

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 201

What is going on ?

She gave the maid a puzzled look. “Wendy, what’s this ?”

“This is the boys’ daily schedule. Look, it starts from the moment they wake up, have breakfast, and until the teacher comes over for home tutoring. Ms. Wand, there’s a lot to do every day.”

Realizing Sasha still didn’t understand, Wendy went through the list again and explained it line by line to her.

When Sasha first heard that it was about the children, she continued to listen intently. However, when she noticed the list included time slots for cleaning up the children’s room and delivering milk to them, it suddenly dawned upon her what was going on.

This isn’t right. Aren’t these the maid’s work ? Why are they being handed to me ?

Unless, that ass*le...

When she suddenly recalled what Sebastian had said last night, her eyes glowered in anger. “Wait a minute, Wendy. Who asked you to give this to me ?”

“Mr. Hayes. He said that going forward, you will be in charge of everything related to the children. Don’t you know ?”

Wendy looked at her in surprise.

Sasha was dumbfounded.

The f*ck I know anything.

That piece of shit just mentioned it in passing last night. Besides, I rejected him on the spot too. Who knew he would still insist on it this morning.

Fuming, Sasha stormed upstairs and looked for her phone in her bedroom.

Buzz... Buzz! Buzz!

“Hello?”

After ringing for more than ten seconds, she finally got through and heard a voice answer languidly.

Sasha exploded in rage. “Sebastian, how dare you take me for a nanny? Are you crazy? Me, a nanny? I’m the mother of your children!”

Despite the fact she wasn’t on speaker, her voice was still loud enough to echo through the room.

Consequently, all the members of senior management in the meeting room became silent, especially the few who sat closest to Sebastian.

When they heard the words “mother of your children”, their ears were pricked with attention.

Mother of your children?

Isn't that Mr. Hayes' ex-wife? Since when are they still so close? Furthermore, even Ms. Green doesn't dare to yell over the phone in such a ferocious tone.

All of them were suddenly excited over it.

After all, their president was always in a volatile mood. A trivial mistake would cause his temper to flare easily. However, he had no reaction whatsoever to the fuming voice on the phone.

"Is there a conflict between the two?"

"What do you think? I'm the children's mother and yet you see me as their nanny? Are you nuts? Why should I lower my standing in front of my own children? Who gave you the right?"

When Sasha didn't sense any remorse from him, she continued her tirade.

However, what surprised her was that Sebastian didn't seem to be angry at all. Instead, he seemed to be enjoying himself listening to her rant.

"Just based on the fact that you can't go out now and have to stay obediently at my place. Sasha, I don't take in freeloaders. Besides, you are the one that assumes yourself to be the nanny. Haven't you been taking care and waiting on the children all the time as their mother?"

Sasha had nothing to say against that.

After pondering about it, she realized that other than the fixed schedule, she was doing everything on the list after all.

"Furthermore, I still pay you a salary. As long as you take care of the children, your monthly pay plus bonus will total a hundred thousand. It's

a lot more than what they pay you at that dilapidated hospital. Sasha, aren't you satisfied still?"

This is an utter insult!

However, the fury that Sasha felt gradually began to dissipate. With that, she ended the call with a click.

Forget it, Sebastian may be an idiot but he's rich. There's no point in refusing the good money he is paying.

Sasha decided to set her ego aside and accept the job.

Back in the meeting room, Sebastian saw all the members of senior management gaping at him. He raised his eyebrows in exasperation. "What are you staring at? Haven't you seen someone have an argument before?"

Everyone meekly averted their gaze at once.

We really haven't!

Finally, Sasha settled down in the villa. Her duty every day was to watch the children and accompany them during class. There were all kinds of classes arranged for the children and different teachers would arrive for their respective lessons.

Is there a need for so many lessons?

One day, when Sasha saw Matteo who was the most sensible among the children looking drained at piano class, she couldn't help but ask Wendy about it.

"Wendy, why do they need to have so many classes?"

“Erm, it has always been this way. When Mr. Hayes was young, he had the same number of classes. So, when Ian was born, Mr. Hayes got him all those teachers. I suppose it’s for the sake of grooming him.”

Unable to give a good reason for it, Wendy simply told Sasha what she knew.

Having heard Wendy, Sasha turned her attention to the two boys and had a sudden realization.

That’s true. I’ve almost forgotten that those two boys aren’t the children of an ordinary family. They are the heirs to Hayes Corporation and will have to bear a heavy responsibility in the future.

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As for Ian, although he was weaker than Matteo in terms of his physical and character attributes, five years of meticulous education had caused him to surpass his brother in many other aspects.

When Sasha saw how Ian could play the violin gracefully by the lake just like a gentleman, the sympathy she felt for the children slowly dissipated.

After that, she brought an empty plate and joined Vivian’s cooking class.

Luckily, I still have a daughter where I can decide what she learns.

After seeing the light, Sasha slowly settled into her new life. Every day, she would stay by the children’s side and made sure they were well fed.

Somehow, she was also puzzled by what had gone into Sebastian. Recently, his attitude toward her had changed for the better. Although he would still mock her once in a while, he never caused her any real trouble.

What's going on? Did his character change?

Isn't he still divorcing me?

