

# He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky\_High - Flew Private 105[ 1,134 words ]

## Chapter 105

In the hallway, Rachel struggled to get down: “Put me down!”

Nicolas ignored her completely, tightening his grip instead.

The elevator dinged as it reached the parking garage.

Matt was already waiting by the Maybach, and seeing them emerge in this state, his face maintained professional composure while he subtly adjusted the rearview mirror to a strategic angle.

“Matt,” Rachel protested, face burning red, “could you please...”

“Straight home.” Nicolas cut her off, opening the car door with one hand and gently but firmly settling her into the

backseat.

The moment the door closed, Rachel started to speak but found herself pinned against the leather seat, Nicolas’s grip on her wrist firm and unyielding.

His narrow eyes took on a dangerous glint that made Rachel’s breath catch.

Matt tactfully raised the partition, creating two separate worlds.

Rachel watched the dark glass rise slowly, her heart rate spiking: “Nicolas, we’re in the car...”

“I know.” He leaned down to whisper in her ear, his warm breath making her ears burn. “Perfect time to test the new

suspension system.”

The Maybach glided out of the garage, melting into New York's night landscape.

A soft gasp escaped from the backseat, followed by Nicolas's low chuckle: "Easy... don't bite your lip..."

Matt impassively turned on the sound system, piano music perfectly masking the sounds from the rear compartment.

He glanced at the GPS and thoughtfully rerouted from the usual ten-minute drive to a scenic tour of the city.

The next day was a weekend, and Rachel didn't wake until well past noon. Rubbing her aching back, she found a note on the nightstand:

Handling some business at the office, Back for lunch. -Your husband

Rachel held the note with trembling fingers.

The word "husband" seemed to carry an electric current, shooting from her fingertips straight to her heart, making

her ears burn.

Images from last night flashed uncontrollably through her mind—Nicolas after removing his shirt was like a

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completely different person.

Those narrow phoenix eyes burning with intense desire, and the way he'd bite her earlobe, forcing her to call him "husband" over and over with that wicked grin...

Her heart suddenly raced as she quickly set the note aside and headed to wash up.

Meanwhile, at Midnight Bar in the north district, Sophie was downing shots one after another.

“Another tequila!” She slammed her glass on the bar, her diamond-studded nails catching the light with harsh glints.

Last night’s humiliation gnawed at her sanity—her design used as coasters while that bitch Rachel basked in everyone’s adoration!

“Sophie baby, stop drinking.” Yvonne snatched away her glass. Sophie looked up drunkenly to meet Yvonne’s sultry peach-blossom eyes. Those eyes looked like spring pools under the bar’s dim lighting, dangerously inviting.

“Give me back my drink.” Sophie reached for it but found herself pulled into Yvonne’s embrace instead.

“Darling, any more and you’ll be sick.” Yvonne whispered in her ear, her red lips barely grazing Sophie’s earlobe.

She emanated dangerous rose scent mixed with faint tobacco, “Instead of drowning your sorrows, why not think

about making that bitch pay?”

Pay?

Sophie had thought about it, but how could she make Rachel pay?

“I actually have an idea.”

Yvonne’s fingers traced the rim of Sophie’s glass suggestively, her red lips curving into a cold smile: “Milan Fashion Week next week—Rachel will be there, won’t she?”

She leaned closer to Sophie’s ear, breath warm and fragrant: “I know some Italian fashion circle friends who specialize

in ‘entertaining’ pretty designers.”

Sophie’s drunken eyes suddenly sharpened: “What do you mean?”

“What I mean is…” Yvonne’s fingertip traced the alcohol residue on Sophie’s collarbone, “we can arrange a delightful

little ‘accident.’”

She pulled a business card from her purse, the gold-embossed Italian text glinting under the bar lights. “This Marco gentleman specializes in ‘taking care of disobedient Oriental roses.’”

Sophie’s fingers trembled slightly—she understood Yvonne’s implication perfectly.

The image of Rachel’s perpetually serene face flashed through her mind, and a twisted thrill surged through her.

“How exactly?” Her voice was hoarse with alcohol and excitement.

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Yvonne’s red lips brushed her ear: “Marco will slip something ‘special’ into her champagne at the after-party.”

She made a slashing motion across her throat. “When she’s feeling unwell in her hotel room, three ‘doctors’ will come

to ‘treat’ her.”

Sophie’s pupils contracted sharply. She downed the last of her drink, the burning sensation fueling her excitement:

“Film it.”

She said through gritted teeth, “I want to watch her fall from grace!”

Yvonne giggled as she clinked glasses with her: “Of course, my darling Sophie.”

A calculating gleam flashed in her eyes, “Those spectacular photos will appear online right on schedule.”

Monday morning, Rachel had barely entered the design department when Amelia excitedly intercepted her.

“Rachel! The final Milan Fashion Week schedule just arrived!” Amelia held up her tablet, displaying an elegant

invitation.

Rachel was slightly surprised—she'd been so focused on Mrs. Howard's custom design that she'd barely thought about

Fashion Week.

She quickly scanned the invitation's contents, getting the general picture.

This was specifically sent to Maëlys, who as a globally renowned designer was naturally on the guest list.

For designers like them to attend such a top-tier international fashion week alongside Maëlys was an incredible

opportunity.

"Rachel, Maëlys already got Mrs. Howard's permission to showcase our jewelry in the 'Emerging Talent' section!" Amelia pointed excitedly at the schedule on her tablet.

"It's in the independent gallery next to the main runway—I heard that spot usually goes to major luxury brands."

Rachel raised an eyebrow in surprise. She'd expected her work might get a small static display at a side venue at best, not placement in the main exhibition area.

"Word is Maëlys specifically recommended it to the organizing committee." Yara appeared behind them, chiming in.

"Where are you getting all this inside information?"

Yara adjusted her glasses. "My professor from when I studied in Italy is now on the judging panel."

Just then, the design department doors burst open.

Sophie strutted in wearing high heels, waving a gold-embossed invitation: "What a coincidence—I got invited to **the**

main exhibition area too."

She boldly handed over her invitation with a smugly triumphant air.

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Yara took it and glanced over: “Section E.”

She added dryly, “That’s usually where they put the restroom directory signs.”

Sophie’s face instantly went ashen.

She slammed the invitation on the table, but Rachel’s sharp eyes caught the text at the bottom: Special Sponsor: N.R.

Group-

Those initials stirred a memory of certain overseas company documents she’d seen in someone’s study.