

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 93-96

The Devil's Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 93

Chapter 93: Another Chance? The pounding in her chest was deafening. Savannah was certain she was close to having a heart attack with how her heart was racing.

She sensed happy electricity running through her body.

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Why? She was locking lips with Alexander Jenkins.

He tasted good, and she could not deny it.

In her mind, she thought, 'So much for getting over this man.' She gave in and kissed back, her fingers digging through his soft hair.

Savannah's knees were weakening by the second as they extended that unexpected kiss.

Her eyes were closed, feeling the moment.

Sadly, however, someone had to clear her throat loudly behind them, interrupting her heavenly kiss.

"Savy, honey.

You have a boyfriend?" It was her mother, Shyla.

“So this must be the special person you were waiting for to arrive,” Savannah’s father, Scott, said, his eyes studying Alexander.

“Isn’t he – The US Open Champion?” “Ah, yes, Sir.

Alexander Jenkins,” Alexander extended his hand and introduced himself.

“Uhuh! No wonder!” Scott proclaimed.

“Of course, my daughter would not feel hurt over Ben’s marriage to Nora because she has The US Open Champion for her boyfriend!” ‘Ben?’ Alexander mouthed, looking at Savannah.

Unfortunately, Savannah did not have time to explain because her parents were all over Alexander in the next few seconds.

Scott gave Savannah a light punch, saying, “Nice catch there, Savy.

That means Mister Jenkins can help train you for the championship, too.

Two people with similar interests can form greater bonds!” Savannah’s father was the tennis enthusiast in the family who had influenced her career.

Scott Knight was a former tennis player, but his dreams died down because of financial reasons.

He only made it through the local professional tournaments.

Thus, Scott could not hold his excitement.

He put an arm around Alexander, studied him from head to toe, and complimented, “Wow, you are taller than me.” He smiled brightly at the people around and announced, “Everyone, meet Savy’s boyfriend!” While Savannah was scratching her forehead, her face burned at what was happening.

Alexander kept eyeing her for a report.

The best thing she could do at that point was introduce her parents.

“Alex, this is my mum, Shyla, and my dad, Scott.” “Nice to meet you, Mister and Misses Knight, and please, call me Alex,” Alexander said before turning to the man who guided them to the farm.

He received a bouquet and gave it to Shyla.

“This is for you, Misses Knight.” Aside from the flowers, another one of Alexander’s men approached, carrying several boxes and shopping bags.

Alexander revealed, “There are also for you, Misses Knight, and these are for you, Mister Knight.” “Oh, how nice.

He came prepared,” Shyla remarked before winking at Savannah.

“Go ahead, honey.

Introduce him to everyone, especially your grandparents.” When Savannah introduced her grandparents, Alexander gave them various gifts.

Gulliver, for one, had the most presents.

The old man tried to hide how pleased he was with the gifts, especially the jade watch, the cufflinks, and the whiskey, but at some point, his lips wound up curving up.

“Mister Kean, I wasn’t very sure which one you’d like best, so I prepared as many gifts for your birthday.

I hope you like it," Alexander described, and while he flaunted his wealth through the gifts, the Keans could tell he was nervous.

To Savannah's parents, they felt Alexander's genuineness in the way he spoke.

With the help of his men, Alexander gave the flowers to Savannah's grandmother.

"And of course." Receiving the last bouquet, he handed over one to Savannah and said with a smile, "Flowers for my...

girlfriend." Savannah flushed again, and everyone at the party witnessed the same.

Murmurs quickly went about.

"So Savy has a boyfriend." "He is handsome." "She could not possibly be interested in Ben.

What was Nora thinking?" "Absolutely, better than Ben!" Hearing the surrounding whispers, Alexander had an inkling of why he suddenly became Savannah's boyfriend, but at that point, he did not mind.

If this Ben was someone important to Savannah, he would have already heard about the name.

"So, where do you live, young man?" Gulliver inquired.

"I live in the US, Mister Kean.

I flew all the way here to meet you and, of course, see Savy," Alexander revealed.

Gulliver frowned.

