

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 31

Chapter 31:

Creation of Sheer Kingly Apparel? Kate flinched, feeling the sunlight seep through the glass window of Carlos' room. When she opened her eyes, she realized how the curtains were slightly open. She concluded how Carlos must have gotten up in the wee hours because he already had the necklace around his neck. Before they made love last night, he had taken it off.

Kate looked up at his sleeping frame. She smiled mesmerizing at his handsome face. Slowly, she climbed higher on his bare chest to study his features. She had to admit it; maturity did Carlos well. The way part of his cheeks has sunken just a little, highlighting his chiseled jaws and adding to his charisma.

She closed the gap between them and pecked on his cheeks. When Carlos merely hummed, clearly still fast asleep, her eyes landed on the compartment pendant.

Kate squinted, studying the details of the same pendant. Her hand slowly held the pendant, carefully assessing how she would open it. When she finally assumed how it could be opened, she adjusted her position, allowing both her hands to be free.

When she was holding the pendant with both hands, Carlos snatched the pendant from her. She turned to him, and a pair of grey eyes looked straight at her. He said, "Don't open it, Kate."

Kate pouted her lips and suggested, "I have a feeling I know what's inside that compartment pendant."

Carlos laughed and said, "Do you know?"

"What is it?" Kate asked. "Is that for me?"

"Tell me," she insisted. "I have an inkling. This is for me, too."

"You are getting spoiled, but I don't mind spoiling my Kate," Carlos answered. He kept laughing at her as he rolled to his left side, forcing her to lie on the bed. He then pulled her closer to him that they were skin to skin under the blanket. In his sexy bedroom voice, he claimed, "If I tell you, you'd have to marry me."

"That idea doesn't sound so bad," Kate replied, her face flushing as the words left her lips.

Just when she thought he would finally reveal what was inside the pendant, Carlos chuckled again. He pecked on her forehead and declared, "it's not yet the time." "But when is the time?" Kate asked. Instead of answering, Carlos leaned down and put a

hand behind her neck, his lips seizing hers. He kissed her gently, encouraging moans from both of them. After savoring her lips fully, he pulled away, saying, "Last night was the best night of my life... I love you so much, iny Kate. If I had nothing to do, I would gladly lie here next to you and just... make love to you the whole day."

The thought of them doing the deed the entire day made Kate blush. But then, just as he said those words, she was remiuded of how she had a job!

"Oh, my god! Kafe exclaimed, jerking up on the bed. "What time is it?" She checked her phone, and when she saw the time, she screamed, "I am late! Carlos! It's eight in the morniug!"

She uncovered herself, ready to get off the bed when Carlos pulled her next to him. He said, " Relax, will you? You are excused from work today and tomorrow." "But I did not call Arman or Catrina to inform them that."

"Relax." Carlos laughed again. He was at it so hard that water welled in his eyes. "Kate, you could take a leave without telling Arman, and you would still have a place in the company."

Kate frowned and countered, "Why? Nobody knows I'm your girlfriend." He cleared his throat and replied, "Trust me, you won't get fired. Why don't you call Arman and tell him?"

Because Carlos suggested it, she called Arman and told her of her sudden decision to take a break in the next two days. On the phone, Arman answered, "This is noted, Miss Wright. Please appoint someone from your team to follow up on any pending tasks."

"I will, Arman," kate replied. She then frowned and asked, "You are not disappointed?"

"You did your part in contacting me, Miss Wright. There is no problem with your absence," Arman answered calmly.

Kate realized how the HR director had always been so welcoming toward her. She decided to test Arman by suggesting, "What if I still can't report on Wednesday?"

"Then you simply appoint one of your staff to be an OCI," Arman suggested.

"What if I won't show up for work the entire week?" Kate tested the waters.

"That's understandable, Miss Wright. I'm sure you will do the necessary delegation to ensure that work goes on for the marketing team," Arman responded.

"Do you know the reason why I will not work? It's because my boyfriend is in town, and I want to snuggle," kate said, and behind her, Carlos laughed thoroughly.

She heard Arman clear his throat, and he answered, "This is noted, Miss Wright. Don't forget to delegate your job to your team. Enjoy your time with the bo- um... I mean, your boyfriend."

When Kate ended the call with Arman, she turned to Carlos with narrowed eyes. She rested her arms and chin on his sculpted chest and asked, "Carlos, what does... CSK Apparel mean?"

Carlos chuckled again, and that gave Kate the confidence she needed. Surely, SK meant her name, Sarah Kate, right? She was definitely going to hate him if it was Savannah Knight!

"Tell me!" Kate demanded, smacking his chest. "Tell me now!"

Carlos sat on up bed, and after clearing his throat, he smirked and answered, "CSK Apparel means Creation of Sheer Kingly Apparel." After his answer, a sly grin formed on his face.

Kate fumed in irritation as she asked, "Why would you name your company as Creation of Sheer Kingly Apparel? Come on, Carlos!"

"If you don't tell me the truth, then I will report to work and leave you here with your naked ass," Kate warned, crossing her arms against her bare chest.

Carlos was still amused at Kate's reaction, but after seeing her being upset. He pinched her cheek and said, "CSK Apparel." He put his hand over his chest and admitted, "Means Carlos and Sarah Kate."

"One of my ambitions is to give you your dreams." He moved closer to Kate and pecked on her lips, saying, "You are everything to me, and your dreams are mine, too." Hearing his reply, warmth spread through her heart, and she responded by caressing his bearded jaws. Kate felt teary-eyed as she said, "Wow, Carlos. I'm so glad I have you. I love you. Thank you for always thinking of me. Thank you for coming back for me." Carlos' admission earned him a fervent kiss. They were at it again, making out that early morning while utterly naked in bed. Their hands senselessly touched each other, inflaming their desires once more.

They rolled from side to side, their heads swaying as their tongues became intertwined. As a result of their early morning kiss, Carlos was rock hard again, and Kate quickly noticed. With that, Kate pushed Carlos to lie on his back, and she climbed on top of him.

Carlos hissed, seeing Kate's naked frame, her legs spread apart on top of his groin area. Since it was morning, he had a good view of her face, chest, slender waist, and bare peach.

Kate swayed her hips, rubbing her slit against his length. She soaked his member with her wetness before finally lifting her hips up. Carlos helped hold his member up, guiding it to Kate's entrance.

As Kate lowered herself into Carlos, he moaned with the satisfaction of watching his erection get buried inside her.

Carlos and Kate made love again that morning, with Kate taking the lead. She rocked his world until they both orgasmed.

The couple lay in bed when they were done, panting from their second round of love-making. Carlos was still elated at being intimate with the love of his life. He announced, "I love it when you are on top." Kate giggled. She turned to him and kissed his cheek. She proposed, "That was an award for telling me what CSK means." Her fingers make a walk to his necklace, and she played with the pendant, saying, "I can be on top always if you tell me... What's inside here." Carlos laughed again. His grey eyes gleamed as he suggested, "Tell you what, I'll tell you something else." "What?" Kate asked, narrowing her eyes at him. "You are... the third shareholder of CSK Apparel, my girlfriend," Carlos revealed, his smile reaching his ears.