Sasha couldn't fathom what the current situation was. However, since Sebastian never broached the topic, she too kept mum about it. She was worried that the current equilibrium would be broken and the blissful life she was enjoying with the children would end.

Until one day, Frederick came by for a sudden visit.

"My grandchildren! Let me take a look at all of you. You are just like little bunnies, who only know how to stay put and never visit me."

The moment Frederick arrived and saw the children playing happily in the garden, he couldn't help but complain.

When Sasha saw him, she quickly poured him a cup of coffee. "I'm sorry, Frederick, they are just too focused on playing. After this, I'll remind them to visit you more often."

"Looks like you understand me best."

Frederick was relieved to hear Sasha's reply as he received the coffee she offered him. Sitting in the garden and bathing underneath the sunlight, he leisurely took a sip.

As Sasha knew his habits well, she brought him a plate of pine nuts together with his coffee. She even helped him remove the nutshells.

“By the way, I heard you have been living here for some time. How do you find it?”

“It’s a good life. All I do now is raise the children and nothing else.”

Sasha casually replied.

It was truly how she felt recently. She initially thought that it would be a disaster and that she would be arguing with Sebastian all the time. But unexpectedly, life had actually been peaceful.

Frederick heaved a sigh of relief when he read her reply.

“That’s good news. Actually, it’s really tough for the children to be away from their mom. All you need to do is just look at them to know. With their parents by their sides, they would be smiling all day. Sasha, have you actually considered not to proceed with the divorce? And just continue on together?” Suddenly, Frederick asked solemnly while watching the children play happily in the garden.

Sasha who just happened to be refilling his coffee froze.

“Not going through with the divorce? Nono, Frederick, you have misunderstood me. I... I don’t mean that. I’m staying here, because... because Sebastian wants me to avoid Sabrina for the time being. He said that Sabrina is still furious at me...”

Even Sasha didn’t know why she was feeling nervous. All of a sudden, she frantically explained herself, out of fear that Frederick would misunderstand.

However, Frederick was stunned by her response.

“Avoid your sister? She’s no longer here. I have sent her overseas just as I told you. I won’t allow her to come back for the next five years.”

“Huh?”

Sasha was shocked again.

Sabrina is no longer here? She didn’t know as no one told her about it.

She felt even more desperate, worried that Frederick would assume she was clinging on and refused to leave. “I... I really don’t know anything about it. In that case, I’ll move out tomorrow.”

“Why do you want to move out? Isn’t everything wonderful now? Sasha, I’m being serious. If you are willing not to proceed with the divorce, I will tell Sebastian about it and get him to cancel his wedding with Xandra...”

“No, I want a divorce. I will divorce him!”

Before Frederick could finish, Sasha jumped up in rage as if someone had stepped on her toe. She vehemently declared that she must get her divorce.

Frederick was stunned.

What’s going on with her? He had wanted her to stay on as his daughter-in-law and was puzzled by such an emotional reaction.

Finally, Frederick didn’t say anything further. After sitting for a while, Tim came over to remind him that they needed to return as it was time for his medication. He then stood up to leave.

“It is entirely up to you whether you want a divorce or not. However, I hope you won’t be a stranger at my end. Your aunt’s sixtieth birthday is coming up, so I hope you can make it,” Frederick remarked as he was about to leave.

When Frederick brought up her aunt, he naturally meant Matilda Hayes.

Already confused, Sasha nodded at Frederick’s invitation without giving it much thought.

After they left, out of sight of Sasha, Tim asked, “Mr. Hayes, is everything ready?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

Within just a few minutes, Frederick’s expression darkened further compared to when he was still inside Royal Court One.

Consequently, Tim heaved a sigh of relief.

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“Ms. Wand resents Sebastian a lot for all that he has done to her. Hence, it’s reasonable for her to feel apprehensive when you suggested that she don’t divorce Sebastian. However, I don’t understand why you are doing this all of a sudden? Before this, didn’t you really wish for her to stay?”

The butler brazenly got the burning question off his chest.

Just as he spoke, Frederick, who had reached the car with his walking stick, stopped in his tracks.

Why?

Perhaps, she was more suited when she was obedient and could be controlled.

But now, the situation had changed. She was no longer the lady by his side. Instead, she had someone else by hers.

And that person, was someone that he couldn't control.

The thought that he had a clueless daughter caused Frederick's expression to darken. With that, he proceeded to leave.

That night, when Sebastian returned home, he could feel that the atmosphere was different.

"You're back."

Under the bright lights of the dining room, Sasha was in her apron as she stood beside the table filled with food. Her hair was tied to the back in a ponytail, exposing the flawless complexion of her face. It also accentuated her exquisite features and it was a pretty sight to behold.

Today, he was especially mesmerized by her glistening eyes when she smiled, just like the sparkling waters of a spring in the desert.

"Hmm, where are the children?" he asked.

Realizing he was staring rudely, he averted his gaze and took out his laptop as a distraction.

Sasha came over and pulled out his chair for him. Also, she gave him a hot towel to clean his hands.

Sebastian was curious.

What is she doing?

“They already had dinner. Given how late it is now, they should likely be sleeping,” Sasha replied plainly as she filled Sebastian’s plate.

It was already past nine and indeed late for the children.

Sebastian didn’t say another word as he sat down and prepared to eat.

