

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High Novel

Chapter 11 That evening, I came to the Rothschild estate for dinner, Charles Rothschild, the family patriarch, had been Grandpa's closest friend for decades. "Rachel, dear," Charles said warmly as I picked at my food. "Your grandfather mentioned you might be feeling a bit... sad now." I nodded. Charles leaned forward with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Well, I have a proposition that might cheer you up. Any man in the Rothschild family would be lucky to have you.

Consider it an open invitation." I was about to politely decline when the front door opened and someone walked into the dining room. My breath caught. He was absolutely stunning - tall, with dark hair and the kind of confident presence that came from being constantly in the spotlight. When he smiled apologetically for being late, I felt my heart skip. "Sorry I'm late. Practice ran over." His eyes found mine across the table. "I don't think we've met. I'm Jaxon." Jaxon Rothschild. The Formula 1 champion I'd seen on magazine covers but never met in person.

Follow new episodes on the

"Rachel," I managed, probably sounding like an idiot. For the next two hours, I couldn't take my eyes off him. And when he asked if I wanted to see his trophy collection, I said yes without hesitation. That night began the most intense courtship of my life. I pursued Jaxon with everything I had - showing up at his races, learning everything about Formula 1, making myself indispensable to his world. Six months later, he proposed. I thought I had everything I'd ever wanted. Charles was thrilled, Dad approved of the match, and I was planning the wedding of my dreams.

But everything changed the moment Sophie arrived at my home. Sophie had originally been Sophie Covey, daughter of Dan Covey, the family's driver. In a devastating car accident, Dan had pulled me to safety, then went back for something important. The gas tank exploded, killing him instantly. When they found his body, he was still clutching a cross necklace-one he said his wife had blessed for protection. Sophie became an orphan overnight. Consumed by guilt, my parents took her in, determined to make amends for Dan's sacrifice. I would never forget the day Sophie arrived.

My parents' eyes brimmed with guilt and heartache. My mother broke down completely, stroking Sophie's face for what felt like an eternity before finally whispering, "Sweet child, the Leroix home is your home now." From that moment, everything began to shift. The parents and brother who had once doted on me suddenly couldn't do enough for Sophie. When Sophie admired my bedroom, I was moved to the guest room. When there was only one spot available for the design competition, I had to withdraw. When

Sophie injured her hand and couldn't hold a pen, my design sketches were given to her instead.

Later, Sophie won first place using my designs. Sophie was replacing me, piece by piece. By the time I realized this horrifying truth, it was too late. They had completely transferred their love to Sophie, while me-the real daughter-became a laughingstock throughout Manhattan, discarded like a stray dog. But just as Sophie basked in her newfound glory, she killed someone in a hit-and-run accident and fled the scene. In court, my beloved brother Arthur-a prominent attorney-personally testified against me, sending me to prison. They told me: "Look, Rachel, Dan died saving your life.

You owe him everything. Sophie's his daughter, and she wants to be a designer-she can't have a criminal record. You're going to take the fall. Consider it payback." Sophie couldn't have criminal record, so I would bear the burden instead. But who had ever considered that design was MY dream too?

Chapter 12 Three years later. Rachel Leroix walked out of prison a free woman. The people who'd thrown her behind bars were the same ones who'd once cherished her unconditionally-her doting brother, her devoted father, her caring mother. Now that same brother, Arthur Leroix, was waiting outside the prison gates. "What're you standing there for? Let's go." Arthur's impatient voice cut through the air. He glanced at his watch with obvious irritation, clearly annoyed.

Rachel snapped back to reality, the figure before her gradually merging with the cold, ruthless man from the courtroom three years ago-her own brother, who had once traveled to Europe just to bid on a precious gem at Christie's auction for her, and who had also personally sent her to prison for Sophie's sake. For three years, she had hoped every single day that they would come for her, that they would overturn her case, that they would tell the world she wasn't a murderer. But what happened instead?

