

# The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 106-109

Chapter 106: New Big Brother Alexander: (Just give me about half an hour. I still need to get past my guests.)

Lexi smiled, reading Alexander's text. She turned to Mia and Evan, saying, "You better leave before Alex gets here."

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Lexi's father, Hector King, wanted to marry her off to another business partner's son, which she did not like. Instead, she preferred Alexander Jenkins, a tennis superstar. The Jenkins was also one of their business partners. By marrying Alexander, Lexi concluded, she would be hitting two birds with one stone.

The plan was simple. She wanted to seduce Alexander. Lexi felt she was more appealing than Savannah, and she had a great body. Perhaps Alexander needed to see her beautiful assets in sexy sleeping wear. No man had ever refused her when she had no clothes on. Alexander would be no exception. Besides, he was just any other man.

"Any minute now," Lexi said, checking her watch. She slid off her robe and revealed her nightgown that barely covered her private parts. Forty-five minutes passed, and Alexander was still not there. Lexi frowned. She grabbed Mia's phone on the bedside table and sent a text, pretending to be his half-sister. (Alex, where are you? I'm waiting for you. I really need you, please!)

Alexander: (Sorry, I got caught up. Hang in there. Give me half an hour.)

Lexi sucked in a breath and impatiently waited. However, time came and went, but there was no Alexander.

"Does he not care for Mia at all?" She mumbled while sending another message: [Where are you, Alex? My face hurts so much.] Alexander: (Sorry, Mia. I tried calling your mother first. She has to know how Evan hurt you. It isn't right. Anyway, your mother is not answering. I will go up there now. Sorry to keep you waiting. Give me half an hour.)

Lexi waited again, but Alexander never arrived. She tried to call Evan Jenkins to assess the situation, but there was no answer!

She contemplated going up to the rooftop, but the possibility of Alexander arriving also crossed her mind. She gave him another half an hour, and when Alexander never showed up, she changed into her formal clothes and visited the rooftop. Lexi's eyes scanned the entire venue, but she did not find Alexander. Nor did she see The Devil. She asked one man who conveniently offered the information, suggesting that Alexander had just minutes ago and appeared to be in a hurry. As fast as she could, Lexi ran back to the lift. She waited for minutes, but the elevators never went up to the rooftop floor! It seemed to be stuck on the first five floors! She groaned, "Talk about bad luck!"

Lexi grunted and took the stairs instead. When she entered the room, she checked Mia's phone and saw two missed calls! 'Darn it!'

She read the text coming from Alexander: (What was the room number again? Text it to me. You are not answering my calls. I went down to the twentieth floor to look for you.)

"Arggh!" Lexi grumbled and carelessly typed in the room number: (Room 2010!)

Another thirty minutes passed, but Alexander was still not there! She already sensed something was off. However, because her heart craved for her plan to work, she denied how her plan had already failed.

Another no-show and Lexi left the room again, taking the stairs since the elevators were still not working. Still, Alexander was nowhere to be seen! The same person who spoke to her earlier approached and said, "You are looking for Alex? He just stepped down, like a minute

ago."

"He did?" Lexi asked, her insides infuriating. "Yes, you must be Mia? He said his half-sister might come up. He is probably on his way to your room," the man suggested. Hastily, Lexi went down the twentieth floor, using the stairs like she was on a marathon 1

She was exhausted from all the back and forth that she stopped chasing after Alexander. His last text implied how he came to the room, but no one was inside.

On the bed, she chased her breath, her eyes getting heavy, her feet aching. She fell asleep, and she woke up the next morning, shocked. She screamed, “Ahhh! What the hell happened?! Where is Alex!!!”

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Last night.

After the call from Mia, Alexander reached out to their police contact, officer Baker, reporting potential abuse. After confirming that a police officer was on the way, Alexander brought Carlos with him to help Mia.

