

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 114-117

Chapter 14: Strange Cravings Tried “Talk about over moisturizing,” Kate remarked as Carlos repeatedly put lotion on her stomach.

Carlos's smile reached his ears while sometimes speaking to Kate's belly. “Hello, baby. Daddy's home. I miss you and mommy so much.”

Carlos's happiness seemed endless, but soon, a hint of sadness washed over him. He looked up at Kate and revealed, “The competition is moving up faster than I expected.”

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“Oh,” Kate reacted, her heart aching with the news.

“I'll be here for six weeks, practicing with Alex. Then I'll be leaving again for Wimbledon,” Carlos reminded. “On the bright side, I am no longer required to join minor tournaments after Europe, so I can stay until the US Open.” Kate's smile returned. She uttered, “I think that's great. You'll be here when our baby is bigger. I heard that is the most trying time for me.” Lifting his brow, Carlos asked, “How so?”

“I remember Gaby whining about not being able to... put on her socks and bending,” Kate revealed, encouraging laughter from the two. “And I'll be here to help my Kate put on her socks. I bet you won't be able to put lotion on your legs either,” Carlos added with a huge smile. Out of nowhere, he fell silent again. Then, he revealed, “You know, I've always craved this. Taking care of you this way and having a family together.”

“Kate?” His grey eyes intensely studied her face before admitting, “I am so happy I never gave up on you. Now, all my dreams are coming true.”

Hearing his words, Kate could not help but betear-eyed. Despite being married for almost two years, Carlos still looked back at the times when being with her was just a dream. 1

Kate sat up and moved to where he was. She embraced him tightly and answered, “I'm happy that you never gave up on us. I love you so much.”

"I love you too, so much," Carlos replied while savoring her scent. "God, I miss you so much."

"I miss you too," Kate replied. "I miss going inside of you," Carlos revealed. "All that video sex wasn't helping. I swear I want more."

Kate's heart raced. She admitted while giggling, "Me too."

Promptly, they both undressed, kissing and caressing each other's folds. With Kate's growing belly, Carlos slid to her back. After a thrilling foreplay, he began making love to her while

spooning

Carlos firmly kneaded Kate's bosom as he pushed, his flesh slapping against Kate's behind. When he released all his seeds inside of her, he moaned in pleasure and littered kisses on her neck. He remained to hug her, not wanting to let go. He pleaded, "I want to stay inside you." "Okay," Kate said. "Let's sleep like this."

Merely pulling the covers over their frames, the couple maintained their embrace, with Carlos' arm around Kate's waist, his hand over her belly.

"Have you decided on the name?" Barely a whisper, Kate asked.

"Mmmm. I'd like to name my son -"

"Good morning, world. This is The Devil, taking a break on the court," Carlos said on his live feed.

"And this is Kate, The Devil's wife," Kate greeted with a smile.

Oliver had suggested that Carlos post more public videos of himself, and what better way than to relate it to his current situation, a husband to a pregnant wife with strange cravings. Since they were live on social media, every reaction of the couple was genuine.

“My lovely wife is pregnant, and she has peculiar food cravings,” Carlos claimed. “So today, we are going to share them with you.”

“And you get to see The Devil’s reaction!” Kate laughed. “For two weeks now, since he came home, he has been avoiding tasting my food cravings, but now there is no escaping.” Carlos sucked in a breath. He stared into the camera and prayed, “May the heavens help me.” It was Oliver who prepared all the food, based on how Kate wanted it. The first ones were sliced cucumbers with mayonnaise. Carlos did not mind it. In fact, he enjoyed it. He announced, “I like this one. I’ll rate it 4 out of 5.”

The second one, however, made him frown. He exclaimed, “Marshmallow and mustard?”

“Yep, sweet treat!” Kate exclaimed, happily swallowing down the bite-size marshmallow. After Carlos chewed down the marshmallow, Kate laughed. He lowered his head, his face formed various frowns, utterly displeased. “I don’t like this. 1 out of 5.”