Kate smiled back. While she figured that out from the earlier conversation with Arman, she reached for his length and recognized his erection. She asked, "Tell me more." With a sly grin, Carlos demanded, "Reward first."

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Chapter 32:

Perfect Is Being With You Kate was going through her bag, deciding on what to wear for their late brunch. Yes, they skipped breakfast altogether, since she and Carlos went for their third round, making love in bed. After which, they dozed off, exhausted from their morning exercise. When they awoke, it was already past noon.

Carlos was already downstairs, checking the kitchen when Kate took her long bath. "This one or this one?" She asked herself, choosing between a crop top blouse paired with denim shorts and a casual dress. However, just as she was contemplating, her eyes wandered to Carlos' closet. A smile formed on her face, saying, "I know what to pair with my shorts."

In the living room, Carlos had his hands folded against his chest, his forehead creased. He huffed, watching the news on TV. Hailey Mckenzie was being interviewed by F9 TV, a French TV network. She was crying as if deprived of something that belonged to her.

“They won’t let me see Carlos, my boyfriend. Where is the justice in that? It had been over a month since we last saw each other. The French police have gone too far!” These were the words coming from Hailey that made Carlos and Oliver, shake their heads. “She is going to get herself into trouble,” Oliver remarked. “Assuming there are still members of the bonnet gang out there.” “Maybe she deserves getting into trouble?” Carlos suggested, turning to his assistant. “Ah, sir. We don’t want to be responsible for her getting kidnapped because of her claimed relationship with you,” Oliver said while quoting with his fingers. Carlos sighed and said, “Then, announce on my social media how I am not in a relationship with Hailey. Send the French media my statement as well. Tell them Hailey and I are nothing more than acquaintances. Make sure you use the VPN router... Coordinate with the police if you have to.”

“Always, sir,” Oliver agreed. “And Miss Wright’s clothes will arrive later today.”

“Good,” Carlos acknowledged with a smile, knowing Kate didn’t have to bring her clothes during her future stay-overs. “And by the way, Sir. Our security team has received notice from police officer Baker that he would like to see you,” Oliver advised. “He said it was important.”

Officer Baker was the police officer who first approached Carlos about becoming an informant for the covert operation. He and officer Bernard of the French police worked together since the gang that manipulated the games were spread throughout some parts of Europe and North America.

“Do they still need me for anything?” Carlos asked. Oliver merely shrugged and said, “He said nothing of that sort, Sir. He implied it was good news and that he needed to give you something.” Carlos nodded and said, “Very well, but I don’t want my home to be compromised. Tell him I

will meet them in New York on Wednesday. Inform Alexander that I’ll be coming to see him as

well.”

Just as he and Oliver ended their discussion, Kate walked down the stairs, her long legs on display and her oversize shirt gave the impression that she had no shorts on. Seeing her, Carlos’ eyes gleamed. A playful grin formed on his athletic face. He caressed his bearded jaw and remarked, “You look beautiful.”

Kate made it to the foot of the staircase. She paced in Carlos’ direction with her arms automatically circling around his’ neck. She answered, “Do I look good?”

“You look best in my shirt,” Carlos declared. Not only was Kate wearing his shirt, but she was wearing one of his sports t-shirts, the kinds that he would wear in a match.

“What’s for brunch?” Kate asked, while looking at Carlos straight in the eye.

Carlos moved closer, pressing his lips against her ear, whispering, "You." Smacking his arm, Kate laughed. She complained, "I'm already hungry!" A chuckle left Carlos' lips, and he said under his breath, "Then you'll be dessert." The couple spent an hour having their meal. After which, Kate used Carlos' laptop to check her emails. Carlos, on the other hand, dealt with his sponsorship contracts and reviewed some documents of CSK apparel. Then, he worked out at his personal gym within the mansion. It was already late in the afternoon when the two had the chance to chat again. Inside Carlos' room, Kate sat on the carpet. She had her diary on her lap and the box of memories in front of her, ready to talk about the years when Carlos left. Sitting in front of her, Carlos gawked at the closed box. He asked, "So, what's inside?" Kate sucked in a breath and revealed, "These were my gifts for you during your birthdays." She pouted before clarifying, "At least for the first few years after you left." Hearing what was inside, Carlos gasped. He felt the pain of regret coming back to him, but at the same time, he was happy that Kate had thought of him in those years. Kate opened her journal, which dated back to the time of Carlos' nineteenth birthday. She read, "Dear Carlos, today was supposed to be a happy day. It's your birthday. We were supposed to spend it at the playground, eating our favorite ice cream, but that did not happen. It had been nineteen days since you left, and it's been harder to get up from bed ever since. I wished you were still here. I wish you did not leave."

"Still, today is a special day, so I give you this gift. You never wanted me to give you anything expensive. I tried to be practical with my gifts, so here it is. It's a charm bracelet, and I hoped that this would bring you good luck in your games." Kate fished inside her box and presented it to Carlos, saying, "The beads are still good, but I'll have to test the nylon thread."

"It's okay." Carlos accepted it, smiling at his gift. "I'll have Oliver change the nylon." He pecked it and said, "I'll wear it forever."

"It's not really an expensive piece -"

"It is... it is because you gave it to me," Carlos softly said. Kate looked down, smiling. Then she said, "Okay. Next."

Kate opened the pages, going back to Carlos' twentieth birthday, and read, "Dear Carlos. Here I am, still wondering where you are and what you are doing. Today is another special day. I-

Kate paused. Tears welled in her eyes at the recollection of that day, even if many years had passed. She sniffed her tears away, and her voice somewhat trembled as she read, "Today, I bought your favorite cake. While in my room, I blew the candle for you. I did not want mom and dad to know I was still thinking about you. I ate my slice of cake alone and left the rest for Kaleb. I thought about leaving you a slice, but you coming back was just probably wishful thinking on my part."

'Kate, I'm sorry,' Carlos said outright, for her journal entry stung his heart. He was about ready to hug her tight, his arms stretching out to her. "I'm sorry you went through this."

She struggled to hold back her tears, but Kate did her best. This part of her life was already in the past. She looked up at Carlos, saying, "I'm okay. Really, I'm fine." Returning to read her diary, Kate said, "You loved your parents, and I know you never wanted me to spend on my gifts for you, but this is important to me as it is important to you. I bought this gift months after you left. I hope you would come back so I could give it to you. My gift for you... is your mother's ruby ring." When Kate revealed the gift, Carlos paled. He stammered in his reply, "You – you have the ring?" Kate nodded and picked up the velvet box. She opened it and replied, "Yes, I have it." Carlos leaned down, studying the ring. He picked it up and scrutinize the engraving inside. He gasped, saying, "To Agnes with love, Manuel." "Kate, I cannot thank you enough." He moved next to Kate and embrace her tight. He pecked on her cheek, saying, "I thought I lost this forever." When he pulled away, he gaped at the ring, seemingly recalling the memories of his mother. He said, "She loved this ring."

