

The Love That Never Really Dies Chapter 947

It was Devin.

However, he was like a completely changed person. As a soldier, he was supposed to care a great deal about his image, yet, at that moment, he looked unkempt with his scraggly stubble and unruly hair.

“Who’s in there?”

“Sebastian. He’s been guarding here for the whole night.”

Janice’s heart twitched in pain as she gazed at Devin’s downcast eyes.

Devin did not respond to her words.

For a moment, he wanted to turn and leave, unwilling to enter the house.

Before he could, however, a tall figure emerged from inside the hall upon hearing his voice.

“You’re here? Come in, then. We’ve been waiting for you to start everything.”

As usual, Sebastian did not show much emotion as he cast a faint look at Devin.

Devin did not respond to him.

Eventually, he lifted his feet and stepped inside.

The moment Devin entered the Red Pavilion, he noticed the entire interior of the villa was decorated in black.

Even all the colorful pictures on the wall were removed.

Devin’s pupils constricted as he fell deep in thought.

At that instance, deep agony spread through his heart, and he staggered.

“Are you all right?”

Sebastian immediately grabbed his arms.

But the moment he touched him, Devin acted as if he was electrocuted and shook Sebastian’s hand off before striding into the mourning hall.

Sebastian froze on the spot for a while.

Janice’s expression changed too as she witnessed what happened. “Sebastian, is he...”

“It’s fine. Please go inform the guests that the mourning hall will open at ten.”

Sebastian returned to his normal self, giving his instruction in a composed manner. Then, he followed Devin and went inside as though nothing had happened.

This was probably the first time someone rejected him.

It had been over ten years since Devin rescued him back in Sumanthova. Till now, Devin had always cared for him unconditionally like a brother.

Even though Sebastian might be unreasonable at times, Devin had never lost his patience with the former.

What's going to happen to us now?

Sebastian entered the mourning hall and tried to find Devin.

He saw the latter sitting despondently in front of the two jars of ashes, trembling incessantly.

"Try to hold yourself together. The guests should be here in a short while." Sebastian walked over to Devin, patting the latter's shoulder gently.

In response, Devin said, "After we settle this, are you going to the White House?"

"What?"

Sebastian was stunned momentarily by Devin's question.

"The White House? Why would I go there?"

"Didn't you know about it? After Grandpa retired, his position in the White House was left vacant. Congress will soon vote for a new leader now that Alfred has failed. You're the best representative from the Jadesons. So, you should be the most suitable nominee for this, right?"

Sebastian's face darkened instantly, for he did not expect to hear such a mocking statement from Devin in the mourning hall.

Is he out of his mind?

In an instant, all traces of warmth in Sebastian vanished as he took his hand off Devin.

"Are you out of your mind? Why would I go to the White House? Do you think everyone takes that place seriously?"

"Jonathan does!"

"Then, go and find him. Why would you tell me about it?"

"I'm congratulating you. Don't you understand?"

Devin finally lifted his head. His face looked frighteningly pale under the white light, and his eyes were reddened from sorrow. Despite so, Sebastian could still sense a hint of hostility in his gaze.

Sebastian was stunned.

At that moment, disappointment flashed through his heart. Without even thinking, he swung his fist at Devin's face, hitting him hard.

"You're completely unreasonable!" Sebastian roared.

Crash!

The next moment, a loud crashing sound echoed through the mourning hall. Devin was caught off guard and fell directly onto the altar.

All the flowers, candles and offerings were swept to the floor.

If it wasn't for the fact that he reacted fast enough, the jars of ashes would have gotten swept off as well.