

The Love That Never Really Dies Chapter 948

Devin's eyes went bloodshot with rage.

Janice, who had just arrived in the hall, was startled to see the two men engaged in a fierce fistfight.

What the hell do they think they're doing? They're in a mourning hall, for God's sake!

They had been the best of brothers all these years. No one had ever expected that they would turn against each other one day.

However, once the hatred and all the unsaid emotions between the two burst out, none of them was willing to show mercy for the other party.

The clean and sacred mourning hall turned into a chaotic mess in the blink of an eye.

Janice immediately ran to protect the most important things in the funeral—the two jars of ashes.

“Hurry! Send someone in! They got into a fight!”

She stumbled her way toward the door with the jars in hand.

After the fight went on for around ten minutes, Sebastian landed himself in a disadvantageous position as expected. After all, he was just an ordinary man who only went through three months of training.

There was no way he could match with Devin, who had been in the army for over ten years.

Thump!

In the end, he got beaten down to the ground. He felt excruciating pain coming from the back of his head as his consciousness began to fade.

Son of a b*tch!

The color started draining from his face.

Yet, Devin, who was overwhelmed with fury, had no intention to let him go.

Seeing how Sebastian was lying unmoving on the floor, Devin strode over and pressed his knees down on the former's chest. He then clenched Sebastian's neck forcefully with both hands.

“Urk...”

Unable to even struggle, Sebastian let out a desperate grunt.

Devin was screaming like a madman. “Am I wrong? Isn't this what you want? You killed my parents to avenge yours. And now, you're finally able to take back the position that once belonged to your Dad! Is what I said wrong?”

Getting choked by Devin, Sebastian's face had turned purple.

He wanted to say something, but no sound could escape his mouth. He could only grab at Devin's wrist weakly with his hands.

"Devin, what are you doing? Are you trying to kill him?"

At that critical moment, Janice returned to the mourning hall.

Her heart fell with a thud upon seeing the scene. Without delay, she picked up a chair and smashed it against Devin's back.

Bang!

Feeling a sudden pain coming from his back, Devin instinctively loosened his grip.

As he slowly regained his senses, he looked around and realized what he had done. In the next moment, he slumped down weakly onto the floor.

"Sebastian! Sebastian, are you all right? How do you feel?"

Janice ran nervously to Sebastian's side.

However, Sebastian had long since lost his consciousness.

He lay on the floor without any reaction, and his body had turned icy cold. Janice panicked when she could not sense his breathing.

Devin paled in fright upon seeing that.

He immediately stood up and pushed Janice aside. He threw himself at Sebastian and held him tightly.

Fortunately, Sebastian finally resumed breathing after a few seconds.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes, gasping for air like a dying fish that was returned to the sea.

Janice let out a sigh of relief.

After seeing that, Devin finally felt the weight off his chest. He fell backward and sat on the floor, his face devoid of expression.

He had never been so frightened in his life.

Maybe that's the feeling of escaping death, not only for Sebastian but also for myself.

With that, peace was finally restored to the mourning hall. For a long while, both men lay on the floor, dazed and unmoving.

Janice walked out silently with tears brimming in her eyes.

“Janice, did something happen in there? Is everything all right?”

The moment she came out, a subordinate of hers had arrived at the door.

Janice immediately shook her head. “It was nothing. Could you please go and buy some new flowers and fruits? And please arrange a few staff to clean up the place.”

“Okay. I’ll get on it.”

The subordinate nodded and went to make the necessary arrangements.

Ten minutes later, Sebastian finally felt like he had regained his strength, and he sat up.

In truth, he was not that weak in battle. But an experienced fighter like Devin knew that pressing a knee on the enemy’s chest would make the latter suffocate at a faster pace.