

The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 02

Now, my best friend and I lay in the same hospital room.

Silence filled the space, thick and heavy.

She must have heard Ross' s outburst over the phone.

Despite her weakness, she forced herself to stand and gripped my hand, her face pale, tears spilling onto my hand.

"I'm so sorry, Maisie. I never should have introduced you to Ross," she said softly, her voice trembling. "You deserve so much better than this."

I could see the guilt weighing on her, but honestly, my heart hurt more for her.

She had spent two years trying to conceive, only to lose her baby before she even realized she was pregnant.

Just as I was about to speak, her husband, Sean, called.

"My brother says Maisie is planning to get rid of the baby. Was this your idea? Can you two stop acting crazy for once?"

"And didn't I tell you yesterday I was working on Winnie's case? It's important! I told you not to bother me – are you deaf?"

"Honestly, I don't know why we married you. Always causing trouble, talking about divorce and abortion like threats! Go ahead if you want to divorce; no one's asking you not to!"

The call ended abruptly.

My best friend looked at her phone, shook her head, and tried to brush it off, but her eyes grew red.

Taking her cold hand in mine, I whispered, "Don't be sad. We're alive that's what matters. Maybe this is just a sign. It's time for us to let go."

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She choked out a small “okay,” and finally let herself cry, collapsing onto my shoulder as our emotions overflowed. Fear, anger, and heartbreak – all the feelings we had bottled up finally spilled out.

What we thought were dream marriages turned out to be nothing but nightmares.

I remembered when we first got married, sharing the story of “best friends. marrying brothers” online.

We even got tons of comments, with people saying things like, “Wow, friends marrying into the same family – double the fun!” and “Dream come true; you two have got it made!”

But the fantasy shattered six months ago, when Winnie Greene came back from overseas.

Suddenly, Ross was always “too busy” to pick up his phone, and Sean was constantly out, drinking and networking.

That’s when we realized this marriage had never been about love it was Ross and Sean’s twisted plan to get back at Winnie.

All those promises, all that affection – just part of their selfish game.

The cruel irony was how long Ellie and I had been fooled by them.

We had even allowed them to bring Winnie into the house, only for them to dote on her in ways they never did with us.

Photos of the two brothers with her filled their social media, always set to be hidden from her view.

A doctor and a judge, yet they revolved around her every need: Ross suddenly took an interest in obstetrics, and Sean went out of his way to help her with a divorce case.

Meanwhile, Ellie and I, their actual wives, barely got a holiday greeting or a single flower in all that time.

He was there, but his love felt like it never was.

We'd overlooked the truth: his heart had moved on.

Or maybe... there was never love at all.

It took losing two lives for me to finally see it.

Lying in bed, I distracted myself with my phone, trying hard to avoid social media.

When I opened TikTok, a video on the trending page caught my eye:

Winnie's latest post. She was basking in affection, practically flaunting her two childhood "friends" with pride.

There were three photos: a group shot of the three of them, a legal document, and a close-up of her hands cradling her stomach.

Her caption read: [Those who care for you will always show up before danger does! Thank you, my dearest friends.]

The comment section was full of admiration and jealousy.

[Oh my god, where can I find childhood friends like this?]

[Girl, you've got it good!]

One or two people even noted: [Hey, don't these two look familiar? Aren't they the brothers who married those best friends?]

But those comments were buried quickly under all the adoring replies.

Just then, Ellie sent me a screenshot of Winnie's latest post with a simple, steady message: [Maisie, I don't know why, but looking at this, I feel... nothing.]

[Two husbands for one wife. Since they're so eager, let's make it official for them.]

I took a deep breath.

[You're right. This has nothing to do with us anymore. I'm calling a divorce lawyer. I've put up with this long enough.]

The lawyer worked fast, and by the next day, our divorce agreements were ready. I had the lawyer send copies to both Ross and Sean's emails.

Two days passed, and neither of them responded.

The dull, grinding pain of waiting wore me down, and I finally lost patience.

[Have you seen the divorce papers?] I messaged Ross. [Please respond.]

The reply was yet another angry tirade.

[Haven't you caused enough trouble? I'm telling you, the more you push, the less I want to come home. Stop trying to 'test' me!]

I didn't respond, stunned by his sheer arrogance.

How had I not seen this before? Ross was nothing more than a self-absorbed fool.

I was just about to explain myself when I heard Winnie's voice in the background, all syrupy and coy: "Ross, what are you doing? Come on, let's eat. Sean and I have been waiting for you."

I couldn't help but mock him. "No wonder you have no time for us – you're too busy with your precious 'sister,' aren't you?"

"Maisie, what's your problem? I'm just helping out! Winnie's pregnant – unlike you, she's helpless in the kitchen," he snapped.

Pregnant. The word hit me like a punch. My composure shattered.

"You have the nerve to worry about someone else's child. What about ours, Ross? Did you ever care for me? Or your own baby?"

His tone turned cold, dismissive.

"This is pointless..."

But Winnie chimed in with a sweet laugh, "Maisie, we're both expecting mothers. I get how it is those pregnancy hormones can mess with your emotions. Not all moms are as lucky as me, but don't be too upset."

Her words cut me like a knife.

I felt my strength slipping away as pain flared at my still-healing wound.

Ross's voice drifted in with an indulgent murmur: "Don't worry about her. Your health is all that matters, Winnie. Whatever you need, I'll be there."

I struggled to breathe as tears streamed down my face.

He had never cared for me, not once. What was I to him in these two years? A convenient piece of furniture, nothing more.

Before I could say another word, he hung up.

Crushed, I let out a sob.

Ellie rushed over, wrapping me in a comforting embrace. "Let it out, Maisie," she whispered, soothing me. "He's not worth it. Your baby understood that much – that someone like him could never be a true father."

"It's okay. If they ignore the papers, we'll sue. This marriage is ending, one way or another."