However, just when he wanted to dig in, he noticed that she didn’t walk away. Instead, she pulled up a chair and sat down. All she did was check her phone and didn’t interrupt him.

That itself was something out of the ordinary.

When he came home previously, she would never be there to serve him. But now that she was accompanying him for dinner, it was enough to arouse his suspicions.

Is there something on her mind?

Sebastian put down his cutlery and looked at her. “Do you have something you want to say?”

“Huh?” Sasha who was just scrolling through social media looked up. “No, you should finish your dinner first. We’ll talk when you’re done.”

As expected, she wouldn’t be doing this unless she has an agenda!

Sebastian didn’t continue with his meal. After drinking from the glass she had served him, he ordered, “Speak!”

Her fingers froze for a moment before she put down her phone and turned her attention toward him.

“It’s nothing in particular... I just want to ask you if you’re free to deal with the matter between us?”

“Which matter?” Sebastian didn’t understand.

“The... divorce. You wanted me to go through it the other day.” Sasha clenched her fist as she finally gathered the courage to say those words.

Silence fell upon the dining room as if everything was frozen in time.

At that moment, it was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

Now that I finally brought it up, is he glad?

After all, he is going to marry the love of his life.

Sasha suddenly felt like mocking herself when just two days ago, she wondered why he stopped talking about the divorce.

Now that she thought about it, she figured it was to protect her. If he brought it up and she couldn’t take it, she would leave and end up being captured by Sabrina, which would be a disaster.

From that perspective, she felt grateful to him for tolerating her presence given how much he hated her.

Sasha tightened the grip of her fists.

However, after a brief silence, Sebastian unexpectedly raised his eyebrows and look at her coldly.

“I don’t want a divorce.”

“What?” Sasha widened her eyes. “Don’t want... a divorce?”

Sebastian nodded. “Do you think it’s a good time to get divorced now? Think about the children, they’re just five. Do you want them to continue living in a single-parent family? Or in other words, are you willing to give up custody of Matteo?”

“No! Definitely not!” Sasha protested immediately.

Achieving his objective, Sebastian smirked before picking up his cutlery again. “That’s why my suggestion is that we shouldn’t divorce for the next few years.”

Stunned, Sasha felt as if she had been tossed a bomb.

Wait a minute, what does he mean? Why does he suddenly not want a divorce?

It’s true that taking the children into account, a divorce will be bad for their growth. But, isn’t he going to marry that lady? If we don’t divorce, how is he going to do that?

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Sasha stared at him in shock as she was unable to digest the sudden change in the situation.

“What are you staring at me for? Do you still want a divorce? Did you fall for another man and desperately want to get married? Sasha, don’t forget that you have jinxed two husbands already.”

Sebastian suddenly made the harsh comments while eating leisurely.

Having heard him, Sasha's earlier confusion cleared itself up as rage engulfed her.

“What did you say? Who jinxed two husbands?”

“Am I wrong? I was cursed by you to not have a good night's sleep for the past five years. While you caused Vivian's dad to die. So, can you stop bringing misfortune to other men?”

Bam!

Sasha slammed the table forcefully as she jumped to her feet in rage. “I hope you choke to death tonight. And both my husbands will then be dead!”

With that, she shook her fist at him and stormed upstairs.

How dare that idiot accuses me of being a jinx to my husband. I sure hope he dies tonight so that I can live up to my “name”.

Sasha returned to her room, fuming.

Unknown to her, Sebastian smiled smugly the moment she left.

As the dining room returned to normality, he could still hear the sound of angry flip-flops. He then continued eating with a smug smile on his face.

What a fool.

After dinner, Sebastian went up to the third floor.

Just when he took off his jacket, the phone on his table rang. It was his personal line that he hardly checked. He answered, "Hello?"

"Sebastian, it's Xandra. Today... did you see the messages I have sent you earlier? My book is about to be published, and I will return in the next two days. Can you come to pick me up from the airport?"

It was Xandra on the line.

While putting her question across carefully, she made sure her voice was gentle and submissive so as to please Sebastian.

Unfortunately, it backfired when his expression darkened instead.

Without even saying a word, he ended the call.

At that moment, Xandra who was still overseas smashed her phone onto the ground.

Why?

Why is he treating me this way? Even if I had lied to him, I was still the one who wrote the letters over the last four years. Do the letters not have any meaning when compared to those from six years ago? Isn't it the thought that counts?

She was being driven hysterical.

When Kelly heard the commotion, she walked over. "What are you doing? Didn't I tell you not to call him?"

Xandra was so emotional that she grimaced in rage. "Why can't I call him? I didn't do anything wrong, and I did write him the letters. Why

does he only recognize the six years' worth of letters from her and not mine?" Xandra cried out in agony.

Unknown to her, Sebastian didn't recognize the six years' worth of letters that Sasha wrote too.

When he first knew about it, he was equally outraged and couldn't accept it. It simply intensified his hatred toward her. Or else, he wouldn't have wanted a divorce right away.

However, Sasha's major incident occurred after that.

He assumed he had hated her. But that night, when he heard about it and rushed over, he saw her corpse-like figure in the interrogation room.

At that very moment, he panicked.

It never crossed his mind that he would ever be frightened.

He couldn't wait for her to disappear. But yet, when that image flashed before his eyes, he felt as if she was a bubble in the air, which could disappear anytime from a momentary lapse of concentration.

