

The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 07

I had never lost control like that in front of Ross before.

On our wedding day, he told me he liked gentle, demure women.

So for two years, I played the part – quiet, obedient, never challenging him, always patient.

Looking back, it was clear how he had gradually molded me to fit his image of Winnie.

But I no longer cared how he saw me. I was finished playing that role, finished with him.

The days I'd wasted on him in that cold, empty house filled me with disgust.

In his eyes, I had always been nothing more than an accessory, someone to soothe his ego without expecting anything in return.

After finally venting my anger at him, I felt a weight lift.

Ellie, who had heard my outburst, came out of her room, took my hand, and gave me a strong hug.

"Don't worry," I assured her, my voice steady. "I'm done with him. Men like that aren't worth a single tear."

"But what about the surveillance footage?" she asked, worry creasing her brow.

I shrugged. "We'll deal with it as it comes."

That night, I lay awake, restless.

But early the next morning, a call came from the police station.

They had found an eyewitness: a security guard from the mall's underground parking lot.

He witnessed the entire incident himself but thought it was related to a robbery at the mall, so he didn't call the police.

Excitement surged through me as I jumped out of bed and pulled Ellie along to the police station.

The security guard explained that he had seen two men following me suspiciously and a woman who took the elevator to the mall after I was forced into the van.

When I showed him Winnie's social media profile, he nodded without hesitation.

"Yes, that's her. I remember her curly hair and her pregnancy bump. She was there."

This new lead quickly guided the police to the detained suspects, who, seeing the evidence closing in, finally came clean.

"Yes, it was that woman – Winnie Greene- who contacted our boss," one of the thugs confessed. "She told him how the doctor's surgery had killed his wife, hinted he might want payback, and suggested using his wife as leverage to squeeze some cash out of him.

"She even gave us photos of Ross's wife and the address where we'd find her. Our job was just to make him pay a million. We didn't pick the target or plan anything; we just followed orders."

As the police relayed the full story to Ross, disbelief flooded his face. His eyes, wide with shock and suspicion, flashed as he confronted the officer.

"Officer, you must be mistaken! Winnie was pregnant too! She'd never – could never do something so cruel! Did Maisie put you up to this? Is she trying to frame Winnie?"

The officer's face hardened as he answered coldly, "What benefit would I gain from lying? I'm here to provide the facts, not play games. This is a serious investigation, so I suggest you treat it as such. Our interrogation confirmed that a young pregnant woman with curly hair gave them this information." the officer said firmly, pulling out the transcript of the kidnappers statement. Ross quickly took it and began reading:

Police: "Describe the details after you took the hostage."

Kidnapper: "After we grabbed Ross's wife, I don't know much else. The boss just told us to wait outside.

"All I know is Ross didn't care one bit about his wife. We called him eight times, but he wouldn't let her finish a single sentence, let alone agree to pay. She was sobbing her heart out, begging us to spare her unborn child, kneeling over and over, and we could even hear her banging her head on the ground.

"Who would have guessed her husband would be that heartless? It was his coldness. that pushed the boss over the edge."

Ross read the confession, his face pale, his entire body slumping into a chair as the truth hit him.

"No... it can't be. Maisie was telling the truth all along. The baby... the baby's gone because of me. It's all my fault – I didn't answer the phone! This is all my fault!"

Confusion and regret tore through his mind, clouding every thought. He couldn't understand why Winnie, of all people, would betray him like this.

He sat there in silence for the rest of the afternoon, chain-smoking his way through an entire pack of cigarettes before finally summoning the nerve to call Winnie.

The phone rang and rang.

But no one picked up.