

# The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 79-81

**Chapter 79:** Surgery Needed BREAKING NEWS: "Ivan Conners won by default after Carlos Ronaldo, The Devil, suffered an injury during the quarterfinals of the US Open. The fans of The Devil were shocked by Ivan's performance, let alone his arrogance on court today. After several attempts of strapping The Devil's ankles, Carlos could no longer hide the pain during the third set. His team bitterly called it quits for him." In the TV report, there was a footage of Carlos aching in anguish. His face could not hold various frowns as the medical team tried to redo the brace on his ankle. "Despite the findings, Carlos still wanted to engage in the match, but his practice partner, Alexander Jenkins, and The Devil's security team decided for him." "Fans of the Devil were heartbroken, and many suggested how Ivan may be under the influence. The tennis association promised to put Ivan under investigation."

"Alex! Alex!" Kate screamed, seeing Alexander outside the private hospital room where Carlos was admitted. After seeing Carlos in pain during his match, Kate booked a private flight to New York to give Carlos comfort.

With relief, Alexander said, "Kate, I'm so glad you are here. Please talk to him. He

winning the US Open for if he would completely injure his ankle?"

"Lemuel and I are not sorry he had to stop playing." Sucking in a deep breath, he suggested, "Please tell him there is always next time."

Kate nodded repeatedly. She responded, "Let me talk to him."

Entering the room, Kate was shocked to see the mess inside the hospital. She realized Carlos and Alexander had a heated argument over the match. The pillows were on the floor, and Carlos appeared agitated. "Kate?" Carlos called, looking up at her. His jaws clenched, and his eyes thinned bitterly, saying, "Kate, I – I lost the match -". "No, you did not. You quit the match for your health, and your health matters more," Kate replied, immediately rushing to embrace him. "What is one championship game, Carlos? It's not the first time you lost; this does not even count because you had an accident. Are you going to be mad at Alex because he was concerned about you?"

Carlos repeatedly heaved, trying to hold back his disappointment. He responded,

“I badly wanted to win this match. I decided this was the year I’d win it all – ”

Tightening her hold around Carlos, Kate acknowledged, saying, “I know. I know

“Aahh!” Kate’s words were cut off after Carlos groaned in pain, his hand reaching for his ankle. Kate looked down, seeing the brace around his foot and his ankle. Then Carlos lay on his side, folding his leg against his chest. “Call the nurse, Kate. I need another pain reliever – Urrgggh!”

“Mister Ronaldo, we met again. May I remind you that you had an ankle injury last year which you had not sought treatment for?” An orthopedic doctor named Bryan Kelly informed.

Kate glared at Carlos. She realized that the same doctor had attended to Carlos in the past.

Carlos, however, merely looked down, taking a deep breath. Carlos admitted, “I felt better after a few weeks of rest.”

“You did not think to give your ankles a more serious check?” The doctor asked.

Carlos clenched his jaws and replied, “I wanted to win all tournaments.”

“You could have at least taken a surgery, recuperate before going back to playing,” the doctor suggested. “But, no matter. What’s done is done.”

“The tearing of your ligaments has worsened, and you will need surgery ASAP. If you had continued your match, I guarantee you, your chances of recovery would have been close to zero!” The doctor scolded. “I understand your matches are important to you, but you should consider the condition of your ankle. What if you can never walk properly again? Can an athlete bear to walk on crutches all his life? That is far worse than losing your match.” Carlos wound up looking at Alexander. His friend averted his gaze, and, instantly, he felt remorseful for being upset with his friend.

During the third set of his match, Ivan kept challenging him, telling him to keep playing and urging him to move forth with the game. Ivan provoked him, saying that The Devil was not a quitter. Carlos recalled how Ivan had interrupted Alexander. “Let him decide for himself. He knows his own body! Right, Carlos? You can still fight! Keep going!”. Hearing the doctor, guilt flashed across Carlos’ face. Alexander and Lemuel could not bear to see him in pain, yet he lashed at them for convincing the organizers that he could no longer play.

“After the surgery, you will need to rest your foot for at least four weeks. It will be six to eight weeks before you can return to wearing your usual footwear, and then, you will undergo therapy,” The doctor explained.

“The progress of your recovery will depend entirely on you. Will you be able to take part in next season’s tournaments? I don’t think you can participate in an earlier competition, but perhaps you can in the later part of the season.”