"And it was important to you, so I repurchased it," Kate declared.

Kate could see how Carlos held back his tears. He took heavy breaths repeatedly until, finally; he clenched the ring in his fist. When he opened his palm, his eyes drifted to Kate. He said, "I want you to wear it." "What? Why?" Kate asked, as Carlos put the ring on her finger. "I know you will take care of it. Besides, it looks good on you," Carlos said. "Plus, it would have still been yours." Kate flushed. She felt tingles in her stomach when he suggested the ring would ultimately be passed on to her. After clearing her throat, she said, "Sounds like a proposal to me." Carlos laughed. He pinched her chin and said, "I have another ring in mind for that." "When?" Kate demanded. "Aaah..." Carlos groaned. He trapped Kate in his arms and repeatedly kissed her forehead and cheek. He said, "I just want... everything to be perfect." "But," Kate replied. She peeled off him and looked into his grey eyes, saying, "To me, perfect is simply... being with you."

Carlos rarely blushed, but Kate caught him completely off guard that he turned a shade darker. For Kate to have already loved him back, even before his return wasn't in his expectations. He puffed and said, "For that, you'll be greatly rewarded."

"Reward?" Kate asked, stunned by his suggestion. "What did you have in mind?"

The Devil smirked. His eyes followed her breasts down to her groin area, and only then did Kate recognize her soon reward. Her eyes lit up, and she announced, "I have three more gifts for you."

Carlos chuckled. He revealed, "The reward was for saying that perfect was being with me." Kate's eyes narrowed. Then, out of nowhere, she smirked. She said, "Perfect is being with you ... Perfect is being with you... Perfect is being with you." Laughter repeatedly left Carlos' lips. He wound up lying on the carpet while clutching his stomach. "Perfect is being with you. Perfect is being with you – You better be good for

it, Mister Ronaldo! I will collect!" Kate declared. "I've said it five times already." "Perfect is being with you!"

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Chapter 33: Back Home

"Thank you for returning my daughter," Ethan said while welcoming Carlos to the dining table.

"Although we don't mind if Kate stays with you until tomorrow. When are you leaving again, Carlos?" Samantha asked.

"I'm leaving tomorrow, aunt," Carlos revealed. "Kate will see me practice tomorrow morning, and I'll leave for New York in the afternoon."

"Will you be back?" Samantha asked.

"Yes, aunt. I will return after my New York trip, but I might not stay long. I still have to wait for instructions from the French Open organizers, but I am certain they will not delay the tournament for long. It can't clash with the Wimbledon finals," Carlos explained.

"Yes, and we still need you to win the French Open Cup," Ethan said before pointing Carlos and Kate to their seats.

Observing the frown on Kate's face, Ethan asked, "Why are you looking grumpy?"

"I'm not grumpy, dad. Pfft!" Kate denied it by faking a laugh. The truth was, Kate was disappointed that she did not get her reward from Carlos. Her father called while she and Carlos were making out. Ethan had invited Carlos for dinner. "Kate is not grumpy, uncle," Carlos suggested. He smiled at Kate, silently reminding her how her reward would be awarded upon his return from New York.

"Who is joining us?" Kate asked, seeing two more plates set on the table. Just as she asked, two familiar frames walked in, both in their Armani suit. It was Kate's older brother, Kyle, and twin brother, Kaleb. Kate's nephew, Liam, was being carried by his nanny. "Carlos!" Kaleb called. "Finally!" Kaleb first walked over to Carlos. They shook hands before Kaleb gave Carlos a manly hug. He said, "It's so good to see you, man." After Kaleb, Carlos walked up to Kyle and offered a hug. Kyle tapped on Carlos' back and whispered in his ear, "Let's talk later."

Like Ethan, Kyle had darker hair and intense brown eyes. He walked like a king and talked like one. Having been groomed to be the company's future CEO, Kate's brother had always had that imposing quality. "Where is Gaby?" Kate asked Kyle, referring to

her sister-in-law. "She said she'll meet Carlos next time. She is a little tired of taking care of Kenneth. You know how sensitive Kenneth is," Kyle replied while taking his seat.

Kate then explained to Carlos how her nephew, Kenneth, was born prematurely because of a premeditated accident. After taking Kenneth home, Gaby, Kyle's wife, was very hands-on in caring for her son.

"I'm sorry about what happened, Kyle. And... I'm sorry for missing your wedding," Carlos said. "But congratulations on having your own family and, of course, finding your wife."

Kyle nodded and answered, "Thank you. We have been through a lot, but the worst is over now." He smiled at Carlos and said, "You missed two weddings, by the way. You are going to have to make up for it."

"By giving Kate the grandest wedding of the century!" Samantha interrupted, and she chuckled at the end of her lines. With her hands in the air, her eyes looking up, she suggested, "I can see it now! It will be a live broadcast of The Devil's wedding to his childhood sweetheart"

"Mom! Mom, please!" Kate grumbled, and her two brothers laughed at their mother's assumptions. Carlos also chuckled, but he did not deny it either. As they were dining, Ethan noticed the bangle on Kate's wrist. He glanced at Carlos and asked, "Did you finally tell her?" His eyes returned to the jade bangle, hinting at Carlos.

"Ah, yes, uncle. I told her," Carlos nodded.

"And look. Kate is wearing Agnes' ring!" Samantha exclaimed. "Looks like the two of you have had a good talk." "We did, aunt. We talked it all out," Carlos confirmed with a smile. "Wait, dad. You knew?" Kate asked, referring to her father's earlier words. "You knew he was Mister Jade all along?"

"I said I would find out, and I did, but I no longer reported it to you since Carlos had returned. We talked about it. He said it was his job to tell you the truth," Ethan admitted.

The family spent the next two hours enjoying Samantha's home-cooked meals while covering the events Carlos had missed. Carlos learned about how Kaleb ended up being a single dad and how Kyle met his wife. They also chatted about the past, including the days when Carlos and Kate were younger "Kaleb is a frustrated tennis player," Kate remarked, recalling how her twin brother tried to match Carlos' tennis skill.

"Hey, I still have it!" Claimed Kaleb.

"You three," Kyle said, pointing to Kate, Kaleb, and Carlos. "You were always very noisy. Even before Carlos moved in with us, the three of you often disturbed me while I was studying."

Kaleb and Kate laughed their hearts out, recalling Kyle's seriousness about his books. On the other hand, Carlos tried to hold back his own amusement at the memory.