“Up next, we have tuna pasta with pickles!” Kate happily introduced, whereas Carlos took a deep breath. When Carlos tried it, Oliver zoomed in and focused on his face. The Devil was turning red and saying, “I don’t know what you are doing to me, my wife.” “It’s okay. I can stomach it. 2 out of 5,” Carlos claimed. The last part of the food tasting was something Carlos finally enjoyed. He and Kate munched on chicken nuggets dipped in vanilla ice cream. “Mmmm. I love this,” Kate claimed.

“5 out of 5. Not good for you, though. Just make it a once-a-month thing,” Carlos said before taking a bite of his nuggets. When Kate shot him a glare, he laughed. In the background, Oliver laughed with him. Eventually, Carlos changed his decision. “I guess we can make it twice a month while you are pregnant.”

Laughter still erupted in the background. Even the viewers laughed with them, sending emojis and words of encouragement.

(Carlos, you are so sweet to your wife.) (Best wishes for the baby!) [Try french fries and ice cream!] [I love pickles! I’m pregnant too!] (Kate doesn’t look pregnant at all! You are so beautiful!) After

completing their food craving live session, Carlos announced to his fans, “My entire team will be back next month. Alex and I might compete in the Wimbledon finals, and Savannah may take home the Wimbledon women’s singles. Currently, Maria opted to attend the middle-eastern games. So, she is skipping Wimbledon.” “See you in Wimbledon, and thank you for your support!”

1

That year’s Wimbledon surprised everyone. Many returnees and new players had taken part in lawn tennis. While Savannah won the finals against Alina, Alexander did not get so lucky. In his rematch with the veteran returnee, Roger Murray, he lost during the quarterfinals. Thus, during the Wimbledon championships, it was a match between The Devil, and Roger, formerly called The Prince of Grass, for, during his prime, Roger won five Wimbledon championships consecutively. In the locker rooms, Carlos was taking deep breaths. Alexander was giving him the pep talk of his life.

“Fucking win this. You did not rest for how many months just to lose. You did not want the one -year winning streak this bad, only to lose,” Alexander said. He put his hands on Carlos’ shoulders before adding, “You want this legacy; for yourself, for your wife, and your wife’s family, something that your children will brag about. Carlos Ronaldo, The Devil, is a tennis legend.”

“More than anything, you want to make your father proud.” Carlos nodded. He pecked his pendant before finally heading out. He mumbled, “I’m going to win this and the US Open to come.” On the court, the umpire announced, “First set, Ronaldo to serve.”

Chapter 115: Ultimate Motivation

“Out!” The umpire announced.

The Wimbledon finals had stretched to the fourth set, with Carlos leading by two sets. Carlos was still in the lead in the fourth set, and the potential championship point was in question.

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The referee called the ball out while The Devil's fans doubted the findings.

Carlos had hit the ball a little higher, and while the referee thought it was out, the crowd called it in. Claims from the audience came roaring. "It was in!"

"The Devil wins!"

"We saw it! The ball was in!"

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the LED screen, where the Hawkeye system would replay where the ball landed. When the cameras reflected how the ball went in, the audience screamed! Carlos felt his skin crawl with the way his fans yelled their happiness and cheers. "And this year's Wimbledon champion is Carlos Ronaldo, The Devil!" The Devil moved closer to the net and shook hands with Roger Murray. He complimented, "Great game." "Don't be so thankful yet, Ronaldo. I want a comeback. I'll take your US Open title," Roger declared.

Carlos laughed and answered, "Good luck with that, Murray, because I am determined to succeed."

"See you in the US Open," Roger said, smirking. "Good game."

Back in Braeton City, the telecast was late by a few minutes. Kate was already at the office, and seeing how the championship game was being questioned, she screamed in front of the monitor.

"It's in!"

"It's in!"

"The ball is in!"

