

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 82-85

Chapter 82: How To Take A Bath “We have phone records suggesting that Nolan colluded with Tyler and Monet. Their conversations covered you and your company, also Miss Wright. I believe you know —.”

“Yes,” Carlos acknowledged on the phone. He was speaking to officer Baker. “They were our high school classmates, and they were, in fact, giving us problems before I left for the US Open.”

Carlos sucked in a breath, realizing how his recent troubles were caused by Nolan altogether. He suggested, “All the more, there should be no pardon or settlement for his actions. I’ll tell my lawyers to pursue the legal case. I’ll take care of Monet and Tyler.”

“Thank you for the update, detective Baker, and thank you for being on top of this despite Washington being outside your jurisdiction. I knew I could always count on you,” Carlos said.

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“I had approval from the higher-ups to lead the arrest. Besides, Washington is not that far,” detective Baker responded before the two ended their call.

A day after arriving in Braeton, Carlos eventually learned of Nolan’s aim. He wanted to be with Kate by destroying him. The police recovered files of Kate within Nolan’s office, and it covered several years back of private investigation. There were photos of Kate, including a record of her work history. During one of Nolan’s interrogations, he admitted to having romantic feelings for Kate.

The Devil heard everything from detective Baker. While the couple had many questions, especially Kate, Carlos’ recovery was at the top of their priority list. What was more important was the fact Nolan was behind bars. Carlos intended to see Nolan again when could already walk.

Carlos was thankful that Doctor Levin admitted to his involvement with Nolan. Back in New York, Lemuel confronted the doctor and even threatened him. After the doctor realized he was going against the Wrights, he revealed how Nolan had asked him to damage Carlos’ ankle permanently during the surgery. When the tennis association received complaints about Ivan Connors, they were

also quick to investigate him and put him on a drug test. Ivan told the rest to the police, but the authorities did not announce his confession. The admittance of Ivan and the doctor ultimately helped expedite the investigation and secure the arrest warrant for Nolan Stoll.

“Are we ready for an afternoon bath?” Carlos turned to Kate, standing at the

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door of the bedroom. 1

“Wow, you are back early from the office,” Carlos remarked.

Kate nodded, saying, “Yes, and you’ll have me for the rest of the day.” For that afternoon’s bath, Kate prepared the tub. She guided Carlos to the bathroom, and after he sat on the side of the bathtub, she ordered, “Get naked.” Carlos sighed. Before the accident, “Get naked” meant sex. He never imagined the day would come when his Kate would care for him this way. After taking off his clothes, Kate suggested, “Now, let’s help you down, starting with your ass.” Carlos could at least carry his weight with his arms. He carefully settled his left leg on one side before slowly lowering his frame down the tub. “Move forward,” Kate instructed. When Carlos made his way to the center of the bathtub, she also... took off her clothes. “Are you going to give me a bath, or are you trying to seduce me, because even if I am injured, my dick isn’t,” Carlos said with a smirk. Kate laughed. She replied, “Yesterday, when I helped you bathe while standing up, I got myself wet. Knowing that will happen again, I might as well... bathe with

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you.”

As warm water slowly filled the tub, Kate joined in. She urged Carlos to lean on her chest so he could easily keep his left leg up on the side of the tub. Carlos reached for a scrub, but Kate suggested, “Let me.” Starting with his back, Kate lathered soap on his skin. When Carlos reached for the shampoo, she said, “Let me.” While she was at it, Kate went as far as giving him a back massage. Meanwhile, Carlos cherished the fact that his Kate was scrubbing him. He especially liked the feel of her chest on his back. He remarked, “I think I could get used to taking a bath like this.” Kate said nothing. She just smiled and continued washing his arms this time. When Kate noticed how Carlos was stroking himself, she suggested, “Let me.” “I was hoping you’d say that,” Carlos said mischievously. She flushed as she reached for his length. From behind, her hand went up and down, lathering his member with soap, all the while making it extremely hard. Carlos rested his head on Kate’s shoulder and declared, “I could get used to this – Mmmmm... That feels good.”

When Kate cleaned his manhood, she got up and finished up his other leg. Then she urged him to move, settling his back on the tub’s edge. She used a telephone shower to rinse off the excess soap on his body and drain the water in the tub.