Follow new episodes on the

Not only did they never seek to clear her name, they never even visited her once, leaving her to suffer alone behind bars. The guards took out their frustrations on her at every opportunity. Beatings became routine. The other inmates mocked her-a former socialite reduced to this-and ganged up to bully her, forcing her to do the filthiest work. For three years, she scrubbed toilets alone. When she displeased them, they forced her to drink toilet water. Three years of hell-all courtesy of the Leroix family. She lifted her gaze, her voice dripping with sarcasm: "Chill out.

I've been locked up for three years-what's another few minutes?" Her stare was pure ice. Arthur felt his breath catch, anger flaring hot in his chest: "Jesus, you haven't learned a damn thing, have you? Still the same spoiled brat-actually, you're even worse now!" Without another glance at Rachel, he turned and slammed into his car. The locks clicked shut with a sharp snap. The window rolled down just enough to reveal his

furious face: "Maybe you should think about what you did wrong for once! Three years obviously wasn't enough.

If Sophie hadn't begged me to go easy on you, you'd still be rotting in there!" He gunned the engine and sped away, leaving her standing alone on the empty street. She'd barely taken a few steps when a sleek luxury car suddenly pulled up beside her. The window slid down, revealing a strikingly handsome face in the passenger seat. "Rachel Leroix?"

Chapter 13 Rachel jerked her head up, peering through the car window at the man in the passenger seat- It was Jaxon Rothschild, the hottest superstar in Formula 1 history and the youngest driver to ever win a championship. He was also her former fiancé. And the key witness who'd testified against her in court that day. "Get in." Jaxon looked genuinely shocked at how rough she looked. When Rachel didn't move, he let out a cold laugh. "What? You're seriously gonna walk home? The Leroix place is in Midtown-that's like ten miles from here.

Look, I get that you're pissed, but don't be stupid about it." Rachel's resolve wavered. He wasn't wrong. This was way out in the suburbs, and she'd probably collapse before making it halfway home on foot. She wasn't that spoiled princess anymore-the one who'd throw tantrums without thinking things through. Without another word, she opened the door and slid inside. All of Manhattan knew the story. The Leroix princess had chased after the Rothschild racing prodigy for years while he couldn't have cared less. It was all just Rachel's pathetic one-sided obsession.

Everyone called Rachel Jaxon's stalker. For years, Jaxon had kept his distance from women, focused solely on racing. Rachel thought maybe she could eventually break through that ice-cold exterior. But the moment Sophie entered the picture, even the racing world's most notorious lone wolf was completely smitten. That day in court, watching Jaxon comfort a trembling Sophie right in front of her, Rachel felt something break inside her chest. Every single person had lied for Sophie. They'd all said the same thing: Sophie was Dan's daughter, so Rachel owed her this sacrifice.

Follow new episodes on the

This was her debt to pay. But Rachel didn't owe anyone anything. Dan Covey had chosen to run back into that burning car for his cross necklace. Even as she was losing consciousness, Rachel had begged him not to go back. But Dan wouldn't listen. He'd pried her fingers loose and walked toward the car. The explosion was the last thing she remembered before everything went black. Jaxon's gaze drifted over her, taking in her gaunt frame. Something complicated flickered in his expression. "You seem... different. More mature, I guess.

Prison must've been rough, but maybe it toughened you up." Thinking of the girl who used to follow him around like a lost puppy, his voice softened slightly. "Now that you're out, just try to keep your head down, okay? Don't start drama with Sophie. She's sweet and innocent-not calculating like you." Rachel found it almost laughable. She shot him a

cold look. "Oh, prison definitely taught me something. How to spot bullshit from a mile away." Jazon's mouth dropped open. He clearly hadn't expected that response. For a moment, he was completely speechless.

Chapter 13 The car fell into uncomfortable silence until they pulled up to the Leroix mansion. Rachel was the first to get out, not bothering to look back. "I'm not getting out to run away from you, by the way. I just can't sit in there another second without throwing up." The moment she stepped into the foyer, she saw Arthur and Joanne sitting on the couch, deep in hushed conversation. They immediately went silent when they spotted her. Joanne was the first to react, rushing forward with tears already forming in her eyes. "Rachel!

