My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 1

Her daughter was gone.

There was no funeral. No burial. Not even enough money for a simple grave.

All she had left was a black urn-everything that remained of Daisy.

On the funeral home's TV, a lavish wedding was being broadcast, the kind that made headlines for its extravagance. The groom was her freshly divorced ex- husband—Daisy's biological father—and the bride was the woman he'd never stopped loving, his first love.

He'd finally gotten exactly what he wanted.

Emily Blair stepped out of the crematorium, clutching the urn. Rain was pouring down outside.

A young woman who worked at the funeral home hesitated, then finally couldn't help asking, “Ma'am, it's coming down hard. Do you have someone picking you up?”

Emily looked down at the urn in her arms, her face ashen and hollow.

There was no one left. Her only family was busy celebrating his wedding with his old flame. He hadn't bothered to check in-he didn't even know Daisy was gone.

And even if he did, he'd never come for her.

Andrew Lane hated her.

Hated her, and by extension, everything connected to her.

A few days ago, Isabella Austin had been driving with her son when she crashed into the bus carrying Emily and Daisy. Daisy was gravely injured and lost

consciousness on the spot.

In the chaos, Emily had spotted Andrew Lane in the crowd.

She rushed to him, desperate as if grabbing for a lifeline. "Andrew, Daisy's hurt—

she's dying. Please, I'm begging you, take her to the hospital."

Andrew shoved her aside. Her head hit the pavement, the world spinning.

"Emily Blair, that act of yours is getting old."

His eyes darted away as he hurried off, carrying Isabella Austin's son toward an ambulance.

Emily, dizzy and reeling, grabbed at Andrew's pant leg, her dignity all but gone. "Please, I'm begging you-Daisy's your daughter too—"

Andrew stared at her coldly. "Emily, I told you before. The only child I'll ever have is the one Isabella gave me."

"You and your child are nothing but trash to me. And make sure you send over the divorce papers."

With that, he kicked her hand away and carried the boy-who only had a few scrapes-into the ambulance.

Emily's heart turned to ash. Because of the delay—just half an hour-Daisy didn't make it in time for surgery. She died on the operating table.

Meanwhile, the little boy Andrew had saved was lively as ever, playing ring bearer at their opulent wedding.

Emily let out a dry, bitter laugh. Her voice was hoarse. "I can get home on my own. Thank you."

She stepped into the relentless rain.

The young woman at the door watched her go, wanting to follow but stopping

herself. She'd done all she could—and didn't dare risk upsetting Mr. Lane.

Emily walked through the downpour, shrugging off her coat to cover the urn, hunching forward to shield it from the wind and rain.

"Daisy, sweetheart, I won't let you get wet."

A pair of headlights cut through the storm, a black luxury sedan pulling up beside her, horn blaring.

Emily didn't pause. She kept walking, stubbornly, into the rain.

Half an hour later.

What used to be her and Andrew's marital home-now decked out for Andrew and Isabella's wedding—looked festive and bright.

Emily, soaked and disheveled, stood in the entryway, feeling utterly out of place.

The housekeeper blocked her from stepping further, unwilling to let her muddy the freshly cleaned floors.

Emily set the urn down and pulled the rain-soaked divorce papers from her pocket. The housekeeper snatched the documents and, with a cold glance, delivered a kick to the urn, sending the coat sliding off to reveal its corner.

She caught a glimpse of the name engraved on the urn—and froze. Wasn't that Emily Blair's daughter?

Emily clutched the coat tighter around the urn, turned, and walked out.

An hour later, down by the shore.

Holding the urn close, Emily walked steadily into the waves.

Her face was pale, her eyes resolute.

"Don't be afraid, Daisy. Even in death, I'll stay by your side."

The water rose, swallowing her whole.

At the wedding venue.

Isabella Austin emerged from the dressing room in a deep red gown, beautiful and radiant. She approached Andrew Lane, offering her delicate hand.

"Andrew, the guests are waiting. Come toast with me."

"Of course." Andrew smiled softly, taking her hand and leading her out.

Suddenly, his assistant burst in, voice urgent. “Mr. Lane-Emily Blair just drowned herself in the ocean."

The room fell silent. Then someone scoffed, "Who cares about Emily Blair? Mr. Lane is divorced; her life or death has nothing to do with him. Don't ruin the day-don't you see what occasion this is?"

But Andrew went rigid, his expression darkening as he turned to his assistant. "What did you say?"

A cold, mirthless laugh escaped him, as if trying to convince himself. "Impossible. Emily Blair's not above lying. She's too cunning to die so easily."

His assistant's voice trembled. "It's true, sir. The rescue team just recovered Emily Blair's body. And "

He hesitated, then added, "They found her daughter's urn with her..."

Everyone stared, stunned. Andrew Lane, the last person anyone expected to care, suddenly looked stricken, his dark eyes fixed on some distant point.

No one dared move or speak.

Only Isabella dared approach, clutching Andrew's hand, her gaze fraught with worry and longing.

"Andrew..."

He didn't even look at her. He shook her off and walked away.

Isabella's face went white as a sheet.