

The Love That Never Really Dies Chapter 894

They had also been registered as “Hayes” instead of “Jadeson”, but that still wasn’t a reason to treat them so lowly.

This was a parents’ group chat, after all. Didn’t they have even this basic sense of respect?

Sasha was in disbelief.

The bell finally rang, and Sasha walked in with her card in hand.

As expected, the Grade 1 Class 4 classroom was already surrounded by parents waiting eagerly.

Every one of them was dressed to the nines, and the women had expensive purses to top it all off.

As for the men, if they weren’t on a phone call with their expensive briefcases between their arms, then they were purposely flashing their wrists adorned with pricey watches as they scrolled through their first-class mobile phones.

“Mrs. Lane, Jean did exceptionally well today. Maybe you can give her a nice reward when you get home.”

“Mr. Lynch, Jayden is a really bright kid. He got a few questions wrong, but I’m sure he’ll do even better for the next test.”

“Mrs. Thompson!”

The teacher started calling out each child from the classroom.

As each kid came outside, she started patiently explaining their results and describing what they could do to improve to their parents.

After that, all the parents went home happily.

Then it was time for Ian and Matteo to be called.

“Mrs. Hayes? Is Mrs. Hayes here?”

“Yes, I’m here,” Sasha quickly answered.

As soon as she answered, the parents who had been crowding around the classroom immediately parted ways for her to step forward.

She felt everyone’s eyes on her.

So she’s the mom of those twins, everyone was probably thinking.

They were curious, but above that, they were severely doubting the twins’ intelligence due to their results.

Their stares toward Sasha were mostly filled with pity and disdain.

Sasha didn't care about them and approached the teacher. "Hi, I'm their mother."

"Ah, so you're finally here. Mrs. Hayes, do you know what your kids did at school today? It was bad enough that they left their exam sheet blank, but they even started a fight with Stanley!"

"Huh?"

That didn't only shock everyone around them, but also Sasha.

"A fight?"

"Yes! Stanley brought a toy with him, but your son wanted to snatch it away. When Stanley tried to take it back, Matteo punched him! Look!"

The teacher pulled a small boy with a bruised face out of the classroom and pointed at his injury angrily.

Sasha fell dead silent.

Why are they starting fights when they only just got transferred here?

Sasha felt her anger bubbling up and pulled her sons closer to her. "What happened? Why are you snatching other kids' belongings?"

"But we didn't snatch anything, Mommy! That toy was Ian's Transformers figurine, but Stanley took it and said it was his. He even pushed him! That's why I had to push him back," Matteo said honestly.

Ian's expression was dark, but he wasn't disagreeing.

However, the little boy named Stanley Cade suddenly yelled, "You liar! That's mine! My dad bought it for me from overseas. How could a hillbilly like you have a toy like that?"

He was barely seven years old, and yet he was already talking like this.

Matteo's temper reached its peak once again. He rolled up his sleeves, preparing to land another punch.

Just about then, a man with a briefcase in hand and his gelled hair slicked back emerged from the crowd.

"What's wrong? Is that my son?" he barked loudly.

His voice was powerful and commanding, and the force of it almost caused the glass windows to shake.

Sasha frowned and immediately pulled both of her sons closer to her.

"Dad, they were the ones who snatched my toy and even hit me!" Stanley began to wail exaggeratedly.

He began to sob and cry and continued framing Ian and Matteo.

The middle-aged man immediately approached Sasha and the kids angrily.

“Impressive! You just came and you’re already beating people up. Whose kids are you?”

Sasha stepped in front of Ian and Matteo, protecting them.

“Please calm down. We still have to look further into this matter because there’s no proof.”

“Proof? Are you saying my son is framing your kids?” the man barked again.

“Stanley has always been an outstanding student. He’s studious and is also the class monitor, so how could a kid like that lie for something like a toy?”

“Yes. Everyone here can attest to that.”

“I agree!”

Everyone started to defend the middle-aged man and his son, as if they had agreed beforehand to gang up on Sasha and her sons.