

The Love That Never Really Dies Chapter 833

Jonathan was fuming.

“Dr. West, didn’t you see that I was playing with the children? Why did you let her call the kids away?” he grumbled irritably. He cast an annoyed glance at Sasha. This is all her fault!

Sasha walked over to him, smiling apologetically.

“Apologies, Old Mr. Jadeson, I did not notice you here. My little girl has been begging and begging to see the children and play with them. I wanted to speak to Mr. Hayes regarding the treatment, so I had to bring her upstairs so that she would stop bugging me. Apologies again!”

Jonathan said nothing. He merely exchanged an irritable look with the doctor.

He did not understand why he was feeling so annoyed. Before he had his two grandsons, he had not had much patience for the little girl.

However, now that he had the two of them, his heart had softened for the girl.

He raised his head and looked at the young man who had already reached the door of the room upstairs. Anger bubbled up in him again.

That b*stard! So, nobody can touch the kids anymore? Why is this lady doctor allowed to do whatever she wants to them? Am I not allowed to say anything about it?

The more Jonathan thought about it, the angrier he got.

When Devin left the Red Pavilion that day, he had gone straight back to the army barracks and did not return again for a long while.

Jasmine was very upset by his absence.

At that moment, Kira, who often went over to the Oceanic Estate, brought with her some bad news.

“Aunt Jasmine, I heard that Old Mr. Jadeson intends to send his great-grandsons to Opal Garden Academy to study.”

“What did you say? Opal Garden Academy!”

Jasmine almost imploded when she heard.

Opal Garden Academy? He wants to send his great-grandsons to that school? Opal Garden Academy was, in fact, the most elite school in Jadeborough. Nobody could bribe their way in with money or influence. Only those with the requisite merits could earn an admission.

All the graduates of that school turned out to be the most sought-after talents of the country.

Anger bubbled up in Jasmine.

She thought of her son, Devin.

Devin had been a precocious young boy, and he had a good temperament. Stephen and Jasmine had wanted to enroll Devin into Opal Garden Academy.

However, Jonathan had sternly stopped them.

He had said that if people knew that his grandson attended Opal Garden Academy, they would definitely gossip about how Jonathan had pulled strings for an admission. Jonathan did not want to taint the reputation of that century-old academy that way.

Yet, now he wants to send his great-grandsons there? Those two little rascals! They're only six years old! Just first graders! Yet, he's already wanting to send them there. What the h*ll is this supposed to mean?

Jasmine was really hurt by Jonathan's unfairness. As soon as Kira left, she immediately phoned Devin at the army barracks.

"Devin, I really don't understand why your Grandpa is showing such blatant favoritism! Were you not good enough for him as a child? Why did he treat you that way? You are all of his blood! Why is being so unfair?"

Devin kept quiet as his mother ranted to him.

After a while, his voice sounded over the phone, "Mom, why do you always think the worst of everyone? I could not enter that school back then precisely because I was not good enough to earn an admission!"

"Bullsh*t!" Jasmine retorted huffily. "What do you mean you were not good enough? You were only twelve years old back then and already a sports champion! All the other major schools were scouting you! How can you say that you were not good enough?"

She punctuated each word with a loud slap on the table in front of her.

Devin finally lost his patience.

He did not even bother to make up a convincing excuse and simply said, "That's enough. I have something to attend to. Goodbye now." He ended the call without waiting to hear Jasmine's reply.

Xavier, who was in training with him, overheard the tail-end of his conversation and teased, "What's wrong? Is your mother nagging you to get married again?"

"Stop joking around and start practicing!" Devin retorted huffily.

His mother had put him in an irritable mood.

Xavier's grin widened when he realized that his words had found their mark. "I am practicing! I never stopped! Don't be grumpy! I just can't wait to be invited to your wedding!"

"Keep dreaming then!"

“Is it not happening soon? What happened to Ms. Hayes? Haven’t the two of you been getting along very well recently?”

Anger flashed across Devin’s face when Xavier brought up Sabrina’s name.

The resentment that he had kept buried in his heart resurfaced. His eyes narrowed and his fists tightened around the rifle he had been training with.

Pew!

Devin fired a shot.

His bullet flew directly through the one that Xavier had just fired.

Xavier’s jaw dropped.

What the h*ll! This is too much! What is he trying to do? So violent!

Cold sweat beaded Xavier’s forehead. He dared not utter another word to Devin.

This was the first time that Devin had lost his temper on the training ground.

Devin stalked back to his dormitory and peeled off his sweat-soaked vest. As he was getting ready to take a shower, he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He paused and took a moment to scrutinize the strong, muscled torso reflected back to him.

Jasmine had spoken the truth.

Ever since he was a child, he had always been outstanding.

However, he excelled not by his brains, but by his brawn. He had been a natural at sports as a young boy. Even before he finished elementary school, he was already a champion at various sporting games.