However, instead of the hotel room, they went straight to the ground floor where they were to meet the police officers. Making their way to the lobby, they noticed Evan Jenkins dragging Mia, pulling her with force, and they appeared to have just exited the elevator. “Let’s hurry up! Alexander might see US here!”

“Dad, you’re hurting me – Ahh!” Mia cried after Evan slapped her.

“What the hell are you doing, Evan?” It was the first time Alexander called his father by his first name. At that point, he lost all his respect for Evan.

“Alex! Don’t go to the room!” Mia warned. “Lexi’s there!”

Meanwhile, at the sight of Carlos and Alexander, Evan's eyes widened. He inwardly blamed it all on Mia. After leaving the room earlier, his daughter felt guilty about her actions. Mia purposely delayed her steps, kept turning to the room, and even refused to enter the elevator.

Now, Alexander had seen them, and it was all Mia's fault!

Realizing how the plan had failed, Evan reached for his phone and was about to call Lexi when the police officers showed up behind him, their eyes narrowing at his hold on Mia. They saw the bruise on her arm and the hand mark on her face. That was more than enough to question Evan that he never got the chance to warn Lexi altogether. Evan Jenkins was taken to the police station and was investigated for child abuse. They saw two visible marks on Mia and found old bruises hidden underneath her clothes.

While all this was happening, Alexander kept misleading Lexi. Responding to the messages in irritation. Since he was not at the hotel to teach Lexi a lesson, he could at least make her life difficult, including paying the hotel to control the lifts each time she badly needed to use them.

It was already dawn when Mia was allowed to leave the police station. Alexander brought her to Carlos' penthouse, where all four of them were staying.

While Savannah prepared a bed for Mia, Alexander spoke to her in the living room. Regretfully, he reported, "Mia, your mother is taking Evan's side. Evan will probably get out with bail." 1

With a nod, she added with trembling lips, "I know she would... and dad? He will hurt me more if I go home."

Silence engulfed them in the living room. Eventually, Alexander asked, "Mia, how – how long has he been hurting you?"

"It wasn't that often. He first hit me in middle school. It had only become more frequent recently. I think there is a problem with the franchise. I'm not sure," Mia weakly revealed, stuttering in her words. "I tried to tell mom, but she said it was just his way of disciplining

me."

“But it hurts, Alex. It really does!” Mia cried at that point. “You know, Alex, I always thought that you were lucky because you never lived with US. I saw your interview, and you said you were alone. What if I told you, you were better off alone than living with US?” More sobs came from her when she recounted, “When he gets drunk and has big problems at the office, he can be terrifying.”<sup>1</sup> “His behavior should not be condoned,” Alexander remarked. “I’m sorry I never noticed. And I’m sorry I was not able to help you.”

When Mia looked down, wiping the wetness on her face, Alexander revealed, “I have requested my lawyers to process an emancipation for you since you are still sixteen.”

“It’s up to you, should you choose the earlier freedom, but if you don’t do this, either mom or dad will still be your legal guardian. If you want your freedom, you are welcome to live with Savy and me.”

Silence stretched between them before Mia nodded. She replied, “I’ll think about it, Alex. But I know you are also busy and you travel a lot. Maybe it’s not the best way, considering my current situation. I might live with my grandma.”

“From your mother’s side?” Alexander asked, and Mia nodded.

“Well, it’s still school break. You can now travel with Savy and me while we take the North American tour. It would be good for you – a new environment,” he suggested.

With a smile, Mia nodded and said, “I – I think that’s a great idea.”

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Mia had fallen asleep in one of Carlos’ guest rooms. Alexander joined Savannah in their room, and for minutes, he stared at the ceiling, thinking.

“How is she?” Savannah asked.

“I think... she’s handling it well,” Alexander suggested. He turned to Savannah and described,

“Savy, I don’t know how to be a big brother. Can I take care of her if she stays with US? I’m worried.”

“Of course, you can. More than just the experience of being a big brother, it’s really the thought and effort that counts,” Savannah suggested. “Just talk to her and give it a try.”

