

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 20

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waking News The trenchpen han been temporarily put on hold The Association of Tvants Professionals announced that they have finally named the mastermind of the sport's match fixing syndicate that a rom the North American were apprehendeel, and it was determined connected with the biggest prime mover of the game gambling, wheme, France's

The Honnel Gang." The INC Media reported during their afternoon news update, " tails of how they were able to pin down the mastermind have yet *to be revealed*, but *all we* know is that somehow, Carlos Ronaldo, The Devil in court, was *in on* this *According* to the authorities, Carlos Ronalilo and Alexander Jonkin have aided in pointing the 'Tennis Association in the right direction, leading to the official arrest of the yang leader, Hugo

From CSK Apparel, Kate and some employees at the company were watching the *news from* the pantry. She was happy knowing that everything had finally come to light. However, she was worried sick about Carlos While her father confirmed how he was safe, Kate *could not* help but feel anxious, especially since it had already been three weeks since they last spoke.

Kate waited for the newscaster to give info about Carlos, but the added information was only given towards the end of the news report,

"This is just in from the French Police. It would seem like Carlos Ronaldo and Alexander Jenkins were wounded while trying to flee from the Bonnet Gang's pursuit. They are said to be admitted to the most secured hospital in Paris, Saint John Hospital."

"Sadly, no one is allowed to see our famous tennis superstar, but according to authorities, The Devil is recuperating well." 'Wait, but dad's informant said Carlos was fine. What's going on?' Kate asked in her head, her chest congesting at the thought of Carlos being hurt.

Her co-workers at the company also expressed their concerns.

"Oh, my god. What happened to Mister Ronaldo and Mister Jenkins?"

"I hope they are doing fine."

"I read about the chase that went on. There was a crossfire between the police and the gang members."

"In the open?"

“Yes, in the open. That was probably how they got hurt!”

Kate hated it. She hated being continents away and not seeing Carlos. ‘What if he was badly wounded? What if no one was attending to him as a real family would?’ It did not help that the following report on TV aired Hailey Mckenzie crying and claiming to fly to Paris. Hailey suggested how she meant to care for Carlos. Kate thought, ‘What right does she have to care for Carlos?’

A sneer formed on Kate’s face. The thought of Hailey holding Carlos’ hand while he was in the

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hospital bed made her blood boil. When she returned to her office, she called their usual family travel arranger. On the phone, she said, “I need a flight to Paris for tomorrow. The earliest flight possible. Business class.”

“Yes, Miss Wright. I will update you in an hour,” the woman said on the other line.

“Since the Bonnet gang has been arrested. It’s probably safe for me to see him, right?” She asked herself. “I mean, if Hailey thinks it safe, it must be already safe. Right?”

2:00 AM at the old Wright Mansion.

Kate already had her luggage in her hand. Since she had worked on *Monday*, she only packed a few sets of clothes. All she wanted was to see Carlos well. Then, when she was confident that he was in good condition, she would return to Braeton the next day.

Walking down their winding staircase, Kate carried her heels, too. She did not want to alert her father, knowing Ethan Wright would not like the idea of her leaving.

The lights were off in the living room, and she had to wait a few seconds before her eyes adjusted to the dark. When she could see the clear path to the foyer, Kate paced forward.

The view of the door’s hallway was becoming more evident to her, and just when she was optimistic about being able to leave without alerting her parents, the lights in the living room turned on.

“And where do you think you are going?” Kate heard her father’s stern voice. She turned to the large sofa and found her father, Ethan Wright, narrowing his eyes at her. “Can you explain to me what you are doing, going out at dawn?” “Um.” Kate pursed her lips. Her heart raced, knowing that she got caught. “I was thinking of going for an early

shopping?" "Give me your bag," Ethan demanded, his hand pointing to Kate's handbag. "Dad, I'm old enough –"

"I thought I told you it is not safe for you to go to Paris," Ethan reminded. "What? Do you think I would not know?"

Kate rolled her eyes. Now, she regretted calling the family travel agent. She reasoned, "But, dad. Earlier, it was reported how Carlos is in the hospital, and I am really worried -" "Kate, it's fake news," Ethan revealed. "I told you then, and I will tell you again. Carlos is safe. The news is meant to mislead any remaining gang members that may have escaped during the arrest or were not present at the time of the arrest."