She cried, feeling emotional, "It has to be in." She sniffed and added, "Carlos has to win. My husband has to win!"

The sudden outcry of their boss shocked the employees who were watching the game with her, but they understood how it was her hormones taking over. A second ago, she was angry, and now, she was crying, "I saw it too. The ball was in. The audience says it all -." "Kate?" Arman put a hand on her shoulder, trying to soothe her. He gave her a tissue and revealed, "The telecast is late. Carlos won."

Tears were streamin own her face when she turned to Arman. Her nose flared as she clarified, "He already won?"

She couldn't really understand herself. She felt so affected by Carlos' game that she continued to weep. "It's over?" "Yes, it's over, The cameras counted the ball in," Arman announced, caressing her back.

"He won?" Kate asked again.

Arman laughed and repeated, "He won."

"He won, misses Ronaldo," Oliver revealed. He showed the results on the phone and enthusiastically expressed, "The boss won."

"Yay!" And just like that, Kate was overjoyed again. She announced, "Lunch is on me!"

Months went by again. Carlos was in Braeton, assisting his wife with her growing belly. Early in the morning, he would run and practice his strokes. When Kate would wake up, they would go to the office together. Every night, he cuddled with Kate to sleep, spooning in the bed. Carlos' hand always rested on her stomach. 33 weeks into the pregnancy, their baby boy was already a kicker, and often, The Devil would find himself amused and awake. "Go ahead, buddy, let me feel your kick," he said under his breath, his smile reaching his ears. "Ouch," Kate complained. "I think he kicked my ribs." Stroking her stomach, Carlos said, "Be gentle with mommy, baby." "Can you get me more pillow on my hip? I feel so uncomfortable," Kate asked, trying to adjust her position. A laugh escaped Carlos' lips when he pointed

out, "Kate, you realize you already have all the pillows in bed, right?" Kate groaned. She replied, "Then you need to buy more pillows. My ass hurts, and my hips hurt."

"That's the chicken nuggets talking," Carlos teased.

Kate just snorted at his words. After Carlos adjusted her position, they both returned to sleep.

At midnight, Kate woke up her husband, saying, "I need to go to the bathroom. Help me out of these pillows."

After aiding his wife to the restroom, they rested again. In the wee hours, however, Kate complained, "I feel hot. Can you adjust the air conditioning?"

"Hmmm," Carlos yawned, turning to the other side and adjusting the temperature. Since Kate reached the third trimester, she felt her body was always warm. Their room was always cold, and Carlos always covered himself with a blanket or sometimes wear a jacket over his body. 1

Carlos checked the time and saw he still had two hours to sleep before taking his morning run. He settled in bed again, putting his hand on his wife's belly, and closed his eyes.

Half an hour later, Kate woke Carlos up, saying, "I need to pee. Help me get out of these

pillows."

Carlos groaned. "Are you complaining?" Kate asked.

The Devil chuckled and said, "No. Not complaining. Let's get you out of these pillows."

Kate was already 37 weeks when Carlos was leaving for the US Open. Carlos badly wanted to bring Kate along, but anything could happen. Pregnant women who were about to give birth could not get on the plane.

At the airport, Kate suggested, "I know you'll get to the finals. When you are there, end it quickly." She held his hand and settled it on her belly. She reminded, "We are waiting for you."

Carlos sucked in a breath. He wanted their son to wait for him, but he also did not want to risk it. If his son would come out sooner, he would be happy either way. The baby's health was a priority.

He kissed Kate and embraced her tightly. He lowered his frame and kissed her belly, saying, "Daddy will be home in two weeks and three days. I'll see you soon."

"Good luck," Kate said. "Claim it."

Carlos nodded, saying, "I will win it. I love you."

"Love you, too," Kate replied.

He rode on a plane with Alexander and Savannah, and they all left for the US Open.

The Open appeared to be a copy of the Wimbledon results. Almost the same players attended that last Grand Slam event.

