My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 15

Looks like last night's chaos still hadn't worn off.

Emily Blair composed herself, walking over to sit beside Grandpa Kevin at the breakfast table.

"Good morning, Grandpa."

Grandpa Kevin nodded, giving her a warm smile. “School starts today, doesn't it?” Emily nodded. "It does."

He said, “You and Amelia are in the same class, both about to take your college entrance exams. You should help each other out-aim for a good university."

Amelia Lane rolled her eyes but didn't dare say anything back in front of Grandpa. Then Grandpa Kevin added, “And if you don't get into a good university here, that's all right. Our family can send you both to study abroad if you like."

Emily agreed to everything without protest.

What a pity. In her previous life, after Grandpa Kevin found out she was pregnant with Andrew Lane's child, he'd forbidden her from going to school at all. Forget studying abroad-she hadn't even been allowed to take her final exams.

She ate her breakfast slowly, savoring each bite, when suddenly the sound of a door opening echoed from upstairs.

Curious, Emily glanced up to watch the scene unfold.

At the top of the stairs, Andrew Lane carefully helped Isabella Austin out of his room and down the steps. Neither had changed clothes from the night before.

Isabella looked frail, so much so that she needed Andrew's support just to make it downstairs, and he was clearly being cautious with her.

Emily looked away, only to catch Amelia Lane's sly, mocking gaze.

She arched an eyebrow, flashing Amelia a knowing smile.

Amelia's smirk froze for a moment.

In no time, Andrew had helped Isabella to a seat at the table, right across from Emily.

Amelia couldn't hold back her curiosity, her eyes darting between the two. "So, Andrew, Isabella—what were you two up to last night?"

"You two made up or something? Didn't see either of you come out all night," she teased.

Emma George, having seen them come out of the same room, looked utterly crestfallen.

Isabella's face was already pale, and after Amelia's comment, her cheeks flushed pink. She kept her head down, not daring to meet anyone's eyes.

"No, Amelia, don't say things like that," Isabella mumbled.

But Amelia pushed further, looking for more gossip. "Come on, Andrew, tell us— what happened last night?"

Andrew shot her a cool glance, his tone gravelly and commanding. "Why are you asking? Just eat your breakfast."

Amelia only grinned wider. "That's definitely suspicious. If nothing happened, why not just say so?"

Isabella's face turned crimson, and she looked like she wanted to disappear under the table.

Grandpa Kevin had never been one to get involved in young people's business. After asking once, he let the matter drop.

Emily kept her head down, quietly finishing her meal, though she couldn't help wondering what she'd done to annoy Andrew Lane.

He set down his fork and spoke in a level voice, "I'll drive you to school later."

Amelia perked up, beaming. "Great!"

"I wasn't talking to you. Jack will drive you," Andrew replied flatly.

Amelia nearly dropped her fork. "Then who are you driving?"

Emily took a sip of her soup. "Can I refuse the offer?"

Andrew's answer was cold and final. “Not an option."

There was no way around it. The Lane Estate sat halfway up a hill, a long way from the nearest bus stop, so Emily had no choice but to rely on the family's driver for school runs.

If Andrew insisted on taking her, there was no way to turn him down.

As she slid into Andrew's car, Emily felt tense and awkward.

She sat beside him, clutching her backpack protectively in her lap.

Andrew wore gold-rimmed glasses, his attention fixed on a tablet displaying work documents. The blue light reflected off his face, highlighting his sharp, chiseled features.

He seemed fully absorbed in his reading.

If she could, Emily would have preferred the entire drive in silence.

But suddenly, Andrew took off his sunglasses, switched off the tablet, and turned to

her, his voice cold and clear.

"So, you think I'm disgusting?"