

## Good Things Come in Pairs Chapter 8

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### Chapter 8 Lost

- Madeline said, "You choose. I'm not familiar with the place."
- Sebastian nodded. "Sure." He then took them to the dojo he frequented. After preparations were done, they started to fight.
- Madeline trained under a famous master, and her moves were fluid, but also powerful. Naturally, they were elegant as well. The kids clapped loudly for their mother and cheered her on. Madeline knew she was good, but to her surprise, Sebastian wasn't bad either.
- He looked like a noble who had never done anything that needed brute force before, and yet every move he made was powerful enough to overwhelm her. Eventually, she made a mistake and gave Sebastian an opening. He hit her on the shoulder, and she tumbled backward.
- The boys gasped, worried, but Sebastian held her waist just in time.
- He spun around with her in his arms and steadied her. A moment later, he let go and took a step back. "So, do you still want to go on?" He smiled.
- It wasn't a long match, but Madeline knew that she probably wasn't Sebastian's match. However, she didn't want to surrender. She didn't want him to see her sons again. I have to win and make sure he never appears in our lives again. He's decent, but I still have a fighting chance. If I do my best, I can still win. She gritted her teeth and nodded. "Yes."
- They fought again, and Madeline lost again.
- Sebastian held her throat with three fingers, and the match was set, much to Madeline's disbelief. She always thought of herself as a genius when it came to martial arts, and she thought she could win no matter who her opponent was. I... I lost? And there's nothing I can do to deny that. He outspeeds, overpowers, and outclasses me. It had been a while since she was defeated, and it tasted as bitter as ever. But she was no sore loser, so she admitted defeat. "I lost."
- Sebastian let her go and straightened her up, being the gentleman he was. "You're already good enough." And he meant that. There weren't many men who could go toe to toe with him, let alone a woman. However, it was this woman who changed his perception. If he hadn't fought her, he would never have believed that a frail, gorgeous woman like her could be such a skilled fighter.
- "No, I lost. You're the better fighter." She took a few steps back and looked at Sebastian seriously. "You can take Aldo's hair, but no matter what the results are, the boys are mine and mine alone. I will not allow anyone to take them away from me. As long as I still breathe, I will fight."
- "I understand." Sebastian nodded. "Nobody can take them away from you, but if the results prove that they are my sons, you will have to explain how you managed to get your hands on my seed."
- She looked down in silence. That was a painful memory for her, and she didn't want to relive it. It was fraught with agony and humiliation, but if Sebastian was the boys' father, then this request of his would not be out of line. All she could do now was pray that the boys weren't his sons.