

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

### Chapter 3

Hearing this, the parents present started clapping and cheering.

“That’s why you’re the teacher! You handle things so fairly and directly!”

“Exactly, this is an elite school. Not just anyone can come here.”

“Why does a mistress’ daughter need an education? You should just teach her how to seduce men like you did. Who knows, maybe she’ll be even better at it and land a richer guy!”

Luna got even bolder.

“See that? This is what happens when you’re a mistress. You and your daughter are destined to live at the bottom of society, hated by everyone!”

The scene was filled with insults directed at me, and the bystanders joined in with their jeers.

The more they cursed at me, the wider Luna smiled.

The teacher seized the moment to flatter Luna, “Mrs. Jones, the principal said if this situation is resolved to your satisfaction, he hopes you can do us a favor.

“You know we’re planning to expand the school, and all the land around here belongs to Martin Group. What do you think...”

Crossing her arms, Luna arrogantly replied, “Don’t worry, I’m very pleased with how you handled things today. When the time comes, I’ll just say the word, and my husband will give you all the land you need.”

The teacher couldn’t stop smiling. “Thank you in advance, Mrs. Jones.”

“Luna, my husband has worked with Martin Group before. Could you keep us in mind for future deals?”

“My company’s looking to switch industries too. I’d love to have the chance to work with Martin Group in the future.”

“Luna, here’s a no-limit shopping card from my mall. I hope we can stay close.”

In an instant, the parents scrambled to curry favor with Luna, each trying harder than the next to

flatter her.

Some even went so far as to slip their bank cards into her bag.

Luna reveled in the attention, radiating arrogance.

She raised her chin, strutted over me, and smugly said, "See that? This is the power of money and influence.

"Someone like you, a nobody mistress, will spend your whole life spreading your legs, hoping for scraps from men.

"But me? I get to enjoy the kind of glory you'll never even dream of reaching.

"I'll give you one day. Take your bastard daughter and get out of this city. If I see you messing with my husband again, I'll bury that little brat of yours alive!"

Hearing this, my daughter trembled and clung to me. "Mom, I'm scared. My foot... it hurts so much..." Her voice was filled with terror and pain.

I removed her little boot and saw one of her toes was missing!

The wound was horrifying.

There was even blood pooled inside her shoe.

My heart felt like it had been stabbed. My eyes filled with tears that wouldn't stop falling.

I couldn't fathom how my delicate, pain-averse daughter had endured so much without saying a word until now.

I glared furiously at Luna.

"Did your son do this too?"

Luna glanced at me, her tone indifferent.

"Why the fuss? You should be glad I didn't have my son take that brat's life."

Before she could finish, I slapped her hard across the face.

That slap carried all of my rage, every ounce of strength I had.

It sent Luna stumbling backward.

As I moved to hit her again, another parent suddenly grabbed my hair.

The other parents swarmed at me, punching and kicking.

“You filthy wench! How dare you lay a hand on Mrs. Jones? Are you tired of living?!”

“Yeah, your brat isn’t even dead yet. Why rush to join her?”

“Your kid’s lucky Mason taught her a lesson. With trash like you for a mom, she deserves whatever she gets, even if it’s death!”

Even the teacher, full of indignation, kicked me.

“Stop hitting my mom!” my daughter cried, trying to intervene.

But a chubby boy kicked her to the ground.

The teacher patted the boy’s head and praised him with a smile.

“Mason, you’ve always known how to punish wrongdoers. You’re such a good kid. Tomorrow, I’ll make sure to praise you in front of the whole school and give you an award!”

Mason squinted with a smug grin.

“Hmph, it’s what I’m supposed to do. I’ll beat that brat every time I see her!”

I was lying on the ground, trembling with rage as I gritted my teeth.

“You’ll regret this!”

Hearing this, they burst into laughter as if I had told the funniest joke in the world.

“Did I hear that right? A lowly mistress has the nerve to make threats?”

“Hilarious! This wench actually thinks she’s someone important. Mrs. Jones is the CEO’s wife.

Squashing her is as easy as crushing an ant!”

“This worthless tramp can’t do anything, so she’s just throwing a tantrum. Hahaha!”

“What a disgrace. If I were her, I’d have already offed myself.”

The parents held me down, relentlessly mocking and humiliating me.

The bystanders weren’t any better, spitting at me and hurling insults.

Basking in their support, Luna drove her sharp, high heel into my face.

“Hahaha! Regret? I’ve never regretted anything in my life. I’d love to see how someone like me make me regret a thing!”

Just as she finished, a line of luxury cars sped up and stopped at the school gates.

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One after another, men in suits quickly stepped out of the cars...