

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High - Flew Private 107[978 words]

Chapter 107

Yara chuckled softly, suddenly leaning close to Stella's car, her voice barely a whisper: "No, I'm offering you a chance..."

"To make Sophie taste what it's like being someone's bitch."

Stella's breath hitched.

Make Sophie... the bitch?

The moment that thought hit her, she shuddered hard. She instinctively stepped back until her spine pressed against the cold desk edge.

"Stop trying to stir up shit," she forced out a laugh, though her voice cracked. "What's between Sophie and me isn't your business."

Yara didn't answer, just watched her fall apart. When Stella finally pulled herself together, Yara was already standing to leave: "Think it over. You know where to find me."

Before walking away, she added with casual cruelty, "But hey, if you're cool with kissing ass forever... forget I said anything."

Stella glared at Yara's retreating figure, nails digging so deep they nearly drew blood.

She hated Sophie, hated Yara's mind games even more, but most of all she hated that voice in her head whispering what if...

Rachel stood in front of the jewelry display case, fingertips brushing the pieces heading to Milan.

She'd refined her original designs for Mrs. Howard—every gemstone cut calculated to catch light perfectly from any angle.

"Rachel, the certification reports are back." Maëlys's assistant rushed in clutching a stack of papers, cheeks pink from speed-walking. "Maëlys wants your eyes on them first."

Rachel took the files, scanning each data sheet carefully.

“Oh, and Sophie... apparently she’s been tweaking her pieces too,” the assistant mentioned.

Rachel’s expression stayed neutral as she closed the reports: “Good for her.”

That wasn’t what had her attention anyway. Yesterday she’d gotten a weird text from Stella—something about watching her back in Milan—that disappeared seconds after being sent.

Warning or threat? Hard to tell.

Rachel barely got through her front door before amazing smells hit her.

14:42

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95.59%

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She kicked off her heels, padding barefoot across the carpet toward the kitchen.

Nicolas stood at the stove, sleeves rolled up to show off those ridiculous forearms, working a spatula like he actually knew what he was doing.

Hearing her footsteps, he didn’t even turn around: “Go wash up. Food’s almost ready.”

Rachel leaned against the doorframe, grinning: “What’s all this? The great Nicolas Rothschild actually cooking?”

“Someone’s gonna be stuck eating airport food in Milan for a week.” Nicolas plated the last dish, nodding toward the hallway. “Go change. You look uncomfortable.”

The dining table was set with three dishes and soup—all her favorites.

Rachel swapped her work clothes for pajamas, finally able to breathe, then dropped into her chair.

Nicolas set a bowl of congee in front of her. She grabbed her chopsticks immediately.

“Left

your

Milan schedule in the study,” she said around a bite of garlic shrimp. “Hotel security’s solid, venue’s locked down tight. You can stop worrying.”

Nicolas slid soup toward her: “You’re still taking bodyguards.”

“That’s totally unnecessary-”

“One for you, one for the jewelry,” he cut her off, tone leaving zero room for argument. “Safe code is our anniversary

date.”

Rachel spooned soup, catching sight of his worried frown through the steam: “By the way, Sophie’s going too.”

Nicolas’s chopsticks froze mid-air: “I know.”

“Her booth’s in the middle of nowhere. Moving her somewhere more visible would be... educational.”

Nicolas hadn’t expected Rachel to be this devious. He smiled despite himself: “Your wish is my command.”

“Also, Stella sent me this cryptic message about Sophie, then deleted it immediately.”

That got Nicolas’s full attention. He set down his chopsticks, eyes sharpening: “I’ll handle the Italy situation. You focus

on your show.”

Rachel started to object, then just nodded.

After dinner, she stood on the balcony when arms wrapped around her from behind. Nicolas buried his face in her hair: “Video calls. Three times a day.”

“You’re being ridiculous...”

“Fine. Twice minimum,” he tightened his grip. “Morning check-in, goodnight call.”

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95.8%

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Rachel turned in his arms, seeing genuine worry in his eyes, and melted: “Okay.”

She smoothed the lines between his brows. “I promise.”

Nicolas caught her hand, nipping her fingertip: “If anything happens to you...”

The threat got lost in their kiss.

Next morning, Rachel walked into the design department to find total chaos.

Sophie stood center stage by the jewelry display, red lips curved in victory, finger tapping a stunning ruby set: “Guys, N.R. Group just confirmed—my ‘Inferno’ collection is getting featured in the main exhibition hall!”

Ass-kissing commenced immediately, designers crowding around the rubies.

“Sophie, these modifications are incredible!” One designer carefully lifted a ring. “Even more gorgeous than before!”

Sophie’s smile widened as she tucked hair behind her ear: “Well, I did put my heart into it.”

She shot a pointed look at Rachel walking in. “Some people’s work will always need... budget stones to make an impact.”

She raised her voice, holding a ruby necklace up to catch the light. The stones threw off brilliant red fire, drawing

more ooohs and ahhs.

“Didn’t N.R. Group move Sophie’s booth specially?” Stella appeared with coffee, voice dripping fake sweetness. “Prime

real estate by the main entrance.”

Sophie accepted the coffee with a satisfied sip: “Of course. Being N.R. Group’s personally signed designer has its perks.

Mr. Rothschild takes excellent care of me.”

She practically purred “Mr. Rothschild.” “Unlike some people riding on Maëlys’s coattails.”

Rachel headed to her desk like she hadn’t heard a word.

But Sophie wasn’t done performing.

“Oh, sister,” she click-clacked over in stilettos, voice thick with fake concern, “want me to ask Mr. Rothschild to upgrade your spot? I’m sure he wouldn’t mind.”

The whole department went dead quiet, everyone waiting for the fireworks.

Rachel looked up slowly, eyes bright with amusement: “You know what? That sounds perfect.”

14:42