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Morning came. Alexander, Carlos, Kate, and Savannah were preparing for breakfast when Mia entered the dining area.

“Good morning,” Mia greeted, shyly smiling at them. “Good morning. Take a seat,” Alexander replied, pointing to the dining table. Just then, Alexander’s phone buzzed. He frowned, checking at his mobile on the tabletop. He read the message from Lexi, who remained to be using Mia’s phone. (Alex? Where are you? I’m still at the hotel.)

Forming a disgusting sneer, Alexander replied: (Mia, sorry, I completely forgot you were waiting for me. Wait for me. I’ll be up in the room for another half an hour.) After a second, he received a text from Mia’s phone. It read: (Fuck you, Alex! How dare you?) :

Alexander scoffed. He replied to Lexi: (Oh, Lexi. So you have a brain after all? I was starting to feel sorry for you, but thank god you realized how you made a fool of yourself! I will not be coming for you. Mia is already with me.)

(Piece of advice, Lexi, value yourself. Look for a man that is not committed. Better yet, wait for the right man because all this scheming will bite you one day! Goodbye, Lexi. Remember, it’s never too late to do the right thing.)

Alex's Efforts "It's just a little over a month," Carlos suggested while caressing Kate's back. "And then you'll see me at Wimbledon."

"Your calculation is incorrect, Mister Ronaldo," Kate responded, her arms wrapped around his neck, her face buried against his chest. "It's one month as you attend tournaments across the Americas and another month to the Wimbledon championships. You forget, I will only fly to see you during the final match."

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Kate knew the day would come when Carlos would travel the world again, and she would stay behind to manage the company. She had spent months waking up every day with The Devil beside her. She knew she would miss him so.

The couple was at the runway, standing behind the private jet, where Carlos' team was inside, along with other high-profile passengers. Mia came along, just as Alexander planned.

Carlos pulled away and cupped Kate's chin. He said, "I'll miss you, my Kate."

Kate sucked in a breath. She took out Carlos' previous necklace and said, "Don't forget your good luck charm. Remember that I am always with you, even when I am continents away."

She took off her engagement ring and added, "You believed in this, and I want you to carry it with you as you return to playing tennis."

Carlos could not deny the truth in Kate's words. He had always worn Kate's ring as he played his matches. Most of his wins came from that notion. He took a deep breath and accepted the necklace. He pecked the pendant before putting the necklace around his neck. He said, "Thank you, my kate."

He smiled, declaring, "My wins are for you and for the future children we will have."

In front of the plane, the couple relished in a sweet kiss before finally, Carlos walked away. As the plane took off, Kate stood by the car, waving goodbye.

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Days went by in a blur.

Carlos, Alexander, and Savannah, together with The Devil's security team and Mia, traveled from different parts of the US for the tournaments before flying to Canada and Mexico.

Carlos and Savannah participated in eight events, gaining points along the way. Carlos lost to Erik Berg in his first title game in Houston, but The Devil saw it as a training match. It was his very first to return to playing tennis after months of recuperating. Thus, he was grateful either way. For the rest of the two tournaments in the US, the Devil took home the titles. He also claimed all two titles in Canada and one in Mexico. In total, he won six out of eight, giving Carlos the points he needed to feel confident about his ranking.

As for Alexander, he competed only in five events, where he won four titles. The rest of his schedule was filled with publicity events, being that year's French Open champion and, at the same time, meeting potential sponsors for their team. So far, he hasn't had the pleasure of going head to head with The Devil.

In the women's singles, Savannah had won three titles and came in second in two events. She came in third in three events.

How The Devil's team nearly took it all became the cries in the tennis news. Many claimed that Carlos Ronaldo would take back his number one rank again during the Wimbledon Championships, regardless if he won or not.

After the finals in Acapulco, Mexico, Carlos' team accepted an invitation from one of the private tennis clubs in the city. While accommodated in the clubhouse for two nights, they used its facilities for training.

