My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 13

The doorknob was broken. Again.

Just like last time.

Emily Blair's heart hammered in her chest, wild and frantic, as if it might burst free at any moment.

Behind her, Andrew Lane's breathing was growing heavier—ragged, uneven, threatening to tip over into something dangerous.

It struck Emily how precise Isabella Austin's timing had been.

The drug Isabella slipped Andrew was kicking in, taking hold.

Emily could only be grateful she'd managed to explain everything earlier and that she'd forced herself to throw up all the juice she'd swallowed.

She turned, pressing her back against the door, eyes alert, fixed on Andrew.

Andrew was hunched on the edge of the bed, both hands pressed to his forehead, ears flushed bright red. His chest rose and fell with each labored breath as he fought to keep control.

Emily's lips pressed into a tight line as she gripped the broken doorknob in her hand, knuckles white.

If Andrew lost it and came at her, she'd use the heavy metal knob as a weapon- she was ready to smash it against him if she had to.

"Andrew, the door's broken-I can't open it. Someone will come to fix it soon. You need to calm down."

Andrew's breath rasped, rough and desperate. He looked up at her, brow furrowed, those dark, narrow eyes threaded with red and wild suspicion. His lips were drawn into a thin, grim line, voice hoarse and raw.

"You knew I was drugged?"

The accusation in his eyes was almost unbearable, and Emily bristled.

"If you want to suspect someone, maybe you should start with Isabella-the one who handed you the juice."

Andrew's gaze bore into her, crimson and intense, the veins at his temple pulsing. He looked less like a man and more like a wild animal on the verge of losing all

reason.

Emily's heart pounded so hard she thought it might split her chest. Her grip on the doorknob tightened.

For a long moment, neither of them moved. Then Andrew bowed his head, threading his fingers through his hair, the veins on his hands standing out as he struggled for control.

Emily couldn't relax. She knew exactly how strong the drug was-Isabella had used something potent. Even someone as disciplined as Andrew Lane wouldn't be able to hold out much longer; soon, he'd lose himself completely.

All she could do was pray Isabella would hurry back with help.

Seconds dragged by, each one stretching longer than the last. Andrew stayed motionless for what felt like an eternity.

Just as Emily started to let out a shaky breath, she coughed just once, a small sound-but in the silence of the room, it rang out like a gunshot.

The next second, Andrew was on his feet, eyes bloodshot, locked on her like a predator sighting prey. He strode toward her, purposeful, each step closing the distance between them.

Emily's eyes went wide. She raised the doorknob defensively.

In a flash, Andrew grabbed her wrist, his grip like iron, fingers digging into the sensitive tendons.

Pain shot through her and she couldn't help but let go. The doorknob clattered to the floor.

Before she could react, Andrew hauled her up and slung her over his shoulder.

He tossed her onto the bed with shocking force.

Emily scrambled upright, snatching a pillow and hurling it at his face as he lunged for her.

"Andrew! Calm down-it's me, Emily!"

He pounced, pinning her wrists beneath his hands, his body heavy and burning hot against her.

His bloodshot eyes glowed in the darkness, wild and desperate.

He was breathing hard, head dipping lower, until his mouth found hers, his lips burning, his tongue forcing its way between her teeth.

Alarms blared in Emily's mind. She clenched her jaw and, with all her strength, drove her knee into Andrew's stomach.

He grunted in pain, giving her the split second she needed to wriggle free, slipping out from under him and bolting for the bathroom.

Her hand barely touched the bathroom doorknob before Andrew tackled her from behind, slamming her against the door.

She felt his searching grip at her waist. Gritting her teeth, she shouted, "Andrew! Snap out of it!"

His voice was low and guttural, his breath scorching her cheek as he pressed close,

both hands locking her in place. "Why are you running?"

Emily's voice trembled. "Andrew, do you even know who I am?”

"I'm not Isabella! Get a grip!"

His fever-hot cheek pressed to hers, and he whispered, almost pleadingly, "Isabella?"