

The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 05

Panic flickered in her eyes as she realized her mistake.

Winnie attempted to stand, feigning discomfort in her stomach, mumbling something about needing to leave.

Although I had no concrete proof against her, my suspicion was clear enough to rattle her.

The truth would come out soon enough once the police had evidence in hand.

I turned my gaze to Ross, my voice cold and unfeeling. "What are we waiting for? Everyone's here. Let's go to the registry office and finalize the divorce."

The faces of the two brothers darkened, and they both remained silent, unwilling to move even an inch.

Sean was the first to speak.

"Maisie I have to get back to work. The team at the courthouse is waiting for me, and the prosecutor's office is on standby. I'll come home after and explain everything. Please, let's not go through with the divorce. We can have another child, Ellie. Let me just finish my work today."

Without waiting for an answer, he turned, clearly hoping to escape the confrontation.

But I spoke up, stopping him in his tracks.

"Unless I'm mistaken, you're handling a case involving my kidnapper, aren't you? A man called Logan White?"

I reached into my bag and pulled out the court summons, handing it to him.

"Check for yourself. If this is the case you're working on, then all the more reason to go through with the divorce today."

"Yes, we're done today," Ellie added, her voice filled with disgust. "I'm not spending another minute attached to you."

Sean's eyes fell on the document in my hand, his face turning pale as he read.

"Maisie, what do you mean? This kidnapping case I'm prosecuting... it's your case? They told me a pregnant woman was stabbed, but I never knew it was you."

Both brothers' expressions grew tense. Ross looked at me, suspicion flashing across his face.

"Maisie, this is serious. I know you hate us, but this has nothing to do with Sean's work. Stop making a scene. Let us finish our business, and we'll talk then."

He still thought I was lying, twisting things to get back at them.

A dry, humorless laugh escaped me. "You think I'm staging a performance with my own child's life on the line? Do you really believe you're that important to me, Ross? You're a stranger to me now. You're the last person I'd put on a show for."

"As for all that talk about me being dramatic, angry, or vying for attention – I suggest you stop, because it makes me sick to hear it. Frankly, even looking at you disgusts me now."

"Do you understand yet? All I want is a divorce. Go anywhere you please – just stay away from me."

Ross's eyes shifted to Sean, clearly hoping his brother would back him up, offer some reassurance that I was bluffing.

But Sean, staring at his phone in shock, finally looked up, disbelief etched across his face.

"It's true, Brother. This case... it's the one about Maisie. She's the victim."

Ross's skepticism remained, though the shock had begun to sink in.

He scoffed, "Even if that's the truth, it's not our fault. I understand you're grieving, and I'll let you vent, but divorce? Maisie, think this through. This isn't a you can just undo. Don't regret decision you it."

"And you, who hasn't worked in a year, should consider what life without me might mean. Divorce isn't a card to play for attention. You think blaming me for your bad luck will get you what you want?"

"Besides, if someone really wanted revenge against me, I'd have heard from the hospital by now. Just tell me how the baby was really lost. I won't blame you. We can have more children later. But don't act like this is my fault. And leave my brother out of it – I've been wondering if you're just bad luck. Ever since we got married, it's been one misfortune after another."