My Great Escape Led Me to You

Chapter 5

Andrew Lane lowered his eyes, his expression icy and indifferent, as he nonchalantly picked up a piece of bright green vegetable with his fork.

Emily Blair glanced over at him.

She hoped that by not bringing up the earlier argument at the dinner table, Andrew Lane might forget what had just happened upstairs.

After all, for now, she and Emma George had no choice but to stay at the Lane estate.

Andrew held nearly all the power in the family. If she or Emma crossed him, things would get ugly fast.

She'd barely touched her food when Kevin Lane suddenly spoke up.

“Andrew, are you confident about this trip to Cabinda?"

Andrew answered crisply, "Yes. I'll make sure to bring back good news."

Kevin's eyes gleamed with pride for the grandson he'd raised. He nodded with an approving smile. "Good. When it comes to the company, you've never let me down."

He paused, then shifted his tone. “But you're not just going to Cabinda for business, are you?"

This time, Andrew didn't reply right away. He was silent for a few seconds, his voice low and steady when he finally spoke. "You're right. Isabella's run into some trouble and asked for my help."

Hearing Isabella Austin's name from Andrew's lips, Emily was surprised to realize she felt nothing at all-no jealousy, no anger. Instead, she was oddly calm, able to watch Andrew and Isabella's story unfold like any other outsider.

Kevin Lane thought for a moment, then said, "You and Isabella—"

"Grandpa," Andrew cut him off bluntly, "that's between me and her. I don't need anyone else involved."

Emily almost admired him. From Isabella's perspective, Andrew really was a good

man.

Even after Isabella had left the country for years to pursue her career and education, Andrew had stayed loyal. In all that time, not a single scandal, not a single rumor.

Even when she herself, Emily, had been forced to have Daisy with Andrew, he'd never let anyone else into his heart. Even now, he refused to let anyone-no matter how close-talk about what lay between him and Isabella.

Beside her, Emma George pinched her thigh, hinting that she should try to get Andrew's attention.

Emily ignored her and kept her eyes on her plate.

Kevin Lane's gaze landed on her again.

In the past, whenever Andrew's first love came up, Emily would always react-her face tight, insisting Andrew drop the subject. But now? She looked as if she couldn't care less.

Even Andrew, who usually ignored Emily entirely, seemed to notice her indifference. There was a trace of mockery in his smile.

Just moments ago, she'd been accused of seduction. Now she sat there, completely unruffled.

Before Emily could set down her fork, Andrew stood up. "I have work to do at the office. I'll be going."

That night, at eleven, Emily was already in bed, nearly asleep, when she heard a car pull into the driveway outside.

Andrew, probably, working late again.

She was drifting off when a sudden knock startled her awake.

She switched on the lamp and sat up. “Come in.”

A housekeeper stood at the doorway, her tone sharp and condescending. "Ms. Blair,

Mr. Lane seems to have had a bit too much to drink. Would you like to prepare some hangover soup for him?"

Emily's eyes lowered in silence.

In her previous life, she would've jumped at the chance to please Andrew-always making him a pot of hangover soup after his late-night business dinners, never

letting the staff touch it, insisting on doing everything herself and watching him drink every last drop.

But now, she was done with that.

She lay back down, closed her eyes, and pulled up the covers.

"You do it. I'm tired."