

The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 06

Ross continued his usual routine, trying to gaslight me with his twisted logic.

I could see a flash of satisfaction in his eyes as he watched my trembling hands, thinking he had won, once again blaming everything on me.

This was the man I had married, the one I once thought I would grow old with, build a family with.

Now, I saw clearly his cold, unfeeling nature. I would never regret leaving.

But before I could respond, Ellie let loose on him.

“Do you have no shame?” she shouted. “The baby’s gone because of you! When I found Maisie, she was barely alive, do you even get that? And you call her ‘bad luck’? If that’s what you think, divorce us already! Your whole family is hypocritical and disgusting. None of you deserve to have children. May you all live. long and childless lives!”

Her words lit a fire in Sean, who quickly grabbed his documents and stormed off towards the registry office.

“Fine! Divorce it is! You’ll regret this, both of you!” he spat, but we didn’t care. We were already done.

An hour later, we both held our divorce. certificates in hand, a sense of relief washing over us like a fresh breeze.

Standing outside the office, we exchanged glances, our faces filled with freedom and peace.

“Let’s head back to the Gregory estate and pack up our things,” I said. “I don’t want a single piece of me left in that place.”

Sean hurried off after leaving the office, likely rushing back to his work, while Winnie called Ross, her voice dripping with calculated distress: “Ross, my stomach hurts. I got in a car accident on the way home, and I’m so scared. What’s going on over there? That kidnapping stuff isn’t true, right? Ross, can you come be with me?”

Ross’s face immediately filled with concern as he assured her he’d be right there.

But I had already recognized the hint of fear and scheming in her tone.

Ellie must have noticed me standing there in silence, mistaking it for sadness.

She quickly took my hand, her expression gentle and comforting. "Maisie, don't worry. Trust the police – they'll uncover the truth and make sure Winnie's little act falls apart."

Her support warmed me, reminding me that leaving these men behind was a reason for joy, not sorrow.

Once we packed up from the Gregory house, I took Ellie to a spa and beauty center. We indulged in every treatment we had ever wanted but previously held back on.

After a complete transformation, we looked at ourselves in the mirror, renewed and radiant.

Our bodies, fortunately, hadn't changed much from the pregnancies; with some effort and care, we looked even more vibrant than before.

Returning home that night, I felt a calm I hadn't known in ages and fell into a deep, peaceful sleep.

The next day, a call from the police woke me up.

"We've identified the suspect, but he's hired a top criminal defense lawyer. Without solid evidence, the case will be hard to move forward."

The officer's words sent a chill through me.

"No evidence? What about the security footage?" I asked. "If I remember correctly, there should be cameras in the mall parking lot."

"We checked, Ms. Baker," he replied regretfully. "Unfortunately, it seems that the cameras were out of service that day."

My heart sank. Out of service? It was too convenient to be an accident.

Not only had the kidnapper managed to pinpoint my exact location, but he had somehow sabotaged the cameras in advance.

There was no way Winnie wasn't involved in this.

That day at the mall had been a spur-of-the-moment decision, and only Ross and Winnie knew where I was going. When I was forced into the van, I had caught a glimpse of a figure at the stairwell entrance – someone who looked very much like Winnie. At the time, it had been unclear,

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Just tren, my pitte tang and sav Ross scame on the screen. I braced myself fighting of the surge of disgust as I Eos note was laced wit atation as he complained "Maisie, are you sure this so- called indinapping is because of me? The police don tihane any proof but my supervisor sinsisting I go in for a statement. Do you have any idea how busy Tam?"

The patience I had clung to for the past mo day's finally snapped. My rage exploded and I didn't bother hiding it as I yelled. into the phone.

"Ross, I have no interest in playing games with you. My child is gone because of you. All I'm asking for is justice, and your can't even be bothered to help? And you have the nerve to complain about how 'busy' you are?"