He realized that it didn't bring him any joy.

All he felt was a growing sense of horror and panic. It was as if his heart was being torn from him. The thought that she would no longer be around caused his limbs to freeze and his soul to be lost.

Therefore, he was caught off guard by the fact that she had started to take root in his heart.

And all that had nothing to do with the letters.

Even if it did, it was what was behind the letters. Bit by bit, just like poison, the feelings permeated his bones.

It was something Xandra didn't have.

Finally, Kelly had no choice but to give Frederick a call. Unexpectedly, his attitude toward her had changed.

“Since we're going to have the wedding soon, why don't we make it on his aunt's birthday. Bring your niece and we will consider them as having met each other's parents. Furthermore, I will not have any objections,” Frederick asserted over the phone despite sounding reluctant.

However, Frederick's tone was the last thing Kelly was concerned about as she was already jumping with joy. “Alright, alright. Thank you, Mr. Hayes!”

Aunt ?

Isn't that Matilda ?

Compared to the two men of the Hayes family, she is a lot easier to manipulate. All I need to do is to send her some expensive presents. Furthermore, I heard that her son is pursuing the mayor's daughter. As long as I pull some strings, everything will be sorted out.

Kelly's eyes finally lit up.

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Sasha slept very well that night.

Even when she didn't want to admit that despite having a big fight with Sebastian, she managed to sleep especially soundly.

Is it because I don't want a divorce too?

No, that can't be. I must be feeling this way because of the children. By not going through with the divorce, I don't have to be separated from them, and we can all continue living together happily.

She convinced herself that that was the case and consequently calmed down.

In the morning, Sebastian had left for work early while Sasha routinely washed up and prepared the kids for breakfast and class.

However, when the teacher arrived, she told Sasha that she wanted Ian who had been learning violin for some time to participate in a performance. So that he could learn to be bolder.

Thinking that it was a wonderful idea, Sasha readily agreed. Just when she wanted to accompany Ian there, Matteo and Vivian insisted on coming along.

"I want to go and watch Ian perform too!"

"That's right, Mommy. On such an important occasion, Ian definitely needs us there to support him. With Vivi and I going, we will be able to help him garner a lot of support. Don't you think so, Ian?"

Matteo was the savvy one as he tried to use Ian as an excuse.

Without any hesitation, Ian nodded. "Mmm-hmm!"

He had wanted them to come along anyway.

Left without a choice, Sasha brought all three of them along.

Luckily, the teacher had no objections either.

With the four of them in the car, Matteo and Vivian chatted excitedly in anticipation of Ian's performance.

As for Ian, he was feeling a little anxious.

Noticing his reaction, Sasha hugged and reassured him, "Little Ian, what's wrong? Are you feeling nervous? Don't worry, all of us will be by your side. This is a wonderful opportunity to gain some exposure. It doesn't matter even if you lose."

Meanwhile, the teacher wondered if he should tell Mr. Hayes about it first. In case something went wrong, he would end up being blamed for it.

Having heard Sasha's words of encouragement, Ian began to feel more relaxed and began playing with his siblings.

After about forty minutes, they arrived at the city's grand theater.

"Alright, we're here. Ms. Wand, I'll go get the entrance passes while you stay here and look after the children."

"No problem, please go ahead."

After giving the teacher her reassurances and watching him leave, she and the children began to look around.

Inside the grand theater, Sasha wasn't aware that not any ordinary performance can be held there. As it was a government-owned facility, only events of a certain stature were allowed.

As for the teacher, he had fought for this opportunity for Ian just because he was Sebastian's son.

“Ah! Mommy, Mommy, come and take a look at this poster. The TSQ symphony orchestra. Ian is going to participate in this.”

Suddenly, Vivian's squeaky voice rang out through the spacious lobby.

A symphony orchestra?

When Matteo heard about it, he rushed to Vivian's side, “Let me see, let me see! It really is a symphony orchestra. Ian, it seems your opportunity for practice is a really formal one.”

Although Matteo had no idea about the classical music industry, he could feel from the words “symphony orchestra” that this performance wasn't just any ordinary opportunity.”

However, before Ian could reply, a group of children holding musical instruments exclaimed, “Practice? Did he actually call this performance a practice?”

“That's right. From which hole did he crawl out from to dare treat a performance by the TSQ symphony orchestra as practice?”

“Is he from some prominent family?”

The ripple had slowly turned into a wave. One by one, the other participants in the hall, turned their attention toward Matteo and his group.

At that moment, Sasha wasn't there as she had gone to look for the teacher.

Just a moment ago, the teacher had sent her a message saying that he needed Ian's ID to obtain the entrance pass. Hence, she went over to look for him.

As Matteo didn't expect his words to stir up such a big commotion, he subconsciously hid behind Ian's back.

"Ian, did I say something wrong?"

Ian didn't reply.

As someone who had played the violin for a long time, Ian naturally knew the TSQ symphony orchestra. It wasn't just one of the top orchestras in the nation. In fact, it was even famous on the international stage. For anyone that played musical instruments, performing with them was considered a great honor. Hence, everyone would try their best to fight for an opportunity to do so.

Therefore, when Matteo talked as if Ian's performance with them was just practice, it was no wonder he infuriated everyone there.

