My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 17

The students around burst into laughter, their mocking, scornful looks drifting-some obvious, some subtle toward Emily Blair.

Unfazed, Emily walked right by, pausing only to give a not-so-accidentally placed foot in the aisle a sharp kick, then slipped calmly into her seat.

Amelia Lane found Emily's poise infuriating. With her usual entourage in tow, she strode over and, without warning, kicked over Emily's desk.

Emily reacted fast, stepping back just in time to avoid being hit by the falling desk. She glanced up, eyes cold and steady. "What's your problem?"

Amelia gave a sudden, saccharine smile. “My problem? I'm here to expose you for what you are a shameless schemer."

She raised her voice, drawing the entire class's attention.

"Listen up, everyone! Emily Blair tried to drug my brother, Andrew Lane, hoping to get him into bed!"

“That's right, this is what a high school student like her is up to—absolutely

disgusting. Thank God my brother and his girlfriend were smart enough not to fall for it!"

"She's nothing but a homewrecker."

Gasps and angry whispers spread through the classroom, eyes full of shock and contempt fixed on Emily as if she were nothing more than trash.

Emily refused to let Amelia smear her name. She stood up, towering over Amelia, her expression frosty, lips pressed into a thin line.

"First, I wasn't the one who drugged Andrew Lane. If anything, I was a victim too."

"Second, even Andrew Lane himself hasn't said anything—so who are you to spread these rumors?"

"And third, you keep calling me shameless and a homewrecker-do you even remember you're still a high school student?"

Amelia was struck speechless, her face flushing a deep red.

Before Emily could react, Amelia hurled her backpack onto the floor with a loud crack.

A second later, Emily knelt down, hands shaking as she rummaged through a side pocket and pulled out a cheap jade ring threaded on a red cord.

It was broken.

Her father's ring-her only keepsake was shattered.

Emily's mind went blank, the world around her fading out beneath the sound of Amelia and her friends' laughter.

“Look at that thing—it's worthless, and she's still acting like it's the Crown Jewels. Emily Blair's such a pathetic loser."

"She's just the stray dog my family keeps around, and she actually thinks she's one of us."

By the time Emily snapped out of her shock, she had already lunged at Amelia, fists flying, landing punch after punch on Amelia's face.

Andrew Lane, Isabella Austin, and Emma George arrived in a hurry. By then, a crowd of students had gathered outside the principal's office, craning their necks to peer in.

Amelia was sobbing, her eyes red and cheeks streaked with the marks left by Emily's fists.

Emily stood before the principal, clutching the broken ring so tightly her knuckles turned white.

As soon as Andrew Lane and Isabella Austin entered, they rushed to Amelia's side.

Isabella looked at Amelia's bruised face with concern, gently pulling her into a comforting hug.

"What happened here?" she asked, her voice full of worry.

Andrew Lane's brow furrowed, his cold, sharp gaze locking onto Emily's stubborn silhouette.

"Emily Blair," his tone was icy, authoritative, “apologize to Amelia.”

Emily had expected this. Before Andrew arrived, the homeroom teacher had already given him a one-sided account, conveniently leaving out any details that might reflect badly on Amelia.

In the end, Emily was painted as the irredeemable villain.

She straightened her back and spoke clearly, "I won't apologize. I didn't do anything wrong."

The teacher's voice was frosty. "Mr. Lane, we can't teach this child anymore. Everyone saw what she did she attacked Amelia without hesitation.”

Andrew's tone grew even sterner. "Emily Blair, how long are you going to keep this up?"