

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 277

"No!" Cindy shook her head vehemently to deny the fact. "My Shandie isn't dead. She's just asleep. Why did you put her in a coffin? Take her out!"

The guests shook their heads at her antics. She's gone nuts.

One guest remained puzzled and asked softly, "That's her adopted daughter. Why is she this upset? No matter how much she adores her adopted daughter, there's no reason for her to lose her mind. She

can just adopt another daughter, no?"

Another guest instantly quipped, "Did you not attend the Actonwards' birthday party last night? Shandie was there, and she revealed that she's Henrick and Cindy's biological daughter."

That revelation immediately attracted the other guests' attention.

"Seriously? She's their biological daughter? The timing's strange. Does that mean they got together before Maureen Moore died?"

"You're right! I thought that sounded ridiculous last night. But now, Cindy is acting like she has lost her biological

daughter for real!"

"Even if they didn't get together before Maureen died, it was wrong for Cindy to marry her brother-in-law!"

"Shh, lower down your voice. They might hear you."

Nevertheless, Henrick had heard every word clearly

His eye twitched.

Shandie didn't forget to create trouble for me before she died. I can't believe she

revealed the secret to everyone. Why did / give birth to a fool?

He had never been so humiliated in his life.

In fact, he started regretting cheating on his wife with Cindy. If that did not happen, people wouldn't be gossiping about him when he already had one foot in the grave.

Henrick's face turned several shades darker.

Alas, Cindy couldn't even hear the guests' criticisms. She grabbed Henrick and

demanded, "Get Shandie out! If she wakes up and finds herself in a coffin, she'll burst into tears!"

Indeed, Cindy had gone mad.

She refused to accept the fact that Shandie was dead and kept asking Henrick to get her daughter out.

Henrick shoved her arm away and gave her a tight slap.

Instantly, pain flared up Cindy's cheeks. She touched her face to find blood flowing down her nostrils.

"Blood..." Her legs turned to jelly, and she collapsed to the ground once again.

Finally, she regained her senses thanks to the slap.

Staring at the coffin, she finally took in the fact that Shandie was dead. It wasn't Henrick or Arielle but her beloved Shannie who died!

"No!" she wailed in desperation, her sharp shriek piercing the air. Everyone shuddered at how horrifying her wail was.

Losing all patience, Henrick summoned Alfred. "Bring her back to her room and get her a psychologist!"

"Understood!" Alfred waved his hand, and two bodyguards promptly dragged Cindy away.

"Let go! Let me go!" Cindy screamed. "I want to avenge my daughter. Someone must've killed her! It must be—"

Before she could finish, Henrick gave Alfred a look, and the latter swiftly covered her mouth.

Getting cut off mid-sentence, Cindy glowered at Alfred.

Alfred waved his other hand. The bodyguards picked up their pace and left with Cindy in tow.