

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High Novel

Chapter 101

What This Chapter Changes This chapter makes a quiet but clear adjustment to the story. Small choices and brief pauses point the plot in a new direction. The shift is steady, not loud, and it sets up what comes next. **Key Moments** A few actions and reactions stand out. A held-back answer, a quick decision, or a look that lingers changes how characters see each other. These beats feel small now but carry weight forward. **How It Feels** Emotions sit just under the surface. The tone shows doubt, hope, or pressure even when the words stay measured.

What is not said guides the scene as much as what is spoken. What the Past Brings In Earlier choices and old tensions shape how people act here. History does not repeat, but it limits and nudges. The present is easier to read when the past is kept in view. Where Relationships Move Trust, distance, and leverage shift by degrees. Roles adjust, and the space between characters changes shape. By the end, connections are not exactly what they were. **Details That Mean More** Objects, gestures, and setting notes do quiet work. They mirror the mood and hint at motives.

Rachel hadn't expected this - she'd just slipped away from the reporters with Yara , only to get ambushed by Jaxon . Great . Just great . She stepped back , shaking him off and eyeing him warily . " What do you want ? " Yara could read a room . One look between these two and she knew there was history . Not her circus , not her monkeys . " I'll be in the car . " She headed for the parking garage without looking back . The lot wasn't far .

She and Amelia had planned to leave together , but when she saw Rachel getting swarmed by reporters , she'd sent Amelia ahead and doubled back for the rescue mission . Back at the car , Amelia looked confused seeing her return solo . " Where's Rachel ? " Yara pointed toward two shadowy figures in the distance . Amelia followed her gaze , spotted them , and immediately grabbed Yara's arm . " Wait - is that Jaxon Rothschild ? Are they ... ? Oh my God , is there drama ? " Jaxon's hand hung frozen in midair . After all this time , she looked at him like he was a stranger . Worse than a stranger .

His throat worked as he scrambled for words , landing on something completely useless : " The necklace looks good on you . " " Mrs. Howard has excellent taste . " Rachel's fingers brushed the gemstone at her throat , the cold surface sending shivers through her fingertips . " I need to go . " She had zero interest in whatever this was and turned to leave . She'd barely taken three steps when Jaxon grabbed her wrist - hard enough that

escape wasn't an option . " About what happened before- " " Jaxon . " Rachel didn't turn around , just stood there with her back to him .

She'd stopped fighting his grip . " Sophie's waiting for you . " 18:48 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 90.1 % Chapter 101 The words hit him like a sucker punch . " You know damn well that she and I- " " Know what ? " Rachel finally spun around , eyes like ice . " Know that you threw me under the bus for her ? Again and again ? Or know that you turned my life into a scandal sheet ? " She was getting heated now , standing toe - to - toe with him . They were way too close . " Sorry to break it to you , but I'm not that same Rachel anymore .

And you need to stop showing up wherever I am . We're done . There's nothing left to talk about . " Her words hit like a bucket of ice water . He'd worked up the nerve to come find her , only to get completely shut down . The night breeze carried hints of spring warmth , no longer bitter with winter cold . Nicolas watched the standoff from a distance , his expression unreadable . He'd barely said two words to Sienna back in the ballroom - two words - and she'd vanished . Now here was Jaxon , chasing after Rachel like some lovesick teenager .

He crushed his cigarette against the railing , leaving a burn mark , then headed their way . " Well , well . " He made his approach obvious , footsteps echoing deliberately . " Fancy meeting you here , nephew . " Jaxon immediately dropped Rachel's wrist and stepped back . " Uncle ? " " Needed some air . " Nicolas brushed invisible lint from his sleeve , positioning himself strategically between them . His gaze flicked to Rachel's wrist where Jaxon had grabbed her . " That's quite a statement piece you're wearing , Miss Leroix . " Rachel's pulse quickened .