In the men's quarterfinals, Alexander lost to Roger Murray. Erik Berg lost to Carlos Ronaldo.

In the women's singles, Savannah and Alina advanced to the semi-finals, where Savannah once again claimed the female US Open title.

Finally, Carlos Ronaldo and Roger Murray were about to have a rematch during the finals. Just as Carlos exited the locker room, Lemuel approached him, giving him his phone. "Sir, this is important."

Taking the call, Carlos recognized his wife. Kate said, "I have water leaking down my legs, Carlos. Let me give you the ultimate motivation to win – your son wants to see you. I might not be able to watch your game. Dad and Mom are taking me to the hospital. Good luck, and I love you"

"Win it!"

Hearing the news, Carlos felt teary-eyed. His son was about to be born but was a state away from Braeton. Calculating his head, he turned to Lemuel and ordered, "Book a jet for Braeton scheduled to flow out in two hours,"

"But the penthouse, sir."

"We can come back for our things tomorrow. In as much as possible, I want to be there when

my son is born," Carlos claimed. "I have to be there." When Carlos stepped outside of the court, he shook Roger's hand, saying, "Murray, I'm sorry, but I need to win this match in less than two hours. Don't worry, you'll get another chance next year... if... Alex doesn't beat you then."

"First set, Murray, to serve." Carlos pecked his pendant before getting into his ready stance. His eyes were fierce on the ball. He swore he'll never lose sight of it. Roger served the ball, and The Devil ran to it, returning it ferociously.

"In!"

"Love, fifteen."

"In!" "Love, thirty."

Chapter 116: Manuel Daniel Ronaldo

Scoreboard:

Ronaldo: 6, 6,5 Murray: 4, 4,4 In the third set, Carlos was ahead' by five games, and in the final game, he was leading by a point.

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"Thirty, fifteen," the umpire announced the scores.

Carlos' face was red from all the running he had done. He was chasing his breath as he bounced the ball against the hard court, ready to serve. He had been giving his finest, not letting Roger Murray score a set.

After he thrust up the ball, he hit it with his racket.

"Out!"

Letting out a sigh, Carlos was relieved he still had a second try to serve the ball correctly. After serving it again, Roger ran to the far right of his court and returned the ball. Carlos quickie volleyed it back, and Roger missed another point. "Forty, fifteen, championship point."

Ready to serve, Carlos pecked his pendant. He wiped the sweat off his face with his wristband and threw the ball up in the air. Carlos served once and twice, but he hit the net in both instances.

The crowd was barking, both angry and thrilled. At that point, nearly everyone in the stadium's skins was crawling. ;* "Forty, thirty, championship point." Finally, Carlos was able to serve the ball perfectly. When Roger returned the ball, however, he hit the net!

Hoots and cries echoed throughout the stadium, all while the umpire announced, "Game, Carlos Ronaldo. Three sets to love. Six -four, six – four, six – four."

The applause were deafening from the audience. On one side, Alexander was in tears for his friend, and so was Savannah. Carlos had his arms raised, his smile reached his ears as water welled in his eyes.

“Devil!”

“Devil!”

“Devil!”

Finally, the devil achieved his absolute goal, to win all Grand Slam titles in one year, and what an amazing game it was for him, winning the US Open in three straight sets!

Alexander and Savannah quickly rushed to The Devil, giving him a hug. All three of them cried with happiness.

“You did great, Carlos. You are amazing,” remarked Savannah.

“I’m so happy for you right now, I could cry for the rest of the year,” Alexander claimed. “Thank you. Thank you both,” Carlos said. He chuckled and declared, “We need to go to Braeton. Kate is about to give birth.”

Kate’s water broke an hour after they arrived at the hospital, but it wasn’t until the third hour before she started to feel labor pains.

“Mom?” Kate was taking deep breaths, her face forming varied frowns. “Have you heard from Carlos?”