He scoffed and answered, "So that's why my granddaughter keeps flying to the US.

Have you been seeing each other there?" Savannah's eyes widened.

She was about to answer when Alexander responded, "In fact, we saw each other on her recent trip to the US.

On three instances, to be exact." "Oh, so you have been together for a while now?" Savannah's grandmother inquired.

"Yes, after the French Open." It was Savannah who supplied the answer, her voice a little louder.

"In fact, he came to see me at my apartment in Dublin.

We argued, and THAT'S WHEN I CRIED." "You made my granddaughter cry?" Gulliver asked Alexander.

Savannah realized how she got Alexander in trouble just for her to prove a point to Nora.

Very quickly, she explained, "Oh, couple argument, grandpa.

It wasn't serious, and we made up.

She turned to Alexander and suggested, "Right, Alex?" "Right.

I'm sorry I made your granddaughter cry, Mister Kean.

It won't happen again," Alexander swore.

When Savannah finally had her alone time with Alexander, she explained to her how she wound up declaring him as her boyfriend.

She reasoned, "I'm sorry.

It was the easiest way to convince them.

Anyway, it's only for today and, well, until you leave." "I just want to make sure, Savy.

You don't have feelings for this guy, right?" Alexander clarified.

"No! High school crush "Carlos and Kate were childhood friends," Alexander pointed out.

"That's different.

Their love for each other was deep," Savannah reasoned." While Ben and I knew each other as neighbors before, and I cared about him at some point, those feelings faded over time." "Okay.

I just want to make sure, Savy." Alexander glanced at Ben before pointing out.

"Although, I would praise your good choice.

Because, between him and me, I'm the hotter one." The two of them wound up chuckling, their eyes gleaming with amusement.

They continued their banter, their flirtatious grins and stares, until Alexander said, "I don't mind cooperating, as you requested.

I'll be your boyfriend." The celebration kicked off with Savannah and Alexander being the center of attention.

Many of her female cousins were envious of Savannah, even Nora, who was already married to Ben.

Savannah was that one girl in town who made it out, literally.

Thus, Nora was envious of her triumphs.

Ben was the one thing she got from Savannah, and on that very day, she wanted to boast about how she was better than the rising tennis star.

Sadly for her, Savannah bagged a more famous lad; The US Open Champion, Alexander Jenkins.

In the middle of the party, Savannah's mother went to their table to chat.

Shyla said, 'Thank you for coming here, Alex.

I'm pleased to have met you." "The pleasure is all mine, Misses Knight," Alexander replied.

"You know, Alex.

Savy hasn't formally dated anyone since high school, let alone introduce a man to the family," Shyla resumed her tale.

"It was about three or four years ago when she said she met someone special, and she wanted to introduce him to everyone.

I thought that was it! But suddenly, she said it did not work out!"

"I was starting to worry for her because she was getting too serious in her tennis career that Savy may not have relationships other than tennis and ours." Shyla smiled and added, "But I feel better now.

I'm glad my Savy has you, Alex." Shyla studied Alexander closely, and she smiled, saying, "I'm not a god, nor a fortune teller, but I can see how you look at my daughter, and I feel comforted.

You seem to absolutely adore her," Shyla said.

She was about to say more when her husband called her to the center of the field for a dance, together with other couples.

Alexander and Savannah were left alone at the table in silence.

Savannah did not know what to feel at that point.

Her mother just told on her, and she did not even know it.

No.

Her mother was clueless that Alexander was the same man almost four years ago!

Savannah noticed how, beneath the table, Alexander reached for her hand.

He gripped it tight as he sucked in a breath.

Softly, she heard him say, "I'm sorry, Savy." "Forget about it.

We've talked it out already." "Savy, if you give me one more chance, I promise I won't ever break your heart again," Alexander said outright.

Savannah, on the other hand, felt goosebumps all over.

She wondered if she had heard him right.

“Will you, Savy, give me one last chance? I’m not going anywhere.

I won’t disappear, and I have never been so sure this time.” Alexander shifted his frame to face her, his otherhand caressing her cheek.

