

The Love That Never Really Dies Chapter 942

“Okay, I will. By the way, Sebastian, don’t burden yourself too much. This has nothing to do with you. I’m sure Devin understands it and won’t blame it on you.”

Sasha tried to comfort him as well.

Of course, she did not mention the expression she saw on Devin’s face before the latter fainted.

Sebastian nodded lightly upon hearing her words.

With that, he went to Jonathan’s ward, while Sasha and Janice went to handle Stephen and his wife’s funeral.

As for Sabrina, she came to Devin’s ward.

For her, it was a good thing that the Hayeses were finally able to avenge all their grudges at the White House. They had been waiting for this moment for ages, after all.

Yet, as she stared at the unconscious man in bed, her heart sank.

“What did your mom tell you before she died?”

She cast a question toward the pale-looking man.

No one could hear Jasmine’s last words, for they were too far from her at that time.

Plus, Jasmine deliberately lowered her voice back then, as though she only wanted Devin to hear it.

So, what exactly did she say? Why did he show such a hostile look after she died? I’ve never seen him like this.

A vague uneasiness slowly crept up on Sabrina.

Just then, the door opened, and a familiar woman barged in abruptly with a group of people.

“Kira? Who let you in here?”

Sabrina stood up instantly, her face darkening as she looked at the woman.

Kira was not intimidated at all as she turned a blind eye toward Sabrina.

“Sabrina, what are you talking about? These are my parents, along with Devin’s uncle and aunt. Devin’s parents are both dead now. What do you think we come here for?”

To Sabrina’s slight bewilderment, Kira threw her question back with a domineering gesture.

Uncle? Aunt?

Sabrina’s confidence somehow faded upon hearing that.

She's right. They're Devin's relatives while I'm just an outsider to him.

"No matter what you want, Sebastian was the one who made the arrangement. You have no right to move him." She had no choice but to use her brother's name.

"Sebastian?"

Kira scoffed upon hearing that.

"Sabrina, did you forget why Aunt Jasmine and Uncle Stephen died in the first place? It was all because of Sebastian."

Sabrina was rendered speechless by that.

"By the way, there's a reason why I brought my parents here. Aunt Jasmine had instructed us before she came here. She said if anything happened to her, the Woodses must come here and take her son away!"

As Kira spoke, she took out her phone and played a voice recording.

Sabrina's face fell.

I didn't expect her to play this card.

In the end, Sabrina had no choice but to let them leave with Devin.

It was already two hours later when news of Devin being taken away reached Sebastian's ears.

Jonathan was there as well.

"Why didn't you call me right away?" Sebastian's first reaction was to blame Sabrina.

At that moment, Jonathan, who seemed to have aged a lot, made a gesture toward Sebastian, signaling to him not to blame Sabrina.

"Maybe it's better for him to stay at the Woods Residence. Red Pavilion is a mess now. If he goes back, he might just get more upset," Jonathan uttered in a composed manner.

Nevertheless, regardless of how calm he tried to act, his pale and haggard face revealed how devastated his heart was.

An old man like him should be enjoying his peaceful retiring life by now.

Yet, he just found out that his younger son was harmed by his elder son. And in such a short time, he lost both his elder son and daughter-in-law.

It was indeed a miracle that he could still talk consciously after such a blow.

"I got it. Please rest well."

Sebastian was still behaving indifferently, but he finally said something caring.

Jonathan lifted his head, his eyes dimmed with sorrow. "How's it going at the White House? I heard from Mark that Franklin had admitted that he was the mastermind. Is that right?"

"Yes, he and Alfred have been arrested. Next, they're going to be prosecuted by Congress. If everything goes smoothly, they will get locked up for the rest of their life."

"That's great!"

Finally, Jonathan's eyes lit up with slight hope.

The enemy he had been chasing after all these years was finally brought to justice.

With that, his emotion instantly improved by a lot.

But the next moment, his gaze turned stern as something crossed his mind.

"I heard from Mark that you hacked into the White House's internal surveillance system in the midst of bringing Franklin and Alfred down. How did you manage to do that? Could it be that you've recovered already?"