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The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 205 - 208

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.

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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.

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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?"

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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.

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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!"

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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.

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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.

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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?

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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.

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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.

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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.

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“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.

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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.

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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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