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"Mm, got it. After the funeral, I'll make a donation to a school," Cindy offered with a sugary sweet smile.

Louisa nodded and fell silent.

Though she despised what Cindy did, Shandie had just passed on. *I should not make it worse for her.*

As Louisa didn't talk to her sharply as usual, Cindy thought the former had backed off without Henrick's support.

Feeling smug, Cindy's lips twitched upwards in an imperceptible smile.

Parting her lips, she said, "Louisa, take your time. I'll head to the coffin to take one last look. I have prepared a speech."

"Sure." Louisa dismissed her with a wave. "It's the last goodbye."

Cindy murmured in acknowledgment and hastened her footsteps.

She couldn't wait to take one last look at Henrick and tell him she had had enough of him over the years. It was time to get back everything that belonged to her.

There was a long path leading from the mansion to the backyard. Cindy scurried along the path and suddenly heard noises when she was ten meters away from the backyard.

Coming to a halt, she stared in disbelief at the huge crowd. *Why is the backyard this crowded?*

Cindy glanced around and spotted a few higher-ups from their company. Some of their business partners were milling around. Even Russell was there.

Huh? How did they know when I didn't even inform them? I should've listened to Louisa and put on my habit instead of wearing a flashy dress if I knew guests had arrived. Goddamn it, why didn't the help tell me that there are so many guests here to pay their respects?

When Cindy was about to head back to change her attire, someone spotted her and yelled, "Mrs. Southall!"

Everyone promptly looked in her direction.

Cindy froze. It was too late to return and change her attire now.

She regretted not listening to Louisa's advice.

Clenching her teeth, she strode forward so no one would accuse her of feeling guilty.

If someone gossips, I'll just tell them I've just returned from the monastery and have no idea what happened.

Thus, she schooled her expression into a look of despair and entered the backyard.

Indeed, someone instantly chided, "Why are you dressed in a flashy dress at a funeral?"

Cindy pinched her thigh when no one was noticing and forced out tears. She used her sleeves to wipe her tears away and replied, "I've been in the monastery all the while and only found out about this when I arrived home. There was no time to change my attire..."

The person coughed awkwardly. "Oh, I see. Go pay your last respects before it's too late, then."

Nodding, Cindy walked toward the coffin as tears pooled in her eyes. She didn't even

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look at the body and promptly collapsed beside it, bursting into noisy tears.

In one corner, Henrick was talking to Russell when he noticed Cindy's outfit. He frowned in displeasure. If there weren't people staring, he would've marched over and given her a big fat slap for showing up at a funeral inappropriately dressed.

However, he couldn't bring himself to reprimand Cindy after seeing how she was sobbing sadly.



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Before Henrick could comfort her, he heard her hollering, "Rick, how could you leave me alone?"

Henrick staggered to a stop in shock. *What did that b*tch just say? Was I hearing things?*

Cindy continued wailing, "You're the head of our family. Now that you're dead, what will happen to us? You b*stard! You promised to take care of me forever when we got married. Why did you leave me this soon?"

Her words rendered Henrick and everyone else dumbstruck.

Especially Louisa, whose lips parted in shock.

Has Cindy lost her mind? Instead of mourning her daughter, why is she cursing Rick?

Suddenly, realization dawned on Louisa. *She must've gotten it wrong!*

Finding the situation both amusing and embarrassing, she shut her eyes and fled the scene.

I shouldn't show up here. After all, Shandie's birth was a mistake. Cindy spoiled her rotten, so it's a good thing that she's dead. At least she won't humiliate the Southall family further.

Before anyone could notice her, Louisa left the scene. Henrick had to face everyone's curious looks alone, his face crimson red.

Henrick wasn't at all embarrassed; he was actually seething with rage.

*Does that b*tch want me dead for real? She must've had that thought for ages! I shall teach her a lesson today!*

Henrick quivered in anger, veins popping out of his forehead. His eyes were burning furiously, but his expression was as icy as an iceberg.