Dressed in a suit and looking like a prince, Ian glared coldly at everyone else. Immediately, he stepped forward to keep his brother safe behind him.

"No, their role is to help with my practice."

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Wow! This cool kid can now speak so many words at one go.

He even looks especially intimidating!

Hiding behind Ian, Matteo made a face at the others. “Did you hear that? My brother says that all of you are here just for his amusement. What are you going to do about it?”

“That’s right! Hmph!”

Behind Ian, Vivian waved her small yet chubby fist as she glowered at the crowd.

“These bunch of scoundrels are just so annoying!”

The crowd was infuriated by their provocative words. A few of the children, who weren’t much older than Matteo, approached him with the intention of beating him up.

Trying to beat me up?

Fine, let’s see who gets beaten up in the end? A long time had passed since he had been in a fight and he was itching for one.

Never shying from a good fight, Matteo rolled up his sleeves, exposing his tender arms. Nevertheless, those little arms of his were filled with strength and devastating power.

The children opposite him were dumbfounded and so was Ian.

Just when the fight was about to break out, the teachers who were sorting out the entrance passes a while ago returned. Amongst them were Ian’s teacher and Sasha.

“Little Ian, Matteo, what are you doing? The passes are ready. Let’s go in quickly now.”

“That’s right, Ian. Let’s go. Your performance is second on the program.”

“Alright, Mommy!”

The triplets acknowledged Sasha’s instructions and followed her and Ian’s teacher inside.

Just when they were leaving, Matteo turned around and made a face at the group.

There nothing you can do to us!

“That pipsqueak! I’m going to kill him!”

The crowd was outraged by Matteo’s taunt. One of the boys in a white suit charged forward to beat Matteo up.

Luckily, someone managed to restrain him before he could get far.

“Don’t hold a grudge against those little punks as there’s no point in doing so. The performance will be broadcasted on national TV. If he treats it as practice, he will end up embarrassing himself in front of the whole nation.”

“Really? That’s fantastic!”

Having heard those words, the group of children that were furious at Matteo felt their anger recede. Instead, they were now waiting in anticipation for Ian to fail and humiliate himself.

You damn pipsqueak. Just you wait!

Inside the concert hall, both Sasha and Ian's teacher had heard about the broadcast.

"Ian, I just heard that this concert will be broadcasted on national TV. Therefore, you have to do your best, alright?"

"Right, Little Ian. You have to seize this wonderful opportunity. When it's being broadcasted on TV, Daddy will also be able to watch. When he sees his sweetie performing on live TV, he will definitely be very proud of you."

Sasha was no longer as nonchalant about it as she used to be. Kneeling in front of her son, she helped him fix his tie while providing encouragement.

Daddy will see it too?

Just a moment ago, Ian wasn't that nervous. But after he heard Sebastian would be watching, his lips pursed tightly.

As he suffered from mild autism, being present in such a crowded venue was a pressurizing experience for him, let alone being on TV.

"Mommy..."

"Look at that little pipsqueak. I told you that there's something wrong with him. His legs are already trembling, look..."

Before Ian could finish his sentence, the kid that Matteo got into an altercation with earlier ridiculed Ian when he saw his nervous expression.

His words caused Ian's face to turn white as sheet.

Ian felt his body tense up as he began to sweat profusely. Clenching his fists, he was shivering all over and felt the urge to flee at any given moment.

Sasha grabbed hold of him, “Little Ian, are you alright?”

“Nonsense! You’re the one with the shaking legs. Let me tell you that my brother is the best!”

Unexpectedly, Matteo stepped out and berated the group, sparking an altercation in the concert hall.

They looked at the aggressive child in disbelief as no one expected such a bad-mannered boy to be present in such a cultured place.

However, Matteo didn’t care.

After unleashing his tirade, he looked at Ian, “Ian, ignore them. Just play the violin however you want. So what if you’ll be on TV? We are just five years old and it isn’t embarrassing to make a mistake at all. Even if you fall on stage, Daddy wouldn’t fault you for it.”

Matt gave Ian a pep talk.

Suddenly, Ian’s eyes widened.

That’s right. Why should I care so much?

I’m just five years old so why do I need to carry such a heavy burden?
Other five-year-olds are still enjoying themselves playing in the mud.

Ian saw the light all of a sudden.

After that, he remained calm all the way until he went on stage with the symphony orchestra.

Unable to hold her emotions back, Sasha cried tears of joy. She whipped out her phone and sent a message: Turn on the TV quick, your son is about to perform.

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At Hayes Corporation, Sebastian was meeting some clients when he received the message.

“Mr. Hayes?”

“I’m sorry, I have some personal matters to attend to. Let’s reschedule the meeting.”

After ushering out his clients with whom he was supposed to sign a multi-billion dollar contract with, Sebastian quickly turned on the TV.

Luke was surprised to see Sebastian’s reaction.

“Mr. Hayes, why are you... turning on the TV all of a sudden? What about the clients...”

“Ian is performing today. Inform everyone else that I’ll not be meeting anyone within the next hour,” Sebastian instructed.

After tuning in to the right channel, Sebastian made a cup of coffee for himself.

Given that his son was about to perform, he naturally wanted to settle down and enjoy the show.

Luke watched on helplessly.