"The three of you were almost inseparable," Samantha remarked, referring to Kate, Kaleb, and Carlos. She smiled, leaning back in her seat, feeling emotional. "And it's so good to see the threr of you together." "It's good to see Carlos back," Kaleb said, raising a glass. "To Carlos, The Devil!" "To Carlos," Kyle said Fthat raised his glass, whoing. "To Carlos"

To Carles," katr sald

"To Caloy, who is finally back hunc," Sumantha Adited.

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After the long dinner, Kaleb, Kyle, and Carlos took their chat to the patio. They shared a bottle of wine while discussing the days before Carlos left. Kaleb was on the lookout, his head turning from side to side. When he was confident that Kate was nowhere near, he punched Carlos lightly on the shoulder and said, "What did I tell you, huh? Chasing your dream was a good idea. Not only did you become number one, but eventually, Kate realized her feelings for you."

With a sneer, Kaleb pointed out, "Although, I did not expect you to take so much time. I thought you'd be back after a year, and just keep playing!" He hissed and said, "I was... beginning to wonder if you would really come back."

Carlos fell silent. He sighed, saying, "One thing led to another, but nonetheless, I always meant to return. I'm glad I wasn't too late."

*** FLASHBACK: Days Before Their High School Year-End Dance. ***

"Hey, Carlos, I heard you have a match this weekend," Kaleb said, seeing Carlos walk down the staircase, looking upset. "What's up? Why do you look so agitated?" Carlos clenched his fist. He reluctantly replied, "Kate is not going with me to the dance. She is going with Tyler." "Arggh." Kaleb groaned. "I'm sorry, Carlos. I know how much you love Kate, but -" "But she only sees me as a friend," Carlos acknowledged. "I know. I've known that for a long time."

Carlos was about to run off to his room when Kaleb held his arm and said, "You should really go to the big leagues, Carlos. Chase your dreams. I know scouts have come for you. I have ears, you know. If you keep denying these chances because you want to be with Kate, you'll never be that ideal man in her eyes."

"It's possible that she already loves you, and she doesn't realize it yet, but will you really hold back your career for her? Maybe you should stop thinking about Kate and think about yourself for once." It was days after the talk with Kaleb that Carlos left. He never

told Kaleb of his decision. *** END OF FLASHBACK: Back to Present *** Carlos and Kaleb thought back to that period. After some time, Kaleb said, "Please don't tell Kate I encouraged you to leave. She is going to kill me."

Raking his fingers through his hair, Carlos answered, "Kaleb, you may have encouraged me to pursue tennis, but you did not tell me to cut off all contact. So, that's still on me. I was so hurt back then, thinking about Kate and Tyler, that I wasn't thinking straight, and then... it's like what I said. One thing led to another." "Thank you for taking care of Kate," Carlos said to both Kyle and Kaleb. "And thank you for driving her admirers away"

Kaleb laughed. He said, "It wasn't me, man. That was all Kyle."

Kyle scolded He drank a glass of wine and said, "I did not do anything. I just glared at Kate's malmulets whenever they come by the house, bringing gifts"

"You mean your death glare?" Kaleb clarified

"Yes, my death glare! If they could not stand my death glare, then they aren't good enough for my sister," Kyle suggested. He turned to Carlos and gave him his death glare, but Carlos just laughed. "See what I mean? My death glare doesn't scare Carlos at all." "What the hell, Kyle? Carlos is not afraid of your death glare because he knows you. What biased judgment is that? He is like a brother to us," Kaleb reasoned. "So, why did you scare off Kate's other admirers?"

Kyle glanced at Carlos, and seeing him nod, he revealed, "Because I believe in first love. I saw the way Carlos looked at Kate, and I knew, one day, he would return for her... Besides, Carlos and I saw each other during his early professional tour."

"You did what? You met each other?" Kaleb sought "Kyle, you have a bigger secret you kept from Kate."

Giving Kaleb his regard this time, Kyle responded, "We met by chance. My flight from the UK had taken a stop in Dubai. I saw Carlos walking out to the airport. We talked briefly. Back then, Carlos asked me to watch over Kate. He did not have to tell me. I saw it in his eyes... I knew he meant to return."

Silence stretched between them for a good minute. After taking it all in, Kaleb said first, "Well, what's important is that... Carlos is back."

They all drank to Kaleb's words and caught up with each other's lives for the rest of the evening It was later when Kyle asked Carlos, "So, um. Is that Mckenzie girl still bothering you? What's her name? Bailey? Or was it Ali? You are taking care of her, right?" Carlos and Kaleb became amused. Kaleb remarked, "Kyle and female names, man. They don't go hand in hand." "What do you mean?" Kyle asked. "I know female names!" "Yeah, what's the name of my ex?" Kaleb asked. "Which one? Ross or Fisa?"

Kyle asked with a frown. 1 “Who is your wife?” Kaleb challenged. “Gabrielle Taylor – Wright,” Kyle proudly answered. “My beautiful wife.”

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Chapter 34: Manuel’s Last Will?

Kate: (I miss you already) Reading Kate’s text made Carlos smile.

Carlos was in his New York penthouse, ready to leave for his meeting with Officer Baker. The other day, when he left, he gave Kate a secured phone, and the same gadget already had his new number saved.

Before taking the lift, he took the chance to send Kate a text back: (I miss you too. I’ll be back before you know it.)

The sound of the elevator doors opening caught his attention. His eyes landed on Lemuel, his head of his security. “Sir, this way,” Lemuel said, guiding him to the back entrance of his penthouse building

“Have you added bodyguards to follow Kate around?” Carlos asked.

Lemuel cleared his throat and replied, “Sir, um. Miss Wright has six soldiers following her around. She doesn’t even realize it. Plus the two we have commissioned from the security agency, she now has eight protectors.” “Good,” said Carlos. “Nothing is more important to me than Kate.”

“Understood, Sir,” Lemuel acknowledged.

Oliver was already inside the luxury vehicle when Carlos hopped in. They discussed his sponsorship contracts and identified which ones are ending and which ones to renew. Carlos was about to launch his own brand and had to ensure he did not clash with his sponsors. After all, they were his more significant income provider.

Aster an hour of driving through the city, Carlos arrived at his destination, The Police Headquarters. They went to the back entrance, as usual, and made their way to the private office of officer Baker. “Mister Ronaldo, please take a seat,” said the police officer, his hand referring to the chair in front of him.

“What was so urgent that you had to see me?” Carlos asked.

When officer baker sat back in his chair, he said, “First of all. We wanted to update you on our ongoing operation.”

"We found the last link to the Bonnet gang, which happens to be Hugo's illegitimate son. We captured one man who posed as a nurse at the hospital where we announced your admission back in France. He tried to inject something in Gabin's -"

"Is Gabin okay?" Carlos asked, referring to his police double. He knew that in most hours, Gabin was the one sleeping in the hospital bed, pretending to be him. "Yes, the IV was never inserted into him in the first place," Officer Baker replied. "So anyway, it was from that same man where we discovered another lead. As of now, we are collecting pieces of evidence to incriminate Hugo's son, Gulllaume Bonnet."