Oh honey, you're finally home!" Rachel shifted slightly to avoid the embrace, her lips pressed into a thin line. She still couldn't bring herself to say "Mom." Seeing how painfully thin Rachel had become, Joanne's heart clearly broke. Reading the mood, she gently patted Rachel's hand and guided her upstairs. "Come on, let's get you changed." Joanne led her toward the guest room, but as they passed Rachel's old bedroom, Rachel's steps faltered. She couldn't help but glance inside-everything had been completely redecorated. "OWWW!" A sharp scream cut through the moment. "Shit! I burned myself!

My soup-I've been working on it all morning!" "Sophie!" "Sophie!" "Sophie!" Three different voices rang out as all three family members rushed toward the kitchen. Without a second thought, Joanne dropped Rachel's hand and hurried downstairs. Rachel watched the scene unfold, a bitter smile tugging at her lips. Three years, and Sophie had successfully replaced her completely, becoming the real Leroix princess. Whatever. Rachel had stopped caring about that title a long time ago. She didn't spare them another glance and walked away.

Chapter 14 The next morning, Rachel's eyes snapped open at dawn-pure muscle memory from years of prison routine. Her body clock had been locked into military precision during those three years behind bars. She lay there for a moment, disoriented by the unfamiliar room. It took her a few seconds to remember she wasn't in a cell anymore. Downstairs, Joanne and Arthur were waiting for her in the living room. Joanne took a breath, clearly steeling herself. "Rachel, now that you're back, we need to talk about your engagement situation." Rachel's lashes fluttered, but she stayed silent.

Seeing no response, Joanne's tone grew colder. "This whole thing with you and Jaxon-you basically forced that engagement on him. He never had feelings for you, and deep down, you know that. It's been three years. Time to let go." She paused, glancing toward the kitchen with obvious affection. "Sophie is such a sweet girl, so thoughtful. She and Jaxon actually click. I've watched them together these past few years, and it just breaks my heart..." Her voice softened with genuine emotion.

"Honestly, if she hadn't been here to support me while you were gone, I don't think I would've made it through." When she turned back to Rachel, every trace of warmth had

vanished. "Now that you're back, things can't just go back to how they were. You need to step aside for Sophie. She's got such a gentle nature-she'd never fight for what she wants. As adults, we have to look out for her. Unlike you, who's been stubborn and difficult since day one." Her voice dropped to an almost whisper, somewhere between pleading and threatening. "Stop being so selfish."

Follow new episodes on the

Don't ruin Sophie's chance at happiness. A man like Jaxon... someone with your attitude could never handle him anyway." The blatant favoritism was staggering. Rachel listened to every word, her expression completely blank. Finally, a cold smile played at her lips. "So... I should just step aside gracefully for your precious little princess?" Her voice was soft but dripping with sarcasm. "What a wonderful mother you are."

Throwing your own daughter under the bus to protect someone else's interests." She glanced toward the kitchen where their beloved Sophie was probably making breakfast, her eyes ice-cold. "Relax. I wouldn't touch Jaxon Rothschild with a ten-foot pole. Whoever wants that mess can have him." Rachel walked back to her room without another word. The families might want this marriage to happen, but she sure as hell wasn't marrying Jaxon. She thought of someone else. After hesitating for what felt like forever, she finally dialed a number. "You there?" Rachel asked when the call connected.

A deep voice answered, "Yeah." Rachel's hand was actually trembling around the phone. "Wanna get married?"

Chapter 15 "Wanna get married?" The second Rachel said those words, she could hear the complete silence on the other end-even his breathing stopped. She gripped the phone, her fingertips ice-cold while her palms broke out in a cold sweat. Three seconds. Five seconds. Finally- "Yeah." His response came low and decisive. Before he could say anything else, Rachel hung up with a sharp click. Her heart was pounding like a war drum-she couldn't tell if it was regret, nerves, or... relief. Three years ago, he'd come to her personally, saying all she had to do was nod and he'd keep her out of prison.