Fine, super dad. No one pampers your children more than you do.

However, what are his eyes looking at? He isn't watching Ian on stage. Instead, he seems to be looking someplace else?

At the small dots on the right side of the stage?

He is looking at them!

Those dots were Sasha and the other two children. They had no seats as they weren't part of the audience. Therefore, they could only watch Ian's performance from the side as family.

As Ian ascended the stage, the audience broke into loud applause when they saw a handsome little boy walk up with a violin.

Their eyes were filled with both surprise and anticipation as it was the first time they saw such a young performer.

"What's there to be excited about? He will just embarrass himself later."

"That's right. They are just a bunch of blind fools."

The earlier group of performers began to make snide remarks while waiting for their turn to go on stage, especially the group of boys who were in white suits.

Finally, the performance was just about to start. Ian stood at the center of the stage just like a handsome young prince. When he played the first note on his violin, the concert hall broke into thunderous applause.

The audience realized he wasn't there just for the fun of it.

Despite not receiving any guidance on the spot, Ian had played the correct note together with the symphony orchestra at the get-go.

After that, he calmly began his performance.

“Wow, that kid is simply amazing!

“You don't say! Besides, he can still collaborate well with the other instruments. Look at his duet with the piano, and also how he blends in with the orchestra, tsk tsk...”

The audience within the concert hall gasped in awe one by one.

Although Sasha didn't know much about music, she knew that the audience was praising her son. She was so caught up in the moment that she took a few pictures and sent them to Sebastian.

Sasha typed: Look, isn't he amazing?

Although Sebastian was also watching the scene on TV, he still smiled to himself when he saw the message.

He replied: I raised him.

Sasha was speechless.

What kind of man is this?

So what if he raised Ian? I was the one who gave birth to him, without me, Sebastian has no one to raise.

Just when Sasha wanted to put her phone down, she didn't want to be outdone and replied, "Matteo is amazing too. The next time he has a competition, you should take him."

If it was the old Sebastian, he would definitely have regarded the message with disdain. But now, he was actually heartened by it.

He was more elated by her response than anything else.

Sebastian: Mmm-hmm, keep an eye on the children and don't wander around unnecessarily.

How did he know that I was wandering around? Did he somehow see me when I was taking pictures of Ian?

Sasha turned around to check as if she had seen a ghost. Feeling a shiver down her spine, she didn't dare make another move.

After playing for about four to five minutes, Ian completed the performance of his song, causing the concert hall to break into another roaring applause.

"Wow! Ian is really awesome!"

Vivian jumped up in joy as if she was the one that was being applauded.

The same could be said of Matteo.

Despite showing Ian multiple thumb-ups, he still wasn't satisfied. He excitedly borrowed Sasha's phone and began recording Ian's performance.

Meanwhile, the earlier group who was waiting in the rest area were infuriated.

How did that kid turn out to be so skillful?

Just a moment ago, he looked as if he was about to break down. But after going on stage, it felt as if he didn't even break a sweat.

They were outraged.

However, little did they know that Matteo's encouragement had shown Ian the light. As someone whose character was withdrawn, Ian was then able to ignore all the distractions around him.

That was how both his strengths and weaknesses worked.

In the face of the crowd, Ian was showered with praise and adulation.

Meanwhile, Sasha was ecstatic. When Ian finally came down, she led Matteo and Vivian to give him a hug before planting a few kisses on his cute little cheek.

"Little Ian, you're so amazing today. Mommy is so happy for you. Also, Daddy knows about it and is extremely proud of you too."

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"Mmm-hmm..."

Ian smiled bashfully in response.

Nevertheless, his face was still all red. It was obvious he was delighted by his performance too.

The teacher then approached them with some good news. “Ms. Wand, the organizers just told me that after the performance has ended, prizes will be given out.”

“Really?”

Ian was delighted to hear it.

Therefore, Sasha and the teacher went to check with the organizers about the prize while the three children waited for them inside the concert hall.

“You two, put this into that pipsqueak’s violin.”

Just when the three siblings were reveling in excitement, the boy in a white suit menacingly ordered two of his lackeys to steal Ian’s violin.

Ian’s performance was considered perfect.

And for the day’s performance, no one knew that there was only one place available which Ian had successfully snagged. Therefore, the children that came after him no longer stood a chance.

Therefore, the earlier group was jealous and hated Ian for it.

When the two boys heard the instructions, they took the sound card which the boy in white gave and discreetly stood near Ian’s violin.

The sound card was a device that could assist the musical instrument. If the device was found in Ian’s violin, his result just now would definitely be voided.

Furthermore, he would be ridiculed by everyone present.

With sinister smiles, both of them crept up to Ian’s violin.

However, just when they were about to plant the device, Matteo turned around and saw them snooping around.

“What are you doing? Why are you touching my brother’s violin?”

Matteo jumped to his feet and yelled at the both of them.

As the two were still children and were up to no good, they snatched Ian’s violin and fled in panic.

Before Ian could say a word, a small figure lunged out like a hunting leopard.

In a blink of an eye, before anyone could see what happened, Matteo had darted ahead. He grabbed onto Ian’s violin while launching a whirlwind kick. The two boys who stole the violin were sent flying backward.

His move was beautifully executed.

When Vivian and Ian saw it, they quickly rushed over.

