

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 206

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.