My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 3

He knew full well that Andrew Lane had never liked his adopted daughter-"disliked" was putting it mildly.

From the moment Andrew Lane stepped into The Lane Estate, his brow had been furrowed, and he hadn't relaxed for a second. If anything, his mood had soured even more compared to before he arrived.-

Aaron could easily guess why: it had to be that girl again, probably leaning on Kevin Lane's favor to make unreasonable requests of Andrew. No doubt, she wanted to tag along on his business trip-just like she always did.

Aaron glanced out the window, half-expecting to see the usual persistent figure lurking nearby. But the driveway was empty.

Emboldened, he finally spoke up. "Mr. Lane, I really think you ought to put your foot down. Just say no to Ms. Blair-make things clear for her, so she'll stop trying."

To his surprise, Andrew Lane looked up, eyes sharp and cold. His voice was even colder.

"Enough. Just drive."

Aaron immediately clamped his mouth shut and started the engine, sitting up straight like a chastened schoolboy.

He waited a few moments, then, after watching Andrew Lane rub his tired brow, dared to ask in a low voice, "Is Ms. Blair not coming today? Doesn't she usually insist on going with you?"

It was the weekend, after all—no classes for Ms. Blair. Normally, she'd find a way to follow Andrew Lane either to the office or his private residence.

Andrew pressed his lips together, his dark eyes flickering almost unconsciously toward the mansion's grand entrance.

The front was quiet. Only the servants bustled back and forth; there was no sign of the girl who once haunted the steps.

Andrew found the sudden change unsettling. He frowned.

"Forget about her. Drive."

Aaron murmured an obedient, "Yes, sir," and pulled away from the estate.

So, Ms. Blair really had managed to anger Mr. Lane this time.

Andrew leaned back in his seat, eyes closed, seeming indifferent. But his mind replayed Emily Blair's words from earlier.

Didn't want to disturb him?

It was a classic retreat-to-advance tactic, but not a very clever one.

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Meanwhile, in her room, Emma George was nearly beside herself. She thumped her chest and stamped her foot, exasperated. "Why didn't you go?"

"Don't you realize who Andrew Lane is meeting today?"

Emily Blair's voice was calm. "I know."

Emma's exasperation only grew. "Then why aren't you going with him? Are you just going to stand by and watch Andrew Lane rekindle things with his ex-girlfriend? If that happens, you'll have no place by his side!"

Emily's expression was cool, almost indifferent. "Then so be it," she replied. "Mom, if they're meant for each other, why should I interfere?"

Emma wouldn't hear a word of it. She grabbed Emily by the ear and scolded her at the top of her lungs.

"No way! I'm going to make sure Mr. Lane brings you along. You have to listen to me!"

Emily couldn't be bothered to argue.

Her mother was still dreaming of seeing her married to Andrew Lane, but time would bring her back to reality soon enough.

Emily pulled a workbook from her desk drawer.

In her previous life, even with the shelter of the Lane family, she had thrown herself into her studies-determined to be worthy of Andrew Lane, working day and night. She never neglected her education.

It was just a pity that, on the eve of her university entrance exams, everything fell apart. She missed the exams entirely.

After that, life spiraled out of control. She never went back to school, never went to college.

This time around, she would seize her chance. She would ace her exams, choose a university far away from the Lane family and Andrew Lane, and finally break free. But the hatred from her past life-she could never forget that. Nor did she dare. One day, she would make everyone who hurt Daisy pay for what they'd done. She studied late into the night. Suddenly, Emma George burst in, dragging a suitcase behind her, ready to pack Emily's things.

Emily snatched the suitcase out of her hands. "Mom, what are you doing?"

Emma tapped her on the forehead, beaming. "Mr. Lane agreed-you can go with Andrew Lane on his business trip. Hurry up and pack! And when you're with him, be sweet, will you? Don't make him angry again like you did today."