

# He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky\_High - Flew Private 103[ 1,298 words ]

## Chapter 103

Nicolas's thumb pressed roughly against Rachel's lips, dark currents swirling in his eyes.

He'd deliberately chosen Golden Crown tonight, deliberately "accidentally" leaked his location, even deliberately let that idiot Vivian get close—all to bait this little troublemaker into catching him red-handed.

And what happened?

She eavesdropped at the door then tried to bolt?

"Instead of keeping your drinking buddy company, what are you doing here acting crazy?" Rachel shoved against him

hard.

Nicolas chuckled low.

Just then, the elevator doors opened. Nicolas dragged her toward the emergency stairwell.

He kicked open the safety door, pinning her against the stairwell wall, repeating her words mockingly. "Drinking buddy?"

"I drank whiskey like water just to make you jealous..."

Rachel froze slightly.

What did he mean "make her jealous"? All of this was deliberate?

The emergency lighting cast Nicolas's profile in crimson shadows as he loosened his tie, wrapping it around her wrists. "Seeing you alone with Jaxon..."

His voice suddenly failed him. After a long moment, he pressed her hand against his chest. “Right here. It almost

exploded.”

The heartbeat under her palm was heavy and frantic. Rachel suddenly remembered what one of the guys in the VIP

room had said-

Nicolas can't stand women in his personal space.

“So Vivian...”

“Darren ordered her,” Nicolas bit down on her earlobe. “Nothing to do with me.”

Rachel laughed in disbelief. “So you were just pretending to be a playboy to make me jealous?”

“Can't compete with Mrs. Rothschild.” He pecked her lips again. “Obviously worried sick but pretending to be so magnanimous.”

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Chapter 103

“Now, **let's** settle accounts about you and Jaxon.”

Rachel blinked. What accounts?

Was this because she'd spoken privately with Jaxon outside?

So all of this was because Nicolas saw them together, got jealous, and orchestrated this whole thing to test her?

“There's nothing between us-”

Before she could finish, Nicolas suddenly cupped the back of her neck and kissed her hard. Filled with long-suppressed possessiveness, until they both tasted copper before breaking apart.

“I deliberately let her touch the glass.” His thumb brushed her swollen lips, voice hoarse. “What about you? Did you let Jaxon touch here...”

His fingers traced her reddened wrist, then moved to her collarbone. “Or here?”

Rachel suddenly smiled.

She hooked his tie, pulling him closer, brushing her calf against his dress pants as she whispered in his ear: “Guess.”

Nicolas’s eyes went dark as he bit down on her collarbone, making Rachel gasp.

Nicolas nuzzled her neck for a long moment before pulling back, leaving her throat covered in telltale marks.

Nicolas looked completely satisfied, but Rachel’s expression suddenly turned cold as she shoved him away.

“Was that fun? Why couldn’t you just come find me so we could talk properly? Why put on this whole performance to test me, making me look like an idiot...”

Her voice caught. “Do you know how I felt when I saw you...”

She couldn’t finish the sentence.

She’d thought this was like before—her getting ahead of herself again, another relationship doomed to fail.

She thought she’d finally escaped the shadows Jaxon had cast over her life, only to walk into Nicolas’s trap.

Only then did Nicolas notice her fingertips were ice cold. He unwound the tie from her wrists—he hadn’t tied it tightly anyway, it came loose easily.

Red marks remained on her wrists from where Rachel had dug her nails in earlier in the elevator.

His expression darkened as he reached for her, only to be roughly pushed away.

“Rachel...”

He softened his voice, using her nickname for the first time.

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### Chapter 103

“Do you know,” Rachel’s eyes suddenly brimmed with tears, “how much it hurt seeing you in that room?”

She turned to leave.

Nicolas’s heart clenched violently. In one stride, he wrapped his arms around her from behind, holding her so tightly he seemed ready to merge her into his very bones. “I said that for you to hear outside the door.”

“Let go!”

“No.” He held her even tighter, his voice barely recognizable. “I’m tired of pretending all these years.”

His fingers forcefully intertwined with hers. “Seeing you with Jaxon, I even picked out names for your future kids.”

Taking advantage of Rachel’s stunned moment, Nicolas suddenly turned her around, their foreheads touching.

Rachel froze, tears hanging precariously on her lashes.

Nicolas seized the moment to kiss her, this time incredibly gentle—completely different from his earlier intensity.

“Mrs. Rothschild,” he murmured against her lips, rubbing the tan line on her ring finger. “Let’s go public.”

Considering Rachel’s concerns, Nicolas decided on a limited reveal.

Starting with his drinking buddies in the VIP room.

When he led Rachel back into the room, the place was buzzing with activity.

Several rich kids were still playing drinking games, but seeing him suddenly enter with a woman made them fall silent

in unison.

“Nicolas, who’s this?”

Darren was first to react, his gaze lingering on their joined hands.

Had the eternal bachelor finally fallen?

Nicolas spoke deliberately: “My wife.”

Those three words exploded like a bomb in the room.

“Holy shit?!” Darren shot to his feet, his glass clattering as it toppled on the table. “When did this happen?”

Rachel instinctively tried to pull her hand back, but Nicolas gripped it tighter.

His thumb traced ambiguous circles on her hand as he looked at the group with amusement. “We got our marriage license less than two months ago.”

“Marriage license?” Darren nearly bit his tongue, the information overload taking a moment to process. “So sudden?”

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**Chapter 103**

The room fell dead silent, everyone waiting for Nicolas to explain.

“Sudden?” Nicolas laughed softly. “I’ve been in love with her for years.”

Darren choked on his drink. “So—so that’s why you’ve avoided women all these years...”

“I was waiting for her.” Nicolas finished, turning to look at Rachel with burning intensity. “Isn’t that right, Mrs.

Rothschild?”

Rachel’s heart skipped under his gaze, her mind stuck on his words: “in love with her for years.”

How many years? When did it start? How had she not known?

If Nicolas was telling the truth...

Suddenly, Rachel understood something.

No wonder when she’d boldly asked him about marriage, he’d agreed without hesitation!

So that’s how it was!

Her thoughts were interrupted by Darren: “Wait!”

He leaned in closer, staring intently at Rachel’s face. “Aren’t you that designer? From the Leroix family...”

After thinking hard, he still couldn’t remember her name.

“My wife’s surname is Leroix, yes,” Nicolas casually pulled her closer. “But she’s not from that branch of the family.”

Everyone gasped.

Darren’s brain short-circuited for a moment.

He remembered now—Rachel Leroix.

At Mrs. Howard’s party today, he’d glimpsed her from afar but hadn’t paid much attention. The Leroix sisters used to trend on social media regularly, though he never followed closely.

Who would have thought Nicolas had married her?

“Damn, Nicolas really is something else...” Darren muttered, then suddenly jumped up. “Mrs. Rothschild! Let me toast you!”

The others snapped out of their daze, raising their glasses in unison.

Just as Rachel reached for a glass, Nicolas intercepted it.

“She’s allergic to alcohol.” Nicolas lied smoothly, downing the drink in one go. As his throat worked, a drop of liquor slid down his jaw and disappeared into his open collar.

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Chapter 103

Rachel raised an eyebrow. Since when was she allergic to alcohol?

Using the motion of setting down the glass, Nicolas's lips brushed her ear: "You can drink at home."

His warm breath made her shiver. "I'll feed it to you myself."