One evening, Savannah brought Mia to watch the pairing between Alexander and Carlos. For the entire tour, Mia had become in awe of tennis. She realized how it was far different, watching it live rather than on TV.



“Go Alex!” Mia happily cheered.

“What about me, Mia?” Carlos asked, and Mia giggled. “Go, uncle Carlos.”

Alexander and Savannah nearly snorted at how Carlos was called an uncle. Carlos shook his head and made it clear. “I’m only two years older than your brother, Alex. You make me sound

so old.”

“Oh, it’s just that. I don’t know what to call you,” Mia shyly admitted. “You can refer to me as an older brother too, or simply call me Carlos,” Carlos offered while walking towards the bench.

With a smile, Mia acknowledged, “Okay, Carlos.” “Well and good then,” Carlos responded. When Carlos excused himself to call Kate, Mia told Alex, “I think I like tennis.” “Hmmm?” Alexander asked. “Do you... want to learn tennis?”

Alexander accepted a water bottle from Savannah and drank it while waiting for an answer. He saw the reluctance in Mia, but soon enough, she answered, “I – I want to try?”

Alexander beamed. He turned to the tennis court and suggested, “Then, let’s start now!” He urged, signaling by his hand, “Come on, get up now and have a feel. You are lucky to have three of the best tennis players teach you the basics.”

Mia’s eyes gleamed, and her smile reached her ears. She ran to the center of the court with Alexander and learned the basics of tennis stories.

“Yes, like that – what the! You are a natural!” Alexander exclaimed after Mia hit the tennis ball.

Mia laughed thoroughly and responded, “You are exaggerating, Alex!” “Okay, do it again,” Alexander urged. “Woah! This is it, a future tennis champion!” “Why do you love my brother, Savvy? He is a clown!” Mia remarked, but her eyes were watery from laughing her heart out. Watching their exchange, Savannah could not help but chuckle with them. Over the past few weeks, Savannah had noticed that

Alexander had tried his best to connect with Mia. He was uncomfortable about it since he sincerely had no experience of being a brother to a young girl,

a teenage girl at that. The worst part was how he and Mia had very little in common

However, seeing them on the tennis court and noticing Mia's enthusiasm, Savannah was convinced tennis might be the connection Alexander and Mia needed.

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Heartbeats later, Alexander was still teaching Mia about tennis. They were in the living room of their villa when Alexander explained the point system. "The first point is fifteen. The second is thirty. The fourth is forty."

"Zero means Love in tennis," Alexander added.

"I hearthat, but I've always wondered why?" Mia asked.

Alexander smirked and educated, "Because you are playing for the love of the game, even without a point. So, in tennis, zero is called love."

The siblings were at it heartily that they forgot about the time. It was nearing midnight, and Mia would have to fly back to Braeton with one of Alexander's bodyguards in the morning Alexander sighed and said, "Look at the time."

"You're going to Braeton tomorrow, remember?" Alexander said.

Mia nodded.

"Oliver, Carlos' assistant, will aid you with the admission. I won't be with you, but I'll check on you occasionally," Alexander reminded.

Mia let out a heavy sigh, worried about her first day at school in a new city.

“If you feel bored, go to the office with Kate, make friends, but.” Alexander tried his hardest to consider what a brother should cover. The only thing that came into his mind was about boys.

He ran his fingers through his hair and said, “Please don’t date yet. I don’t know how to deal with that.” He put a hand on his chest and suggested, “I am a man, so I know.”

“Oh, god. Alex. Don’t go there.” Mia laughed. “Don’t worry. I don’t -1 don’t date. I’m not beautiful. I don’t think anybody wants to date a punching bag.”

She meant it as a joke, but deep inside, some of her knew it was true. It caught Alexander by surprise. Anger flashed through his eyes, and his jaws clenched. He pulled Mia into a hug and softly said, “Don’t say that. We are flesh and blood, and since I’m fucking good-looking, you are too.”

