

# A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 272

The help felt a chill traveling down her spine as Cindy stared at her. She immediately caved in. 'I'm sorry, Mrs. Southall. I could've seen it wrongly. You should head in and see for yourself.'

With that, she hurried away.

As Henrick had released news about Shandie's death, many guests had arrived to pay their last respects to her in the backyard, where her coffin was placed. Everyone working in the residence was busy serving the guests and had no time to talk to Cindy

Cindy stared at the help's back in a sinister manner and memorized her features before entering the mansion.

There was a mournful air about the mansion.

Cindy sighed. We've been married for years, and I used to love him. Though I'm glad he's dead, I still feel bad about it. Life is short, so I must live for myself! Hmm, where's the coffin, though? Is his body still at the hospital mortuary?

Confused, Cindy stopped a maid that was

heading out. "Where is the coffin?" she demanded.

The maid was none other than Larrisa.

She blinked guiltily at the sight of Cindy. Calming down, she answered politely, "It's in the backyard."

Larissa's answer only served to heighten Cindy's confusion.

After all, according to the local customs, an elderly person's coffin should be placed in the hall. Only the younger generation's coffin would be placed outside.

Henrick's the oldest in the family, so his coffin should be in the hall. Why is it in the backyard?

Cindy shrugged off that thought. She wasn't at home, so it was perfectly normal for Arielle, Shandie, and the help to not understand the local customs. The young people must've thought it was inappropriate for the coffin to be placed in the hall and moved it to the backyard instead. Clearly, the family can't make do without me!

Her eyes were twinkling with mirth as she

made her way to the backyard.

On the way there, she glanced at her attire. After a brief hesitation, she decided not to change.

No one knew about the funeral, so she didn't have to put up an act.

In fact, she had no intention of putting on mourning clothes for Henrick.

She headed for the backyard and bumped into Louisa

Louisa suffered from rheumatoid arthritis. Her legs would hurt when the weather got bad, and she'd have to walk slowly. As it was a rainy day today, she soon fell behind Cindy.

Cindy was no longer afraid of Louisa when their eyes met.

Louisa can't complain to Henrick now. He's dead, and there's no way he'll come back to punish me. I even went out to celebrate Maureen's death with a drink back then. There's no way I'm afraid now that Henrick's dead!

Nevertheless, Cindy was sensible enough to put up an act so that Louisa wouldn't interfere with the inheritance.

Louisa might be a nun, but no one would refuse money.

The smugness in Cindy's gaze faded away as she greeted Louisa. "Louisa, you should've informed me earlier. How can I accept this? My life is in tatters!"

Calmly, Louisa uttered, "I told you to do charity work, but you refused to listen to me. After the funeral, be benevolent and do good deeds