"So, for now, please have your security team with you. In fact, you will go back with two of our

best officers to post as part of your bodyguards," said Mister Baker. "Avoid contact with close friends and families, at least, avoid public meetings. It's our best bet of keeping your loved ones safe." Seeing the dismayed look on Carlos' face, officer Baker added, "I'm sorry, Mister Ronaldo, but you knew what you got yourself into, right? Besides, your sacrifices paid off. We not only caught Hugo Bonnet admitting he was responsible for your father's death, but we also found pieces of evidence that connect him to your father." He took out some documents from his desk and said, "Some of these will be submitted to evidence, so I can't give you everything, but the important once you will definitely have." Mister Baker started with one legal document. He asked, "Have you ever seen this document, Mister Ronaldo?"

Carlos scanned from the first page. His forehead creased as he read, "I, Manuel Ronaldo, a resident of Braeton City, declare this as my last will and testament."

He paused, skimming through the pages without reading them correctly. "No, this is the first time I have heard of this, and apart from the house, he had nothing to pass on to us." The police smirked. He hissed and asked, "I've always wondered, Mister Ronaldo, your father earned a lot during his tennis career. Where did that all go?"

"The sports agency that discovered him had a huge cut on his earnings. And when he was free, his former manager joined him in establishing their very own sports agency. I don't know the exact details, but the bottom line was they made mistakes, invested too much on some players that did not do well, and my father's manager, Leron Price, embezzled money."

"That was why my father took a big loan from the bank, making our house the collateral. He wanted to get back on his feet and invest in something good while he was still playing," Carlos said. "Then, of course, when I was young, I lived a life of luxury. I went to a private school, my mom spent a lot. Etc. With whatever money we had left, we spent it on my mother's health treatment. Over time, with my mother not working at all, we just... lost everything." Officer Baker nodded apologetically. He said, "I'm sorry to hear that, Mister Ronaldo, but so you know, your father did not lose everything." Carlos frowned. He asked, "What do you mean?" "It is exactly what is said in that document.

Your father bought stocks from the major companies in the country.” The police narrated, “Microsoft, Tesla, Apple, Saudi Arabian Oil Co., and Amazon.” “Stocks?” Carlos repeated.

Officer Baker nodded and answered, “Oh, yeah, he went for the big ones, and I can only guess that was where all your father’s money went to.” The police finally showed Carlos the stock certificates and reported, “Some are two copies. Three were dated way back fifteen years back, while the rest were from around nine years ago. So it looked like your father started investing in stocks before losing his business.”

One by one, Carlos read the stock certificates, stunning him altogether. For the longest time, he thought that his father had lost everything, when in fact, he bought stocks. How was it that his mother never knew?

“I don’t think my mother knew,” Carlos said. “Sometimes spouses keep their investments from their wives,” the police suggested. “Maybe he meant to tell your mother at some point. Or maybe your mother forgot, having fallen into depression.” “It’s possible,” Carlos replied, nodding his head.

The police pointed out the last will and testament. He described, “We are still asking Hugo how he got hold of these, but nonetheless, this was why he may have faked this last will. He wanted his hands on the stocks that belonged to your father’s name.”

Going through page after page, Carlos saw how it was all warded to Hugo Bonnet. He cursed and said, “There is just no way my father would give this to him!”

“Of course, this document is a fake,” the police implied. “Look at the paper. It’s new, nor does it have any signs of aging. He may have forced his attorneys to notarize this document, backing up the dates, but the paper and ink quality speaks for itself. Your father could not have signed this document over nine years back.” “We have also contacted these companies to check the status of your father’s stocks. They are still intact. Based on what we have gathered, Hugo Bonnet tried to transfer these stocks under his name using the last will and testament.” The police officer laughed. He said, “He probably did not count on Manuel Ronaldo naming beneficiaries.”

“You see, Mister Ronaldo, your father named you and your mother as the beneficiaries of all his investments,” Officer Baker reported. “When beneficiaries are named, it can no longer be changed, not even with a will and testament.”

One by one, Carlos went through the stock certificates. He made a mental note and unwittingly took out his phone, wanting to check the selling price of each. Before he could, however, officer Baker said, “Oh, we already did the numbers for you, Mister Ronaldo. Those shares are worth... a fifty million dollars in total.”

Carlos' eyes widened. He was overwhelmed and could see how Mister Baker was equally excited for him. The officer said, "We are happy for you, Mister Ronaldo. You have just become richer. You deserve to find out this truth after all these years."

Mister Baker paused for a second and announced, "But while we are thrilled for you, there is this important matter that we want to bring up to your attention."

The police officer flipped through the last page, where it was signed by Manuel Ronaldo. He said, "We tried to compare the signature to with your birth certificate, your parent's marriage certificate, and some documents signed through the tennis association. We submitted it for signature analysis, and the findings suggested... that the signature on the will matches your father's."

Everything stilled around Carlos. He gulped, and his mouth became dry. "What? What are you suggesting?" "We think."

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Chapter 35:

Hailey's Chance "We think... your father may be alive"

The words that left officer Baker's lips echoed in Carlos' head. He did not know for how long he sat there, thinking. His mind wandered back to his father's wake Carlos recalled how his mother never let him see Manuel's face because of his father's injuries. He felt a headache coming his way, trying to identify those who peered inside his father's coffin.

The accident that resulted in his father's death was a head on collision with a truck and resulted in a fire, barely recognizing the bodies of both vehicle drivers,

'Uncle Ethan and aunt Sam, I'm sure they had a look,' Carlos thought. Then, Carlos's voice came through with the recollection of how the police went to his mother about the accident. He stammered into his reply, "I think... the police identified him properly. I remember how, aside from his private things, there was a DNA test done."

"Teeth. I already checked," said officer Baker. "They identified your father's DNA through his teeth."

"I prepared the findings of your father's death for your reference," the police officer said. "It says there, your mother failed to order a DNA test ahead before his body was embalmed, but since there were teeth pieces in the crash site, they matched it to your father's." "I can't blame your mother, though. She must have been so broken-hearted. Sometimes, loved ones find it hard to decide on such matters. They tend to be more focused on their grief."

Carlos fell silent again. He massaged his jaws and said, "If my father is alive, I see no reason for him to hide and deprive us of his presence. He – he loved my mother so much. They were so in love that my mother fell sick. She became depressed and followed him to death."

"Unless there is a reason for that too," said officer Baker. "Anyway, Mister Ronaldo. I could be wrong. Signature analysis is not a hundred percent reliable, considering we only had a few samples of your father's signatures to compare it to." "It's just that this discovery of how this signature matches your father's just... baffles me," he added.

"This could be a case of forgery too, a good one at that," Carlos suggested. The officer nodded but still countered, saying, "Yes, but we tested it. You are right. If it's a forgery, it's a perfect one."