The Devil’s Love For The Heiress by LiLhyz Chapter 94

Chapter 94: Reachable And Tangible “Savy?” Alexander asked again. He and Savannah went from sitting in front of a round table to joining the slowdance in the center of the field.

Savannah’s red curls blew together with the wind, her slightly freckled face turning a shade darker.

Forcing herself to look at Alexander, she replied, “Alex, I’m scared.” Resting his forehead against hers, he softly said hername, “Savy, 1-“.

“But I know I’ll regret it if I don’t give it another try,” she finally replied.

“So yes, I want to try it out again.” Her eyes shut as she rested her head on his chest,her arms around his neck.

“You promised you won’t hurt me?” Alexander felt the heaviness in his chest lifted.

He was nervous.

Savannah’s earlier reluctance to give him a reply scared the hell out of him.

He smiled, planted a peck on her forehead, and hugged her tightly.

In a whisper, he answered, "Thank you, Savy.

I won't hurt you again.

I swear on my life.

This time...

it will be different." Savannah and Alexander danced to the slow music in silence, merely enjoying each other's holds.

As they did, their faces grinned in bliss.

Eventually, Alexander spoke.

"It's beautiful out here.

The grass is green –

The grass is an investment.

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It's what the cows eat," Savannah revealed.

"No wonder," Alexander said.

"The field is so wide.

I'd really like to explore your hometown for a few more days.

Will you take me for a tour?" "Why, Mister Jenkins, are you asking me out on a date?" Savannah asked, leaning back and smirking.

"Isn't it obvious?" Alexander said back.

"Take me to more private places where we could spend time alone with each other." "If you are going to stay longer, grandpa is going to test your limits," Savannah warned.

"He wasn't very pleased with my dad taking my mum away.

I'm pretty sure he'll test you the same." "How?" Alexander asked.

"He's probably going to let you do the dirty work – take care of the cows," Savannah laughed thoroughly at the idea.

Just when she thought Alexander would back out, he answered, "As long as you teach me – guide me, better yet, help me.

I'm up for any challenge." "So, urn.

We aren't milking cows?" Alexander asked, realizing there were no cows around.

“Oh, we will, and since you are staying longer, I bet you will milk plenty of cows,” Savannah teased with a laugh.

The clock was ticking that afternoon, and before the sun could set, Gulliver Kean wanted to bless his business by asking the adults’ help in milking cows.

“The first part included choosing the best cow.

‘I’ll ask the first batch to line up and choose from the fields,’” Savannah’s grandfather announced.

“Your catch and the amount of milk produced will signify the bountiful blessing on this farm.” Gulliver eyed Savannah and asked, ‘Your city boyfriend is up for it?’ Savannah turned to Alexander and caught a nod.

She reluctantly replied, “Um.

Yes?” Before allowing Alexander to hunt for his cow, Savannah helped remove his coat.

She gave tips from where they stood, “We have pure Holstein cows here, so they are all good, but you should go with those that are healthier – good weighed.

Choose ones with long, lean necks.

Thickness at the shoulders, neck, and thighs indicates a lack of dairy character.”

She placed both her palms on Alexander’s chest and added, “Lastly, identify a cow in a good mood.

Regardless if she has a lot of milk, if she doesn’t cooperate, you will not get any milk out of her.” From the corner of Alexander’s eyes, he noticed Ben eyeing a good cow.

He wanted to make Savannah proud, so he was up for the challenge.

He certainly hoped all his video studying would help him in actual milking.

“Ready?” Gulliver asked.

Alexander sucked in a breath and asked, “Wish me good luck.”

A chuckle left Savannah’s lips as she said, “Good luck-” Her words were cut short when Alexander stole a kiss.

He claimed, “For good luck.” When the first set of men went to search for their cows, Savannah gawked at Alexander’s steps.

She was smiling from ear to ear when someone spoke from behind her.

“I could tell he is a player.

You don’t really think what you have will last, do you, Savy? You should just stick to good men.

Locals are more tamed.” It was Nora, her brows frowning while eyeing Alexander’s broad shoulders.

