

The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 03

My best friend and I spent three weeks in the hospital.

During this time, we received not a single word from the brothers. No one asked where we were, why we hadn't come home, or how we were doing.

Any last vestiges of hope we'd held onto seemed to dissolve completely under their cold indifference.

It wasn't until we were checking out of the hospital that we finally ran into Sean,

He didn't notice us, his attention locked on his destination down the hallway.

Curious, we quietly followed him to the maternity ward, where the reason for his absence became clear.

There, Winnie lay on the bed, clinging to Ross, crying about her fear of giving birth. Sean was next to her, gently brushing the hair from her face, both of them looking at her with tender concern.

The three of them, side by side, painted a picture of harmony that was painful to behold.

My best friend and I instinctively placed our hands on our stomachs, the contrast to Winnie's scene of "frightened happiness" only emphasizing our sorrow.

Forcing myself to look away, I grabbed my friend's arm and left the hospital with her.

We had more important things to do.

[See you at the registry office the day after tomorrow.] I texted Ross.

[And bring Sean with you. This is serious – if you don't show, we'll proceed with divorce through the courts.]

Almost immediately, Ross called me, but I hung up.

Messages flooded in, but I didn't read them. I shut my phone off.

Next, my friend and I headed to the police station to report what had happened.

This wasn't just an incident; it was a calculated act of revenge against a doctor's family.

I recounted the details to the officer, who looked deeply concerned.

“This is serious. Why report it now? If the suspect comes after you again...” he started to say.

I let out a bitter laugh. “They won’t. Even the kidnapper knows I have no value to Ross. Hurting me doesn’t affect him at all.”

I pleaded with the officer to check the security footage, explaining that my best friend and I had lost our babies during the incident and survived a landslide on our own.

His face softened with sympathy.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Baker. We’ll do our best to get to the bottom of this.”

Outside the station, we saw a new post from Winnie: [A little angel, 6 pounds and 3 ounces, has come into my life!]

In the comments, Ross chimed in: [Godfather number one, reporting for duty!]

Sean added [Godfather number two, here too!]

A pang of irony struck me. If they ever found out they’d lost their own children, I wondered, would it even matter to them?

Exhausted from the day’s ordeal, my friend and I returned to the small apartment I’d lived in before I married.

When I turned my phone back on, a series of missed calls from Ross popped up.

I decided to call back.

He answered in a fury, practically yelling, Are you done with your tantrums? I told you to stay home and rest! Now the house is a disaster. I only found out because I dropped by to get a gift for Winnie’s baby!

“And Ellie – what are you dragging her into now? Sean can’t reach her, probably because of you. Do you have to poison everything around you? You’ve ruined their marriage too. Are you happy?”

My best friend clenched her fists beside me, ready to unleash her rage, but I held her back.

“Don’t waste your energy on someone like him,” I whispered.

“Ross, let’s keep it simple: I want a divorce. I have no time for your baseless accusations.”

My friend took the phone from me, unable to hold back any longer. “You know what, Ross? Marrying into your family has been nothing but a curse. Let me make this clear: Ellie and I want divorces because you and Sean are fools. Get it?”

She ended the call and promptly blocked him on every platform.

The next morning, just as we were leaving for the registry office, we saw Winnie at the entrance, cradling her baby.

Her face was pale, and she looked pitiful, like a frail flower ready to wilt at the slightest breeze.

The moment she saw us, she dropped to her knees, looking as helpless as ever.

“Maisie, Ellie, I’m so sorry. I’m here to apologize on behalf of Ross and Sean. This is all my fault. Don’t blame them. They were just looking out for me as a single mother.

“They only stayed with me at the hospital because I was scared, that’s all. I thought they’d already let you know. I even

reminded them! I never wanted to cause a misunderstanding.”

Even now, she kept up the act, portraying herself as the innocent victim, flaunting the bond she shared with the brothers as if we, their wives, were nothing but outsiders.

Seeing my friend’s growing fury, I quickly stepped forward, leveling a cold look at Winnie. “Oh? So what, Winnie? Do I need your permission to get a divorce? Your little act doesn’t work on us anymore. Save it.”

Out of sheer politeness for the child in her arms, I bent down to help her up.

But the moment she heard the elevator doors open, her expression shifted, and she let herself collapse onto the floor as if I’d pushed her.

Startled, I was about to react when Ross came rushing over, shoving me hard.

“Maisie! How could you be so cruel? Get away from her!” he shouted.

Caught off guard, I stumbled and fell, my friend rushing to help me up.

“Maisie, are you alright?”

Satisfied that Winnie was fine, Ross finally turned his attention to me, about to unleash a torrent of insults – until he noticed my now-flat stomach. His face went pale.

“Where’s the baby?” he asked, his voice shaky. “Maisie, where’s our child?”

Just then, Sean emerged from the elevator, talking on his phone. "What now?" he called over. "I could hear you two fighting from all the way down the hall! You'll scare the baby. I have to get back to court right away; there's a kidnapping case on trial, something about a pregnant woman being stabbed. The prosecution's pressing charges.

As he took in my appearance, he glanced at Ross. "Hey bro, did she give birth already?"

The question seemed to jolt Ross back to his senses. He grabbed my shoulders, shaking me as panic filled his eyes.

"Maisie, you had the baby, right? Don't scare me like this!"