While Kate was rinsing him, Carlos, on the other hand, felt his growing arousal. Kate was naked in front of him. She could see everything, including her exposed rose. He licked his lips before suggesting, “Kate.” He held his rod and asked, “This guy needs more cleaning.” A smirk formed on Kate’s face. She said, “Why, Mister Ronaldo... I was... hoping you’d say that too.” Carlos hissed, and his eyes thinned at how Kate lowered herself, her hand stroking his length up and down, her mouth parting, ready to eat him. “Aaahh.” Carlos released an erotic sigh, feeling Kate’s tongue slurp around his tip. He fixed his gaze on how she closed her lips around his girth and how her eyes studied him as she bobbed in between his thighs.

When Kate’s cheeks hallowed, all while taking him in, he let out a moan. As she continued to drink him in the tub, he caressed her face while sometimes reaching for her breast.

“Aaahh! Fuck.” Finally, after Kate tried to push his length down her throat, Carlos came. He erupted into Kate’s mouth, and he saw how she swallowed it all down.

Kate let go of Carlos’ manhood with a pop. She did not stop there and still returned to sucking him. Carlos wound up repeatedly moaning, his skin crawling in pleasure.

When Kate was satisfied, she gave his manhood one last lick and suggested, "Let's get you to bed." After helping Carlos to bed and elevating his leg, Kate climbed on top of him, her legs spread apart in between his groin area. She suggested, "I guess... I'm going to be on top for a long... time." Carlos chuckled and suggested, "You have... two months to be on top... after that, I will pay you back in ten folds."

Kate's face burned. She suggested, "I look forward to the payback." Throughout the night, Kate was careful while riding Carlos. She controlled her up and down motion, ensuring not to put any weight on Carlos' legs. Her hips slowly ground on him while taking in his entire size. She took her time and teased him, knowing he could not do anything about it. However, with the way Carlos held himself from flipping her over, he came sooner than expected.

Carlos pulled Kate on top of her and warranted a kiss. He squeezed her breast and her ass while slightly pushing her down against his member.

The couple shared a hot kiss for seconds, and after letting go, Carlos wondered, "Kate, shouldn't you be pregnant by now?" | "Mmmm... About that," Kate said. Regret reflected on her face.

Chapter 83: Rest Means Babies So you are saying it may not cause infertility?" Carlos asked. Last night, when he wondered if Kate was pregnant, he learned Kate had her period when he left for the US Open. The couple decided to visit a doctor the very next day, despite The Devil being in a wheelchair. They picked up how Kate had a hormonal imbalance, causing small cysts to grow inside her ovaries, which may have affected her ovulation. 1 "Many women have this problem, especially when they are tired and stressed," the doctor suggested. "Normally, couples try to get pregnant within one year before deciding on getting fertility help." "The hormonal imbalance can be treated with hormones or with proper diet and rest," she added. "Of course, the male is also a factor here. I understand you are an athlete, Mister Ronaldo, but how is your stress level? Are you resting enough? Do you want to have your sperm count checked? That could have also affected your chances of conceiving a child. Have you both considered taking a proper rest to conceive?"

Only one word repeatedly left the doctor's mouth, and that was "rest." After Kate received a prescription to normalize her body hormones, they rode back inside the car. From there, Carlos suggested, "Maybe, rest is good. This is good. I get to stay home and -"

“Have time to make babies?” Kate asked, and a chuckle left her lips. Pulling Kate against his chest, Carlos confirmed, “I supposed... you could say that. Rest means babies.”

Back in New York, Alexander had just met the buyer of his penthouse when he received another reply from Savannah. He was stunned. After his US Open win, their exchange had been consistent.

They were at least sending text messages back twice a day. That was more than enough to make him smile. He read the text aloud, “I will skip the French Open, but I will join Wimbledon games next year.”

Recalling how Savannah was seeing that British businessman, he sent back a text: (Oh, yeah, so you could spend time with your boyfriend?)

(You mean, Landon? It did not work out for both of us. I tried. He was really a nice guy. We both tried, but I guess you can't force love. Anyway, Alex, see you at Wimbledon. Please say hello to Carlos for me.)

Learning about this, Alexander could not help but hope. He remembered they had launched a new product line, yet they were so busy dealing with Nolan and the schemes against CSK Apparel that the tennis athletes failed to pose for their own products. He immediately called Kate and asked, “Kate, have you done a photo shoot for the sportswear?”

