

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High - Flew Private 109[1,118 words]

Yara's words from that day echoed vividly in her mind.

"You think Sophie actually considers you one of her own? You're just her punching bag."

Back then she could still lie to herself that Yara was trying to drive a wedge between them. But now?

She was done.

Stella bit down hard on her lip to keep the words from spilling out.

But she didn't nod and bow submissively like before—instead, she slowly straightened her spine.

Sophie noticed her silence, eyes narrowing: "What? Got a problem with that?"

Stella lifted her head, forcing out a stiff smile: "...No, Sophie. I'll fix it right away."

For the first time, her gaze didn't flinch away.

Sophie snorted coldly and ignored her.

Just a dog—not worth her energy.

She pulled out her phone, transferring thirty thousand to that overseas account, then showed Stella the transaction record: "Study the designs carefully. If you can make a name at Fashion Week, I'll give you ten times this amount. Don't worry—stick with me and you won't regret it."

Stella nodded stiffly, the thirty-thousand-dollar transfer burning her eyes.

She'd never found thirty thousand so painful to look at.

Sophie saw her expression and pocketed her phone with satisfaction, barely concealing her contempt.

Dogs will be dogs—throw them a bone and they’ll wag their tails like crazy.

After Sophie left, Stella didn’t leave immediately. Instead, she splashed cold water on her face in the bathroom. She

needed to cool down.

She needed that money, but Yara’s words had hit her like a sledgehammer.

Sophie’s harsh curses still echoed in her head, but clearer still was Yara’s cold voice from that day:

“You think Sophie actually considers you one of her own?”

She looked down at her trembling hands, feeling conflicted for the first time. Three years—she’d been Sophie’s workhorse for three years, and what had it earned her? Not respect.

14:42

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“Stella?” A sweet voice suddenly interrupted her thoughts. Stella turned to find Amelia approaching.

Amelia had actually been there for a while, but hearing Sophie’s tirade from outside, she’d been too scared to enter and had eavesdropped the whole time.

After things went quiet, she’d waited a bit longer before coming in, but hadn’t expected to run into Stella.

Amelia smiled awkwardly, unsure if Stella had caught her listening, but seeing how upset she looked, her heart

softened.

She stopped and pulled a piece of candy from her pocket: “Have something sweet. It’ll help with the shock.”

Stella took it in a daze.

“Hey, don’t look so down.” Amelia leaned close to her ear, lowering her voice: “Yara’s right—you’re way too patient.”

Stella’s head snapped up: “You guys...”

“Us what?” Amelia blinked, helping gather the scattered papers from the floor. She glanced at them—modification plans for the Inferno series.

“This series has real soul. Sophie’s just picking fights.”

Stella was thunderstruck.

This was the first time anyone had validated her work.

Seeing her stunned expression, Amelia didn’t say more, just patted her shoulder: “Dignity is something you have to earn back yourself.”

Stella stood frozen for a long time, then wiped her face with the back of her hand.

Dignity?

That was worthless compared to money.

The studio had booked everyone’s flights for Saturday.

Rachel was checking the final jewelry sample packaging when Sophie’s suddenly raised voice made her fingertips pause on the velvet jewelry box.

“Oh, I forgot to share some good news with everyone” Sophie stood in the center of the office, twirling her hair around her finger, face glowing with poorly concealed smugness.

Her gaze drifted casually toward Rachel, her smile deepening: “Jaxon’s coming with us to Fashion Week! He just wrapped filming and said he needs a vacation.”

The office erupted in teasing voices.

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Chapter 109

“Wow! Go Sophie!”

“Is this a work-sponsored romance?”

“Is the F1 champion playing bodyguard?”

Sophie waved her hands with fake modesty: “Don’t be silly, he just happened to be free~”

Rachel kept her lashes lowered, continuing her work without missing a beat.

Sophie felt a surge of frustration seeing Rachel’s complete focus on her task, not even lifting an eyelid.

She deliberately raised her voice, fingertips lightly tapping the new sapphire pendant at her throat—Jaxon’s custom gift from last week.

“Jaxon also said,” Sophie drew out her words, “this trip is basically like a vacation, so we probably won’t be coming back with everyone else. We’re planning to do some sightseeing.”

She spoke while watching Rachel’s reaction from the corner of her eye.

Others made suggestive sounds, their looks turning playful—everyone knew about her and Jaxon.

The golden couple, childhood sweethearts no less—their relationship was natural progression.

More office teasing followed, but Rachel remained absorbed in her work, seemingly deaf to everything.

Sophie bit her lip, suddenly shifting tactics: “Speaking of which, Rachel, Jaxon commented on your work recently.”

She tilted her head with fake concern: “Jaxon said your designs are too bland—today’s consumers prefer more glamorous pieces.”

Rachel’s hands finally stopped.

Sophie’s heart leaped, ready to press her advantage, but when Rachel slowly looked up, her expression wasn’t the hurt or jealousy Sophie expected—it was... surprise?

“You’re saying Jaxon criticized my work like that?” Rachel’s voice was soft, but it made the entire office go quiet.

She set down her design sketches, lips curving into an enigmatic smile: “Really? How interesting.”

“Actually, Nicolas came to see me a few days ago about commissioning a jewelry set. He specifically requested my minimalist style.”

She looked at Sophie with amusement: “Mr. Rothschild also mentioned that some people like to pile on jewelry like Christmas trees, which is rather...”

She paused perfectly: “Lacking in taste.”

The office fell dead silent.

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Sophie’s face cycled from red to black to white—she never expected Rachel to have such a sharp tongue!

“Oh right,” Rachel suddenly seemed to remember something, pulling a business card from her bag. “Mr. Rothschild left his private contact information, saying I could reach out anytime with design ideas.”

She gently placed the card on the table: “Sophie, if you’re interested, want to check if it’s the same number?”

Sophie’s expression darkened as she took the card, barely glancing at the number.

Despite being with N.R. Group for so long, she’d never gotten Nicolas’s contact info—everything went through his assistant Matt. Yet Rachel had gotten Nicolas’s number so easily!

And Nicolas had bypassed her, his contracted designer, to go directly to Rachel—it was a slap in the face!

Amelia couldn't help snorting with laughter. Yara lowered her head to sip coffee, hiding her smile.

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