# My Great Escape Led Me to You

## Chapter 8

Emily Blair tugged at her hair, growing impatient, when Emma George suddenly gripped her shoulders, her face tight with concern, voice bordering on interrogation.

"Don't you get it? No one in the Lane family really wants us here not even the staff. They look down on us, every chance they get. Your mother's only hope is for you to finally make something of yourself!"

In her previous life, Emily had heard this speech so many times, it barely registered anymore. It never moved her then, and it certainly didn't now.

"Mom, I've told you before, I'm not going to—"

"Emily Blair! Emma George! What kind of daydream are you lost in now?"

A spoiled, imperious voice cut through the room. Both women turned toward the door. Emma's expression changed in an instant; she straightened, plastering on a fawning smile.

"Miss Lane, you're back!"

Emily quietly wrested the suitcase from Emma's hands, about to shove it under the bed, when the woman in the doorway strode inside on patent heels, stopping right in front of her.

Amelia Lane. Andrew Lane's cousin. Grandpa Kevin's only granddaughter.

The family's darling. Pampered, worshipped, untouchable.

Amelia looked down at Emily with that familiar, haughty gaze, as if she were surveying something beneath her notice.

"If I hadn't come back, would you two have turned the Lane house upside down by now?"

She fixed Emily with a mocking smile. "Didn't my brother spell it out for you? He wants you to stay away from him, but you just can't take a hint. You tail him everywhere—even when he's out of town on business, you just can't help yourself."

Emily stood, meeting Amelia's eyes with a steady, unflinching calm.

"Ms. Lane, this is my room. Please leave."

Amelia's expression twisted, as if Emily had just told a particularly amusing joke.

"Emily, don't flatter yourself just because you've lived here a while. This is the Lane estate, not your home. As for this room, I can go wherever I please."

Emily's eyes grew colder. "But at the very least, Grandpa Kevin is the one who gave me this room."

Amelia's face darkened. "How dare you talk back to me and use Grandpa as your shield? Who do you think you are?"

In her past life, Emily would have bent over backwards to please the entire Lane family for Andrew's sake, even Amelia and her impossible demands. No matter how Amelia humiliated her, or how she sided with Isabella Austin just to make Emily's life harder, Emily endured it all in silence.

But this was the first time she'd ever talked back. It felt good-liberating, even. But she could see the anger simmering in Amelia's eyes.

Emily turned to leave, but was stopped short by the sound of a car pulling into the driveway. Amelia's lips curled into a sly smile.

"Well, Emily, you think I don't know why you're always chasing after my brother? I'll tell you now-your little scheme is doomed to fail."

She shoved past Emily and went to the window, peering down.

"Andrew! Isabella! You're here!"

Emily's bedroom was on the second floor of the manor, so the voices from the courtyard drifted up, muffled but unmistakable.

She heard, after all this time, the familiar voice of Isabella Austin-graceful, poised, and coolly charming, exactly Andrew Lane's type.

"Amelia, I brought you a gift. Come down and see."

Andrew's voice was gentle but indulgent, pitched just loud enough for Emily to hear.

"If you're wearing heels, take your time-don't trip."

Emily's heart clenched.

Isabella Austin had come to the Lane estate ahead of schedule. In her previous life, Andrew hadn't brought Isabella here until after his trip to Cabinda. But now, she was already here.

Emily's fists tightened, her eyes locked on Isabella Austin with a burning intensity. Isabella Austin—the woman responsible for her own daughter's death.

She watched Isabella smile sweetly below, and Emily's hatred was so fierce it stole her breath. All she could see was Daisy, dying in her arms.

Isabella herself had admitted it: the car accident that killed Daisy was her doing.

Daisy was so little, so full of life—just five years old when Isabella took everything from her, left her with no grave, no peace.

Yet Isabella and her son had everything. All the happiness in the world.

As Amelia called down to Isabella, she turned back, shooting Emily a look of pure disdain.