“He called your dad earlier. He’s already on a flight to Braeton. He won the US Open,” Samantha said, walking closer to Kate. She held her hand and encouraged, “I know it’s painful, sweetie, but bear it. When it is all over, all you will think about is the joy of bringing life into this world.”

“Mom, I need Carlos,” Kate said, and at that point, tears ran down her cheeks. “He’ll be here, Kate. He will be here,” Samantha suggested before kissing Kate’s forehead. “Is there anything I can do?” Mia asked. She was almost crying, seeing Kate in pain. “I don’t want to stay home. I want to be here with Kate.”

“It’s okay, Mia. She is experiencing labor pains. It’s normal. You can stay next to Kate and help her calm down,” Samantha suggested.

Ethan walked into the room and reported, “Carlos’ jet just landed in Braeton. He’ll be here, Kate. He’ll make it.”

Hearing the news, Kate felt relieved. Her tears of joy appeared unending. While lying on the hospital bed, she caressed her belly and said, “Baby, daddy is coming.” Nearly an hour passed, and at that point, all visitors in the private delivery room were asked to wait outside. The doctor suggested that Kate was ready to deliver her baby.

Kate kept on looking at the door. She asked, “Where is my husband? Where is my husband?” Finally, Carlos walked in, already in his hospital gown. He was immediately in tears, seeing the condition of his wife. Holding her hand, he said, “I’m here, my Kate. I’m here.”

“Carlos. Thank God you made it.” Kate repeatedly pecked on Carlos’ hand before giving her attention to the doctor. When the doctor gave her the cue, she started pushing along with her contractions.

It took a few minutes, but eventually, the doctor announced, “The baby’s head is coming out. Just a few more, Kate.”

“Arrgghh!” Kate grunted as she let out another push, her hand held tightly by her husband.

“Hwah! Hwah!”

“Baby is out!” The doctor revealed. “Hwah! Hwah!”

Kate was immediately relieved, feeling the pain go away, but instantly she was crying all over

again at the sound of her baby's cry. At the back of her head, she kept saying, 'He was out. He was finally out.'

On her side, Kate noticed her husband sniff. Carlos was crying as the nurse lay the baby on Kate's chest. The nurse named. "Baby boy Ronaldo."

"He is beautiful," Carlos described, his hands caressing his son's head. "My son."

Kate nodded, her hand holding the baby's frame. She pecked his head and expressed, "Welcome, son. We love you. Your daddy and I have waited for you for so long."

Carlos could not fathom the love he felt for his son. He had always wanted to have a family, and now, he had everything he had ever hoped for. At that very moment, he wished his parents were there, especially his father. In a whisper, he said, "Father, mother, you are grandparents now. I wish you could see him." "We are going to call him after you, father. Manuel Daniel Ronaldo." "Manuel Daniel Ronaldo," Kate repeated.

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At night in the hospital, after Kate gave birth, Carlos took care of their son, staying up all night. Ethan, Samantha, and Mia had returned home to rest.

From the sofa seat, he reflected on his achievements and future plans. Carlos had already achieved his dream in tennis. Now, cradling Manuel in his arms, he was willing to sit out the rest of the tournaments until, perhaps, the next Wimbledon or maybe the US Open. He wasn't decided yet.

All he knew was that The Devil had already made history. He earned millions of dollars from his wins and his sponsorships. His apparel company was doing good. He managed star athletes and still had his

father's stocks intact. Carlos felt he was set for life, including his son and future children. It was already time for him to be a father.

Resting Manuel on his chest, Carlos leaned back. He kept stroking Manuel's cute little head. Soon, he felt his baby's small hand circling around his finger. He smiled, thinking how his son knew his daddy. His heart swelled with pride, and tears stung his eyes. Under his breath, he said, "Yes, son. It's me, daddy."

"I love you, baby."

His gaze landed on his sleeping wife, and added, "Mommy and Daddy loves you."