“You are beautiful, Mia. Remember that. I just want you to focus on yourself first. Love yourself before you date guys, okay?” Alexander suggested.

His face burned as he pulled away. He added, “When you are ready to date someone. I.” He frowned, hating the fact that this kind of talk was something Mia’s mother should have done.

Mia laughed thoroughly, seeing Alexander try his hardest. She said, “I get it. I will tell you if I am interested in dating, but I don’t know. Really, I don’t know.” A wide smile became plastered on her face when she stated, “Thanks, Alex. We were never close, but this trip made me feel that you really are a brother to me.” Alexander took a deep breath. He answered, “I’m relieved. Thank you, Mia. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Alex,” Mia said.

Alexander watched Mia climb up the stairs, completely contented. He said to himself, “Wow. I think I am getting good at this.”

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“Good job, Alex.” Turning his head, he realized Savannah was behind him. She climbed into his lap and claimed, “You are a certified big brother.”

“Please don’t pick on me. This is new to me,” Alexander said. 1

Savannah laughed. She pecked his lips and said, “I am proud of you. Even if you look and sound so awkward about it, it’s how you are trying and how you are a real person to Mia that matters most.”

“I love you. You are a big brother now, and soon, you’ll make a good daddy,” she teased.

Alexander’s lips stretched into a thin smile. He warned, “Don’t joke about that, Savy, because I will really get you pregnant.” Savannah just chuckled and answered, “Give me... two years.”

## **The Devil’s Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 108**

Not Carlos, But The Devil Days passed

“Mia, it’s time for school!” Kate called from the living room, looking up the staircase.

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A week ago, Kate visited Mia at Alexander’s penthouse. She found Mia in her room, hugging her legs, blankly staring at the floor. 1

It was then that she realized how lonely Mia felt, living alone in a huge penthouse, and she never admitted it. Since school started, Kate had been asking Mia to stay with her at the company every after school. Sometimes Mia would, but occasionally she insisted on going straight home, especially after tennis training.

So when Kate found Mia in such a pitiful state, she brought her to their home instead. She insisted that Mia live with her whenever Alexander and Carlos were away on their tournaments. Back then, Kate claimed, “Let’s face it. We both are lonely when Alex and Carlos are away. Even if we speak to them on the phone daily, it’s just different. We should... stick together.” 1

Seeing Mia walking down, Kate smiled. She urged, "Let's go. Since we are late for breakfast, I packed you a sandwich. Is this okay?"

"Thank you, Kate. You are so sweet. Even if I'm not your family -" "Nonsense. A family of Alex is a family of mine," Kate embraced her on one side, saying, "Don't forget that." "And don't forget to prepare for our trip to London next week, okay? Wimbledon's finals is coming up, and we can't miss it," Kate reminded. Mia nodded. A smile reflected on her face before replying, "I miss Alex."

"He misses you too," Kate suggested.

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London

While Mia was adjusting to her new life in Braeton and being under Kate's care, The Devil's team had gotten through the fourth round.

Alexander was clapping his hands widely at the side of the court after Carlos Ronaldo won all three sets in a row against a Spanish player, who ranked number eleven in the world. As Carlos approached him, he was shaking his head, saying, "God damn, Carlos. You've just gotten back to the Grand Slams, and you are killing it!"

"You did not even let the guy win a set!" Alexander added. "How ruthless are you?" "That's why he is The Devil," Savannah remarked. "Good game, Carlos." Carlos was wiping his face with a towel. He accepted a water bottle from Alexander and drank it before answering, "I was... in the mood." After Carlos' game, the three players went straight to their hotel to attend a press conference. The women's single interview came first and was followed by the men's. Carlos and Alexander were asked about what was coming for the two of them, and they both shared their plans to

recruit more players for their team. Carlos said, "In between playing, Alex and I will recruit young players to start fresh with US. We look forward to training athletes at a Junior level and helping them climb up the ranking to the professional level."