“I suggest we have the surgery within the week. Kindly confirm with the nurse once you have fully decided.”

After the doctor left, the room was silent. Kate was the first one to speak. “I think quitting today’s match may have been a lifesaver, after all, Carlos. Don’t you think so?”

Carlos glanced at Alexander. He huffed profusely and said, “Thank you, Alex. Thank you for looking for me.” Alexander finally looked Carlos in the eye. He walked over to him and offered a hug. He said, “Of course, man. I expect you to do the same for me.” “You guys are excellent friends. I swear, it makes me jealous,” Kate teased. “Do you want me to call Lemuel and make him feel better? He was feeling down after you got mad at him.” Carlos nodded. In the next few minutes, the room became filled with smiles, and despite losing his chances at that year’s US Open, The Devil acknowledged how perhaps it wasn’t the time yet. After their huddle, he asked Alexander, “Promise me you’ll win the US Open, not just for

me, but for yourself." Alexander nodded. He clasped hands with Carlos and claimed, "I will win the US Open because it was taken away from my friend."

Looking straight into Alexander's eyes, Carlos said, "Thank you, Alex."

A day passed

Before Carlos decided on the surgery, he had an unexpected visitor. Kate was helping Carlos from the bathroom when there was a knock on the door. "Wait, a minute!" Kate called. "Miss Wright, Sir Ronaldo has a visitor," Lemuel informed behind the door. "Okay, give us a minute," Kate answered. Carlos was on crutches, but Kate still walked alongside him, carrying his arm around her shoulder, until he settled back on the hospital bed. Only then did she

open the door.

"Nolan?! What brings you here?" Kate asked in surprise. She turned to Carlos and said, "It's Nolan."

"When I heard about Carlos' injury, I just had to come," Nolan suggested. He walked in and smiled at Kate. He fixed his gaze on Carlos and said, "You know, since I am in the pharma business, I know the best doctors around here too. I recommend you switch to doctors. I recommend Doctor William Levin. He is the head of this hospital's orthopedic department. If you go with him, he will waive his fees."

"With his expertise in ligament surgery, Carlos is expected to recover in no time!"

**Chapter 80:** Fishy Nolan "We will consider your suggestion, Nolan," Carlos answered. He intended to ask about the doctor that Nolan recommended before arriving at a decision. Also, he saw Kate's hesitation. He could tell that, like him, Kate had a strange feeling about Nolan's sudden offer.

"Kate?" Nolan turned to Kate as if asking for her approval. Kate awkwardly smiled and replied, "It's just that Carlos' doctor already knows him, his medical history, but if you say this other doctor is the best, then we will reevaluate."

him to take your case. It will be good for Carlos.”

“Anyway, I better get going. Since I am already here, I am meeting the hospital director in a few minutes, too. I might even convince the hospital not to charge for the operation. Hope you will take my advice,” he added.

Kate just smiled and offered, “I’ll walk you out.”

After asking Lemuel to stay with Carlos, Kate strode with Nolan to the lifts. It was there when they had a brief chat. Nolan sought, “Kate, I don’t know how you can hold up with this. I mean, Carlos will always travel. Is this really the life you want?”

“I love Carlos, Nolan. I understand his life. If I weren’t so busy with the company, I would have come during his first match in the US Open,” Kate revealed.

“You know, when I learned Carlos had a previous injury, I thought this was not good. He needs to have the best doctor to attend to him. What good is my connection in the medical field if I could not help a friend?” Nolan said.

“That’s very nice – ” Kate paused. It suddenly dawned on her that Nolan knew of Carlos’ previous injury. She frowned, thinking, ‘Wait, did we ever mention this to him? I’m pretty sure we did not.’

Earlier, Kate thought it was rather odd for Nolan to come all the way to New York to see Carlos. A simple phone call would have done the deal. Then, she considered, what kind of head department doctor would give his services for free to the wealthy? It was understandable to offer charity services for those who were less fortunate, but Carlos didn’t mind paying for the best services, and it was the same with her. “Kate?” Nolan asked again.

“Um, sorry. I was just thinking,” Kate reluctantly replied. “Kate, you know, surgery has its complications. That’s why doctors give a percentage of success because anything can happen during the surgery. This is true even with the best surgeons in the country,” Nolan began. “What if the surgery doesn’t turn out successful? What if Carlos will never be that hotshot tennis player that he is now? Sooner or later, he

will fall off the tennis ranking.” “You should prepare yourself, Kate,” Nolan suggested. “You’ll have to take care of the company and Carlos, too. You have been pampered all your life. I don’t think you are cut out for this, Kate.”

