

The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 04

Ross's questions came in a rush, his hands gripping my shoulders and shaking me, his face desperate.

My heart bled just as deeply.

I could still feel the knife plunging into my stomach, the wrenching pain as I felt my baby slipping away. That horror was seared into my mind, raw and unrelenting.

I had never felt such hatred.

A hatred that engulfed me entirely. If only he had answered the phone, if he had given me a moment of his time, if he had sensed that I needed him – our baby might still be alive.

Looking at Ross's and Sean's guilty faces now, I felt nothing but revulsion.

"The baby is gone," I said flatly. "Not only mine, but Ellie's as well. She'd just found out she was one month pregnant. I told you both, but you didn't listen. There's nothing left to say. Divorce is the only option."

Ross stumbled back, disbelief flooding his eyes as he muttered, "So you weren't just trying to scare me. The baby... our baby is actually gone."

Then, snapping out of his shock, he shouted, "Maisie, you're not even human! The baby was eight months along, and you just decided to end it out of spite? She was fully formed!"

"Are you insane? How could you kill our child? Come with me to the police station – you need to pay for this!"

A bitter, sad smile crossed my face as I met his gaze. "If you want to talk about killers, look at yourself and Winnie. I was attacked because of a surgery you performed, out of revenge for a life you couldn't save. They found me because of you. They beat me, they kicked me, they drove a knife into my belly, and you call me inhuman?"

"Who led them to me? Your dear 'sister' Winnie. She let them know that kidnapping me would draw your attention. So, tell me, who really killed our child?"

My voice shook with the weight of my pain. "Do you think anyone feels this loss more deeply than I do?"

"No, no, it wasn't me..." Winnie stammered, scrambling to defend herself, but Sean cut her off, turning to me.

“Wait, Ellie was a month pregnant? What happened to her baby? I thought only one person was kidnapped – what does any of this have to do with her?” he demanded, voice unsteady.

At that, Ellie stepped forward and slapped him hard across the face.

“You have no right to ask! If any of you had bothered to answer your phones, we wouldn’t have been caught in the landslide. We wouldn’t have been trapped. Our baby wouldn’t have died!

“Maybe it’s better this way. You two never deserved to be fathers, or husbands. Wasn’t it clear you were always more invested in Winnie and her child? Now you can finally have your ‘real family. What happens to our children doesn’t concern you.

Sean looked stunned, one hand raised to his cheek where the mark of her slap was still visible.

Ross, however, had finally grasped the gravity of the situation, his face frozen in shock.

“You’re telling me... that Maisie was actually kidnapped? Why didn’t you call me? You got caught in the landslide trying to save her? Why didn’t you tell us?” he pleaded, his voice beginning to crack, a hint of desperation slipping through.

Too late. Far too late for that. The time for regret had long passed.

I kept my voice steady, though my words were cold, laced with bitter irony.

“When you ignored seven of my calls, I was tied up, being beaten. When you finally answered the eighth time, I was already worthless to them. They decided the baby’s life wasn’t worth sparing.

“You could have saved us, Ross. The kidnapper only wanted money at first; he never intended to kill our child.”

Ross collapsed, burying his face in his hands, sobbing uncontrollably.

Winnie tried to comfort him, wrapping her arms around him, but he shoved her away with such force that her hand scraped against the floor, leaving a smear of blood.

Her eyes widened, uncomprehending – this was the first time she’d ever been pushed aside like this.

Ignoring her, I turned to Sean, my expression hard.

“Guess who’s involved in that kidnapping case you’re handling – the victim and the plaintiff, to be exact?”

The truth dawned on them, their gazes sharp with sudden suspicion as they looked at Winnie.

“N–no, it wasn’ t me. I swear!” she stammered, looking terrified. “I was just at the mall that day I was a victim too! How could it be me? How could I know it was Maisie who’d been kidnapped?”

In the past, her teary defenses would have melted their hearts instantly, prompting them to rush to her side.

But now, neither of them moved to comfort her. Instead, they exchanged silent glances, their expressions clouded with something between contempt and realization.

I stepped closer, my voice calm but carrying a deadly finality. “I never mentioned where or when it happened. So tell me, Winnie – how did you know I was at the mall?”