

## **After My Five year old daughter asked me not to send her to School**

Chapter 2

The sudden slap left me stunned.

The other parents began mocking me, pointing fingers.

“You look decent, so why stoop to being a mistress and having a child?”

“Some people pretend to be innocent. The moment they see a rich man, they go wild, desperate to spread their legs!”

“Mistresses are the shame of all women, and their kids are even worse!”

The insults and accusations attracted more bystanders, who started pointing at me.

Some even took out their phones to take pictures and videos, and spat at me.

I took off my million-dollar coat and tossed it into the trash.

Then I turned to face Luna directly.

“First, you told your son to bully my daughter, and now you’re hitting me in public. Who gave you the audacity to act so lawlessly?”

Luna arrogantly replied, “It’s only right for a wife to slap a mistress.

“Besides, I’m the wife of the Martin Group’s CEO. Beating you and your filthy daughter is nothing. I could even take your lives, and it wouldn’t matter!”

The other parents chimed in, “If you hadn’t been a mistress, Luna wouldn’t have hit you. You brought this on yourself.”

“You’re just a filthy mistress. Instead of keeping your head down, you’re out here provoking us. Getting slapped is the least of what you deserve.”

“Yeah, you’ve got a taste for being a tramp, huh? Who are you pretending to be the innocent victim for? We’re not like those men blinded by lust!”

Even the bystanders joined in on the insults. Each insult was more vicious than the last.

This only emboldened Luna.

She glared at my car behind me, eyes blazing with anger. "You filthy woman, spending my husband's money like it's nothing! How dare you drive a Rolls-Royce? A cheap mistress like you doesn't deserve this car!"

"I hate mistresses more than anything, Every mistress on earth should die!"

As she spoke, she pulled out a key and scratched large letters across my car's surface.

"Mistresses must die!"

I glanced at the glaring words and said coldly, "You'll soon realize how ironic those words are." Hearing this, Luna flew into a rage.

"You filthy woman! Living off my husband's money and acting all high and mighty! Today, I'll make sure you pay back every penny you've taken from him!"

She picked up a brick from the sidewalk and started smashing my car with all her strength.

She didn't spare anything. The windows, headlights, and the hood. Everything was attacked.

Seeing this, the other parents were energized. They picked up whatever they could find and joined in on the rampage, smashing my car with enthusiasm.

After breaking the windows, they climbed inside, slashing at the seats and tearing apart the interior. The once pristine luxury car was quickly reduced to a heap of scrap metal.

At that moment, one of the women broke open the trunk and gasped, "Look! There's a bunch of expensive stuff hidden in here!"

Luna approached, casually pulling out a painting, sneering, "A woman who makes her living selling herself is collecting art? Trying to act all cultured?"

"It's an insult for trash like you to own something like this.

"Someone like you only deserves trash!"

With that, she tore the painting to shreds right in front of me.

After ripping it apart, she threw it to the ground and stomped on it.

One of the bystanders, who seemed knowledgeable about art, took a closer look and exclaimed, "This

looks like an authentic piece by James! I heard it starts at 300 million at auction!”

Luna proudly said, “So what if it’s worth 300 million? It’s all my husband’s money anyway!”

“My husband’s money is my money. If I want to destroy my own stuff, what’s the problem?”

Her words left me speechless with anger.

Let’s not even mention that David was a penniless live-in husband. Even when I let him manage Martin Group, he lost nearly half of the company’s value due to his incompetence.

If he weren’t my husband, I would have fired him long ago.

But Luna and these other parents actually see him as some impressive CEO.

Every single one of them looks up to him with admiration.

Led by Luna, the other parents followed suit, tearing up my paintings.

They all started ripping and smashing the collectibles I had in my trunk.

I bought these items at a high price from an auction today. Before I could even place them, they were destroyed.

Watching these out-of-control lunatics, I calmly pulled out my phone.

“Why aren’t you here yet? You need to be in front of me within five minutes!”

Before I even got a response, one of the parents snatched my phone and smashed it to the ground. “Trying to call for help? Where do you get the nerve?”

“Are you pretending to be someone important, huh?”

“She’s probably calling one of her clients to put on a show for us! Hahaha!”

The parents laughed even louder, openly mocking me.

I stared at my shattered phone on the ground and said coldly, “I hope you’ll still be laughing this hard in a few minutes.”

Then I turned to the teacher and asked, “You knew my daughter was being bullied at school, didn’t you?”

The teacher glared at me with disdain. "So what if I did?"

"A bastard daughter of a worthless mistress is nothing but trash.

"Mason was just taking out the trash. What's the issue?"

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