Kate looked Nolan in the eye, aghast. She replied curtly, “Even if Carlos cannot walk again, Nolan. I will stay with him because I love him.” “What makes you think I am not cut out to care for Carlos? Are you suggesting that I leave him if the surgery turns out to be a failure? My love for him isn’t shallow -”

“Kate, I’m sorry. I – I was just worried about you. Even if the operation is a . success, many things can go wrong. Athletes, you know, they overexert themselves, and these things can happen again,” Nolan pointed. “I hope Carlos can lie low for a while.”

“Don’t worry. With me by his side, he will recover faster. I will always be his number one supporter. No matter what,” Kate firmly said before excusing herself, “I need to go back to Carlos. I’m sure you know your way around here.”

“Okay, Kate. I’ll see you,” Nolan said, but Kate did not reply. She merely glanced back at Nolan before leaving him alone to wait for the lift.

When Kate entered Carlos’ room, she announced, “I don’t want us to change doctors.”

“I know. Something about Nolan is fishy,” Carlos said.

Kate, on the other hand, suggested at the same time, “Something is fishy about Nolan.”

That entire day, Carlos and Kate studied the success rate of Dr. Bryan Kelly’s surgeries. They found out that Dr. Kelly was the best in the city, only that he refused the head department position. He had an impressive success rate in ligament surgery and attended to other sports athletes too; many of them were football players and basketball players. They became more confident with their choice, and thus, they scheduled Carlos’ operation in two days.

As for Nolan? He called Kate the next day, and she made him believe they were going for his recommended doctor. Kate said, "Doctor Levin will operate on

Carlos." "That's good. That's good to hear," Nolan said over the phone. "Carlos is in good hands."

"Is he?" Kate asked. She tried her best to hide the sarcasm in her tone.

"Yes, Kate. Don't you trust me?" Nolan asked.

"Of course, I don't think you would recommend someone with ill intentions, considering how we earnestly think of you as a friend," Kate suggested.

There was a brief silence on the phone before Nolan replied, "I want only the best for Carlos, Kate. Trust me."

Carlos' operation was scheduled on the same day as the US Open finals. Alexander was able to pass through the semi-finals. Sadly, though, he would not be facing off against Ivan Connors, for he was disqualified for that year's tournament. Alexander would have wanted to put Ivan in his place.

It was reported that Ivan Connors had taken enhancement drugs that boosted his performance on court during his match with the Devil. The supporters of Carlos were inflamed, but there was nothing more that could be done since Carlos had already injured his left ankle.

Learning that The Devil will undergo a surgery, many of his followers sent their best wishes and prayers through his social media pages. Alexander, on the other hand, went to the hospital before his match. The two friends clasped hands. Carlos repeated his wish for Alexander. "Win for me."

With a nod, Alexander said, "I'll win the US Open for you."

While the finals to the US Open commenced and Carlos began his surgery, at US Medlink Stoll Pharma headquarters, Nolan was anxiously waiting. He could not work at all, merely looking at the screen of his computer. He received no word from Dr. Levin, but he was confident the same doctor would follow his request. Nolan had blackmailed Dr. Levin. That was how he learned of Carlos' previous medical record. Being the head of the orthopedics department, the same doctor had access to all medical files at the hospital. Aside from the doctor. Nolan paid off one of the biggest investors of the US open

and he had commissioned the maintenance to make the locker rooms hazardous for Carlos. He also set Carlos up to be paired with Ivan Connors. Ivan was supposed to take care of Carlos, make him fall into a serious injury. Nolan already anticipated The Devil to slip one way or another, especially since Ivan knew exactly where to aim at; Carlos' left leg balance. Ivan was supposed to keep encouraging Carlos to play and completely destroy his leg, but Alexander and the bodyguard discouraged The Devil. Nolan frowned, thinking he didn't have to involve Dr. Levin again, but since his initial plan did not work perfectly, he orchestrated the operation. It was meant to damage Carlos' leg permanently. Carlos would never play tennis again.