However, something dropped out of the violin unexpectedly when Ian picked it back up from Matteo’s hands.

Being a student of music, Ian could recognize it instantly. It is a sound card!

“Sound card? What does it do?”

“It helps improve the tone.”

Ian’s expression turned green with anger while his face became icy cold.

Realizing what was going on, Matteo rolled up his sleeves without a word and charged fiercely at the earlier group.

How dare they try and sabotage us ?

They really do have a death wish.

Matteo prepared to beat the daylight out of those scums.

Meanwhile, Sasha was in the organizer's office when she heard about the fight.

She was stunned by the news. "Fight? Why are they fighting?"

The security guard replied, "I don't know. I just saw a bunch of kids brawling. In the end, your sons were the strongest and had beaten everyone else down until they cried for their parents."

Sasha was speechless.

Impudence!

She stormed out of the office and headed to the concert hall.

As expected, the concert hall was in a mess. The performance on stage had stopped while the audience crowded around the rest area.

"My God! Why are they fighting? This is a disgrace!"

"That's right. We were just praising the boy for being a musical genius. But now, look at what he has become?"

"I can't believe it. Did their parents even educate them?"

Hearing the comments, Sasha began to grow anxious and desperately pushed her way in.

Just as she thought, she saw the two scoundrels being surrounded by the crowd.

At their feet, there were a group of boys crying out in agony with bruises all over their faces. Furthermore, her son had his foot on top of the boy in the white suit.

“Do you admit it? Hmm?”

“Admit what? Help me... help me...”

The boy who was being stepped on wailed in anguish again. It was a pitiful sight indeed.

This is outrageous!

Sasha’s expression darkened.

“Mommy! Mommy is here!” Coincidentally, Vivian, who was the only one who stayed above the fray, saw Sasha and called out to her, waving frantically.

Just as she yelled, everyone in the concert hall turned their attention to Sasha, causing her to hold her breath in embarrassment.

“Ex-excuse me...”

“So you’re the mother of the twins. My God. What did you teach your sons? They almost killed the other children.”

“Yea! They’re just kids and are already beating others up. Moreover, they are doing so without any restraint. Are you planning to send them to prison when they grow up?”

When the crowd saw Sasha, they began to point and criticize her angrily.

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Sasha didn’t dare answer their criticisms.

Smiling awkwardly, she hurried to her children’s side.

“Matteo, Ian, what are you doing? Why are you not letting him go?”

“Mommy...”

At the sight of Sasha, Matteo reluctantly lifted his leg from the back of the boy in white.

Meanwhile, Ian threw the wooden stick he was holding away.

Sasha frowned.

It wouldn’t have been a surprise if she only found Matteo fighting.

But the sight of Ian joining in outraged her.

Ian had always been a well-mannered boy. Having been raised by Sebastian, he would never get into a fight and always behaved in a chivalrous manner.

But now, his suit was unkempt while his face was all dirtied, making him look no different from a street thug.

Sasha felt like going crazy.

“Ian, tell me, why are you fighting together with Matteo? You have never got into a fight before, so why did you join your brother?”

Tightening his fists, Ian didn't dare face Sasha.

“No, it's not like...”

“What?”

“Mommy, it's not like that. Ian didn't start the fight. The others were very bad and wanted to plant a sound card in Ian's violin. However, Matt caught them doing it and beat them up instead.”

At the crucial moment, it was Vivian who still had her wits with her. Waving her arms angrily, she explained the situation to Sasha.

Just as she spoke, everyone in the hall were shocked.

So that's what happened.

Stunned, the crowd looked on in disbelief while Sasha too heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as she expected, her children wouldn't have gotten into a fight for no good reason.

“Sound card? What's a sound card?”

“It’s a device that can improve the sound of the instrument. Mommy, that person has bad intentions. When he saw how well Ian played the violin, he was jealous and tried to use the sound card to set Ian up. Look!”

When Matteo saw that Sasha’s anger had receded, he opened his hands and showed the evidence.

At that moment, the everyone in concert hall was shaken.

Sound card?

Did that little kid actually try to frame someone with a sound card?

Shocked, the crowd gaped at the boy in white in disbelief. Just a moment ago, they were still sympathizing with him.

“What has happened to the children nowadays? They could even stoop so low as to using such unscrupulous methods?”

“More importantly, he accused the twins of being guilty when he himself is the culprit.”

“In that case, he should count himself lucky to have only been beaten up. It’s a shame for him to be so vicious at such a young age.”

Within a few seconds, the public opinion in the concert hall swayed in the twins’ favor.

When they saw that the boy in white’s face was already black and blue, as if he had been slapped, they felt that he deserved it.

“Enough, it’s already over. Pack up now. We’re heading home.”

Given the situation, Sasha didn't want to press the matter any further. Instead, she chose to keep the peace and prepared to take the children home.

Despite choosing not to pursue the matter, Sasha heard a loud voice barking from the crowd, "How dare you leave after beating up my nephew? Don't think this is going to go your way."

The crowd was stirred at that moment.

As they made way, a sturdy-looking middle-aged woman stormed forward and helped the boy in white to his feet.

When the boy saw her, he bawled immediately, "Aunt, they beat me up and falsely accused me. I didn't take the sound card at all, Aunt..."

A second later, the boy denied everything he did.