“Carlos will have upper body shots with me. I was planning to hire two models -”

“I'll be back tomorrow, Kate. Can you ask Savannah to have another shoot with me? Why don't Savannah and I pose for the next product line?” Alexander suggested

“Umm... Will she agree?” Kate asked. “I know it's in her contract, but I don't want to force anyone -.”

“I think... she will agree,” Alexander suggested. “And she is not preparing for the major tournaments next year, so she might want to take the modeling job.”

“Okay, I’ll call her,” Kate said before teasing, “Maybe this is your chance?”

Alexander laughed and replied, “For now, Kate. I just want her to trust me again, at least... as a friend.”

One week passed.

A photoshoot was scheduled within The Second Diamond Hotel’s gym. Carlos had his photo taken, showing only his upper body as he appeared to be carrying weights, all while wearing a RonaldoPlus jersey.

The next to take a pose were Alexander and Savannah. They wore athletic clothes and acted to be working out in the gym. The two had shots with them working on their own while there were pictures taken where they appeared to be chatting and smiling at each other.

Savannah and Alexander also had pictures taken wearing tennis attires and holding a racket. Alexander had asked Kate not to direct any intimate shots for that photo shoot. He earnestly did not want to scare Savannah away, just like the last time. However, when that day ended, Kate said, “You guys did great, and you look so good together. Savy, I should tell you ahead of time that our next product line will be swim wears. Hope you’ll be comfortable enough to have skin-to-skin contact in the next shoot!”

She winked at Savannah before adding, “Don’t worry, though. Those will come out around five to six months from now. I just want you to be ready by then.”

Savannah’s face turned red, and with Alexander seeing her shocked expression, he suggested, “It’s okay. If you are not comfortable, we could hire another model

“Yes, that will also work,” behind them, Carlos suggested. “Maybe we can ask Linda White to model with Alex instead?”

“No. No.” Savannah reacted quickly. “I am... fine with touching and holding. I am ... a professional model and I have done this before. Besides, I have a contract to fulfill.”

Carlos and Kate eyed Alexander behind Savannah.

Alexander, on the other hand, felt his heart gallop. Sadly for Alexander, Savannah only stayed in Braeton for two days, rendering her time only for the shoot, but despite the very little time he had with her, he was contented. To him, they were making progress. At least now she did not hate him anymore.

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Days went by in a blur. Carlos had had it tough, going about his daily routine with only one functional leg. All his life, he rarely relied on others, but this time, he depended on Kate. He finally had his cast removed. His foot therapy began, requiring him to visit an orthopedic rehabilitation center now and then. While Lemuel came with Carlos during his sessions, Kate often joined in, too.

The therapy had to continue at home, and thus, Kate took it upon herself to learn. There were exercises that Carlos could do on his own, but there were also massages that another person could do better.

“So, Miss Wright, you can have Mister Ronaldo lie on his stomach. It will be easier for you to do this massage. From the back of his leg, you can start with these up and down strokes,” the therapist performed the massage in front of Kate, and she practiced while at it with supervision. “That’s right.”

“Press here, Miss Wright.” “The massages will just take about fifteen minutes each night, so it won’t be that long, but every effort counts,” the therapist suggested.

Carlos received more instructions that day. While waiting for his doctor’s take home notes, Kate lingered outside.

When Carlos found his way to the waiting area, he saw Kate sleeping on the side of the bench, her head resting on a column. Carlos no longer required a wheelchair. He was walking with crutches with an orthopedic boot on his left leg. He strode over to Kate and sat next to her. He pushed back a strand of her hair and sighed, “My poor Kate is tired.” Carlos knew it hadn’t been easy for Kate either. They

worked together, managing the company, and while Catrina had returned, Kate's constant care for him added to her daily task. From helping him bathe to ensuring all his medications were given, to coming with him during hospital visits and now being with him during his therapy sessions.

Kate eventually awoke, noticing Carlos' presence. She yawned, saying, "Are you done? Let's go home – "

"Kate, take a rest too. Catrina is back, and now Alex is helping the company, too," Carlos suggested. "It's fine. My hands can't help but itch and want to take part in it," she reasoned.

With a sigh, Carlos reminded, "Remember what the doctor said? Added stress means you may not get pregnant. The doctor repeatedly said rest is required. Why am I the only one who should rest? You also need to take a rest. Rest means babies."