“Is he taking steroids? Why does he seem so well-built?” “It’s called sports, Nora,” Savannah shot back.

“We work out every day and condition our body for our games.

Of course, he is well-built.

And really? I should stick to local men? Since Ben most likely cheated on me with you, he is worse than any city boy player out there.” ; In a sarcastic tone, she added, “Good luck with Ben.

Hope your marriage will last.” Savannah walked away and found a better spot to cheer Alexander on.

Meanwhile, Alexander was busy choosing cows.

Now that he was at it, he had to admit how it was difficult.

At some point, the cows looked all the same to him.

Instead of panicking, he observed the locals and studied the physical traits of the cows they approached.

He took a mental note and walked past them into the other field.

Since Alexander had long legs and was used to running, he arrived first in the following field.

That was how he managed to choose the best amongst the cows, in his view.

However, when he arrived at a good-looking brown cow, it kicked her legs and didn't seem to be in a good spirit.

Instead, he turned to find another and singled out a cow with black spots.

He touched the cow's face and saw the number in his ears.

He said, “Okay, ma'am, number 542.

Let's make introductions.

I am Alex, and I need to impress a girl.

"Will you cooperate with me?" Repeatedly, he stroked the cow's head, and after observing no defiance, he brought the cow to the next field.

Upon his return, he saw the proud smile on Savannah's face, and Alexander was confident he had chosen the right cow.

Savannah quickly aided Alexander in setting up the bucket for his milking.

They both cleaned up the cow before Alexander washed his hands for the next process.

"You ready?" Savannah asked.

"I'm going to take pictures of you." "Just so you know, this is probably the most difficult thing I've ever done in my life," Alexander admitted, leaving Savannah giggling.

In the next few minutes, Alexander was milking his cow.

The smile on his face was indescribable in Savannah's view.

She felt Alexander had been handed a toy for the first time.

"This is amazing." Alexander remarked.

He kept at it, letting down the milk into a small bucket while occasionally turning

to Savannah. "Savy, are you watching this? The bucket is nearly full! Amazing cow! Savannah kept laughing at Alexander.

She could not help but be amused at how he was so astonished.

She remarked, "And when you drink the milk, you'll be happy to know you worked hard for it." After a few minutes, Alexander said, "I think I am done." "There is still more!" Savannah pointed to the cow's breast and offered to help. "Do it this way." With Savannah guiding Alexander, he quickly filled two and a half buckets.

When Savannah suggested the cow's breasts were almost empty, he purposely squirted milk on Savannah.

"What? Alex!" She grabbed the cow's teat and squirted milk back at him.

For seconds, they went at it, squirting milk at each other, laughing.

"Kids, it's time to collect the milk," Savannah's grandfather said.

He was explicitly eyeing the two, especially since they had milk all over their shirts and some on their faces.

The next group of milkers went hunting for their cows, and while this was happening, Alexander helped wipe the white liquid off Savannah's face.

He leaned closer, about to lick off a portion, when Savannah objected, "What are you doing?"

Alex?" "Uh, tasting my hard work?" Alexander smirked.

With a laugh, Savannah replied, "You can't taste raw milk outright.

We have to pasteurize it." Savannah explained how some groups in the party were now boiling the milk.

After it had been pasteurized, the next part of the celebration was to distribute and drink portions of the milk.

“What? You made me think I could just drink it outright.

What if I get sick? Will you take care of me?” Alexander sought, making Savannah laugh some more.

She pulled him by his shirt and suggested, “Let’s clean up at my grandfather’s house.

Come on,” After Alexander took a shirt from the wild truck, the two strolled across the fields, bantering and teasing until finally making it inside the house.

They entered the first floor washroom, and both cleaned up.

Savannah excused herself to change her top, and when she returned, she caught Alexander half naked, the waistband of his brief showing, the muscles on his abdomen and chest in full display.

It wasn’t the first time she had seen him half naked, but it was undoubtedly the first time she was this close to him...

reachable and potentially tangible.

Plus, they were alone.