"It's another bait that they had set up," Ethan added.

Kate stilled while staring at her father. She realized how that made sense, too. She clarified, "Dad, are you – are you certain?" "Of course, sweetheart," Ethan replied. "Come here." When Kate sat next to Ethan, he embraced her from the side, saying, "I promise you, Carlos is fine. Remember, I had requested soldiers to follow him around, and they confirmed that the

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French Police did a good job keeping Carlos and Alexander Jenkins safe. It was a full-proof operation, and they were commendable for their planning,"

"My people barely had anything to do except be on the second lookout." A sigh of relief escaped Kate's lips. She said, "Thank goodness... J – I wish I could tell him how worried I am for his safety -."

"You can tell him yourself... later," Ethan suggested, and as soon as he hinted, Kate's eyes widened at him.

"What – what are you saying, dad?" Kate sought.

A smirk formed on Ethan's face. He said, "I'm saying you need to return to *your room*. Get some sleep, and by the time Carlos returns, you can tell him anything you want."

Peering in the staircase direction, Ethan ordered, "Go on now. Go back to your room."

"When will he be back? Tomorrow? In a few days? A week?" Kate asked, wondering if her father's contacts had any idea.

"All I can promise you is that when he returns to the country, I will deliver him to you, my daughter," Ethan said with a wink. "Now go back to your room and get some sleep." Kate groaned. She pouted her lips as she walked back up to her room, carrying her luggage and her shoes.

She put on her sleeping nightgown and dozed off to bed.,

In the wee hours, it poured, and the loud thunder made Kate shiver in her sleep. When she was younger, resounding thunders used to make her cry. It was thanks to one stormy night when lightning struck a tree branch and broke the glass window of her room. Kate was only eight years old then, which gave her the scare of her life. Since then, every thundering night, she spent it with her parents or sometimes with her older sister, Kenzie.

Kate only outgrew her discomfort at hearing loud thunder when she was in high school. Still, it jerked her awake in the past.

*** FLASHBACK: Eleven Years Back ***

A loud thunder sent shivers down Kate's spine. She awoke from her sleep and rubbed her arms with her hands, feeling the goosebumps on her skin.

Kate got up and make sure her thick curtains covered her balcony window. She tried to get some sleep again, but it was of no use. The thunder no longer scared her, but it still kept her awake when it roared so loudly. At sixteen years old, she felt ashamed of the idea of sleeping next to her parents. Thus, she went straight to Kenzie's room, but sadly, her older sister locked the door. She tried to wake Kenzie up by knocking repeatedly, but it was of no use. When she went to knock on Kaleb's room, her twin brother told him, "What are you? Ten? Go

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back to sleep, Kate. It's just thunder."

Kaleb only offered her a sleep-well prayer, but other than that, she was on her own. She would not dare go ask her older brother, Kyle, either. All the more, she would receive a scolding. Thus, she sought help from her best friend, Carlos. Kate knocked on Carlos' room, and when he opened the door, she revealed, "I can't sleep." Carlos's eyes thinned. His hair was completely disheveled, having woken up in the middle of the night. He ran his fingers through his hair and sighed, saying, "Okay, I'll watch you sleep." He put his arm around Kate and walked her back to her room. He said, "Go back to sleep. I'll be here."

Carlos merely pulled one of Kate's sofa seats next to her bed, and he rested there with his feet up on her sheets.

"You are going to sleep like that?" Kate asked, watching him from her bed. "Mmmm." He acknowledged. "Us boys, we sleep in any kind of position. Don't worry about me.

Get some sleep, Kate.” A smile crept on Kate’s face. She said, “Thanks, Carlos.”
“Anything for you, Kate.”

*** BACK TO THE PRESENT ***

It was an unusual thundery occasion. Since Carlos left, Kate would always have at least half an hour of being awake, just listening to the rain and thunder hushing down. She was hugging her pillow tight, her leg around one. However, when she noticed the strange solidness of her soft pillows, her eyes fluttered open. Her mouth fell open as she gasped at the view of a man.... she had longed to see.

Carlos. ‘Oh, my god! My cupids are working hard!’