Clearly, it was the calm before the storm, signaling that Henrick was about to lose it.

The help stood aside and dared not make a sound.

Cindy was still sobbing. "How could you leave me alone? I won't forgive you even if we reunite in the afterworld!"

If she had said those words at Henrick's funeral, the onlookers would have felt sorry for her. Alas, they only had the same thought now—Cindy Moore had gone nuts.

Henrick finally blew up.

Without a care for his reputation, he stormed over to Cindy, tugging her hair and hitting her head against the coffin.

Thump! Cindy felt a flaring pain and momentarily lost her vision.

The moment she regained her sight, she saw the man tugging her hair. *Henrick?*

The man's face was ghastly pale. Though the sun was shining on him, it struck her as an ominous sight.

"R-Rick..." Cindy's eyes widened in utter horror and alarm.

Is Henrick's ghost haunting me in broad daylight? So ghosts do exist!

She promptly shrieked, "Ah! It's a ghost! Someone, help me!"

Those words from Cindy caused Henrick's

countenance to darken even more. That was the final straw.

Even the air he breathed in felt scorching to his lungs.

Henrick took in a deep breath before hitting Cindy's head against the coffin again. "I'm still alive! How dare you curse me? You shall die ahead of me!"

Cindy's ears were ringing as blood trickled down her forehead.



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"Enough! Stop it!" Russell leaped into action and dragged Cindy away from Henrick.

Pain squeezed her head, and she felt her legs go limp. Russell had to support her.

Clenching his jaw, Henrick declared, "Russell, stay out of this. I shall beat her to a pulp today!"

Russell stood in front of Cindy in a protective manner. He had one arm before her and another on Henrick's chest. "Rick, calm down. You'll have to go to jail if you kill her."

Henrick regained his composure at his words. The menacing glare in his eyes faded away.

"That's right. Take a few deep breaths to calm down," Russell advised.

Cindy stood behind Russell, watching as the raging Henrick simmered down. She took one look at Russell, who seemed torn. Her mind turned blank briefly before the wheels in her head started turning.

If Henrick isn't dead, whose funeral is this?

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Could it be Arielle's? She's from the countryside, so it's possible that she died after failing to adjust to the new environment.

Cindy glanced around, but Arielle was nowhere to be seen. *Is Arielle dead for real?*

Delight, disappointment, and regret filled her heart at that thought.

She was delighted that the annoying Arielle was finally dead, but she felt disappointed at the fact that Henrick was still alive. She also regretted not finding out who was in the coffin before wailing her heart out.

An array of emotions flashed across Cindy's face.

In the end, she calmed herself down and shot Henrick a pitiful look. "I'm sorry, Rick. I was too upset and got a little lost. I didn't mean to curse you."

The sight of the blood on her forehead and her tears softened Henrick's heart.

He knew how much Cindy adored Shandie,

so it was normal for her to lose her sanity now that Shandie was dead.

Sighing, Henrick realized he couldn't bring himself to yell at Cindy. He averted his gaze and said, "Forget it. Go take one last look at Shandie. It's almost time to shut the coffin."

Cindy blanched at his words. "W-What did you say? Shandie?"

Displeasure rose in Henrick's heart as he furrowed his brows. "Of course it's Shandie. Who else could it be?"

Cindy chortled, refusing to believe his words. She lost her mind and blurted out, "Arielle's dead, right? It can't be my Shannie. Rick, you're joking, right?"

My Shannie's a healthy young girl. How could she die at a young age?

"Nonsense!" Henrick balled his fists. "Arielle's alive and well! She has just..." He trailed off upon realizing it wasn't time to reveal Arielle and Vinson's marriage. "Shandie's dead! She had a relapse last night without warning, and we discovered her dead body this morning. Hurry, go pay

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your respects to her!"

"No! Impossible!" Cindy screamed her lungs out.

There's no way Shandie dead!



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