Before any drool could escape her lips, she cleared her throat and cut off her dirty thoughts, saying, “You are good?” “Yeah, I’m done,” Alexander answered.

They stood in front of each other, their eyes locked.

For a fleeting moment, Savannah and Alexander fell into a set of dead air, their hearts beating fast.

Savannah noticed Alexander leaning closer, but Shyla walked in on them before anything could happen.

“Oh, I’m sorry.

Sorry.” Shyla laughed and said, “I was going to use the bathroom, but I could use the one upstairs.” Slowly, Shyla grabbed the doorknob and suggested, “Carry on you two.” “Mum!” Savannah reacted, her face burning.

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Chapter 95: Alone Time At Last “The best milker goes to my nephew, Finn!” Savannah’s grandfather announced, and everyone applauded. “The second who filled out two full buckets is Ben! Then the third, with one and a half buckets, is...

surprisingly, Mister city boy.

Savannah’s boyfriend!”

More praises came about.

While Alexander did not come up with the most milk, Savannah was glad.

It was his first time, after all.

“Excellent job, Alex! Not bad at all!” Scott clapped his hands.

Standing next to Savannah and Alexander, he said, “On my first time, I only came up with half a bucket.”

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Alexander laughed, and he smiled brightly, his eyes sparkling as he responded, " Thank you, Mister Knight.

I studied hard."

"I bet you did," Scott remarked.

He directed his gaze at his daughter, giving her a thumbs up.

He mouthed, 'I like him!' All the more, Savannah flushed.

She mouthed back, 'Me too!' The milk had already been pasteurized and put in gallons of containers.

All families at the party received their fair share of the milk, and, at the end of the formal celebration, they all drank a glass.

"Thank you all for coming! For those who will stay behind, the after-party beings!" Gulliver announced, and loud music played in the background.

Since most of his grandfather's guests had left, Savannah took the chance to reveal how Alexander was staying longer.

He walked over, dragging Alexander by the hand, and after standing in front of Gulliver, she said, "Grandpa, Alex will stay for a week and will fly back with US to Dublin." "And where will he stay?" Gulliver sought.

"At." Savannah's eyes widened.

She suggested, "Your house?"

“No.

He can't stay in the same house as you.

He and his assistants can stay with your cousin Finn!” Announced Gulliver.

“And since he is staying longer, he will work at the farm and earn for his meals!” “Butgrandpa “It's okay.

Cousin Finn, it is, Alexander agreed.

It did not matter to him.

As long as he could stay longer and spend time with Savannah.

Besides, he wanted Gulliver to have a good impression of him.

Two hours later, though, Alexander found out that Savannah's cousin Finn lived four kilometers away by walk.

Gulliver refused to let the trucks drive past the fields, not wanting to ruin the grass that was meant for the cows.

Three days passed.

Alexander's and Savannah's special dates were spent at the farm, helping with the milk business.

Alexander had experienced caring for the cows, which included but was not limited to feeding, bathing, and even attending to the sick ones.

Alexander also helped fertilize the pastures and take out weeds.

At the end of three days, he was exhausted.

Lying down on a picnic blanket set on the grass, Alexander remarked, "I think I'm going to get better with my backhand strokes – with all the bending I have done.

When I return to Braeton, I will appreciate milk – not waste a single daily product." "Haha!" Savannah laughed thoroughly.

She was lying next to Alexander on the same blanket.

She turned to him with watery eyes and reminded, "I did tell you.

You should have left before me -." "Are you kidding me? These past few days were the most experiential dates I have ever had," Alexander teased.

He also turned to Savannah and said, "the best part of doing farm work is seeing you amused by me – your smile, the way our eyes glint, it makes you look so beautiful." Savannah pursed her lips.

She rolled her eyes and said, "Stop that." "You know, I could use some reward after all the work I have done," Alexander suggested.

"Really? What do you have in mind?" Savannah asked, her face already flushing.

Alexander pouted his lips, suggesting he wanted a kiss.

Savannah chuckled, shaking her head.

Nonetheless, she huffed and closed the gap between them.

