sporty jackets and pants. Moreover, Carlos and Alexander were significantly taller. Thus, even if they wore hats and were covered up in bulletproof clothes, the gang members could still identify them apart. "We can't let them reach the exit," said the gang member who was driving the Lexus. He

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Il Audio probably wants to get back his money through the

Two men strolled of the little people with the motorcycle driver, the gang, members took went the wall and then the security guards. They hoped it was enough to how the

back away from Carlos and Alexander

Meanwhile, the men proceeded in the direction of the tennis players. Upon reaching Carlos and Alexander, the two remaining gang members in the car pointed guns at the athletes, demanding, "Get in the car now!"

Nothing could be heard coming from the nearby exit, and they knew authorities were close by.

with the tennis

players in their grasp, the gang, members forced them into the car with no delay. They s

ped off in another direction, running away from the police. As they drove away, the driver of the Lexus laughed, saying, "I've always wanted to meet the great Carlos Ronaldo, I did not think I'd meet him and deliver him to his death!"

"Drive faster! We need to lose the police!" The man named Paul ordered,

More than an hour passed,

Hugo Bonnet was enraged. He was walking in the halls of his biggest hideout, eager to send Carlos and Alexander to their deaths. Hugo wanted to do it with his own hands. That was how exasperated he was.

First things first, Hugo needed Carlos to transfer a hundred million dollars to his bank account. He wanted to get his money back, one way or another.

As for Carlos' practice partner? Alexander may have followed through on making him win the bets, but Hugo concluded they were friends. Alexander was equally responsible for Carlos' actions.

"This way, sir," said a man named Adam,

As they walked, Hugo asked for a damage report. "What happened to Pedro and his team, Adam?"

"Many of them were arrested, sir. There are two deaths reported. Pedro's team successfully divided Carlos' security personnel, but as a result, they were caught in a crossfire. The police arrived soon, surrounding them quickly," Adam described.

"Henri is in critical condition. He was admitted to the hospital."

"Make sure that he does not live to say a word! Have someone kill him!" Hugo ordered, his teeth gritting, while he was at it.

"Our old hideout, the mansion on the east border, was found out, sir. Sebastian, the other *motorist*, managed to escape, but he did not realize how he was being followed. The entire

place is being searched now by the police."

"Stupid! stupid!" Hugo cursed, "Reach out to our lawyers. Have Pedro's team released at once. They cannot, and I repeat, they cannot stay in the police station for long. The longer they are there, the more they are inclined to talk!"

"Yes, sir," said the man,

“And what about Paul and his team? How sure are you they weren’t followed?” Hugo asked.

“Sir, three of Paul’s team were shot in another encounter with the police. We don’t know the details yet if any of them survived. Only Paul and Rodrigo came here with Carlos and Alexander,” Adam revealed.

“Paul avoided the police by abandoning the Lexus in the West Side parking. We have our cars on standby there. He did an exchange with the help of our men. That was how he managed to bring Carlos and Alexander here.”

“And you are sure they weren’t followed?” Hugo sought. “Mind you. This is our last hide out! We cannot be found out!”

“Sir, it’s been more than an hour. I would not have called you if I suspect any of the authorities coming our way,” Adam replied.

A low growl left Hugo’s lips. He said, “Very well.”

Arriving at the door where Carlos and Alexander were held, Hugo took a deep breath. His hands formed into fists, ready to punch the hell out of one, Carlos Ronaldo. He walked in, screaming, “Fuck! How dare you screw me with my money! You want to die so badly?” Hugo marched with heavy steps to where Carlos was tied to the chair. He grabbed the man’s dark hair and raised his head for Hugo to see. He declared, “I am going to take everything that you own and beat the shit out of –”

The gang leader choked on his words, looking at Carlos’ face. Immediately, his skin crawled. Discomfort filled Hugo’s chest, realizing he was staring straight into a man’s brown eyes.

“No.”