Carlos walked out of the police headquarters with many questions in his head. He was already prepared to have his father's body exhumed should it come to that.

Police officer Baker promised, however, they would dig deeper. They meant to ask Hugo Bonnet about how he made the will and interrogate his men about it, too. He certainly hoped the answers to his questions would be answered soon.

"Wow," Alexander exclaimed, looking at the stock certificates. He looked at Carlos and asked, "Are you going to sell these stocks?" "Hello? Earth to The Devil?" Alexander asked again, seeing how Carlos' mind was elsewhere.

Carlos was leaning on the sofa of Alexander's living room, his hand covering his jaws, his eyes not looking in a specific direction. When he heard his friend call for him, he asked, "I'm sorry. What?"

"I asked if you were going to sell these stocks?" Alexander repeated.

"I came to you for that reason, Alexander. I trust you with this," Carlos said. Alexander had helped Carlos in trading over the past years. That was how he doubled a few of his earnings. Alexander was very good at both forex and cryptocurrency trading. Alexander checked his phone, searching for the recent stock market prices. He described, "Well, all these corporations are good. Even if some of these companies have erratic fluctuations, if you sell any of these, you won't lose any money because your dad bought them at a time when stock prices were much lower."

"Your father bought A-m-a-2-0-n stocks for twenty dollars? But today, it now costs a hundred thirty-four dollars. Tesla is the biggest win so far. Your father bought them at around fifty dollars, but now each stock costs nine hundred dollars. Bam!"

Alexander banged his head like a rockstar, saying, "Amazing!" "Carlos, I know that our lives, especially yours, had been held up because of this police operation we got ourselves into, but many things came to light. You found your father's murderer, and you learned that he was not the irresponsible husband and father others claimed him to be," Alexander added. With a long sigh, Carlos nodded. How could he forget how his father's old friends had looked down on him after his death, claiming he wasn't the role model many thought he was. He said, "I know. I have no regrets. At least I know now that my father never forgot about my future."

"And potentially? He is alive?" Alexander asked.

"I don't know, nor do I want to get my hopes up for a mere signature comparison," Carlos

said.

While the two good friends were discussing what to do with the stocks in Manuel Ronaldo's name, Kendra, Alexander's girlfriend, was up in one room, calling a dear friend.

Kendra was Alexander's girlfriend of three years. Alexander fell in love with Kendra at first sight. She was a model and a jewelry entrepreneur with red hair and a slender body. Taking part in Carlos' out-of-town celebration party, she became acquainted with Hailey McKenzie, and that was how they set all the good friends

"Pick up! Pick up!" Kendra said

"Hello, we heard Hailey on the other line

"Gosh, Hailey. What took you so long to answer!" Kendra sought. "I've been calling for ages!" "Well, I'm at a hotel where the police have taken Carlos to. Forget that, Medley. Return to New York at once. Kendra ordered "Carlos is here! He isn't in

"What? But I'm looking at him right now

Hailey objected. "Carlos is here!"

"No, he is not. We have to use this time, chating with Alexander downstairs,* Karadta Sarket. It will be on Friday, but you know how these two

drink up in the evening to celebrate their practice match."

"What are you saying, Kendra?" Hailey asked.

A mischievous grin became painted on Kendra's face. She suggested, "I'm going to give you a chance to finally have Carlos, of course! Didn't you always joke about seducing him to bed? Maybe even drugging him? Well I'll figure out a way to get him to sleep in Alexander's Penthouse, and then you'll get your chance. And when you finally have sex, Carlos would have no choice but to commit to a relationship... Because! You are going to get yourself pregnant." 2 "Oh, my god, Kendra!" Hailey exclaimed. "I'll go to the airport and book a flight to New York asap!"

Continents away. Hailey Mckenzie was at the Sheraton Hotel lobby, eyeing the man who looked like Carlos. She was ninety percent sure that it was Carlos. He had the same build and the same height. He also has similar features to Carlos.

How the police circled him like his life was constantly in danger added to her confirmation that she was looking at Carlos. Plus, this was the same man who the police had transported from the hospital.

When Kendra called, Hailey was about to pay off the front desk personnel to give her the key card to Carlos' room.

"Forget that, Hailey. Return to New York at once! Carlos is here! He isn't in France!" Kendra said on the other line.

Hailey could not believe her ears. She silently wondered, 'Carlos was back home the whole time? So who is this man posing as Carlos?' When Kendra suggested she would help her sleep with Carlos, excitement filled her chest. She loved Carlos so, ever since they were in high school. However, Carlos only had eyes for Kate.

She tried in many ways to drive Carlos and Kate apart. Hailey had paid off Tyler to woo Kate, making Carlos jealous and lose hope. She also convinced her father to manage Carlos' career and pushed Carlos away from Braeton and from Kate Wright.

There were many things she did, including having secretly tampered with Carlos' phone during the early years of his training. Hailey had deleted all of Kate's messages on social media, and even orchestrated a meeting with Tyler when Carlos returned to Braeton on one od asion

During social gatherings, she had thrown herself at Carlos repeatedly, but Carlos never looked at let the way he looked at Kate

When Hailey saw Kate at Carlos' birthday party a few months back, she panicked, she knew if Carlos sw Katrinen hopes of becoming Misses Ronaldo would end. Thus, she made a show for Kate to bar, kissing Carlos on the stage, making everyone assume they were together

Wattle Hailey nudged to drive Kate away, that backfired on her. Carlos lemminated his todiant with the later their communication had become less ever since

When Halley learned that Kate was working for Carlos' company, she lost it. She stalked Kate for days, eager to hinder her from being with Carlos.

Between her and Kate, Halley concluded that she was more deserving of Carlos. After all, she

had been there for Carlos since high school, and Kate was just a girl that rejected him in the past. Whereas, she... she loved him ever since.

When Carlos announced how her claims of being in a relationship with him were untrue, Hailey was deeply saddened. It was the first time that Carlos had purposely hurt her publicly, and she could only blame it on Kate. What else could it be?

Now, hearing how she would finally get a chance of a lifetime to be with Carlos, Hailey smiled maliciously. She understood how time was running out for her, especially since Kate Wright was working for Carlos' company. Hailey knew she had to act fast. Taking a deep breath, Hailey muttered, "Carlos. You'll be mine... you'll see."

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 36

Chapter 36:

Secret Relationship "Miss McKenzie, what do you have to say about the statement that Carlos Ronaklo's party released? According to his statement, you are not in a relationship," the news reporter could be seen on TV asking: Hailey as she walked to the airport in Paris.

Kate watched the news while having lunch with her colleagues at CSK Apparel. She narrowed her eyes at the sight of Hailey and waited for her reply. She thought, 'You better tell the truth, Hailey'

"I'm sure there is a reason for his denial. This is just a misunderstanding: Everything will be cleared up very soon. You'll see." Hailey smiled and said, "Thank you. I need to catch my flight and return to New York"

Kate's lips twitched in irritation. She thought, 'How dare she?'