In the morning, Alexander and Savannah, together with Mia, visited the couple at the hospital. Savannah was the first to hold the baby in her arms. She described, "He is so cute. His nose is so long," she felt teary-eyed as she added, "So adorable."

It was because Savannah held Manuel longer that as Alexander stood in front of her, he teased, "You want one?"

Alexander winked at her, and his lips formed into a smirk.

Savannah instantly flushed and saw Mia, Carlos, and Kate's grins of approval. She did not answer Alexander..

Later on that morning, Kate received more visitors from her family. Alexander and Savannah were in the sofa seat, watching the family gathering before them. Slowly, Savannah whispered in Alexander's ear. She said, "Yes."

"Hmm?" Alexander asked, puzzled.

“Yes,” Savannah repeated, her face burning. “What?” Alexander sought again, “What do you mean, yes?”

Savannah directed her gaze to Carlos and how he was holding Manuel. Then she returned his attention to Alexander. She said, “Yes.”

“What?” Alexander asked again.

Savannah was unsure if her boyfriend was playing dump, or maybe he sincerely forgot how he had asked her about having a baby an hour ago, but she wound up strengthening her voice as she clarified, “Yes, I want a baby!” Silence fell upon them. Everyone’s heads snapped in their direction.

Alexander quickly trapped Savannah’s wrist and said to all their audience, “Excuse us. We are going to... make a baby.” “Alex!”

Chapter 117: Another Proposal Kate and Carlos watched as Kyle held Manuel’s legs up, and cleaned his dirt. They observed how the CEO of the Wright Diamond Corporation turned Manuel’s delicate frame, gentry, from side to side to clothe him with his top. After effectively pulling up the baby’s pants, Kyle claimed, “See! It’s easy! Like a walk in the park.”

“That was very fast,” Carlos had to admit.

“I’m a natural at caring for babies,” Kyle claimed. A confident grin formed on his face, adding, “It also comes with experience.”

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Kate looked past her brother and saw Gaby giggling while carrying her one-year-old daughter, Gale. She wasn’t sure what to believe, but, nonetheless, they were thankful for Kyle’s help, showing his best technique to change an infant.

“Let me hold my nephew for a while,” Kyle asked, carrying Manuel from the stroller. “You carry him like this. Listen to your older brother now.” “What about my style? Do you want to see how I change my nephew?” This time around, Kaleb offered

“No. No, he is doing good already,” Kate said. “You can change his diaper later if he needs another.”

“My turn to hold my baby nephew!” Kenzie exclaimed, standing in front of Kyle. It took Kenzie and her husband two weeks to visit Braeton, also bringing their kids to a family gathering, this time in Carlos’ home. They were all in the garden, having indulged in a picnic lunch.

“Well, at least, there’s a lot of babies right now,” Samantha said behind, carrying Graham in her arms.

“Yes, we don’t have to fight over who gets to carry who,” Ethan said. He was holding Kylee in his arms.

“I don’t have a baby to carry, though.” Kaleb’s gaze landed on Kenzie’s children. They were the ones looking after his son, Liam, while Kenneth was behind them, running around Carlos tennis court.

“Then, let’s take turns,” Kenzie’s husband, Andrew, suggested. “I’m going to carry Manuel next after Kenzie. You can carry Manuel after me.” Kaleb, having realized he had lost his earlier chance, turned to find another baby. He saw his mother glaring at him. Samantha warned, “Don’t you dare!”

He turned to his father, but Ethan quickly said, “You can wait in line with Gale.”

Gaby was laughing so hard her eyes watered. After having months of barely sleeping, he offered her daughter outright. She said to Kaleb, “Be my guest.” Turning to the older children, she remarked, “I’d rather watch the runners and have a good exercise.” Being surrounded by a family that cared and loved his son, Carlos was thankful beyond words. He took a moment to read everyone’s expressions, smiles, and sincere tenderness for his son. Out of nowhere, he said, “Thank you, guys. Thank you for loving my son.”

