

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High - Flew Private 106[1,171 words]

Chapter 106

N.R. Group—the exact abbreviation of Nicolas’s overseas company.

“Looks like Sophie found herself... special sponsorship channels.” Yara said pointedly.

Sophie let out a cold laugh. She clearly caught Yara’s implication, but there was no point arguing with her now.

Once she crushed Rachel, these little nobodies could be destroyed with a snap of her fingers—they weren’t worth worrying about.

She scoffed, fingers drumming hard on the table: “What? I’m not allowed to have my own connections?”

That comment definitely caught Rachel’s attention.

Finally, a flicker of emotion crossed her eyes. Sophie’s “connections” couldn’t possibly be... Nicolas, could they?

Someone with enough influence over overseas channels—it would probably only be him.

Now that was interesting.

Lost in thought, Sophie suddenly leaned closer, her perfume overwhelming: “How about we make this interesting?”

She lowered her voice, “Let’s see who gets more attention after Milan—your collection or mine?”

Rachel calmly stepped back, creating distance: “What’s the wager?”

Sophie’s red lips curved into a triumphant smile: “If you lose, you leave Maëlys’s studio voluntarily and publicly admit online that you’re inferior to me.”

“And if I lose...”

“You leave the design department.” Rachel cut her off evenly. “Permanently.”

Sharp intakes of breath echoed around them.

This bet was absolutely ruthless.

Either way, the loser faced total destruction.

Sophie’s expression shifted, then she sneered: “Fine.”

She pulled out a contract and pushed it forward, “Words are cheap. Let’s make it official.”

Yara frowned, stepping forward to intervene: “Rachel, think about this.”

“I’ll sign.” Rachel took the pen, signing her name cleanly under everyone’s shocked stares.

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As she finished the last stroke, she kindly reminded Sophie, “But you might want to remember—the connections you’re counting on might not be as reliable as you think.”

Sophie’s pupils contracted slightly, then she laughed mockingly.

She knew she couldn’t rely on Nicolas—he might not even help her. She was just waiting for the moment Rachel would be completely destroyed.

Just thinking about it made her whole body tingle with excitement.

“Rachel, Maëlys wants to see you!” Maëlys’s assistant suddenly appeared, interrupting their conversation. She poked her head through the doorway, arms full of freshly printed design drafts.

“I’ll be right there.” Rachel replied. Good—it saved her from wasting more words on Sophie.

Reaching Maëlys’s office door, she hesitated momentarily, but Maëlys spoke first.

“Rachel?” Maëlys’s voice came from the conference room entrance. “Why are you standing there spacing out?”

She quickly adjusted her expression, turning with her usual composure restored: “Maëlys, you wanted to see me?”

Maëlys’s sharp gaze lingered briefly on Rachel’s clenched fists: “Come in. Need to confirm some design details with

you.”

The moment the conference room door closed, Maëlys suddenly spoke: “Nicolas just called.”

Rachel’s breath caught.

“He insisted on arranging four bodyguards for you. I declined.”

Rachel was stunned.

She hadn’t expected Nicolas to move so quickly.

“You and Nicolas...”

“High school classmates, that’s all.” Maëlys said casually, though she gave Rachel a meaningful look. “That boy’s had this problem since school—once he sets his sights on something...”

She suddenly cut herself off, opening her laptop instead: “Let’s look at your Milan schedule,”

During lunch break, the design department was empty except for Stella Green, still sitting at her computer, fingers flying across the keyboard.

Yara appeared silently behind her, her eyes coldly scanning the screen through her glasses.

“Planning to plagiarize someone else’s work again?” she suddenly spoke, startling Stella.

Stella's fingers paused, then she sneered without turning around: "Since when does the design department moonlight

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as IT? Monitoring employee computers now?"

Yara calmly pulled out the chair beside her and sat down, her slender fingers lightly tapping the desk: "I'm just curious—someone who can forge 'overseas study experience' on their resume must be pretty experienced at this sort

of thing?"

Stella whipped around, eyes sharp: "You investigated me?"

"Investigated?" Yara chuckled. "Your 'study abroad school's' website doesn't even have an alumni directory. Does that require investigation?"

Stella's jaw tightened, nails digging into her palms, but she maintained her mocking smile: "So? Are you going to report me, or... are you trying to threaten me?"

Instead of answering, Yara produced a prepared document and pushed it in front of her.

Stella looked down and her pupils contracted sharply.

It was a bank statement showing Sophie's account transferring a large "hush money" payment to an overseas account—and the recipient's name... was her brother.

"You think she'll really help your brother get that study visa?" Yara's voice was light as a feather, but venomous as a

snake's hiss. "She's just using him as a hostage to keep you as her dog for life."

Her brother, James Green, was a secret she never spoke of to outsiders.

She worked for Sophie because Sophie paid her well, money she could use to fill the bottomless pit that was her family.

She turned over almost her entire monthly salary to her family, all to support her brother, keeping only about a

thousand dollars for her own survival.

She'd never told anyone about this. How did Yara know?

Stella's chest heaved violently, but she forced a cold smile: "Your storytelling skills are impressive, but unfortunately—"

She shoved the document back, "I'm Sophie's assistant. She's my benefactor, unlike certain people who can only serve

as others' informants."

Yara smiled rather than getting angry, **her** eyes narrowing behind her glasses: "Benefactor?"

She savored those words, repeating slowly, "You mean forging documents for her, taking the fall, while she throws

you table scraps?"

Stella shot to her feet, the chair scraping harshly against the floor: "Yara! Don't push it!"

"Getting worked up already?" Yara remained seated, looking up at her with a mocking curve to her lips.

"Sophie's really got the dog training down—even the barking is so protective."

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Stella trembled with rage, but the humiliation she'd suppressed for so long was spreading like wildfire through her chest.

Every word Yara spoke was like a knife, cutting into her deepest wounds!

Everything she said was true! All the things she least wanted to face!

Yet this woman was laying it all out so casually.

Of course she knew Sophie used her as a tool, but she had no choice!

Yara observed her expression, then suddenly lowered her voice: “Do you know why Rachel can walk all over Sophie?”

Stella bit her lip, saying nothing.

“Because she’s never been anyone’s dog.” Yara slowly stood, looking down at her. “And you—you have a brain, but you’re willing to be Sophie’s scapegoat.”

Stella’s nails dug deep into her palms, the pent-up fury in her chest nearly bursting through her throat, but she couldn’t explode, couldn’t surrender!

She forced out a cold laugh: “You’re so concerned about me—don’t tell me you want me to betray Sophie and you instead?”