Wanna Catch Me? Dream On

Author: Lacy

Chapter 1 Abort the Baby

"I'll give you a billion dollars if you abort the baby."

Maisie Bardot was shocked. She gripped her pregnancy test result and forced herself to stay calm.

She took a few sharp breaths. It felt like a heavy weight pressed on her chest, making it hard to breathe.

"What did you say?" she asked.

Did her husband just tell her to abort the baby?

There was a buzzing in her ear. After a long pause, Maisie looked up, setting her confused gaze on Andrew Clarke.

Today was their third wedding anniversary. Nervous yet excited, Maisie had told Andrew about the pregnancy.

But now Andrew was telling her to abort the baby!

After a moment of silence, Andrew spoke again in an icy tone.

and I don't want it.

"Take the money. Consider it compensation for the past few years. Or, if you have other

"Elena is back. It's time for our marriage to end. The baby is an accident. It shouldn't exist,

requests, let me know. As long as it's reasonable, I'll agree to it."

Maisie's body swayed. It took her a while to find her voice again. "Y-You mean you want to ... divorce me?"

"Yes," Andrew replied, devoid of emotion.

Maisie clenched her fists. It felt like a knife had pierced her heart, and it hurt so much she couldn't breathe.

Andrew still wanted a divorce and the baby aborted.

This was all because Elena Summers had returned. Even with Maisie being pregnant,

He said the baby shouldn't exist.

Andrew took a cigarette out of the box. But then, he paused in putting it in his mouth and returned it to the box.

He pulled out a document from the drawer and handed it to Maisie. "Have a look. If you have no objections, sign it."

Maisie didn't take the divorce agreement, so Andrew put it on the desk.

"I'll schedule an appointment for you at the hospital. Once you think it through, sign the document. I need to get back to the office."

With that, Andrew stood up.

Andrew's heart.

"Andrew." Maisie stopped him, her voice choked with sobs.

Andrew looked back, his expression cold. "What is it?"

Maisie's eyes welled up with tears as she looked up at him pleadingly. "I don't want money. I can agree to the divorce, but can I ... keep the baby?"

It was a tiny request as a mother. All she wanted was to keep her baby.

Andrew's deep gaze settled on Maisie's face. He never liked anyone going against him. His word was law.

Maisie understood this about him but still couldn't help but ask.

Maisie knew Andrew hadn't married her because of love.

"Unacceptable." Andrew's answer was sure, domineering, and irrefutable.

He didn't stay. He walked off, leaving the villa empty of anyone but Maisie.

Maisie and Andrew had been married for three years. Though they were husband and wife,

He didn't love her, but she clung naïvely to hope. She wished that she could one day melt

During these three years of marriage, Maisie had only ever thought about how to be a good wife. She woke up earlier than the household staff every day, working harder than them all.

She did this so that she could cook for Andrew. She would ensure he ate her food and found a perfect home waiting for him.

sleep peacefully after he came home.

Day after day, year after year, she was stuck in this icy prison. She lived a wealthy life every

No matter how late Andrew returned, Maisie would keep a light on for him. She would only

woman envied, hoping her husband would give her some attention.

his side.

Maisie thought they would continue like this for the rest of their life, peaceful and stable.

But Maisie didn't care if she got it. She told herself that it was enough to be able to stay by

Her tears began to spill. Maisie drew a shaky breath and clutched her shirt near her heart. She bit her lower lip hard as she let out a sob.

After some time, Maisie picked up the divorce agreement from the desk. She signed her name determinedly.

Today, Maisie finally understood that Andrew didn't love her and never would.

But reality was a brutal slap on her face, catching her off guard.

It was time for this to end! From this day forward, Maisie Bardot would be herself!

Andrew returned home earlier than usual. However, the woman who would usually come up

Frowning, Andrew asked in dissatisfaction, "Where's the madam?"

Andrew walked to the living room. On the coffee table was the divorce agreement and

Andrew dismissed the anticipation he felt as a maid took his suit jacket.

to welcome him home was nowhere to be seen.

"She went out a few hours ago, sir."

untouched check.

belongings had disappeared.

Andrew's gaze dimmed. There was an ache in his chest as he tugged his tie.

He went to his room. In the pristine room, there was no longer a trace of Maisie. Even all her