The comment sounded casual enough , but something dangerous lurked underneath . She caught Nicolas's free hand clenching around his cigarette pack , the foil crackling softly . " You should probably get going , Miss Leroix . " Nicolas stepped aside , clearing her path . " Jaxon and I have some family business to discuss . " As Rachel hurried away , she heard the sharp click of a lighter behind her . " Jaxon . " Nicolas lit up another cigarette , smoke softening his sharp features . " Sophie's looking for you , by the way . " Jaxon frowned . " Didn't Arthur take her home ?

" " Passed the lounge earlier . " Nicolas exhaled slowly , like it was no big deal . " She was having what you might call a moment . " 18:48 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 90.3 % Chapter 101 The cigarette tip glowed red . " Word is she smashed three mirrors . " Jaxon missed whatever else Nicolas said - his attention was glued to Rachel's retreating figure until the darkness swallowed her completely . Nicolas had better things to do than babysit his nephew's drama . Before walking away , he helpfully mentioned the lounge's exact location .

Then he shot Jaxon one last look that said it all : You lost her for good . Rachel barely got the car door open before Amelia yanked her into the backseat . " Spill ! Everything ! Now ! " Amelia's eyes were practically glowing , her phone still showing the trending #SophieCoasters hashtag . " How did Mrs. Howard end up wearing your design ? What did Jaxon want ? And Yara said- " " It was a team project . " Rachel kept her voice level . That set Amelia off . " Why did you two know about Mrs. Howard picking our design while I got left out completely ? " Rachel bit her lip .

She couldn't exactly say she'd kept Amelia in the dark because she was a walking PR disaster . Before she could figure out how to respond , Yara smacked Amelia upside the head . " Ow ! " " Mind your own business . " Amelia rubbed her head , already used to Yara's tough - love approach . She quickly moved on to her next target . " I saw Jaxon corner you out there . What's that about ? And don't say ' nothing ' because my eyes work perfectly fine . " " You're reading too much into it . " Rachel pulled out some design sketches , hoping for a distraction . " Our families have history.

We know each other . End of story . " " Bullshit ! " Amelia clearly wasn't buying it . " These eyes see everything . " " Oh , look . " Rachel tapped Amelia's phone screen . " That jewelry blogger you follow is doing a live breakdown of Sophie's design fails . " " Wait , what ? Where- " Amelia's attention scattered like a laser pointer hitting a cat as she frantically clicked the link . Rachel stared out the window as they pulled away from the Howard estate . Her fingers unconsciously worried the necklace , but her thoughts kept drifting to Nicolas .

By the time she got home , it was pushing eleven . 18:48 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 90.5 % Chapter 101 She waited about half an hour , watching her carefully drawn bath go cold . Still no Nicolas . Her phone buzzed with a text from his number - definitely not sent by him : Golden Crown VIP Room 301. Your boy's on drink # 13 . Below was a candid shot : Nicolas slumped in a booth , tie loose , facing a lineup of empty glasses . Her finger hovered over the screen for exactly two seconds before she grabbed her keys . Golden Crown Club , VIP level .

Rachel stood outside Room 301 , hearing loud voices and laughter through the door . " Dude , what's Nicolas's deal tonight ? How many has he had ? " " He's been in a mood since he got here . Who pissed in his cornflakes ? " " Ten bucks says he ran into an ex . ' The sharp crack of glass hitting table made Rachel's heart skip . " Shut up and drink . " Nicolas's voice was rougher than usual , whiskey - roughened and dangerous . Rachel reached for the door handle just as a syrupy female voice drifted out : " Mr. Rothschild I just learned this new cocktail recipe .

You should totally try it ~ " What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose. What Likely Comes Next Expect tighter tension and fewer safe options. Hidden truths may press forward. The path ahead should feel earned and a bit sharper. Questions to Carry Which choice will echo the longest? Who revealed the most by

saying the least? How might today's restraint become tomorrow's turning point? Context That Raises Stakes Rules, memory, and the setting frame each decision.

Inside that frame, even small moves gain size. The chapter belongs to its world as much as to its people. One-Line Exit With this chapter done, the story steps forward-quieter, clearer, and ready to show what those choices mean.