From another table, Alexander added, "And we will start with recruits here in London. We have already sent scouts to the best tennis schools, and in two weeks, we will announce who our new young players are."

"We are not just recruiting for sports management business here. Carlos and I sincerely want to share the opportunity with many aspiring tennis players out there."

The interview went on, and it reached the point where a reporter asked about integrity between the two players. The reporter asked, addressed Carlos, "It is not a secret how you have repeatedly claimed that the semi-finals will be between you and Mister Jenkins, but, given that you are friends, given that you belong to the same team, and given the kind of closeness that you have, will we have a genuine match from both of you? Or? Will one of you give up the championship for the other?"

The question took Alexander and Carlos aback. They looked at each other, thinking. Eventually, Carlos responded, "I admit, we are close. I admit we are practice partners. I would do anything for Alex, and he would do the same for me."

"However, we will never pretend to lose a match. It will disappoint me if I ever find out that Alexander surrendered to give me the championship. I never wanted a championship title given out of pity."

Carlos turned to Alexander and asked, "Alex, will you willingly hand me a championship title should we end up going against each other during the finals?"

"Never!" Alexander claimed outright. He looked at the media and said, "Look, Carlos and I have agreed that if that day would come, we will both fight to our fullest for the title. We are friends, yes, but we are also professional tennis players. We both did not risk our lives to end match-fixing just to do the same."

"You have our word," Carlos interrupted. "If Alex and I will end up fighting for the championship title, we will give you a satisfactory match. You will see in our efforts and strive to win."

When the reporters were satisfied, one other asked, “You say that you both want it, but how will it affect your relationship if one of you takes the championship from the other? Many friendships have been broken because of competition, but what about yours?” “We don’t see it that way. If Carlos wins, I will be happy for him because it is his long-time dream, and his dream is my dream as well,” Alexander claimed. “I would still be proud knowing that with my help, he achieved his next championship title.”

“And I am the same,” Carlos responded. “If Alexander wins, I would be happy knowing I am also one of those behind his success.”

At the end of Carlos’ words, applause echoed throughout the press conference venue. Because of that interview, many tennis enthusiasts awaited the outcome of the Wimbledon Finals. Some praised their deep-rooted friendship and sportsmanship, while a few suggested that the competition would ruin their friendship. It was clear to the tennis world that Carlos and Alexander had a point to prove.

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Days went by again.

The Devils’ team all went past the quarterfinals.

In the women’s singles, Savannah won against Maria Semenov, which surprised everyone considering how she lost against the same opponent during the semi-finals of the French Open. This time, however, Savannah would go against Alina, the number one player in the women’s singles

As for the men’s singles, Carlos Ronaldo had already won against the Australian tennis player, Norman Hewitt. All that needed to be determined was Alexander’s win against a veteran returnee, Roger Murray.

“Arrghh!” Alexander ran hastily to his side of the court, hitting every ball his way. Heads were snapping on each side of the court, waiting for the final points.

From the audience, Savannah and Carlos were both nervous, taking deep breaths. “Yes!” Carlos’ hand turned into a fist after Alexander earned a point. “One more point. You can do it!”

“Alex. Go, Alex,” Savannah also called. “One more point!”

“Game, Jenkins!” Alexander garnered another point, awarding him the win for the quarterfinals. It encouraged the entire stadium to be up on their feet, and roars evidently followed. Hands were clapping, hoots were echoing across the venue.

“Alex!”

“Devil!”

“Alex!”

“Devil!”

It signified how Carlos Ronaldo would finally go up against his friend, Alexander Jenkins, during the Wimbledon finals.

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On the day of the Wimbledon Championships, Carlos and Alexander hugged each other on the court before the game. They embraced each other tightly and took as much time as they needed. They did not care about the opinions that surrounded them. Carlos said, “Whatever happens, don’t go easy on me.”

Alexander nodded and answer, “Give me your fastest strokes, your strongest serves, and your unyielding backhand. Today, I want to play with The Devil, and not my friend.” “Good luck, Carlos.” “Good luck, Alex,” Carlos said the same.

