

## The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 01

Two years after my best friend got married, she introduced me to her brother-in-law. She married the younger brother, a judge, and I married the older one, a renowned surgeon and team captain.

Eight months into my pregnancy, I was kidnapped.

The kidnapper used my phone to call my husband.

The line got disconnected seven times, and after each call, his patience wore thinner. Finally, he lost it and sent a hard kick straight to my stomach.

Pain erupted, twisting through me, and I broke into a cold sweat. A faint smear of red pooled beneath me on the floor.

One last attempt. This time, someone picked up on the other end:

“Winnie fell at the mall and is bleeding.

Stop calling me, damn it! This isn't about you vying for attention!”

When that threat didn't work, the kidnapper's frustration turned to fury.

With a violent motion, he stabbed a knife right into my belly.

Just as I felt the end approaching, my best friend tracked me down through my phone's location.

She saw me lying there in a pool of blood and quickly dialed her judge husband for help.

All she got was a message in reply: [Winnie's in court. Do not disturb]

She tried to call the police, but there was no signal.

Unable to reach anyone, she dragged me to her car and tried to get us down the mountain.

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But as luck or fate – would have it, a landslide blocked the way.

We were trapped, rain pouring down and mud closing in.

It was a forest ranger who eventually found us, saving us from the brink of death.

When I came to, the first thought that crossed my mind was: divorce.

After confirming that my best friend had also made it through, I immediately messaged Ross, telling him I wanted a divorce.

Two days went by with no reply.

[Our baby is gone.] I finally messaged him.

That got his attention. For the first time, he called back.

“Maisie, is that what you do now? If I don’t respond, you threaten to hurt the baby?”

“Didn’t I tell you to stay home and rest? You had to go off on these ridiculous whims, calling eight times when I didn’t answer, like some lunatic!”

“There was a scene at the mall, Winnie was there, and she almost miscarried from the fright. How is anything more important than two lives?”

“I’m warning you, don’t use the baby to manipulate me. If you want to get rid of it, do it! Just as you please.”

“Ross,” came a soft, fragile voice from his end, “don’t be mad at her. She’s just concerned about you. This is all my fault...”

“Winnie, this isn’t on you...” And with that, the line went dead.

My hand dropped weakly, the faintest trace of bitter laughter at my lips.

Of course. How could I ever compare to his precious Winnie? Trying to hold on would only humiliate me further.

But what about my baby? My child should have been able to meet me in just two more months.

The mall incident had all been about me, orchestrated because of Ross,

The moment they grabbed me, the kidnappers slapped me across the face, twice, leaving me dizzy and disoriented.

I could just barely make out their bitter curses: “Your husband couldn’t save my wife. Do you even understand that? That so-called ‘medical genius’

he’ sa fraud!

“And I heard his family’s loaded. Kidnapping you means I can get the money I deserve for the loss he caused!”

When I realized he wanted money, a tiny bit of relief crept in.

At least that meant my baby might be safe.

But after eight calls – seven rejected, and one filled with nothing but blame and frustration – I lost all value in the kidnappers’ eyes.

I had never been more afraid.

I knelt on the floor, begging them to spare my child.

But it was no use. The knife on the table found its way to my stomach, plunging deep.

A searing pain tore through me as blood, warm and thick, spilled out.

My baby was gone, just like that.

But only that morning, my little one had been kicking inside me.

I passed out, slipping closer and closer to the edge of life.

Without my baby, I had no desire to keep fighting.

But just when I had made peace with the end, my best friend shattered the window to get to me.

She glanced down at my phone, still faintly glowing on the floor, and yelled, “Why didn’t you pick up?! If I hadn’t come, what would’ve happened to you? Were you just waiting to die?”

She lifted me, trying frantically to call Sean.

“Winnie’s in court. Do not disturb.” Those six words froze her in place.

She tried calling the police, but the signal was gone.

Dragging me into her car, she pushed on, only to run into that landslide.

Maybe it was fate. I closed my eyes, letting the world drift away...