

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

Chapter 8

Hearing this, Luna and the parents present all looked shocked and terrified.

It was only at this moment they realized they'd really crossed the line.

I coldly glanced at them, then firmly said to the police, "Officer, I need to take my daughter to get her injuries treated. I'll make sure to pursue this matter to the end, so please handle it seriously!" "Got it."

The officer nodded and quickly escorted everyone involved in the incident to the station.

Before leaving, he reminded me to bring proof of the damaged items' value, such as purchase receipts, along with the injury reports for my daughter and me, so they could be thoroughly documented.

I took my daughter to the hospital to get her wounds treated. After her foot was stitched up, I left her with the nanny.

Then, I headed to the police station with the medical reports and necessary documents.

At the station, the once arrogant parents now looked worried and defeated.

They had only flattered Luna because they feared David, thinking he was the CEO of the Martin Group.

They thought Luna was the CEO's wife.

That's why they groveled and tried to cling to her.

But now, the woman they believed to be the CEO's wife turned out to be the mistress they had always looked down on.

And I, the one they bullied and attacked, was actually the one they should've been treating with respect.

This realization left them feeling disgusted, as if they'd swallowed a fly.

The way they now looked at Luna could've killed.

Luna looked utterly defeated, as if the life had been drained from her. She had just suffered the biggest blow of her life.

It wasn't just the massive compensation she had to face.

The bigger blow was that she had come here today with the intention of confronting a mistress.

She had loudly declared her hatred for mistresses, only to find out she was the mistress all along.

Her once-proud son had now become, in her own words, a shameful illegitimate child.

This was a reality she couldn't accept.

The police carefully reviewed the documents I provided and calculated the total damages from their destruction. It's nine hundred and forty million.

When they heard the number, everyone's faces turned pale with shock.

"H—
How is that possible? Even if she's not a mistress, she can't have that much money!"

"Officer, don't let her fool you!"

"Yeah, where could a woman get that much money? You should really look into where it all came from—who knows, it might be dirty money!"

"Exactly, she must've scammed someone!"

The parents, unwilling to accept the truth, continued their desperate attempts to defend themselves. They didn't believe my money was legitimate and continued to slander me.

The officer scoffed.

"We've already looked into it. She's the daughter of the wealthiest man. Her fortune is far beyond anything you could imagine. She's just humble, and that humility gave you the excuse to bully her." The officer's words left them speechless.

He added, "The damage alone is enough to land you all in jail. Instead of questioning her identity, you should focus on how you will repay her. She's made it clear. No settlements."

Nine hundred and forty million was a staggering amount for every single person present.

They couldn't afford to pay, so they resorted to more excuses.

Some of the parents, still self-righteous, said angrily, "You've got so much money. Why are you coming after us?"

"Exactly! This was just a misunderstanding. Let's clear it up. There's no need to push us to the brink!" "All we did was break a car and some collectibles! You're the richest woman around. Don't be so petty and hold this over us."

"Yeah, even if we hit you, you're fine now, right? No need to be so stingy over this."

They spoke so self-righteously, as if smashing nine hundred and forty million worth of property and attacking someone in public could be brushed off with a few words.

Or maybe they thought that just because I was rich and hadn't died from the attack, I should just suck it up and take the loss.

I let out a cold laugh and said, "Weren't you all so bold when you were smashing things and hitting people? Now, you want me to let it go?"

"What's wrong? You had the guts to break things but can't pay up?"

"You were so loud while hitting me. Why so scared now?"

These parents, thinking they were fighting for some twisted version of justice, acted like they were defending wives everywhere.

But in reality, they were just trying to latch onto power and gain something for themselves.

If all they had done was break some things, maybe it could've been discussed.

But they crossed a line they should never have crossed. They humiliated my daughter.

My daughter is my bottom line.

I will never forgive them.