When he learned that Ivan Connors was disqualified two days ago, he feared that he would be found out, but after seeing that there was no action taken against him, he was convinced Ivan did not spill. "He better not. I paid him a hefty amount of money." 1

Then, when he heard from Kate that they were having the operation with Dr. Levin, he felt assured no one found out how he was behind everything. He thought, "After this, Carlos cannot recover completely. Kate will struggle, dealing with Carlos' situation. I know it and I will be there to lend Kate a hand." A smile formed on his face as he imagined it. "I will be a shoulder to cry out for Kate. I will give her the comforts in life and show her how... I am better than Carlos."

"Kate will be –"

The doors to his office swung open. Police officers came in, announcing, "Mister Nolan Stoll, we have a warrant for your arrest!"

Nolan was horrified. He could not believe his ears. 'Gentlemen, what – what for? What did I do?'

“You are under arrest for giving Ivan Connors unapproved drugs from your pharmaceutical company, for blackmailing Doctor William Levin, for bribing a US Open official and for sabotaging Carlos Ronaldo’s match.”

The detective who came that day was Carlos’ old ally, officer Baker. For all the help Carlos had given the law enforcement, detective Baker would not let Nolan get away. He turned to his men and ordered, “Arrest this sick bastard!”

**Chapter 81: Champion In Our Hearts** “There you have it, ladies and gentlemen. The US Open title this year goes to Alexander Jenkins! What a surprising season it is. The country was heartbroken when Carlos was injured, but Alexander Jenkins took home the cup!” A sports commentator announced before the cameras shifted to Alexander, raising his trophy cup, nearly teary-eyed as his astonishing win.

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In an interview, Alexander claimed, “This win is for my friend, Carlos, The Devil. This was supposed to be his win, but it was taken from him. And it was exactly because of Carlos that I was more determined to win this year’s US Open championships.” 1 “Mister Jenkins, when do we expect The Devil to return to playing on the court?” The reporter asked.

“It’s hard to say, but we know Carlos. His ultimate goal was to win all four Grand Slam tournaments in a year. This year, he won three out of four. He was this close. If not the next season, he would surely be back to claim it the year after.” Alexander looked at the camera and owned it for his friend. “Wait for the Devil’s return!”

“Get well soon, Carlos.” Alexander then pointed to the crowd behind him, all while holding his trophy. The audience was cheering as if in synch with Alexander. “See this? Your fans are waiting for you to return to the court!”

The tennis enthusiast on all levels in that stadium cheered, calling out Carlos name.

“Devil!”

“Devil!”

“Devil!”

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“Devil!”

After watching Alexander receive the trophy, Carlos could not help but feel emotional. He was proud of Alexander while, at the same time, he envisioned having won the same title again. Even if Carlos had won the previous US Open titles, this year was supposed to be different. This year, he had his Kate, and his win was supposed to be dedicated to her.

“You’ll win the next,” Kate suggested. “It will be for another year until the next US Open.”

Carlos nodded. He forced a smile and said, “I know.”

It was later that day when Alexander came to visit Carlos. He had a back-to-back interview and made it in time to have dinner with Kate and Carlos.

After a successful surgery, Carlos’ left leg had to be kept elevated. His entire left leg, including his ankle, was secured by a cast. He sat by the side of the hospital bed when Alexander entered the room.

“There is the US champ!” Carlos called. His smile reached his ears. “There is the real US champ!” Alexander said back, offering a manly hug. “I’m glad the surgery went well. I wanted to see you immediately, but I got caught up with the press conference and other interviews.”

Shaking his head, Alexander complained, “I don’t know how you managed it before, man. The schedule is crazy.” “It can be pretty tight,” Carlos admitted. After which Alexander gave the trophy to Carlos. He

said, "This is for you." . Carlos laughed. He replied, "You have it. It's your win, and you deserve it. I have plenty of championship trophies back home." Alexander smirked. He asked, "Are you sure? It would have been yours -" "Maybe some things aren't meant to be. They say you can't have it all," Carlos said. His eyes shifted to Kate, who was preparing his dinner in the small dining area, and said, "Maybe my best trophy this time is getting my girl." "You are right," Alexander acknowledged. "Then." Raising his trophy, he said, " I'll keep this."

"It's yours," Carlos laughed. After the two friends chatted about the championship, Carlos said, "You know, seeing you play, I earnestly fear I'd compete against you one day -". "When that day arrives," Alexander said. "I won't hold back. You deserve a real match, and I will give you one. But, if I lose, I will be happy knowing I lost to the person whom I learned tennis from the most.", Carlos felt warmth spread through his chest. He replied, "And if I lose to you, I will be happy knowing I used to train you to be the best."