**Chapter 109: Sportsmanship**



“Savy! Nice game yesterday!” Kate called, seeing Savannah join them in the VIP seats,

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“Yes, it was. I shocked Alina!” Savannah admitted. She lost the championships for the women’s singles, but that did not bother her. Months ago, going against Alina was just a dream.

Yesterday, it became a reality, thanks to her new coaches, in the form of Alexander and Carlos,

Savannah was still starting to climb up the top rankings, and she was not in a hurry to earn her first Grand Slam title. Either way, her ranking was already soaring at a steady rate.

“Savy! Miss you!” Mia called, embracing Savannah outright.

“I miss you too, Mia. I’m glad you both made it on time,” Savannah said,

Because there was a problem with the runway at Braeton, Kate and Mia left the city six hours late. As a result, they arrived earlier that day instead of the night before. They no longer had the time to wish Carlos and Alexander good luck in person.

“We would not miss this for the world,” Kate claimed, “I was about to hire a helicopter to land US on any of the vacant tennis courts here! Good thing we still made it, though.”

Savannah laughed. Her eyes watered at the idea. Only a Wright could make that happen; she knew Kate was serious about it. She would never want to miss any of Carlos’ championship games. That was how much Kate loved The Devil,

The three of them chatted in their seats, catching up when Carlos and Alexander were finally called out to the tennis court. The arena roared. Applause echoed throughout the stadium as Carlos and Alexander waved their hands.

Carlos quickly looked around, and when he found Kate, his smile reached his ears. He waved at her and pecked on his pendant. Then, he mouthed, ‘I love you!’

Kate mouthed back, 'I love you too! Good luck!'

Because everyone was curious about Carlos' actions, the cameras quickly zoomed in on Kate. Smiles quickly spread across the stadium, realizing the Devil was happy to see his wife.

Alexander also waved at Kate and then to Mia and Savannah. After which, the umpire asked if they were ready for the match. Before that, Carlos and Alexander walked closer to the net and shared the longest hug since their friendship began. Their match would make or break their friendship. It would test their sincerity and fair play. While they both trusted each other, there was always that fear that something would change. Nonetheless, each of them swore they would try their hardest not to lose the closeness they have.

From the audience, Kate and Savannah became emotional, seeing how Carlos and Alexander relished the embrace. They understood how this match was the most difficult for them yet. After the long embrace, another round of applause erupted in the air. The crowd saw through the expressions of the tennis player. They understood that going against each other was the most strenuous challenge they had to overcome. When the applause and the murmurs died down, the umpire announced, "First set begins.

Ronaldo to serve." Before starting with his serve, Carlos kissed his pendant again. He looked past the net and gave Alexander a nod with gentle eyes. After which, he took the ball from his pocket, and his eyes narrowed instantly.

The Devil was ready to play. "Aargghh!" Carlos tossed the ball with a loud grunt, he hit it with strength. The ball came too fast that Alexander failed to return it.

"Fifteen, Love."

Carlos went at it again, but on his second serve, Alexander managed to hit the ball back, groaning while he was at it. The tennis ball began to bounce back and forth from one side of the court to the other, with both players running at high speed. Their jaws clenched, and their noses flared as they chased their breaths. Each of them fought to score, each giving their best.

“Deuce!” The umpire announced. The first game resulted in a tie that needed to be broken. Carlos served with his might, and Alexander missed it.

“Advantage, Ronaldo!”

After Carlos served again, the ball bounced back and forth, and Alexander suddenly surprised The Devil by tossing it closer to the net. Carlos could not reach it, resulting in another deuce.

The instances where Carlos and Alexander wound up in a tie-breaker became repetitive. During the first set where The Devil won, they had already gained ten deuces.

On the second set, they wound up with a tie over and over again, extending the set to an hour. Eventually, Alexander won the second set, but the number of deuces totaled to twenty-nine.

