

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 274

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.