"That's the spirit," Kate said with a smile. She was holding Carlos' food when she added, "For your true prize is the friendship that you share." Kate said to Alexander, "I'm glad he has you."

"I'm glad, The Devil has you!" Alexander said back.

"One day, you'll have that special someone too," Carlos suggested. "You'll see."

It was as if The Devil was playing god that evening. After the three of them had dinner, Alexander received a text from Savannah that read: (Congratulations, US Champ!)

He grinned, reading the text, and his face turned a shade darker. He opened the message and sent his reply.

Two days after, Carlos and Kate returned to Braeton. Alexander had to stay behind to entertain more media appearances and, at the same time, sell some of his properties. It was late in the evening when

the couple arrived at Carlos' mansion. While Lemuel and the other bodyguards carried their things, Kate pushed Carlos' wheelchair.

Entering the living room, Carlos frowned, saying, "Why are the lights off?"

"Surprise!" After the lights were turned on, Kate's family came out of hiding. Samantha held a cake in her hand, with Ethan behind her. Kaleb and his son were present, including Kyle's family.

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They had set up a "Get Well Soon" banner on the wall, and they had several gifts for Carlos packed in paper bags. 2 "Congratulations on a fruitful season, son," Samantha said. "You may not have taken home the Us Open trophy this year, but you will always be the champion in our hearts."

"It was a great match, either way," Kyle remarked.

Kaleb echoed, "You gave Ivan a hard time, and everyone saw it."

"We are proud of you," Ethan remarked. "Regardless of your wins, your ranking. Tennis is a gentleman's sport. It wasn't always about winning, but how you play

it."

Carlos nodded. He replied, "Thank you, aunt, uncle. Kyle, Kaleb, and Gaby. Thank you for coming here late to remind me of this." One by one, they each hugged Carlos, giving him the support and comfort of a family. Samantha, being the last one to hug Carlos, relished her time with him. She patted Carlos' back and whispered, "We love you, Carlos. The whole family loves you. We are glad you are safe and that your surgery was a success.

Remember, great things still await you, and I know you'll do just that." "It isn't too late to achieve your goal; nonetheless, you have already accomplished so much."

Carlos smiled. He answered, "Thank you, aunt -." "Stop calling me aunt. You can call me, mom," Samantha suggested. "And you can call me dad," Ethan offered. A smile became painted on Carlos' face as he repeated, "Thank you, mom, dad."

The Wright family stayed for an hour, eating a piece of the cake and chatting over tea or coffee. After understanding Carlos' treatment plan, they left with the confidence that he could get back on track in a few months. Carlos simply needed the proper support, as he will go through several stages of therapy.

Later that night, Kate had helped Carlos rest his leg on a customized pillow footrest. Afterward, she tidied the bathroom where she had aided Carlos in his bath.

Kate then checked Carlos' medication for the next few hours and set everything on her timer. Finally, she sighed and rested next to Carlos when she had everything covered.

Carlos had considered hiring a caregiver while he was still recovering, but Kate did not see why it was necessary. Moreover, she could not get over the fact that another person, let alone a female caregiver, would give him a bath! Kate claimed she was the best person to care for him during this time.

Kate received a kiss on the cheek. She smiled as Carlos said, "Thank you for taking care of me, my Kate."

She hugged his frame and said, "My pleasure. It feels good to take care of you. I remember when we were young, you always took care of me. Now, it's my turn to look after you."

As Kate rested her head on his chest, she felt Carlos' fingers raking through her brown hair. Eventually, Carlos asked, "Kate, would you still want to marry me even if I did not win this year's US Open?"

A frown formed on Kate's face. She looked up at him and answered, "Even if you would not play all your life again, I would still marry you... because... I love you as you. I love you as Carlos, regardless of your title." Carlos' grey eyes remained fixed on Kate's blue orbs. He caressed her cheek before sealing her lips with a kiss.

Moans and gasping echoed throughout the room. Their heads turned from side to side, their breathing became labored as their tongues intertwined. The two shared a heated kiss that lasted nearly a minute, and after letting go, Carlos said, "Thank you, Kate. I love you so much." – "I love you too," Kate replied.