But she'd stubbornly refused: "They're my family. I refuse to believe they'd actually abandon me." Reality had hit her like a sledgehammer-she'd spent three years behind bars while those precious "family members" threw her into the abyss without a shred of guilt. And that man, whom she'd pushed away again and again, had finally stopped coming around. She'd thought they were done for good. Until now. Joanne was forcing her to break off the engagement, desperate to secure Sophie a good match. But she'd forgotten one crucial detail- Jaxon wasn't the only Rothschild heir.

Rachel had other options. Nicolas Rothschild-Jaxon's uncle, the real power behind the throne. He'd ruthlessly purged the old guard and doubled the company's value within a year. The media was full of speculation about him, but nobody really knew who he was. He didn't do interviews, never appeared in public-a complete shadow player. Reaching

out to him now was Rachel's nuclear option. And he'd said yes. This marriage would completely destroy the Leroix family's relationship with Jaxon. It would also drag her right back into the power games she'd tried to escape.

Follow new episodes on the

The day after Rachel agreed to break off her engagement with Jaxon, Joanne mysteriously dragged her to a blind date at some upscale coffee shop downtown. "This is Quincy Rock, from Boston. His uncle runs Rock Industries." Joanne was practically glowing with satisfaction. "Rachel, have a nice chat. You never know what might happen." "Miss Leroix, you've got this... intense vibe. Really gets my attention." Quincy immediately offered her an expensive bracelet, eyeing her like she was merchandise for sale.

Despite Rachel's repeated refusals, he kept getting more aggressive, forcing the bracelet onto her wrist while his fingers "accidentally" lingered on her skin. Rachel felt sick to her stomach. She excused herself to the bathroom, splashing cold water on her face, but couldn't wash away the disgust. She was ready to reject him outright, but on her way back, Quincy cornered her. "Come on, sweetheart, let's at least grab dinner. I've gotta have something to tell my old man, you know?" He was playing innocent, but his tone was testing her boundaries. "Look, I'm not some uptight prude.

The whole prison thing? Doesn't bother me. I actually prefer women who've been around the block." The way he said it made Rachel's skin crawl. She forced herself to stay polite, just wanting this nightmare to end. Dinner was at some fancy restaurant on the top floor. Quincy's conversation got increasingly crude. "Hell of a view up here. Be a real shame to waste a night like this. Maybe we should find somewhere more... intimate." His hand suddenly clamped down on her thigh. Rachel went rigid, immediately standing to leave.

But Quincy grabbed her wrist, his nice-guy mask finally slipping to reveal his true predatory nature. "What's the attitude for? You let me wine and dine you-pretty sure we both know what that means. You think you're still some untouchable princess? Who else is gonna want a jailbird like you?" He leaned in close, his hand sliding to her waist, breath heavy with booze and something darker. "Come on, baby. You've been locked up for three years. Don't tell me you're not... hungry." Rachel gritted her teeth and smashed a wine bottle against the table edge.

A shard of glass sliced across Quincy's face, and blood immediately started trickling down. "You psycho bitch!" He lunged at her in rage. Rachel drove her knee hard into his groin and threw hot coffee in his face. While he was screaming, she bolted-through the restaurant, down the stairs, into the street, until she crashed straight into what felt like a warm wall. "Throwing yourself at me now?" Nicolas looked down at her, his tone mocking. Three years later, he was even more intimidating than she remembered, his gaze sharp as a blade. But he was standing between her and the world.

Before she could react, Nicolas had pulled her into a dark alley and pressed her against the wall. From the other direction, she could hear Quincy's furious cursing, but he had no idea she'd already escaped into a different kind of trap. Chapter 15 Nicolas looked down at her, his eyes unreadable. "So... fresh out of prison and already test-driving potential husbands?"

