My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 19

Isabella Austin gently rested her hand on Amelia Lane's shoulder, her eyes full of concern and sympathy.

She turned, hesitated for a moment, then looked at Andrew Lane with a soft voice. "Andrew..."

Seeing Amelia Lane in such a state, the principal's expression darkened. "What's the point of checking the security footage? The bruises on Amelia are proof enough of what you did. Why are you still making excuses?"

Around them, the other students had already started chiming in, each more eager than the last.

"Everyone saw it! Amelia just wanted to talk to Emily Blair, but Emily snapped and started swinging. No one could hold her back."

"Exactly. It's not like this is the first time Emily's acted like this. Why keep pretending?"

Isabella pressed her lips together in distress, her hand gently patting Amelia's shoulder. "Emily, all we're asking for is an apology."

Emma George looked back and forth between the faces, clearly out of her depth. When she caught sight of Andrew Lane's increasingly stormy expression, her heart skipped a beat.

She immediately grabbed Emily Blair's wrist and hissed, "Emily, just apologize! Do it! Are you really going to wait until they throw you out?"

"It's just a necklace, isn't it? I'll buy you a new one later, okay? Just say you're sorry!"

Emily Blair took a deep breath, shook off Emma's hand, and turned to face Andrew Lane. Her gaze was unwavering.

She'd been through this once before. This time, she refused to let anyone pin their lies on her.

"Is it really so hard to check the surveillance? All I want is to see what happened. If Amelia's stopping me, maybe we should be asking why. What's she afraid of? Maybe she's got something to hide?"

Andrew Lane's eyes were cold, his stare sharp and suffocating.

Emily's voice was steady. "Andrew, I just want to see the footage. If, after that, you're all so sure I was in the wrong, then I'll accept whatever you say."

A sardonic smile flickered on her lips. "Or is the real problem that none of you dare look at the truth? Easier to shut me up, isn't it?"

The sarcasm in her tone was unmistakable; Andrew Lane's brows twitched almost imperceptibly.

It was just like before. With no real evidence, Andrew had condemned her, rushing to defend his precious first love.

He'd had her locked in the storage room at his family's estate. For a month, she was allowed one meager meal a day. The staff treated her according to the shifting winds - sometimes the food they brought was already spoiled, and there were days she went hungry because of it.

The window in the storage room was tightly sealed; no sunlight ever reached her. Feverish and disoriented, Emily lost track of day and night. She drifted in and out of delirium, never sure if she was awake or dreaming.

She'd begged the people outside for help, only to hear the cold voice of Andrew's personal assistant: "Ms. Blair, if you keep making a scene, you'll stay in here even longer."

After a month, they finally let her out. She was so thin she was barely recognizable and was sent straight to the hospital.

If the doctors hadn't intervened when they did, she might have lost her mind for good.

But this time around, she would never let history repeat itself.