

## **The Canto Of Sin And Love Chapter 08**

In the end, Ross had always trusted Winnie over me.

To him, she was an innocent, his childhood friend, his so-called “perfect dream girl.”

Even after everything I had endured, he instinctively looked for ways to justify her actions.

But when the truth was laid bare, undeniable, he could no longer fool himself.

His gaze, once full of admiration, was now filled with disdain and resentment for her. I saw it and thought, “Serves you right.”

The kidnapping case finally went to trial, and Sean, of all people, served as the defense attorney. But the verdict brought little satisfaction.

The kidnapers who had killed my child and indirectly caused Ellie to lose hers received only ten years.

The rage that had simmered within me now burned hotter, my fists clenched as I relived that horrific day.

I knew then that I couldn't let this verdict stand, so I filed for an appeal.

Ellie, just as incensed, did the same. Her ex-husband, a man she once loved, had gone easy on the person responsible for her best friend's child's death. It was a bitter pill to swallow.

If not for that incident, if not for the Gregory brothers' negligence, we wouldn't have been forced to face death.

We wouldn't have lost our children.

Then, more news came: Winnie had evaded capture but had been flagged on a flight out of the country.

The authorities had set up airport surveillance, as it was clear that she had realized her plans had unraveled and was now attempting to flee.

This case, involving the brutal revenge against a detective's pregnant family member, had created a public outcry.

The entire country was appalled, the case had crossed the limits of basic decency.

If Ellie hadn't found me through my phone's location, it would have been a double tragedy – my body would have lain undiscovered in that forest.

When Ross learned the full extent of the events, he was stunned, This was a carefully orchestrated kidnapping, one that involved his most trusted friend.

After finishing our final statement at the police station, Ellie and I decided to drive home.

But just as we reached an intersection, waiting for the light to turn, a red Maserati came hurtling toward us.

Only at the last moment did I see Winnie in the driver's seat, her face twisted with rage, her hands gripping the wheel tightly.

There was no time to move, no time to escape.

All I could do was grab Ellie's hand and close my eyes, bracing for the impact.

There was a loud crash, but the pain never came.

"Ellie, are you okay? We're actually... unharmed!"

Ellie hesitated before saying, "Maisie... I think Ross blocked Winnie's car for us Look."

Following her gaze, I saw two cars on the side of the road, both billowing smoke.

In the ambulance, Ross was insistent on seeing me.

"Maisie, I'm so sorry... I let you down, and I let down our baby. This is all my fault. I'm so, so sorry.

"Thank god you're safe. When I wake up... please, could we try again? Give me another chance, Maisie."

I pulled my hand back, a bitter smile. tugging at my lips. "No. There's no future for us, Ross. It's finally your turn to feel a fraction of the pain you put me through."

Turning away, I saw Sean on his knees, begging Ellie.

"Please, I know I was wrong. I shouldn't have pushed for a lighter sentence for Winnie. I thought it would spare her, but she tried to kill you! I'm scum! I protected the woman who killed our child. Do whatever you want – hit me, scream at me – just don't leave me."

But Ellie didn't say a word. She simply got into the car, leaving him to stumble after her until he fell back, exhausted.

What use was regret now?

Their so-called “affection” had arrived far too late to mean anything.

A month later, the final updates trickled in.

Winnie had lost a leg in the crash, and her newborn child, abandoned and without care, had died of starvation in her apartment.

As an accomplice in a kidnapping plot, she was sentenced to ten years in prison. Her life, once filled with promise, was now locked away behind bars.

Sean, after his bias in the kidnapping case came to light, was terminated from his position with all benefits revoked. He had lost everything.

As for Ross, his injuries left his right hand permanently damaged, ending his surgical career. He was relegated to an

administrative role, stripped of the prestige he had once enjoyed. He fell into a state of constant gloom, endlessly seeking my forgiveness.

The fallout from his neglect, failing to answer my calls, had led to severe consequences.

The revenge plot and kidnapping case took over a month to resolve, causing a major public outcry.

Social media was flooded with criticism, and the hospital, mindful of his now tarnished reputation, reassigned him to a back-office role with a steep cut in pay and status.

The Gregory brothers, relentless in their guilt, tried calling us from new numbers. daily, attempting to apologize and reconcile.

After blocking them and eventually involving the police to drive them away, they finally gave up.

We had survived too much pain to ever look back.

My best friend and I knew this was only the beginning of our better days ahead.