Chapter 16 Rachel bit her lip as Nicolas moved closer, his familiar cedar scent making her pulse race. Quincy's voice carried from somewhere nearby: "Miss Leroix? Where the hell are you?" She went rigid. Nicolas felt her tense up and smirked. "Stay put." He stepped out of the alley and cut Quincy off. "Mr. Rock. Bit late to be wandering around, don't you think?" Nicolas's voice was arctic. Quincy barely looked at him, clearly pissed. "Who are you?"

"Back off, asshole." Without missing a beat, Nicolas lit a cigarette and casually pulled out his lighter—an antique piece with blood-red rubies that caught the streetlight. Quincy's face went chalk white. That lighter had been all over the news when some mystery Rothschild billionaire dropped a fortune on it at auction. "Oh shit... Mr. Rothschild?" Quincy's voice cracked. His family had been kissing ass trying to get a meeting with Nicolas for months, and here he was bumping into him in some random back alley. "There we go." Nicolas took a slow drag. "Took you long enough." "I...

I'm just looking for my date. She bolted on me..." "Not here." Nicolas cut him off like he was swatting a fly. "Can't even handle one woman? That's embarrassing. What are you supposed to be—Rock Industries' future? Their big shot heir?" His stare could have cut glass. "If you can't manage a simple dinner date, what makes you think Rothschild would ever do business with you? Hell, you probably don't even deserve the Rock name." Quincy looked like he was about to puke. He mumbled something and practically ran away.

Follow new episodes on the

Once the coast was clear, Nicolas came back, finding Rachel still pressed against the wall. "Okay. Now we can actually talk." She was still shaking, looking like she'd seen a ghost. Nicolas stepped closer, his voice dropping low. "So let me get this straight. You call me up asking to get married, then the very next day you're out playing house with some wannabe predator." Rachel's mouth opened but nothing came out. She'd literally proposed to him last night, and today she'd almost gotten assaulted by another guy. Any explanation would just make her sound pathetic.

She looked away and tried to bolt, but he caught her wrist, gently brushing her messy hair back. "So what's it gonna be? Me or that piece of shit?" "You!" The word shot out of Rachel's mouth before she could even think. Nicolas's smile was pure satisfaction. "Good choice, Rachel." His voice was quiet but dangerous. "Remember what that makes you now. You're mine." Chapter 16 He had a car sent to take her home, watching from the shadows as she drove away. Three years ago, she'd turned down his help and chosen prison instead. He'd been furious back then. But three years later?

He'd never let her make that mistake again. The Leroix family had thrown her away like trash. Nicolas Rothschild was going to take back everything they'd stolen from Rachel and hand it right back to her. His right-hand man appeared beside him. "Want me to put a tail on her, boss?" "Nah." Nicolas looked completely unbothered. "She'll be back." "What about the Leroix family?" "Bunch of clowns." Nicolas laughed coldly, crushing his cigarette under his heel as he walked toward his Maybach. Meanwhile, Rachel stumbled back into the house.

She went straight upstairs and cranked the shower to scalding, letting the water beat down on her. She slid down the tile wall until she was sitting on the shower floor, feeling like every ounce of energy had been sucked out of her. All she could think about was Nicolas's eyes-the way he looked at her like he could see straight through to her soul. Three years, and he was exactly the same. Still terrifying, still completely in control. Thirty minutes later, Rachel finally dragged herself out and threw on some pajamas. The girl in the mirror looked like a ghost-pale, too thin, hollowed out.

She touched her own face and suddenly started laughing. The Leroix family thought they could destroy her. This time, they might be wrong. She grabbed her phone from the nightstand. One unread text from Nicolas. "Hope you meant it. No backing out now." Staring at those words, Rachel felt something fierce and reckless rise up in her chest. She sure as hell wasn't backing out.