It became clear to the audience that both players were giving their best, not wanting to give up. The way they each tried to break the tie and catch up with the other meant they were both in it to win it.

In the third set, the same thing happened again. In the first game alone, the two players wound up in a deuce five times! In total, their deuces counted to thirty-four.

“Deuce!”

“Advantage, Ronaldo!”

“Deuce!”

“Advantage, Jenkins!”

“Deuce!”

“Advantage Ronaldo!”

“Duece!”

“Advantage, Jenkins.” Carlos and Alexander were giving their fans a near-heart attack. At that point, no one could tell who would win the game.

The Devil won the third set, but they were already in the match for a stretch of three hours.

The audience became uncomfortable in their seats, their legs cramping. Where Carlos and Alexander about to break the record of the longest match in history? Perhaps not, considering they have reached the third set, but it would already count as one of the longest matches in the Wimbledon Championships.

Many of the crowd had already taken food in their seats. The match began at ten in the morning, and reaching the fourth set, the audience had already lingered in the stadium for four- long hours. Carlos and Alexander kept creating tiebreakers, despite how exhaustion had kicked in.

From the top of the stadium, the sports commentator remarked, “Whoever suggested that these two would fake the game? Now, we are all sitting with swollen asses, waiting for this match to end! When will it end? Who will win? Ladies and gentlemen, we are four sets in. Carlos had already won two sets. If Alexander wins this set, prepare to have dinner in the stadium!”

Alexander and Carlos were sweating profusely, both swallowing air down their throats. Alexander received the cue to serve, and so he fished a ball from his pocket and tossed it in the air. A loud grunt escaped his lips as he hit the ball, his nose flaring while he was at it. However, despite the effort that he appeared to give, Alexander’s ball touched the net.

“Duece!”

At that point, Alexander had to let out a laugh. They were in for another deuce. He felt his arms getting tired, but he would not give in that easily. The two players were in a tiebreaker, two more points had to be earned to win the game, and it was a potential champion point for Carlos. Understanding this,

Alexander gave another powerful serve, and Carlos was able to return it. Alexander chased the ball, but he fell short. He missed returning it, and Carlos earned the point.

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“Advantage Ronaldo.”

With another serve, the tennis ball was volleyed against each side of the court. Carlos and Alexander sighed, screamed, and hissed in each comeback until subsequently, The Devil dazzled everyone with his most relentless backhand yet!

The ball went across the court so fast that Alexander swore he missed it in a blink.

“Game, Ronaldo!”

“This year’s Wimbledon champion is Carlos Ronaldo!”

With Carlos winning three sets, it guaranteed him the win. Screams echoed throughout the stadium. Some cried, and some expressed relief that it was ultimately over. The match between Alexander Jenkins lasted four hours and twenty-one minutes, totaling to forty-one tiebreakers. Following his win, Carlos wound up, raising both his arms, his eyes watered. He quickly blew Kate a kiss before returning his regard to Alexander. Alexander was equally emotional, his arms stretched for The Devil, warranting an embrace. Just like how they started the game, the two friends hugged each other, stretching for almost

a minute, each of them praising their efforts.

“Good game. You’ve outdone yourself, Alex. Seriously. That was fantastic.” Carlos suggested. “Damn, I’ve never been so tired in my life.”

“Only you? I think I need a month of sleep after this.” Alexander reacted, chuckling at his own words. “Thank you, man. I would not have gotten this far if it weren’t for you. I’m happy for you. Your win is my win.” The audience wept for them because Carlos and Alexander maintained their embrace much

longer. The LED screen showed how Kate and Savannah were also in tears, along with many other fans. The sports commentator above the stadium announced, "There you have it, tennis fans. Friendship above all. What we have here is a true act of sportsmanship."

From the VIP seats, Savannah was still in tears. Kate caressed her back and declared, "They are both winners, for they have each other." Savannah repeatedly nodded, saying, "That's the real prize."