My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 14

"Don't even think about running."

Emily Blair ground her teeth in frustration.

Of course Andrew Lane was crossing the line-he thought she was Isabella Austin. That's the only reason he was acting like this.

When Andrew's hand slid under her clothes, Emily recoiled, slamming her elbow back into his chest.

"Don't touch me!"

The words came out through clenched teeth, barely more than a hiss. "You're disgusting."

Andrew's hand froze. His voice, rough and low, brushed against her ear.

"What did you say?"

Emily spat out the words, each one sharp as glass. "Andrew Lane, you're disgusting."

He went still for a heartbeat, then suddenly clamped a hand over her mouth, his voice a furious growl.

"Shut up!"

In a flash, he yanked up her shirt, his burning palm pressing against her waist. Desperate, Emily pressed her forehead to the bathroom door. Behind her, Andrew was like a predator, closing in-there was nowhere left to run.

Was she really about to relive the nightmare from her past life all over again?

Maybe fate took pity on her, because at that very moment, the bedroom door slid open on its own.

Emily summoned every ounce of strength and shoved Andrew away, fleeing through the open door.

Once out, she slammed it shut behind her.

Shaken, she ran blindly down the hallway—and nearly collided with Isabella Austin and Amelia Lane.

Isabella's voice shot up in surprise. "Ms. Blair? What are you doing here?"

Emily's face hardened. "Why shouldn't I be here?"

Isabella grabbed her hand, her nails digging in, voice sharp and accusing. "Ms. Blair, why is your mouth so red? Did something happen with Andrew?"

Emily's tone was cool, her eyes icy. "No. Don't worry. I have no interest in your precious Mr. Lane."

Amelia let out a derisive laugh. "Who knows? You've never exactly been the picture of propriety, have you?"

Emily ignored Amelia, focusing on Isabella. In a low voice, she said, "Andrew Lane isn't feeling well right now. Don't you want to go in and comfort him?"

"Maybe, after tonight, the two of you will patch things up."

A flush crept up Isabella's cheeks. She quickly let go of Emily's hand and hurried down the hallway to Andrew's room, disappearing inside and closing the door.

Emily stood there, watching in silence as Isabella slipped inside. If nothing unexpected happened tonight, Andrew Lane would finally get what he'd always wanted-Isabella Austin.

Maybe that wasn't such a bad thing. Everything would fall back into place.

It was time to sever the toxic bond between her and Andrew Lane-once and for all.

From this moment on, she would draw a clear line between them.

Her purpose was crystal clear: to make those who hurt Daisy pay, in blood if necessary.

Anyone who stood in her way would be her enemy.

Even Andrew Lane.

Even the Lane family.

Emily turned to leave, but Amelia suddenly grabbed her wrist.

"Emily Blair, what the hell are you up to?"

Emily yanked her hand away without hesitation. "It's none of your business."

Amelia's expression darkened.

She could tell-Emily had changed. Radically.

No more meek, spineless girl who let herself be pushed around. Now, there was a steel in her that Amelia had never seen before-and it unsettled her.

Back in her own room, Emily locked herself in the bathroom and scrubbed every inch of skin Andrew had touched. She didn't stop until her pale skin was raw and burning.

This time, everything was going to be different.

In her previous life, she'd knelt in the courtyard, watching the shadows of Andrew and Isabella through the window. Now, she curled up in her own bed, safe and warm -her whole body finally at ease.

She slept soundly for the first time in ages.

The next morning, backpack slung over her shoulder, Emily headed downstairs.

At the breakfast table, only Grandpa Kevin and Amelia Lane were present. Andrew Lane and Isabella Austin were nowhere to be seen.