"Wonder why Mister Ronaldo denied their relationship. Weren't they always seen together?" Linsey, Kate's marketing associate, said,

Molly, their store manager, replied, "Yes. Even during his early tennis career. Maybe they are going through a rough patch. Every couple does."

They were all seated at the same table, and Kate could not help but want to clear the misunderstanding. She declared, "They were seen together, as in walking together, right?"

Attending events together? But were they ever holding hands? Or kissing: in public?"

"I never heard The Devil confirm about being in any relationship" Kate scoffed and said, "Maybe Hailey is just claiming to be in a relationship with Car I mean, Mister Ronaldo."

Kate sighed. How she wanted to announce to the world that she was Carlos' girlfriend, However, there were two things she had to keep in mind. One, the Bonnet Gang, or whatever is left of them, may still be after Carlos. He specifically instructed her not to reveal their relationship to keep herself safe Thus, currently, they are in a secret relationship. Second, should there be an announcement about their relationship, she most certainly wanted it to come from Carlos,

"I don't know, Kite li just makes sense that they are together because he used to be managed by beraber, "Molly said "I have read any articles about them and honestly believe they are a couple

They are not together PERIOD" Another scoff left Kate's lips, and she said, "Besides, I'm be Mister Ronaldo has a better taste

"I know your Molly na nakatually she laughed and added, "Sorry, Kate, but I clearly know how you raised your eyebrows Haley on the news You clearly have this animosity towards

How can that be This was the same woman who made Carlos think I was on a date with Tyler during that time? Kavadinlerse, but in response to Molly, she said. "I Wiley Wir wie lasen in the world"

Sur le way and

has a history of telling them."

"O pera," Mulby retorted, painting anget a kile "You were one of those whoolmates of Haley Mister Ronaldo a nightwool wito wished they had their hands on the Devil!

Haha!"

"Excuse me?" Kate asked in shock. 'I have had my hands on The Devil! More than you can imagine!

"I'm sorry, but I followed this romance thing going on between Hailey and Mister Ronaldo. So I am a firm believer that they are together," Molly insisted.

"Have you actually seen them together?" Kate shot back.

"Well, she was here during our meeting over a month ago, remember? And they left together? They did not even join our dinner," Molly pointed. "They probably stayed in the hotel room and had got it on."

"No, they did not!" Kate insisted, making Molly and Linsay lean back at how she raised her voice.

"Geez, miss Kate. You sure are into Mister Ronaldo." Linsey laughed. She said, "Don't worry, you're not the only one. Haha! Love him too!"

It was because Kate could not stand the conversation anymore that she excused herself. As she stepped out, she did not miss how Molly and three other employees whispered to each other, clearly talking about her.

Kate was shaking her head as she walked back to her office. She realized it was useless to defend Carlos from all the hearsay. It had to come from him. Since he was the superstar, and the aspiration of many women, not even an heiress to the Wright Diamond Corporation was believable in discounting one, Hailey Mckenzie.

When Kate reached her office. She locked the doors and took out the phone Carlos had given her. She turned it on and sent him a text: (How is your practice? I just saw Hailey on the news again. I hate it when she claims to be your girlfriend. She seems to suggest that your relationship will be revealed soon.)

Kate waited but knew it would be much later when Carlos would reply. He was practicing with Alexander, preparing for the French Open finals.

At a private tennis club in New York, exclusive only for their elite members, Carlos and Alexander were volleying a tennis ball with passion on the hard-covered court. At every hit, they grunted. In each break, they panted.

It was Alexander's turn to serve the tennis ball, and Carlos was in his ready stance, his hands firmly gripping his racket, his eyes fixed on the ball. "Aahhh!" Tossing the ball, Alexander hit with all his might. The ball landed on Carlos' service area, but The Devil returned it with much greater force! Alexander tried to reach for the ball, but he wound up falling down against the court. A loud grunt left his lips, and he rolled to his back, taking deep breaths. He said, "One day, I'm going to beat you!" Carlos laughed from the other side of the court. He walked over to Alexander's side and suggested, "When I am ready to retire, I will let you beat me." Chasing his breath, Alexander wiped the sweat off his forehead with his wristband. He asked, "Are you ever going to retire?"

"I can't keep traveling around the world forever, Alex. I want to be with Kate," Carlos revealed. "I want to have a family with her."

"Cheesy, man," Alexander suggested. "You are so in love with Kate."

Just then, Carlos' head of security walked in, saying, "The way to the locker room is clear, sir."

Both Alexander and Carlos wore their jackets and put on a hat as an extra safety measure. Then they made their way to the private locker room.

Olive was already there and ready to give Carlos an update. He said, "Sir, The French Open will resume next week. Added security is in place for the finals."

"Are you coming?" Carlos asked Alexander.

"I'll take a break and save some airfare, Carlos," Alexander replied before checking his phone. He read his girlfriend's text messages and said, "Kendra is reminding you of the dinner she had prepared. She said you can't miss it."

"Does she even cook?" Carlos asked.

Alexander laughed and replied, "I'm sure she ordered in. Anyway, should be okay, right? Let's have a few drinks before you return to your penthouse. We always have drinks after heavy practice. Come on!"

"I don't see why not," Carlos replied.

From inside Alexander's penthouse, Kendra was setting up their dining table. She heard the doorbell ring and frantically rushed to open the front door. When she opened it, she sighed in relief, saying, "Thank god you made it before they arrived. You have no idea how many bodyguards follow around Carlos. It would be so hard to sneak you in." Hailey was taking a deep breath. She smiled and said, "I was rushing the whole time. I'm glad I made it."

"Are you ready? Did you get the drug?" Kendra asked.

"Yes," Hailey answered, she fished inside her bag and handed it to Kendra. She said, "Careful, okay. This thing could kill."

"Relax, I know exactly what I am doing. I know the dosage for this," Kendra said. She winked at Hailey and instructed, "Use the last guestroom. Take a bath and get ready. I have food prepared inside Alexander won't suspect a thing because he barely checks that guest room. I'll prepare the second guestroom for Carlos, and it's just right next to yours."

"Good luck."

In the next half an hour, Hailey spent her time in the bathroom, lathering her body with lavender and milk bath soap. She touched herself, thinking about everything she and Carlos would do overnight

Hailey came at the thought of Carlos doing her. Panting and still settling her emotions, she said under her breath, "Tonight is the night, my love. I love you so much... Carlos."