Silence fell upon them, but eventually, Samantha spoke. “Carlos, son. We love you, and of course, we will love your son.” “Even if you go out on tournaments, Manuel as a father in me,” Kyle offered. “And me,” Kaleb added. “If you bring him to London, you count me in,” Andrew suggested. Carlos’ smile

stretched wider. He turned to Kate and saw the gleam in her eyes. Kate said, "I'm so proud of my family."

"And I feel so lucky to be part of it," Carlos said. His words encourage warm sighs and awes.

"Don't get too comfortable, though. You promised you would no longer chase all four Grand Slams in a year," Kate reminded, "Your son still needs you. Once in a while, you need to be home."

Carlos laughed. He acknowledged, "Yes, I promise I will schedule my tours and ensure I still have time for you and Manuel." "That's good, Carlos. I know you love tennis, but your body can only do so much. Remember your injury?" Ethan pointed out. "Besides, you can still be number one in the ranks if you choose your tournaments wisely."

Carlos nodded, understanding Ethan's words. While the Wright family was having a gathering, Oliver suddenly walked in on them. He announced, "The exhibition is about to end."

Alexander accepted an exhibition match in Dublin. It did not necessarily pay the same amount as the big events, but he had his reasons for taking his game to Ireland.

Hearing Oliver, Carlos turned to Kate, and they quickly watched the live broadcast coverage on the internet.

Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Club, Dublin.

"Alex!"

"Alex!"

The crowd was praising Alexander for a wonderful game. Together with Savannah, Alexander was amongst the top players in tennis. However, he humbly graced Dublin with his presence. The Irish crowd was delighted with the game they had just witnessed.

Even as the club officers handed Alexander his prize, the loud applause was still deafening. After the announcer handed him a plaque, Alexander asked for the microphone. He declared, "To be honest, I had an ulterior motive for coming here."

Alexander glanced at the VIP seats and smiled at Savannah and her parents. He then walked away from the center of the lawn court, surprising everyone, especially Savannah. He could see how Savannah mouthed, 'What are you doing?'

From Savannah's seat, her parents were also getting anxious. "Oh, dear, I have a feeling what this is all about," Savannah's mother, Shyla, suggested, her

eyes rounding at her husband. "What do you mean?" Savannah asked. Her heart was beating fast while she tried to act clueless.

"It's really going to happen," her father, Scott, remarked. Alexander stood in front of Savannah. He sucked in a breath before suddenly going down on one knee.

The crowd was in an uproar, thrilled at what was unfolding before their eyes. Many, especially the women, flushed for Savannah, and the men all had smiles on their faces, especially Scott Knight!

"Savannah Knight, when you came into my world, I experienced contentment like no other." Alexander took out a velvet box from his pocket and resumed, "In this life, you are all that I want and need."

Taking out the ring from the box, Alexander asked, "Will you marry me?" Savannah puffed again and again. Tears welled in her eyes, surprised by Alexander's sudden proposal. She thought, 'It was probably because they had committed to having a baby!' After meeting Carlos' son, they already agreed to have a baby. They had been living together long enough to know they were officially ready to settle down at any time.

“Savy?” Alexander asked again. Savannah received her father’s strong pat on the back, urging her to get up and respond. She walked out of the seats and stood half a meter from Alexander. With her face burning, she replied, “Of course, Alex. I’ll marry you. I love you so much!” Alexander excitedly put on the ring on Savannah’s finger, and the two relished a minute-long embrace in front of the crowd. The surrounding cameras also captured the moment, feeding the proposal live on the internet.

Many of the fans who watched it mentioned how it was another proposal from The Devil’s

Team

Savannah was still teary-eyed when she let go of Alexander. When she sniffed her tears away, she stared blankly at her beautiful diamond ring. She smiled at Alexander, saying, “I love it, Alex, and I love you.” With a sigh, she hinted, “Now, you just need to propose to grandpa, too.” Alexander sighed, and then he chuckled. He remarked, “I love your grandpa.”