The word babies rang through her head, and it was as if Kate had a lightbulb moment. She slowly picked up her phone from her purse and called Catrina. She suggested, "I will work from home for a week or two."

In the evening, after one round of love-making, Kate silently crept out of bed. She grabbed her laptop and checked on the new designs Raffa had sent her. She took notes of what to discuss with Raffa when she heard Carlos speak. "Rest means babies."

Kate gulped. Slowly, she set her laptop on the bedside table and repeated, "Rest means babies."

"Rest means babies," Carlos echoed, and Kate crawled back into his arms.

The next day, Carlos went to visit Monet and Tyler. The Devil meant to collect.

Chapter 84: Exhibition Match

“What are you doing here? I said I wouldn’t cause any more trouble for you.” Monet asked, seeing Carlos at her door, together with police officers and his usual bodyguards.

“You promised not to cause trouble anymore, but you did not own up to everything.” Carlos answered. Even while he was still strolling with crutches, he made it a point to see Monet.

“What – what do you mean?” Monet asked, her voice trembling as she replied She earnestly hoped no one had learned about her involvement with Nolan. It had been weeks since Nolan’s arrest was aired on TV. Thus, Monet hoped no one made the connection between her and the pharma CEO

“It was you who ordered Venice to poison Catrina, and thus, take responsibility for it!” Carlos revealed. * While you were good at hiding your tracks, sadly, Nolan was too confident. He had all of your conversations saved on his phone. You colluded with him to bring me down?”

Monet, “!!!”

“if you had told me then, I would not have been injured! You are also part of his schemes, and thus, you are an accomplice!” Carlos resumed.

“I did not take part in it! It was only the designs, I swear – Monet cried out. “Please, Carlos Please

What about the poisoning? You also have to take responsibility for that!” Carlos reminded, “You must also pay for the damages. Catrina’s hospitalization!”

The authorities learned Venice was using a different name through Nolan’s phone. With Eihan’s connections, Venice’s whereabouts were eventually established. Venice confessed to how Monet instructed her to poison Catrina It wasn’t just stealing the designs after all

After ensuring that Monet was made accountable for the poisoning incident, the police went after Tyler He was taken into custody immediately

At the police station, Carlos and Kate spoke to Tyler From inside the police interrogation room. Carlos berated, You could have stayed away. Your schemes with Halley were never enough to lock you up. but now, you have conspired with Nolan by pointing him out who to approach amongst the US Open investors. You knew his plans, and thus, you can't escape being put behind bars this time. Even if you fight

"I'll give you money!" Tyler suggested. He hissed, recognizing they had learned everything from Nolan's arrest. He never expected it. Because Carlos acted much later, he thought he had gotten away with getting linked with Nolan "I only told him who he could bribe."

"But you knew what he was planning to do! And you did not stop him! Not only that, you helped mislead us. You are partly responsible for my injury!" Carlos shot back. "You were aiding and abetting his crimes!"

Carlos and his legal team were unsure if they had enough to charge Tyler for aiding and abetting but The Devil certainly wanted to teach him a lesson. It wasn't about money. Carlos was tired of Tyler getting involved in breaking him and Kate apart.

Next to Carlos, Kate silently listened to The Devil. When he was done scolding Tyler, Kate spoke, Tyler, will your heart always hold a grudge over the past? We never caused you any harm. If you are angry because of your failed tennis career, isn't success in tennis all about skill and perseverance? You failed because of your own lack of dedication. Don't blame it on us."

We are angry at you, but we know there is no stopping you from coming back at us again Should there be another capable person to try to break Carlos and me apart, will you be in on it, 11,1007 These conspiracy charges may only keep you locked up for a few years, given that you will be found guilty

"I hope you'll reflect on your mistakes. Regardless if you are found liable to the charges or not," Kate cautiously said before standing up and walking away with Carlos

The ride back to the mansion was awfully quiet for the couple. Noticing how Kate was in deep thought, Carlos held her hand and said, "I'm sorry. You should have just stayed behind."

“No, I wanted to talk to him. I also wanted to talk to Nolan, but I understand it’s not convenient to travel yet,” Kate said, recalling how Nolan was held in Washington. There is no assurance that we won’t have any more haters or people who would try to break us apart”

With a sigh, she added, “It doesn’t help that you are a superstar and many girls are out there who want to be with you.”

