Chapter 6 Dream On

At Seaview Manor, Andrew held tightly onto Maisie's hands as he hauled her out of the car.

Maisie was worried about her two children. She knew Elio could take care of June, stay on the plane to Yuvaran, and find Jonathan. Still, she felt uneasy. After all, they were both only five years old.

Lost in thought, Maisie was caught off guard when Andrew dragged her out.

She almost landed on the ground. Fortunately, she managed to regain her balance by holding onto the car door.

She glared at Andrew. "Let go of me! I can walk on my own!"

Of course, there was no way Andrew would listen to her. Instead, he dragged Maisie even more forcefully into one of the villa's rooms.

with pain as Andrew gripped it, forcing her to look up. His handsome face was right in front of her.

Andrew shoved her to the carpet. Maisie didn't even have time to react. Her chin throbbed

"Stay here and think about what you did. When you give the child's whereabouts up, you'll get to eat."

Andrew's cold voice rang in her ear. He sounded like a demon.

Maisie shivered as she clenched her fists. Give up the children? Dream on.

"Don't even think about it," she said. But Andrew only laughed.

"I hope you'll still be this stubborn after a few days."

With that, Andrew slammed the door shut behind him.

Rage burned in Maisie's eyes. "Andrew, give me back my phone, you nutjob!"

Without her phone, Maisie had no way to contact Elio and June. She couldn't confirm their safety, and it only made her more anxious.

She kicked the door, but the ornate double doors remained shut.

The room was on the third floor. Maisie eyed the height. It seemed impossible to jump down without breaking a bone or two.

Plus, that bastard had locked the door from the outside. She couldn't open it even if she wanted to.

Maisie scoured the room for the spare key.

This was the room she had shared with Andrew after they got married. Things hadn't changed much in here, and it made her feel familiar yet unfamiliar.

In any case, she remembered there was a spare key here.

Holding onto hope, Maisie went through all the drawers in the room. And yet, she couldn't find the key at all.

Frustrated, Maisie leaned against the wall. She slid to the ground and hugged her legs. She wondered if Elio and June were safely on the plane.

With no phone to contact them with, she was left to stew in her anxiety. Each second, each

minute, was agonizing to her. Maisie spent three long hours in that position. The clock on the wall showed it was already

noon—lunchtime. But no one brought her food. When she woke up this morning, Maisie had been in a rush. She had made the children

breakfast and only took a few bites herself. Now, her stomach was protesting from hunger. Right then, faint footsteps sounded in the quiet corridor outside. Maisie jolted to her feet.

A knock came at the door. Then, a sweet woman's voice called out intimately, "Drew."

Her hearing had always been sharp, so she could tell someone was coming.

This voice ... It was Elena Summers!

"Drew, are you there?"

Maisie's heart raced, but she kept quiet.

She walked around, purposely making her footsteps heard. She wanted the woman outside to know that someone was in the room.

She held her breath as she flattened herself against the wall.

"Drew, are you inside?" Elena asked. There was no response.

Then, she said, "I'm coming in, Drew."

Elena was overjoyed that Andrew didn't stop her. He had never let her enter this room before.

any of the items inside.

Even the maids rarely came in here. Even if they had to clean, they weren't allowed to touch

Today, Andrew didn't keep her out, which brought a smile to Elena's face. She would soon be stepping into the room she had always dreamed about. Her heart raced as

she pulled her collar lower, revealing delicate collarbones. She smartened her meticulously dressed curls and went inside.

Just as Elena thought she would soon see Andrew, she let out a cry. Maisie, catching Elena off guard, hit her on the head. Elena immediately passed out. Maisie

hadn't hit her too hard, so Elena would probably wake up in about an hour. If Elena was looking for Andrew upstairs, it meant that he wasn't downstairs. With this

thought, Maisie hurried down the steps. She made it to the entrance, the front doors right before her.

Hope filled Maisie's eyes as she reached for the door handle.

"Where are you going?"