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 37

Chapter 37:

All My Love To Kate I'm sorry, Kale. Don't worry, (everyone will know that you are my girlfriend when this is all over. Have food sleep. I'll see you tomorrow morninu. I love yoll, and I miss you loribly ! Carlos replied to Kate's text while the dinim me Alexander's 110

for over an hour now, Carlos, Alexander, Ilc koncr. I. 'njoying: Ilciral while occasionally drinking red wine. They challebont him previous lois Inachis while sometimes talking about the other players, Kendall so injecte conversions about models dating tennis players, allowing her to be loroughly part of the discussion

Kendra picked up the bottle of wine from the ice buckend poured the remaining contents into Carlos' and Alexander's glass. Alter which she said, "Oops! Looks like we need refill,

Cllys."

Carlos checked the time and said, "Nali, I think it's time for me to jo"

"Go? Oh, my god, Carlos. It has been so lon since we und so much fun, don't you rec" Kendra asked, winking at Carlos. "Come on! Sl.y! When will next time be?" Turning to her boyfriend, she asked, "Right, Alex?"

"Yeah, man. Breaks are rare, and you got one because the French Open finals were postponed," Alexander encouraged. "Stay! I have a guest room for you to sleep in. You know, you are always welcome here."

"Lemuel and your other bodyguards can share the guestroom near to my "

"Um, no. actually, babe. My things are there," Kendra interrupted. "Lemuel and the bodyguards can stay in the third guest room, near the kitchen." "Well, not all of them will sleep," Carlos revealed. "Drake and Rey had just taken their shift, so they will be up all night." Rechecking his watch, Carlos added, "Tred will be on standby in the car until Lemuel gets some good sleep." "Wow!" Kendra remarked, but while she acted impressed, she silently contemplated if it was necessary to put Lemuel to sleep too. She at least had some sleeping pills in her bag

Alexander and Kendra continued to convince Carlos until he finally gave in, saying, "Fine, but I'll leave before sunrise. I have a flight to catch in the morning."

“No problem!” Kendra said, winking, “Let me just get more wine!”

In the kitchen, Kendra made it appear as though she prepared additional three wine glasses for each of them, but in reality, she meant to drug the glass intended for Carlos,

Kendra was tapping on a capsule, making sure every content fell on Carlos’ glass when suddenly, she heard a male’s voice, which startled her. She wound up dropping the capsule on the floor as she hastily turned to find out who it was.

“Excuse me, ma’am. Mister Jenkins said I could get a beer?” It was Lemuel.

Carlos’ head of security was said to be a decorated former marine who previously served politicians as a lead bodyguard. Carlos was lucky to get Lemuel, but Kendra did not like him one bit

In response to Lemuel, she pointed to the fridge, saying, “Um, yeah. It’s in the fridge. Help

yourself and get some for your colleagues too.” Kendra then frantically looked down in search of the empty capsule. When she did not find it she resolved, thinking it had rolled somewhere out of sight. She left the kitchen without minding Carlos’ head of security.

Making it back, Kendra sighed. It did not seem to her that Lemuel noticed, especially since he walked past them, carrying four cans of beer. A happy smile became plastered on her face as she handed Carlos his glass. “Here, this is yours.”

She took a glass for herself and declared, “This is mine, and this is Alex’s.” “Why did you get a new glass, babe?” Alexander complained, utterly confused. “I like to wash! What’s it to you?” Kendra answered before drinking her wine. She noticed that Carlos had drank a few sips, but he was constantly texting on his phone in the next seconds. She cleared her throat and encouraged, “Drink up, Carlos. Drink up.”

“Ah, Kendra. Do you have cheese to pair with this? I want to chew on something salty,” Carlos appealed.

Kendra quickly fetched a platter of cheese, and when she returned, Carlos’ glass was already empty. She smiled, assuming he had already drank it down.

They drank some more and chatted the entire time, but it did not take long for Carlos to feel restless. He suggested, “I feel hot and drowsy at the same time.”

“Oops! I gave you too much wine. Sorry for that!” Kendra looked apologetic and said, “Maybe it’s time to call it a night? i’ll set up your room. Wait here.”

In five minutes, Kendra was gone and back again. She merely warned Hailey that Carlos was starting to feel the effect of the drug they used. It was Alexander who helped

Carlos to his room, and it was Kendra who guided Lemuel to the other guest room. She offered Lemuel a cup of coffee with a sleeping pill secretly mixed in.

After settling Carlos to bed, Alexander walked out of the guestroom and returned to the dining table. He helped Kendra clean up, and while doing so, he stated, "Carlos doesn't get drunk that easily, you know. Strange."

"Is it? Maybe it has been a while," Kendra responded nervously. She then walked up to Alexander, teasing him. "I want to have sex. Shall we go to our room?"

"Now?" Alexander asked, bemused. They still had several plates to clean, yet his girlfriend already wanted to be in bed,

"Yes, now! Silly. The maid will clean up tomorrow!" Kendra practically dragged Alexander to their room and locked the doors behind then she turned up the music in their room, hoping it was enough to distract her boyfriend from whatever should happen two rooms away.

Minutes passed, and Kendra was in the heat of the moment, moaning and carelessly kissing her boyfriend. Suddenly, they heard loud cries from outside their room. Soon enough, a loud banging on the door forced her and Alexander to get up.

"Stop, don't open!" Kendra tried to prevent her boyfriend from checking the fuss outside, but to her dismay, Alexander ignored her

Opening the door, Alexander was shocked to find Halley McKenzie in the hallway, wearing a sexy nightgown Carlos Ronaldo was dragging her by the arm.

In front of him was Lemuel. He was the one who obviously banged on their door. "What the fuck is happening here? Why are you here, Hailey?" Alexander asked, horrified, his voice strengthened.

"Why don't you ask your girlfriend, Mister Jenkins?" Lemuel sternly answered. "I saw her earlier, putting a drug on Mister Ronaldo's drink."

Immediately, Kendra's face paled. Her lips trembled as she explained, "I - 1. I'm sorry. I just -"

A slap went across Kendra's face, and it came from Alexander. He dragged her to his room, and inside, they screamed at each other, with Alexander flushing out the truth from her.

Meanwhile, in the hallway, Hailey was crying helplessly. She was trying to release her arm from Carlos' hold, saying, "Please, Carlos. Let go of me. I beg you!" In response, Carlos threatened, "I'm going to report you to the police! You can kiss your career goodbye -." "Why! Why? Why couldn't you just take me? Any man would! Is it still

because of Kate?" Hailey countered. "All I did was love you? I did this because I love you. I did everything for you – be there for you when Kate wasn't! Me and my father, we delivered you to your glory!" 1 "I stood by you through your toughest times, and this is all that I get from you? All I asked was a little love and, for once, be touched and embraced by you!" With a loud scream, Hailey, "Why couldn't you just love me?!"

"Even just for an ounce?!"

Carlos released her, nearly throwing her frame sprawled on the floor. He sucked in a breath and replied, "Is this love for you, Hailey? Forcing yourself on me? I'm sorry to disappoint you, but you can't expect anything from me!" With conviction in his tone and clarity in his intense grey eyes, Carlos added, "I have no more to give... because I gave all my love to Kate!"