“Nolan wasn’t after me,” Carlos pointed. “You should try to be less friendly with the rest of the male population.”

Kate laughed. She replied, “I’ll work on that, but you know what? The best way to kill their hopes is for us to get married.”

Carlos fell silent He said, “I had planned to propose to you after the US Open.”

What’s stopping you now? Kate asked.

“I can’t get down... on one knee,” Carlos revealed “You know how I have this tendency to want perfection.”

Kate laughed at his answer, and she went at it for seconds. She recalled how he wanted his proposal to be perfect, but she supposed his accident held his plans completely. Whatever it was She wished she knew.

“Give me... a few more days when I am out of this orthopedic boot, I will surprise you.” Carlos revealed.

“I don’t know how you will surprise me when I know one day you will propose!” Kate said back She looked at the compartment pendant and demanded, “Can you just give that to me?”

Carlos just smirked and claimed, I'll still try to surprise you who knows? Just wait and see. And how would you know what's inside this pendant? Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. You are assuming too much – Ouch!"

Kate punched him in the arm.

Two weeks passed

"Corpe on! You can do it!" Kate encouraged as she and Carlos wandered around the mansion. They were having their early morning walk while in their sports attire,

Carlos occasionally took off his orthopedic boot, and with mild walking, he was trying to put weight on his left leg, testing its tolerance.

The Devil was limping as he made his stroll, his face frowning whenever he felt pain. His target was Kale, who was moving each time he achieved his steps. He laughed, saying. You are a moving finish line."

Kate goggled and declared, "I need you to freaking bend with one knee soon enough!"

A laugh escaped Carlos' lips. He returned to his task and took four more steps, all while bearing the pain. When he finally reached Kale, he hugged her.

Kate caressed his back, saying. You are doing such a good job. I'm so proud of you."

Carlos pecked on Kate's forehead and suggested, "Thank you, Kale, for being my constant therapy companion. Let's walk again this afternoon?"

Kate nodded. She checked her time and suggested, "It's time for your leg massage. Let's head back."

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After Carlos had his left leg massage, the couple went straight to the dining table for their breakfast. As they ate, Alexander arrived, announcing. "It's set up, man!" "What's set up?" Kate asked.

Carlos hesitated, but seeing that Alexander had spilled for him, he admitted, "Alex and I will have an exhibition match next week in New York, the same stadium for the US Open."

Kate's mouth fell to the floor. She pointed out, "While you are in an orthopedic boot? You haven't even practiced running!"

"It's a free exhibition match between Alex and me. They won't get mad if I don't play seriously. I'm sure my fans will understand," Carlos suggested. "And you'll come with me because I need you to be there in case my ankle hurt during the match."

"I don't like it. I am happy that you are trying your best to get back on track, and trust me, I am your number one supporter, but it's too soon. You'll break those ligaments again!" Kate complained.

"It will not be a serious match. It's like an appearance show," Carlos suggested, and Alexander echoed the same.

"What kind of match is not serious?" Kate asked, bemused.

"This one!" Both Alexander and Carlos said at the same time, and they laughed.

Kate groaned. She just wanted Carlos to learn how to flex his limb first, but what was he thinking scheduling a match when he could not even run?

Chapter 85: Down On One Knee

A week passed since Carlos scheduled his Exhibition Match. Since then, he had been training his left foot to walk longer distances. While he was pushing himself, he had to take a break in the middle of the week as his ankle returned to swell.

The doctors told Carlos that it was expected since he was practicing walking without his orthopedic boot. The boot had several supports that kept his foot in place. Thus, walking without it was another adjustment.

The Devil was dismayed. He seriously wanted to return to tennis soon, but he understood he had to take it slow. Still, he was on and off his boot, but at least he could already bend down on one knee of course, Kate did not know that. He kept it from her because... it was meant to be a surprise.

"Ready to leave?" Carlos asked, looking back at Kate.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Kate sought. "Can't you just have this match when you can walk properly?"

"Eh, no. It has to be today." Carlos said. Only he and Alexander knew how long he waited for this day. At least, this was the second closest thing he could have to the US Open. He thought, 'The tennis complex is only available for me to use today.'

