

# He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky\_High Novel

Chapter 1 Right before Thanksgiving, I pulled three all-nighters to snag train tickets home with my boyfriend, Aaron Ruthven. Finally, I let out a long sigh-only to see his text pop up: "Sophia's having a rough time. I gave her your ticket." "See if you can grab a bus ticket or something. It's only seven or eight hours anyway." I stared at my screen as my confirmed seat flipped to "CANCELED." After a beat of silence, I dialed: "Hey Dad? Can our private jet just land at my campus entrance?" There was a two-second pause on the other end.

Dad was obviously thrown by my sudden and very over-the-top request. But he knows me. I'm not the type to throw tantrums over nothing. "Of course," he said without asking any questions. "Thanks, Dad." "Of course, honey. We'll talk when you get home." The second I hung up, Aaron was calling. "Rachel! What the hell? Why are you ignoring my texts?" His voice was loaded with irritation and accusation. "It's just a stupid ticket. Are you seriously gonna be this dramatic? Sophia's having a rough time - can't you show some compassion?" I gripped my phone so tight my knuckles went white. "MY ticket.

You just canceled it without even asking me?" "It was an emergency!" Aaron's tone got even more self-righteous. "Sophia failed her exam and has been feeling really down. The first-class seat you booked is quiet and spacious - perfect for her to relax on the ride home." "Plus, why didn't you book three tickets anyway? Now we're stuck dealing with this whole mess!" His logic was so twisted I almost laughed.

"Aaron, I spent three sleepless nights staring at the screen, my fingers sore, just to snag us those two tickets." "I thought this was going to be our first trip home together - something special to remember. And you didn't even give my seat to that bitch without even asking me?!" "What's that supposed to mean?" His voice got louder, more aggressive. "Rachel, when did you become so cold and petty? "Sophia's your friend too! She's all alone at school, thousands of miles from home. Shouldn't we be looking out for her?

Why are you being so selfish about one ticket?" "Alone?" I repeated the word softly, feeling something cold settle in my chest. "She's struggling, but I'm not? You want me to stand for eight hours and you don't give a damn how I feel?" "Standing room, so what? It's a little uncomfortable - big deal. Since when are you such a princess?" Aaron's voice dripped with disappointment. "I thought you were kind and understanding. Turns out you're just shallow as hell! Getting this worked up just because it's not first-class seat anymore?

Making everyone miserable over your bruised ego?" Listening to him talk, all I could feel was the bitter irony. Shallow? Me? Over a train ticket? He had no clue that I didn't give a damn about the ticket itself. I just wanted to go home together, to have that journey side by side. If I wanted, forget one ticket - Dad could buy the entire train with a single phone call. But I was done explaining. I just wanted to see what other pathetic little drama he and his precious princess could put on. My silence stretched for a few seconds, which Aaron clearly took as guilt and surrender.

His tone softened slightly, but still carried that patronizing edge. "Okay, okay, quit being dramatic. I get it - you're upset. I'll take you to a movie when we get back to make up for it, alright?" "Just see if you can snag a coach ticket or something. Sophia and I will meet you at the station when you get in." I could practically picture his face right now - that smug look like he thought he was being so generous and understanding. "Don't bother," I said flatly. "Don't bother with what? What do you mean?" Aaron sounded confused. "I mean keep your tickets. I'll figure out my own way home.

Don't worry about it." My voice was completely calm, emotionless. "Rachel! Are you serious?" Aaron's irritation flared up again. "Can you stop acting like a bratty kid? How are you gonna 'figure it out'? You can't get tickets anywhere, so what you gonna fly home or something?"