

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High - Flew Private 108[1,021 words]

Chapter 108

Sophie clearly hadn't expected Rachel to agree so readily—her expression froze for a split second.

Wasn't she supposed to be all high and mighty?

Why did she agree so easily?

But backing down now was impossible. She'd already put it out there, and with so many people watching, she absolutely couldn't look like an idiot.

"Right, I'll... I'll call now." She forced herself to pull out her phone, but fumbled the unlock and dropped it.

Rachel let out a little "oops," bending to pick up the phone and handing it back with the faintest smile: "Butterfingers much? Want me to dial for you? I'm really looking forward to that prime spot—thanks in advance, sis."

Sophie's face went through a whole rainbow of colors.

Of course she didn't have Nicolas's private number. Hell, even the booth change had been a surprise notification from his assistant this morning—she had no clue why it happened!

There was only one logical explanation: N.R. Group cared about appearances, and as their contracted designer, they wouldn't stick her next to the bathrooms. They'd obviously given her a premium location.

No matter how good Rachel was, she couldn't fight a corporate giant like N.R. Group.

The problem was, Sophie had just been talking shit because she had an audience.

Now she was trapped, forced to scroll through her contacts while everyone watched.

"Weird, I can't find..." her voice got smaller and smaller.

“Can’t find it?” Rachel helpfully reached for the phone. “Here, let me help.”

“NO!” Sophie yanked it back, face cycling through red and white. “I just remembered—Nicolas has an important meeting today. Maybe we should try another time.”

Someone in the office couldn’t hold back a snort of laughter.

Rachel pulled her hand back with fake disappointment: “What a shame.”

Sophie had never been embarrassed like this in front of so many people, especially not in front of Rachel. It was

unbearable.

She lifted her chin, though her voice had lost most of its confidence: “My contacts are just... really messy. Nicolas told me last time to handle small stuff through his assistant anyway.”

14:42

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96.49%

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Yara and Amelia shared a knowing look while others barely suppressed eye rolls.

Rachel gave a light “oh,” watching her with obvious amusement.

Sophie couldn’t stand that look anymore. She scrambled for an excuse to escape: “Actually, I just remembered I need to see Maëlys about something.”

She turned with whatever dignity she had left, walking a bit too fast and nearly tripping over her own feet.

Rachel smoothly reached out to steady her: “Careful.”

“I don’t need your fake concern!” Sophie jerked away from her hand, stumbling toward the door as her heels clicked erratically down the hallway.

After Sophie left, the office went quiet for a beat.

With the show over, most people drifted away, leaving Yara and Amelia to continue checking details with Rachel.

Amelia watched Sophie's retreating figure: "I've only seen her carefully crafted goddess persona online before. She's got quite the temper, huh?"

Rachel smiled without warmth: "Sophie just cares deeply about her designs. She got a little emotional, that's all."

To the other two, that sounded less like defending Sophie and more like subtle mockery.

Yara shot Rachel a sideways glance.

She'd always thought Rachel was some kind of doormat from all the Leroix sister drama, but clearly she wasn't the sweet innocent she appeared to be. There was definitely some bite hidden under that serene exterior.

She and Rachel were cut from the same cloth.

Something shifted in Yara's eyes.

Amelia, completely oblivious, was still fixated on Sophie: "Cares about her designs?" She pointed to the party favors from Mrs. Howard's birthday bash, still sporting Sophie's "coaster" design. "I mean, that thing really was pretty ridiculous."

Yara frowned, cutting her off: "Amelia, watch your mouth."

Too many ears around—loose lips sink ships. She didn't want Amelia giving anyone ammunition.

Sophie stormed toward Stella's desk in her heels, then yanked her bodily from her chair and dragged her toward the

exit.

Stella was bent over organizing files when she heard rapid footsteps. Her shoulders tensed instinctively, and before she could look up, someone grabbed her and hauled her away.

"Wait—"

14.40

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96.7%

Chapter 108

She yelped, but Sophie ignored her protests, dragging her all the way to the bathroom.

Sophie finally released her. Stella was still catching her breath and finding her balance when a sharp voice cut through

the air:

“Stella! Are you blind or deaf? Where are those design revisions I asked for?!”

Stella still clutched the papers from her desk, flinching at the tone: “Sophie, I emailed them to you last night...”

“Emailing me isn’t enough!” Sophie snatched the documents and hurled them at her, papers scattering everywhere.

“You call this garbage work? Are you trying to make me bomb at Fashion Week again?!”

The crisp new papers sliced across Stella’s cheek, leaving a thin cut.

Stella opened her mouth but Sophie unleashed a torrent of abuse: “Mrs. Howard’s party was humiliating enough! If you screw up Fashion Week, you’re fired! And your brother’s funding gets cut too!”

The threat to her brother’s support sent panic through Stella.

She couldn’t lose Sophie’s money—her salary alone couldn’t support her whole family, especially her brother’s insane tuition costs. Plus her parents’ living expenses... she couldn’t afford any of it.

She frantically grabbed Sophie’s arm, trying to plead with her.

But Sophie jerked away.

Sophie looked at Stella’s outstretched hand with disgust, continuing her tirade: “Useless piece of shit! I only keep you around out of pity—you would’ve been fired ages ago! Now you can’t even handle simple tasks?!”

Stella kept her head down, shoulders trembling slightly, looking pitiful enough to break anyone's heart.

Because her head was lowered, Sophie couldn't see Stella's expression.

She also missed the flash of vicious hatred that crossed Stella's face.

Something dark stirred in Stella's chest as Yara's words echoed in her mind: "How long are you going to keep being

her bitch?"

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