The Devil had been trying to book the entire complex where the US Open was often held, but sometimes, the same stadiums were used for other sports events. When he finally received word of its availability, he took it, regardless if he could walk adequately.

In the car, Kate suggested, "Can we drop by the house? Mom and Dad said they were busy, but with what? I wanted to check on them."

"Um. They left. They called me earlier and said they wanted to take a vacation." Carlos cut her off.

Kate was shocked altogether. She said, "They never told me!"

They tried. Through me, but you were taking a shower, and they were in a hurry, Carlos reasoned. He glanced over at Lemuel and ordered, "let's go."

Carlos and Kate flew to New York. They took the flight together with Alexander and Carlos' team. They only spent two hours resting at Carlos' penthouse before leaving for the National Tennis Complex at four thirty in the afternoon

When they arrived at the tennis stadium, Kate's eyes widened. Their party was about to go to the locker areas, but hearing the cheers above them, she could not help but peek at the ring

The stadium was filled with Carlos' fans. They had banners and flags, and many were calling out his name.

"Devil!"

"Devil!"

Substantial corporations sponsored the event. To her shock, The Diamond Hotels was a sponsor too. It had the hotel logos painted around the first level. Kate's eyes scanned the VIP seats and saw familiar faces, politicians and reputable families. Various TV networks, including Braeton's local, the BNC Media, were also present

"How could Carlos say this is not a serious match when it is televised? Kate wondered, and her heart ached, worried for Carlos

Kate followed Alexander and Carlos to the locker rooms, and from there, she questioned, "Are you sure this is not a serious match because the stadium is packed?"

"My Kate, we announced that this was a mock game, and that this was merely for publicity," Carlos revealed. The stadium is full because entry is free. In any case, many of today's attendees were invitees. They know what they are getting themselves into."

"You are not going to run," Kate ordered

"I'm not going to run," Carlos agreed.

You are not going to force yourself.”

“I won’t Carlos walked in his orthopedic boot and closed the gap between him and Kate. He pinched Kate’s face and said, “I promise I won’t.”

Surrendering to the Devil, Kate made her way to the VIP seats, closer to the tennis court She sat with Lemuel, and the tennis superstars came out soon after.

The people roared at the sight of Carlos and Alexander waving their hands, each of them carrying their rackets. They had a microphone attached to them, which signified their conversations would be loud enough for everyone to hear. Carlos first greeted, “Good afternoon, New York! Did you miss mer

Hoots echoed throughout the open stadium, many of them acknowledging The Devil!

Today, we are going to play how it was supposed to be back in the US Open, Carlos revealed.

*If Carlos did not get injured, perhaps the game would have been between The Devil and I, Alexander clalmed while raising his racket “Don’t you agree?”

Yes!”

“Absolutely!”

“We are going to give you the deserved match!” Carlos said before an umpire ordered them to their places.

“First set, Jenkins, Ronaldo, to serve.”

Carlos served the ball, but he did not give off his usual powerful thrust. Alexander appeared to be struggling to race after the ball and missed returning it.

The crowd laughed at Alexander's acting, all while the referee called the score, "Love, fifteen. In favor of Ronaldo."

When Carlos served the ball again, Alexander purposely volleyed it back to where Carlos was standing, and The Devil returned the ball, merely taking a few steps forward. On Alexander's return, Carlos hit back the ball lightly, allowing it to land on the other side of the court, closer to the net. Carlos earned his point for Alexander was standing too far and missed the ball.

"Love, thirty. In favor of Ronaldo."

"Are you going to get a point or what, Alex?" Carlos challenged, and the crowd shrieked. Everyone knew the two tennis players were faking a rivalry.

"I can't believe it. Even if you are injured, you are still playing tennis and making me look bad," Alexander countered, and the two chuckled with the public.

From the VIP seats, Kate felt at ease. She realized what the two were doing. It really was... not a serious match. The mock game was purely a way to connect with their fans.

"Fifteen, forty"

"Thirty, forty."

"Advantage Ronaldo."

The game went on. There were a few times when Alexander earned a point, but Carlos supposedly won at the end of the first set

“Come on, Carlos. Are you sure you are injured? Why are you kicking my ass?” Alexander teased, and the crowd laughed at their drama.

“I am here to fight for my championship. I am motivated because my girlfriend is here.” Carlos pointed out, and the cameras focused on Kate from the VIP seats.