Under the afternoon skies, their frames lay on the picnic blanket, their faces glued to each other as their lips were locked.

They panted as their eyes closed, both indulging in their tastes.

They were nearly a minute into the kiss when someone stood behind them, clearing his throat.

Gulliver ordered, "City boy.

For your dinner tonight, you need to milk ten cows." Two hours later, Alexander had nineteen buckets filled with milk.

He was proud of his work that he beamed at Savannah while stepping out of the shed.

Gulliver received confirmation of how Alexander had already completed his task.

He then announced, "Good.

Tomorrow, you and Savy can have your free time.

Go around town.

The city boy isn't that bad after all." He turned to Savannah and suggested, "You can give him a tour at the milking parlor while we prepare for dinner." "Eh, okay, grandpa," Savannah agreed.

Savannah and Alexander drove to the biggest structure on the farm, and it was there where Alexander witnessed the modern-day method of milking cows.

When he entered the milking parlor, his eyes widened.

He exclaimed, "What?! Are you kidding me, Savy!" He saw rows of cows with tubes attached to their teats.

Pointing to one tube, he asked, "What are these?" "Those are electronic streamers.

They are like the cow's breast pumps," Savannah admitted before laughing.

"I'm so sorry.

Grandpa insisted you learn the natural method." "So I had to milk ten cows by hand when there is a machine to do it in the first place?" Alexander could not believe his ears.

He sighed and remarked, "Your grandma is something." Savannah laughed uncontrollably and suggested, "It's because he likes you." "He sure has...

a funny way of showing it," Alexander suggested.

Days passed again.

Alexander was contented that he had a few days of going around town with Savannah.

They visited castles and other farmlands in the area.

They traveled across the county to visit other historical sites, but the one thing Alexander never really had was a hundred percent alonetime with Savannah.

When they went across the county, Savannah's parents came alone.

When they went around town, Savannah's cousins had to help with the tour.

Alexander stole kisses and hugs, but as he spent more time with her, he craved for more.

Finally, they left for Dublin.

Savannah and her parents flew together with Alexander and his men.

When they arrived at the airport, they parted ways.

Savannah's parents had their own apartment and left before her.

Alexander was still arranging their hotel rooms, directing his men to make the calls at the VIP area of the airport, when Savannah asked, "You are going to stay at a hotel?" "Yes, most likely the same one I stayed in the last time I was here.

It was just two blocks away from your apartment.

"I could pick you up every day before we practice." Seeing the hesitation in Savannah, Alexander asked, "Why?" "Um." Savannah's face turned red as a tomato when she looked down at her feet.

She looked to her left, averting his gaze.

She proposed, "Maybe..."

"Maybe you could stay at my apartment instead?" "I mean, my place isn't fancy.

It's probably just the size of your living room, but I'll

"I'd." A delightful grin formed on Alexander's face, and he confirmed, "I'd love to stay at your apartment.

My boys can stay at the hotel, but I'd love to stay with you."

A sigh of relief left Alexander's lips as he thought, 'Alone time at last!'

Heartbeats later, Savannah was sitting in her living room, her arms hugging her legs as she waited for Alexander to come out of the bathroom.

After a minute, Alexander walked out, wearing pajamas and nothing on top.

Whether he did it on purpose, Savannah could not deny it was a beautiful sight.

She looked.

She gawked, and she enjoyed her eye candy.

Water still dripped from his hair, and his broad chest gleamed from the shower.

She gulped before suggesting, "Um..."

I have pillows and a blanket here for you.

Are you sure you are okay to sleep on the couch?" Alexander sat next to Savannah in silence.

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Chapter 96: The Label 'What in the world did I just agree on?' Savannah asked in silence. Her face was burning, and her chest was heaving dramatically.

She held on to Alexander tightly as she buried her face to the side of his neck.

Earlier, when Alexander asked if she wanted him to sleep on the couch, she wound up suggesting how she could use a cuddle that night and maybe for the rest of the nights while he was in Dublin.

He was carrying her in princess style, walking hastily toward her bedroom.

Carefully, he lay her on the sheets, and their eyes met.

