

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High - Flew Private 104[1,093 words]

Chapter 104

Everyone: “.....”

Talk about getting blindsided by PDA!

Darren suddenly had a lightbulb moment: “So Nicolas, tonight’s little gathering...”

Was just to show off your wife!

Son of a bitch! What a master manipulator!

No wonder something felt off—dragging them all to the club right after the gala, even letting women into their usual boys’ night for the first time.

This had nothing to do with drinking!

“Making it official.” Nicolas’s whole demeanor shifted, going soft around the edges.

“And...” His fingertip gave Rachel’s waist a playful pinch. “Catching a certain sneaky little troublemaker.”

Darren’s eye twitched as he nearly fumbled his glass again.

Now he got it—tonight wasn’t about drinks at all. Nicolas had orchestrated the whole damn thing!

“Unbelievable...” He dragged a hand down his face. “I should’ve known something was up when you suddenly went all social. You’ve been playing chess while we were playing checkers!”

The other guys finally connected the dots, their faces a mix of awe and disbelief.

Sebastian literally slammed his palm on the table: “Wait—so that whole scene with Vivian was...”

“The hook.” Nicolas explained matter-of-factly, his eyes trained on Rachel’s increasingly pink ears. “Shame my wife took one look and tried to make a run for it.”

Rachel shot him an indignant look: “Nicolas, you absolute—”

“What?” He suddenly invaded her personal space, nose practically touching her ear. “Who was it that saw me with another woman and immediately turned around? Hmm? Can’t even keep your poker face—what kind of Mrs. Rothschild behavior is that?”

The room collectively gagged on the sugar rush.

Darren quietly pulled out his phone, fingers flying over the group chat:

[CODE RED! Nicolas isn’t a monk—he’s been MARRIED this whole time!!!]

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92.8%

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Just before hitting send, Nicolas’s voice cut through like ice: “Darren.”

“Sir!” Darren practically jumped out of his skin, phone nearly launching across the room.

Nicolas’s gaze lasered in on the phone screen: “I’d strongly recommend...”

“Deleting it.” Rachel’s voice was honey-sweet but steel underneath.

Nicolas immediately went mute, lips quirking into this ridiculously fond smile as he gestured helplessly at Darren: “The lady has spoken.”

Collective jaw-dropping ensued.

The guys exchanged looks—was this the same cutthroat CEO they knew?!

Darren frantically deleted the message while sneaking peeks at Rachel.

She was studying Nicolas with this amused little smirk, her voice doing things to people's heartrates: "Such a good boy, aren't you?"

Nicolas immediately went full golden retriever, ducking his head with just a hint of a pout: "We had a deal about letting me keep some dignity in public."

Darren's hand actually shook. Was he having a stroke?

The legendary Nicolas Rothschild just... acted cute?!

He blinked hard. When he looked again, Nicolas was back to his usual intimidating self.

Definitely imagined it.

Rachel missed Darren's crisis, too busy feeling Nicolas's breath tickle her cheek and scramble her brain.

He was actually sulking about her not backing him up.

"I didn't support you?" Rachel arched an eyebrow, fingertip drawing lazy circles on his chest. "Then who just went the lady has spoken?"

He'd walked right into that one.

Rachel had zero idea how lethal that move was, still waiting for his reaction.

Everyone else: "....."

This was diabetic coma levels of sweet.

Sebastian quietly shoved the fruit bowl away—any more sugar and he'd need insulin.

Message deleted, Darren practically shoved his phone in their faces: "Mrs. Rothschild, see? Totally gone!"

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Rachel burst out laughing, tugging Nicolas's sleeve while he gave the room his death glare: "Okay, stop terrorizing your friends."

She turned to address the group, spotting juice on the table and raising her glass with easy grace: "I'm counting on you

all to look out for Nicolas."

Universal choking sounds.

Nicolas needed looking after?! Did Mrs. Rothschild have any clue her husband basically owned half of New York?!

Darren completely abandoned his drink, too afraid he'd drop it, nervous laughter spilling out: "Mrs. Rothschild,

that's-Nicolas is the one who looks out for us..."

Sebastian shot to his feet: "Exactly! When Nicolas sneezes, the entire financial district catches cold! We wouldn't

dream of-"

"Hmm?" One look from Nicolas and Sebastian's mouth snapped shut.

Rachel visibly paused, her grip tightening on the glass. She knew Nicolas was a big deal in business, but hearing it

from his friends made it real in a way that was slightly terrifying.

She automatically turned to Nicolas, who just shook his head with this helpless expression, shooting warning looks around the room: "They get dramatic when they drink."

His finger ghosted over hers. "Don't listen to them."

Darren immediately caught the hint, slapping his chest as he backpedaled: "Actually, Mrs. Rothschild's totally right! Nicolas definitely needs someone keeping an eye on him! You should see him during deal season-forgets meals, pulls

all-nighters..."

“Darren.” Nicolas’s tone could’ve frozen hell over—he didn’t want Rachel worrying.

“Right!” Sebastian jumped in. “What Nicolas really needs is someone who actually cares about his health! Mrs. Rothschild, you’re exactly what he needs!”

The others piled on:

“Guy’s a workaholic!”

“Nearly collapsed from low blood sugar last month!”

“Someone needs to make him eat actual food!”

Nicolas looked ready to commit murder while Rachel’s smile got impossibly brighter.

She gave his rigid arm a gentle pat: “Hear that? Unanimous vote that you need...”

Before she could finish, he swept her clean off her feet.

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“We’re leaving.” Nicolas growled near her ear. “Time for you to ‘look after’ me properly.”

“Nicolas Rothschild, put me down this instant!” Rachel’s shriek echoed through the room.

And just like that, in front of God and everyone, Nicolas carried his wife out like some romance novel hero.

She could practically feel the barely contained laughter radiating from the guys.

Door slammed. Silence.

Sebastian let out a long whistle: “So... did we just throw our boy under the bus?”

Darren’s grin was pure evil: “Nah. We just found ourselves the ultimate trump card.”

The guy who'd been quiet all night finally spoke up: "Did that actually just happen, or am I having some kind of fever

dream?"

Sebastian clapped him on the shoulder: "Welcome to the new normal, buddy."

He gestured at the bottles covering their table.

"Something tells me our legendary party animal just got domesticated." He paused for dramatic effect. "Man's probably gonna start ordering kombucha."