

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

Chapter 5

The first time I met David was at my own company.

At the time, I was working as an intern, starting from the bottom to gain experience.

Back then, I was ordinary, not particularly outstanding. I was just a nobody in the company.

David was also an intern, starting at the same time as me.

He wasn't particularly smart and even came across as a bit dull.

But growing up in a rural area, he was used to hardship. His work ethic was strong. He was the

hardest-working intern, tirelessly focused on his tasks.

No matter when I looked, he was always focused in front of his computer, completely absorbed in his work.

His determination impressed me.

He was originally at risk of being let go for not progressing. With my behind-the-scenes help, he was promoted ahead of schedule.

That day, he was so happy. He seemed to light up, full of energy and excitement.

After becoming a full-time employee, he worked even harder.

What I admired most about him was his resilience and refusal to give up.

So, we gradually became closer.

As we spent more time together, I realized this seemingly quiet and reserved man could actually be quite witty.

He often had me laughing out loud.

Being around him always felt easy and comfortable.

Even when we were silent, his presence gave me a sense of peace.

But it wasn't until a "heroic rescue" that we crossed the line from friends to something more.

It happened one night after my mother passed away. I was at a bar, drinking to drown my sorrow. After leaving the bar, a group of drunk men surrounded me, harassing and taunting me.

I was terrified and helpless, and that's when David appeared like a knight in shining armor.

Even though he ended up getting beaten badly by those drunks, he managed to get me out of danger. That was the first time my heart skipped a beat for this man who risked everything for me.

While I stayed with him at the hospital during his recovery, I couldn't help but confess my feelings. He happily accepted.

And so, we began our relationship.

During our relationship, I kept things simple, acting like an ordinary person.

We ate at street vendors, strolled through parks, watched movies, and visited amusement parks. Life was simple but happy.

Later on, I brought David home to meet my family.

When he found out I was the daughter of the wealthiest family, David became nervous and stiff.

My dad knew David was from a rural background, but he didn't look down on him.

He simply stated that he didn't care about family status, because no one could be wealthier than us anyway.

He had only one condition.

David would have to marry me.

Since I was his only daughter, my father didn't want me to marry into another family.

I thought David might hesitate, feel conflicted, or even refuse.

After all, he was his family's only son.

Plus, marrying into the wife's family could be seen as a bit humiliating for a man.

But to my surprise, David agreed without hesitation.

He even promised right then and there that he would love me wholeheartedly and only me.

To show his loyalty, David even signed a prenuptial agreement that very day.

The agreement stated that if he ever cheated or acted unfaithfully, he would leave with nothing.

I was beyond touched at that moment.

After we got married, David was always kind and gentle with me.

He took care of me in every way he could.

Even though our daughter took my last name, he didn't mind at all.

He treated her like the apple of his eye, showering her with love and care.

To give him more credibility outside, I even entrusted him with managing Martin Group.

I just wanted him to have more status and prestige.

Even though he didn't manage the company well, I never complained about it.

All I wanted was for the three of us to live a happy life together.

As long as he could love me and our daughter wholeheartedly, nothing else mattered.

For so many years, I was immersed in the loving image David had created.

I truly believed he was a good husband and a great father.

Looking back now, all I feel is a deep sense of irony and how foolish I was.