# My Great Escape Led Me to You

## Chapter 20

Emily Blair had never expected Andrew Lane to take her side.

But watching Andrew stand so unhesitatingly beside Amelia, she couldn't help the chill that crept through her.

Andrew's brow twitched ever so slightly, his deep, narrow eyes unreadable as they lingered on Emily.

Just when Emily was sure he would refuse her request, Andrew narrowed his eyes and said in a low, steady voice, “Let's check the security footage."

Amelia nearly shrieked. "No!"

Emily let out a dry laugh. "Why not? What's got you so nervous?”

Amelia's face went pale. She bit her lip. "I'm not."

Andrew shot Amelia a look, and she fell silent.

He didn't say anything more, just exchanged a glance with the principal before settling onto the sofa. He crossed his long legs and rested his clasped hands on his knee.

Isabella Austin stepped over, standing at Andrew's side. She dipped her head, her pale neck catching the light, her eyes full of tender affection.

Andrew turned slightly toward her, his voice low and rich. "Have a seat."

Isabella smiled and sat down, pressing her arm to his, the two of them looking every bit the close couple.

It didn't take long for the principal to have someone pull up the security footage. The recording clearly showed Amelia Lane, flanked by her little clique, causing trouble at Emily Blair's desk.

The truth was plain for everyone to see. The principal's office and the hallway beyond fell into an uneasy hush. Amelia's face was stormy, her lips pressed tight as she glared at Emily.

Emily turned to Andrew. “So, do I still owe anyone an apology?"

Andrew didn't answer right away. He just fixed his dark, heavy gaze on Amelia. "Amelia Lane. Apologize."

Amelia clenched her teeth. "No!"

The instant Amelia spoke, Emily cut in without hesitation, "I don't need it."

"I don't need her apology."

Andrew's eyes flickered to her face, his brow shifting in the faintest show of surprise.

Emily didn't look at anyone else. She simply turned and walked out.

Emma George stood there awkwardly for a moment, then offered Andrew a

nervous, apologetic smile before hustling after Emily.

Emily made her way calmly through the crowd. Emma hurried to catch up, grabbing her wrist.

"Emily, Amelia is still Ms. Lane. You can't be so disrespectful."

Emily looked at her with cool detachment, Andrew's earlier words echoing in her mind-words that struck the same cold, inescapable chord as in her previous life.

"If you don't apologize, there's no reason for you to come back to the Lane house." She replied, “You're right. There's no reason."

Emma was baffled. "What are you talking about?”

Emily slipped her hand free and said quietly, “It's nothing. You should head back."

Emma stared at her. "When you get home, you really need to have a proper talk with Amelia. You'll be living together, after all."

"We'll see," Emily replied.

Though the incident had happened just that morning, by the end of the day, the whole school was buzzing with it.

Emily didn't see it as a bad thing.

Afterward, Amelia Lane ended up in the hospital, and the group of girls who'd been stirring up trouble stayed far away.

After school, Emily went to wait by the bus stop as usual, absentmindedly flipping through her vocabulary book.

Suddenly, a car horn pierced the air.

She looked up to see a familiar Rolls-Royce pull to the curb. From the passenger side, Andrew Lane's assistant stepped out.

"Ms. Blair, if you please."

He opened the rear door with professional efficiency.

Only then did Emily remember-in her previous life, during school terms, she'd always lived in the penthouse apartment Andrew Lane had bought downtown.