

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High - Flew Private 102[1,119 words]

Chapter 102

“Yo, Vivian, dial it back. Can’t you see Nicolas is in a mood tonight?”

“That’s exactly why he needs some... comfort.”

The woman called Vivian spoke in honeyed tones, deliberately drawing out her words as her red lips curved into a

suggestive smile.

“This ‘Flaming Kiss’ is specially made just for you.”

She leaned forward deliberately, her low-cut top revealing glimpses of cleavage as she slid the cocktail toward Nicolas. Her crimson-painted fingertips brushed against his hand with calculated casualness.

Heavy perfume hit him—that cloying mix of tuberose and musk that made your head spin.

Her ridiculous diamond earrings caught the light as she moved, throwing sharp glints across Nicolas’s vision.

“I heard...”

Vivian leaned closer, her red lips nearly touching his ear, her breath warm against his skin. “When a man’s feeling down, he needs... special attention.”

She paused meaningfully, her fingertip tracing his tie clip with deliberate slowness.

Her lips were almost brushing his earlobe when the air in the room went dead.

“Vivian!” Darren shot to his feet, his glass hitting the coffee table with a sharp crack.

“Are you trying to get yourself killed?”

Another guy grabbed Vivian's wrist, yanking her backward. "Back off! Can't you see Nicolas is off tonight?"

Vivian shook him off irritably, her diamond earrings catching the light. "What's the big deal? Mr. Rothschild didn't say anything..."

"Shut the hell up!" Darren positioned himself between her and Nicolas, lowering his voice, "She's new, doesn't know the rules. Nicolas, don't-"

Nicolas raised a hand, cutting him off.

The room went dead silent.

Everyone watched as Nicolas calmly loosened his tie, his eyes cold enough to freeze blood.

"Vivian, right?"

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91.0%

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Vivian nodded eagerly, thrilled he'd acknowledged her. Then his next words sent her crashing into ice water:

"Know where the last woman who got this close to me ended up?" Nicolas picked up a napkin and methodically wiped his hand where she'd touched him.

"Diamond mines in Africa. I bought her the plane ticket myself."

His gaze was arctic, like he was looking at something already dead.

Darren rushed forward, hauling Vivian away. "Get out of here! Don't you know Nicolas can't stand women in his

personal space?"

Vivian's face went chalk white. She'd heard rumors about Nicolas's monk-like reputation, but never believed them.

Everyone in their circle knew those so-called “celibate gods” were usually the biggest players behind closed doors.

A successful, red-blooded man in his prime—how could he really avoid women?

He was either gay or putting on an act.

But meeting Nicolas’s stare now, Vivian felt ice down her spine. His eyes were frozen steel, and he was cleaning his

hand like she’d contaminated it.

“I was just...” Her voice started shaking, cold sweat beading on her forehead, making her carefully styled hair stick to

her skin.

“Get out.” Nicolas’s voice was calm, but it made everyone in the room flinch.

Vivian scrambled for her purse, but her four-inch heels betrayed her. She stumbled, catching herself on the doorframe as her limited-edition bag hit the floor, spilling lipstick and compact powder everywhere.

Most humiliating of all, Nicolas didn’t spare her a glance. His attention was fixed on the frosted glass door panel.

Where a slender silhouette was clearly visible.

Vivian yanked the door open, crashing straight into Rachel.

Mistaking her for another hostess, Vivian grabbed Rachel’s arm.

“Run! There’s a psycho in there!”

Without waiting for a response, she limped away as fast as her twisted ankle would carry her.

Rachel stood in the corridor shadows, her fingernails digging unconsciously into her palms.

So this was Nicolas’s first stop after the gala—a private club with... entertainment.

“What’s eating Nicolas tonight?” another male voice drifted out. “All this drinking—is he lovesick or something?”

The teasing comment lightened the mood, and conversation gradually resumed.

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Suddenly, the sound of shattering glass made Rachel step forward instinctively. Through the crack in the door, she saw Nicolas standing, heading for the exit.

Something twisted in Rachel's chest. Without analyzing why, she turned and fled.

She couldn't face him.

Couldn't face the truth she wasn't ready to acknowledge.

"Nicolas?" Darren called out, confused.

"Business to handle." Nicolas grabbed his suit jacket, his expression unreadable. "Put it on my tab."

At the end of the hallway, Rachel dove into an elevator, watching the doors slowly close.

She needed space to think.

She and Nicolas had married for convenience. There were no feelings involved.

Before their marriage, Nicolas had his own private life. Maybe... maybe this was just who he was.

But seeing him in that room hurt in ways she couldn't explain.

And she had no right to confront him about it.

What if he said this was just his nature? What standing did she have to question him? She was terrified of hearing

those words.

So she ran.

Today, she had to admit something she'd been avoiding.

She was falling for Nicolas.

The elevator doors were almost closed when a large hand suddenly blocked them.

Rachel's head snapped up. Through her shocked gaze, Nicolas squeezed into the elevator car.

The next second, his burning palm clamped around her wrist, hard enough to bruise.

Rachel was spun around forcefully, her back hitting the elevator wall with a dull thud.

Nicolas's suit jacket still carried whiskey fumes mixed with traces of perfume, surrounding her completely.

"Why are you running?" He braced one hand beside her ear, his tie hanging down to brush her collarbone. Those usually smiling eyes were now black as storm clouds.

Rachel turned her face away, but he caught her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze.

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Nicolas's thumb pressed roughly across her lips, his voice tight with suppressed anger. "You see me drinking with someone else and that's your only reaction?"

"What reaction did you want, Mr. Rothschild?" Her tone carried a sharp edge of hurt. "Should I throw myself at you

like that woman in your VIP room?"

Nicolas suddenly laughed low, his breath hot with alcohol. "You know damn well..."

His lips nearly touched her ear. "I only want you."

Rachel's nose stung with unshed tears.

Men and their smooth talk—it came so easily. Minutes ago she'd seen him getting cozy with that Vivian woman.

She tried to push him away, but he pinned her wrists against the wall.

In this position, Nicolas suddenly dipped his head, claiming her lips in a searing kiss.

"Smell carefully," he bit her lower lip with wicked intent. "Besides alcohol, do you detect any other woman's scent on

me?"

Rachel's breathing went ragged.