Alexander gulped before he lowered his frame and captured Savannah's lips.

The plan was to cuddle.

How was it that they wound up making out? Savannah felt tingles in her abdomen.

Her legs could not help but clamp.

Whatever sensation that was happening down there was utterly electrifying.

Meanwhile, Alexander hovered over her, his legs slowly gliding next to hers.

Apart from their noses, their lips touched, parting and nibbling, their breaths warming their mouths.

Eventually, Alexander's weight rested on top of Savannah.

She pressed her hands against the solidness of his chest, her legs unwittingly intertwining against his.

Savannah felt her sleeping dress climbing up to her hips due to the writhing motion they both were doing while indulging in a heated kiss.

She wanted to pull down her clothes, but at the same time, she didn't want to.

'Heavens help me.' What she appreciated about the kiss, however, was how Alexander kept his hands on her face and sometimes around her waist.

As of yet, he kept his hands in the right places so as not to alarm Savannah.

"Aaah," Savannah moaned.

Her eyes were fluttering, lost in pleasure just by the kiss.

She swore.

Her underwear was already dampened, but she wasn't ready.

She knew she had to let him know.

While Alexander was kissing the side of her cheeks and down to her neck, she stroked his golden curls and revealed, "Alex, I love kissing you, but I don't know if I can...

go all the way.

"I'm not ready." Alexander moved away from the slope of her neck.

He studied her face and whispered, "I understand, Savy.

For now, will you let me kiss you?" In a soft yet sensual tone, he described, Tve beendying to kiss you like crazy all week long." Savannah sucked in a deep breath.

How can she say no? His every touch sent her to heaven.

Who wouldn't want to have that feeling? As soon as she nodded, their lips met, and it was from that moment on that Alexander's kisses became demanding.

The sound of their smacking lips and their erotic sighs filled the air.

Their bodies rolled from side to side, allowing Savannah to take a breather.

They went from seconds to minutes, making out until their lips turned numbed and they were out of breath.

Alexander and Savannah were panting as they breathed against their faces, their noses and foreheads touched.

Alexander said, " That was...

the hottest kiss I've ever had." Savannah could only nod.

She could not agree more.

She nearly came just by the way they made out.

Of course, she would not tell him that.

For seconds, they cuddled in silence.

Savannah's back faced Alexander as he embraced her by the waist.

He played with her hair while occasionally pecking on her shoulder.

Eventually, he said under his breath, "If only I followed you on your tours years back.

We would have hit it off, and...

maybe we would have had years of being together." Savannah stilled.

She blinked a few times before turning to Alexander.

She said, "I won't deny that I will probably have a little paranoia over what happened in the past, so let's do this.

For now, wherever you go, I go?" She flushed, suggesting, "I mean, you can afford it.

You and Carlos often book a private jet.

I'll just be a free passenger." Alexander's heart swelled.

He nearly shuttered as he clarified, "You want to...

come with me to Braeton? I mean, I was willing to stay here for two more weeks "After." Her face turned a shade darker before admitting, "After that...can I come with you to Braeton? I can practice tennis with you and Carlos." Briefly, Alexander thought deeply.

He suggested, "Do you want to be managed by Carlos? We have been thinking about taking in more players in our team because, over the years, it had only been Carlos and I." "Managed? I -1 don't earn

much to give shares, you know “I’ll take care of that.” He caressed her cheek and claimed, “Let me take care of you.

I want you to train with the best, and Carlos and I are the best.

Plus, with Carlos’ connections, you can get into more exhibition games, wild cards, more plays means more prizes, championship or just a mere consolation.” “Once you are in our team, you’ll get more sponsorships, too.” He smiled and added, “Of course, the best part is...

We will always be together.

We will join the same tournaments.” “So...

will you say yes?” Alexander sought.

“Okay.

I like the idea,” Savannah confirmed.

“And urn.” He cleared his throat and offered, “You’ll live with me? I have a four bedroom penthouse.

I have more than enough space to accommodate you.” “Um...

okay,” Savannah replied.

Alexander sighed in relief and pulled her into his chest.