Sasha was stunned.

"Little boy, everyone saw what happened just now. How can you act this way? You can't start twisting the facts just because your family is here."

"What do you mean twisting the facts. Over here, whatever my nephew says goes."

Sasha didn't expect the middle-aged woman to be so unreasonable. When she heard Sasha reprimand her nephew for twisting the truth, she brazenly declared that whatever her nephew said was right.

Sasha sneered, "Is that so? May I know who your nephew is for him to be this powerful?"

The middle-aged woman shot a glare at Sasha. “Have you heard of the Emmanuels? We are the ones who own the famous Eternal Group chain of department stores. He is one of their grandchildren.”

“Wow!” The crowd gasped in shock.

Everyone knew of the Emmanuels as their department stores blanketed the entire city. There was even one Eternal Group department store right opposite the grand theater itself.

No one dared to utter another word.

Despite being cognizant that the lady was being rude, they chose to remain silent instead.

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Sasha was equally baffled, but the Emmanuel family did not intimidate her.

Instead, she remembered Sebastian’s aunt had married a member of the Emmanuel family.

“Speaking of which, does the Hayes know? Do you Do you even know we’re related? I’m telling you the little boy’s grandmother is the sister of Mr. Hayes Sr.! Are we clear?”

The middle-aged woman got increasingly arrogant when she brought up the relationship they had with the Hayes, behaving as though she couldn’t wait to take Sasha and her sons out.

There was a dead silence in the theater.

Although the onlookers sympathized with the mother and sons' predicament, no one dared to stand up for them because they were intimidated by the Hayes' presence.

It turned out the arrogant little boy was the grandchild of Matilda Hayes, Sebastian's aunt. His identity pretty much summed up the reason behind his attitude.

Sasha's frown intensified.

Matilda was never fond of her. Someone would definitely tell the woman about today. If Matilda found out Sasha had picked on her grandchild, she would definitely return the favor.

After much consideration, Sasha decided to keep her frustration to herself.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Emmanuel. What can I do to resolve this peacefully? Do you need me to compensate you for your medical bills? Just let me know how much you need, and I'll give it to you!"

"Mommy!" Matteo and Ian protested in unison when they heard their mother's humble reply.

Sasha caressed her sons' heads, a signal that they would talk about it when they were home. Then she reached for her phone in an attempt to honor her words.

Despite her giving in to all the absurd demands, the vicious middle-aged woman had no intention to stop.

“Do you really think you can get away with this? Ha! In your dream! Your money is the last thing the Emmanuel family needs! If you want to get away unscathed, why don’t you get your sons to grovel at my nephew’s feet? If they’re willing to admit they’re the ones at fault, I’ll consider forgiving them.”

“Y-You...” Sasha was seething with anger.

She didn’t know the little boy on her left had loosened his hand, but by the time she could grasp the situation, he had catapulted forward.

Crack!

It was the sound of bones cracking. The little boy dressed in white, standing by the middle-aged woman, got down on his knees in front of everyone.

Shocked by what they had just witnessed, the onlookers gasped in disbelief.

“Don’t you want someone to grovel at his feet? Let’s get him to do it! Oh, have I mentioned I’m Mr. Hayes’ grandson? The woman you’re talking about is my grandfather’s sister! Shall we get her over and see if she can get you out of this?”

The five-year-old Matteo stepped on his legs again. As a result, the boy dressed in white yelped in pain and started pointing at him.

The onlookers, including Sasha, were dumbfounded by the little boy’s brutal retaliation.

Meanwhile, Ian, who was right by Sasha’s side, got in touch with his father through his smartwatch.

“Daddy! Hurry up! The members of the Emmanuel family are making a fool of themselves again!”

No ordinary child, apart from the members of the Hayes, would speak in such a manner, much less had the guts to pick on the Emmanuels.

The middle-aged woman stared at Ian for a few seconds before she finally realized the sullen-faced little boy resembled a man she knew.

She suddenly collapsed in front of the trio. Why does he remind me of Sebastian?

We’re doomed!

...

The Emmanuels saw Sebastian rushed into the theater.

Apart from them, the Grahams had shown up too. Matilda’s daughter married one of the Grahams and gave birth to the little boy in white.

The moment the members of the two renowned families saw Sebastian, they approached him with courteous smiles on their faces.

“I’m so sorry, Sebastian! That brat from our family must have gotten full of himself again!”

“I assure you I’ll teach him a lesson once we’re home!”

The little boy’s parents, Matilda’s daughter and son-in-law, broke the silence.

Regardless of their sugarcoated promise, Sebastian ignored them as he strode around the hall indifferently and continued his search.

He had but one goal in mind—locating the people who had summoned him over.

Finally, he caught a glimpse of a woman crawling on the ground with three children by her side.

His heart sank; he thought she was beaten up by others. He ignored everyone else and strode his way over in her direction.

The moment he reached her side, Sebastian leaned over and grasped the woman's wrist anxiously. "Sasha, what's wrong with you?"

"H-Huh?"

Sasha was in the middle of locating the sound card Matteo had accidentally lost. Confused, she looked up to see who was lifting her off the ground.

"S-Sebastian! You're here!"

Despite her unkempt hair and sweaty face, she beamed with joy when she saw him.

Is she delighted because I'm here for her?