Chapter 5 You Want to Imprison Me

Maisie's mind raced. In an instant, her face turned pale. She looked up abruptly as her body shivered, seeing the man's face, familiar even after five years.

"Andrew, you"

In fear, Maisie turned to look at her two children, who had stepped onto the jetway to board the plane. June anxiously wanted to rush to her mother, but Elio held her back.

Maisie looked at Elio and expressionlessly shook her head.

Elio, always sharp and astute, cast worried looks at Maisie. But immediately, he brought June into the crowd, ducking into the plane's cabin.

Luckily, Andrew's attention was centered on Maisie, and he didn't notice the children. Noticing this, Maisie relaxed slightly, even if Andrew was staring at her grimly.

Summoning her courage, Maisie met Andrew's gaze. He was just as he had been five years ago.

His distinct features were flawless, his eyes like deep pools. He carried a natural air of pride and nobility, along with an intimidating presence.

Andrew stared at Maisie, whom he had not seen in five years. Her white dress covered her slim, tall figure, only showing her lower legs.

Maisie looked even prettier than she had been five years ago. Her expression held a stubborn determination, her amber eyes exceedingly cold.

Andrew had never seen that look on her before. At such close proximity, any emotion in the other's eyes did not escape notice.

Andrew's heart stung at seeing the way Maisie looked at him. A mysterious fire scorched him at the sight.

"How dare you, Maisie? You're still trying to run after hiding for five years?" Andrew was enraged. He dragged Maisie out of the line roughly.

"Let go of me! Andrew, we've already divorced. Are you mad? What does it matter to you where I go?"

"What does it have to do with me? You ran off pregnant with my child for five years. Don't you think I have the right to at least ask about it?

"Where's the child? Where did you hide our child?" Andrew clamped his hand on Maisie's chin.

Maisie was pained by the grip. She slapped Andrew's hand away without hesitation.

However, she couldn't break free from his hold. She struggled vigorously but to no avail, only able to glare at him in frustration.

"You're so funny, Andrew. You didn't want the baby back then, but now you're looking for it? Can't Elena Summers give you a child?"

"You!" Maisie's words hit a nerve, but Andrew couldn't argue against her. He was so angry that he wanted to strangle her.

Maisie let out a cold laugh. "If I hadn't left back then, was I supposed to wait for you to force me to the hospital and go through the abortion?"

She sneered, "Andrew Clarke, I won't let you find the child. Don't worry. Since you didn't want it back then, I'll never let the child acknowledge you now!"

"You bitch!" Andrew glared daggers at Maisie.

She still looked soft and kind, just like she had five years ago. But now, she had a sharp tongue, and every word she spoke pierced painfully into his heart.

Andrew's eyes narrowed as an uncontrollable rage rushed through him.

"Oh, fuck! Andrew!" When James rushed over, he found Andrew and Maisie glaring at each other.

The palpable tension between them left him trembling with fear. He thought if they both had a knife, they might very well stab each other.

"Andrew, Maisie, calm down. Let's talk this out. There's—" James began, but he cut himself off.

Andrew glared at him so sharply that it made his scalp go numb. He obediently shut up.

"Let go of me." Maisie kept struggling. "Andrew, let go of me, you nutjob!"

Andrew nodded coldly. "Stubborn, are you? I'll see how long you can keep your mouth shut.

"Take her home and lock her up. Only let her go when she's willing to say where the child is," Andrew commanded icily.

As Andrew spoke, a loud and clear slap rang out. The next second, the whole place became silent, and the air seemed to thicken.

"God!" James wanted badly to disappear from this place.

Maisie couldn't stand it anymore. She focused all the rage and injustice she'd felt in the past years into that slap.

How dare Andrew say such things! What made him think he could lock her up? Who did he think he was?

Andrew's head was turned slightly to the side. How dare this woman hit him!

"You want to lock me up, huh? Andrew Clarke, you're a monster! I won't let you off if you dare do such a thing!"

Andrew gritted his teeth, feeling numb. An air of danger surrounded him.

Then, unexpectedly, he burst into laughter.

Andrew grabbed Maisie by the back of her neck and forced her before him.

Andrew's handsome face, suddenly so close, made Maisie's heart skip a beat. She forced herself to remain calm as her hands clenched and unclenched at her sides.

"So be it, Maisie!" Andrew said, and with that, he shoved Maisie to the ground.

Losing her balance, Maisie stumbled backward. Her back hit the railing nearby, causing her to gasp in pain.

James' heart trembled. He was terrified that Andrew and Maisie would start fighting. Seeing Maisie fall to the ground, he instinctively moved to help her up.

But Andrew stopped him with a look, and James had no choice but to withdraw his hands. He didn't even dare to breathe as he stood to the side.

"Take her away," Andrew yelled.

In the end, Maisie couldn't win against Andrew and was forced into his car.

June didn't even dare to cry. Mommy had once said that they couldn't let their horrible daddy find them.

Now, she was afraid that she would cause Mommy more trouble. Tears filled her eyes, but she still held herself back.

It was only until Andrew's group left that she started to sob.

"Daddy is a meanie! He bullied Mommy and took her away. El, our horrible daddy took Mommy away!"

Elio was very calm at this moment. Conviction filled his eyes. He comforted June the way Maisie usually did by pulling her into his embrace.

"Junie, don't cry. Mommy said her heart aches whenever we cry. We have to find a way to

save Mommy quickly."

June immediately stopped crying. Her eyes were still tearful as she looked at Elio pitifully in anticipation. "El, do you have any ideas?"

"Let's go home first. We need Aunt Giselle's help."

"Okay. I'll listen to you, El."