Days passed.

Since arriving in Dublin, Savannah and Alexander have cuddled in bed every night.

They made out and nearly lost all control.

Every morning, they practiced their strokes in a private tennis club.

Alexander helped point out Savannah's weaknesses and gave her suggestions in the middle of practice.

Savannah never had a practice partner.

She worked on her own.

During tournaments, she trained with the other female tennis players, unlike Carlos and Alexander, who were always together, pointing out their flaws.

After the end of three sets, Savannah was panting.

She had been running frantically, trying to catch Alexander's ball.

She panted as she revealed, "I don't know." She breathed again and again before resuming, "If I can survive being trained by you." Alexander laughed.

He walked to the other side of the court and hugged her.

He remarked, "You'll get used to it." He smiled and complimented, "You are so beautiful with your face all red, and you smell great." "I smell of sweat!" Savannah objected.

"You smell like Savy, and I love Savy," he remarked before walking to the side of the court because his phone suddenly rang.

As he strolled to his bag, Savannah chased her breath.

She recounted Alexander's earlier words and wondered in her head, 'Did he just admit to loving me?' "Hey, speak of The Devil! How is the honeymoon?" Alexander spoke on the phone, and Savannah understood he was talking to Carlos.

"Me? My trip was amazing.

I milked cows, enjoyed nature walking every day, and I spent a lot of time with Savy." "Hey, Kate! Nice to see you -Wow! Nice tan, you two.

Wait.

Wait.

Let me introduce you to someone." Alexander was now on a video call with Kate and Carlos.

He walked over to Savannah and said, "Look who is here?" "Savy!" Carlos called.

"Oh, hello, Savy!" Kate greeted.

"Looks like you and Alex are becoming good friends." Savannah turned tomato red at what Kate suggested.

Then Alexander cut Kate off.

He cleared his throat and claimed, "Girlfriend." "What?" Kate asked, bemused.

"Girlfriend," Alexander repeated, his face slightly blushing at his own claims.

“What?” This time it was Savannah who asked, her face turning bloody red.’ Girlfriend?

Alexander frowned at Savannah, but he continued claiming, “Kate, Savy is my girlfriend now, so you can be best of friends.

Like Carlos and I are.” “Oh, my god! Congratulations!” Kate exclaimed in delight.

“I’m so happy for you, Alex and Savy.

I think you guys are a great couple.” “And she is coming to Braeton with me next week,” Alexander announced.

“She is joining our team!” The four of them chatted for a few minutes more while on the court, covering the plans for when Savannah and Alexander would arrive at Braeton.

After their video call ended, Alexander and Savannah had lunch at the tennis club and eventually left for Savannah’s apartment.

Alexander noticed Savannah’s silence.

While he placed his bag and pieces of tennis equipment down on the floor, he asked, “What’s on your mind, Savy?”

Savannah ran her fingers through her hair.

She pressed her lips, and while her face flushed, she asked, “Um...

So-

I’m your girlfriend?”

Dead air fell upon them.

Alexander covered his mouth with his eyes narrowing.

He pointed out slowly and in a deep voice, "So, what was that all about? Cuddling in your bed, making out like there is no tomorrow, making plans to travel together, live with me in Braeton –" Savannah chuckled and responded, "I know, it's – it's just that we did not talk about the – you know, formalities, naming it." She quoted with her fingers and clarified, "The label." "Ah," Alexander sighed.

He walked closer to her and caressed her cheek.

He pecked on her lips and formally asked, "Savannah Knight, will you...

be my girlfriend?"

He gulped and offered an option.

"Alternately, if you disagree, Can I be your boyfriend?" What else could Alexander say? He did not want it any other way.

She could only be his.

Savannah rolled her eyes while chuckling.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and declared, "I want both; me, your girlfriend, and you, my boyfriend."

A smile crept on Alexander's face.

He leaned in and captured her lips, kissing her with passion.

When they let go, Savannah suggested, "Do you?" She huffed, bracing herself.

"Do you want to...

shower together?" A hiss left Alexander's lips, his heart pounding.