“Oooohh!”

A few Carlos fans could not help but tease, seeing how The Devil proudly announced the presence of his girlfriend.

“Second set. Jenkins to serve.”

Carlos and Alexander gave various scenarios on how The Devil earned points with simple strokes. They showed off a different side of Carlos. During the Grand Slams, he often used strength to defeat his opponent, but in that mock, he used strokes that landed closer to the net in the service area

During the second set, the two athletes allowed a duce, but ultimately, Carlos supposedly won again.

Wiping the sweat off his forehead, Carlos remarked, “That was close, Alex. You nearly beat me.”

“One day, I’ll beat you.” Alexander suggested.

“So you mean you won’t beat me today,” Carlos said with a smirk, and the audience snickered at their exchange.

Arriving at the third set, Carlos did more movement, but he was cautious not to put too much weight on his left foot. He was still occasionally limping, and everyone saw how he sometimes frowned in pain. He reached down to his ankle and gave it a massage before resuming their pretend match.

“Game, Ronaldo!” The umpire announced after Carlos earned his last point. “And the US Open championship is Carlos Ronaldo!”

“Of course, if Carlos did not get injured, he would have really won the US Open,” Alexander said to the crowd, and everyone clapped at how he and The Devil embraced each other,

Promptly, several men carried out a mobile stage to one side of the court, and a made-up ceremony was performed. Carlos was holding the same trophy that Alexander had won for the US Open, and he announced, “I was really aiming for this year’s US Open win because it would have been the first for me to celebrate it openly with my girlfriend, Kate.”

Yet again, the cameras were focused on his girlfriend. Kate was surprised. Earlier she was giggling at the acting of the two, but since the attention was on her, she hushed down her amusement. Inwardly, she thought, ‘What in the world is he doing?’

Carlos had already announced her presence. She did not expect him to call her out again on purpose. In a split second, she gasped. Kate had an inkling, and she finally understood why he badly wanted to win the US Open ‘Is he going to propose, right here, on national TV? Was this his original plan all along? To propose during his awarding?’

“Let’s go, Miss Wright Please join Mister Ronaldo. Lemuel guided her to the stage, and she stood in between Carlos and Alexander. It was the first time that Kate appeared live on National Television with Carlos She knew this mock match was arred around the country, considering the number of news crews present that day

Trying to get answers from Carlos, Kate mouthed, ‘What is the meaning of this?’

However, the Devil merely embraced her with one arm. He told the audience, “If I had won the US Open this year, this is how the ceremony would have ended.”

Kate was feeling her heart race. She noticed how Alexander was stepping down from the stage, and then, all of the sudden, the surrounding people squeaked.

Gradually, Carlos went down on one knee with a little strain. He gripped his pendant and finally opened it.

Warmth filled Kate's heart. At last, she saw the ring. It was exactly what she wanted. It was Princess Xu's

prosperity ring, one she had been hunting for many years. Her hunch was correct, after all. Despite the murmurs, the shrieks, and the surrounding cries, Kate felt her world silenced. Nothing else mattered but the man in front of her, finally being able to bend on one knee. She sucked in a breath, trying to hold back the tears when she realized her most awaited day had subsequently arrived.

Strong wind gushed against their faces, the sun was setting, and ultimately, the skies turned bright orange at six in the evening.

A spotlight focused on the couple as Carlos presented the ring to Kate. Still, with his mic on, he said, "My Kate, I wanted to ask your hand in marriage at my proudest moment, but after my injury, I realized it didn't matter because you will always be by my side, regardless if I am the tennis champion or not. That makes me even more proud of having you in my life. Thank you for loving me."

Taking Kate's hand, Carlos pecked on her knuckles and asked, "Miss Sarah Kate Wright, will you make me the happiest man alive and marry me?"

For a second, Kate was in a daze, but when her senses returned to her, she cried and replied, "Yes, I'll marry you. Of course!"

Carlos quickly put the ring on her finger, and while the crowd was screaming in excitement, The Devil stood up with Kate's help. As soon as their eyes met, he sealed her lips with a kiss,

After letting go of the kiss, Carlos caressed Kate's face. He held her hand and sought, "Are you ready?"

"Hmmm?" Kate asked, bemused.

"Let's get married," Carlos suggested. "Ha?" Kate sought, utterly puzzled. You mean."