Chapter 17 The next morning at the Leroix mansion. Joanne's phone rang at the crack of dawn-Quincy Rock, spinning his bullshit version of last night's events. He painted himself as the innocent victim while making Rachel sound like some unhinged psychopath. Joanne was frantically trying to smooth things over, practically kissing his ass. Then Quincy dropped the bomb-he'd already filed assault charges against Rachel. Joanne went white as a sheet. Before she could even try to stop him, the doorbell started ringing urgently. The cops had arrived. "Mr.

Rock, please, there must be some kind of misunderstanding..." She was still trying to explain into the phone when she realized he'd already hung up. At the police station, they took Rachel's statement and released her a few hours later. The second they got home, Joanne and Arthur laid into her about being reckless and out of control. Then they delivered the real punch-Quincy was feeling "generous" and would drop the charges if Rachel would just make nice with him and spend the night. Everything would be forgotten. "Like hell!" Rachel didn't even hesitate.

They were literally trying to pimp her out! "Mr. Rock is being more than fair!" Joanne snapped. "Do you want to go back to prison?" Arthur stood there with his arms crossed, ice-cold. "You made this mess. You deal with the consequences." That evening, Rachel was released on bail, but it was just the beginning of another "transaction." Joanne personally escorted her to the restaurant, where it was just Rachel, Quincy, and whatever sick game they had planned. "Oh, Rachel," Joanne smiled like the perfect loving mother, though her eyes were calculating. "You've always been too stubborn.

Follow new episodes on the

Women need to learn when to compromise. Mr. Rock is successful and patient-you should be grateful." Quincy put on his fake charm. "Thank you for arranging this, Mrs. Leroix." Rachel knew she was outnumbered and outgunned. Fighting would be pointless. So she played along, accepting their arrangement with fake compliance. But as they led her into the restaurant, a dangerous plan started forming in her mind. This setup looked like a trap, but maybe it was actually an opportunity. If she played this right, she could finally escape the Leroix family for good.

After dinner, Joanne gave her one last meaningful look. "You know, feelings develop over time. You two should spend some quality time together tonight." Chapter Quincy wrapped his arm around Rachel's waist, his fingers immediately starting to grope and squeeze her through her dress as he led her away. "Don't worry, Mrs. Leroix. We're gonna get real close." They drove out of the city toward the suburbs. Quincy kept one hand on the wheel while the other kept "accidentally" brushing against her thigh. His stare was getting more predatory by the minute. "Keep playing the ice queen, baby.

Once I get you alone, you're gonna be begging for it. Three years in prison... bet you're dying to get fucked properly." Just as his disgusting words hung in the air, a familiar car pulled up in the next lane-it was Jaxon!

Chapter 18 Almost at the exact same moment, Rachel was yanked violently to one side. Before she could even process what was happening, she was staring straight into Quincy's face. Then pain shot through her shoulder as his fingers dug in hard enough to bruise. They were pressed together in what looked like an intimate embrace-from the outside, anyone would think they were getting physical. The car window was completely down, putting them in full view of the Rolls-Royce in the next lane. "Oh!" Sophie was playing with her hair in the passenger seat when something caught her eye.

"Isn't that Rachel?" Jaxon looked over and sure enough, there was Rachel apparently getting cozy with some guy. "Rachel's really... bold, isn't she..." Sophie didn't finish the thought, but Jaxon's imagination was already running wild. He let out a cold laugh, his voice dripping with contempt. "What a joke. Fresh out of prison and already throwing herself at random guys. Pathetic." At the same time, Rachel was furiously trying to push Quincy away, meeting his twisted, predatory smile. "Jaxon!" Rachel screamed toward the other car. Right now, Jaxon was her only hope.

But Jaxon's gaze just swept over her dismissively, like she was beneath his notice. The second the light turned green, he floored it and sped away. "How sad. Your knight in shining armor just left you behind," Quincy sneered and gunned the engine toward a more isolated area. The moment he parked, Quincy locked the doors from the inside and turned toward her with a look that made Rachel's blood run cold. "Nobody's coming to save you now, sweetheart." He lunged at her, and Rachel felt like she was going to be sick.

Follow new episodes on the

She swung wildly with a hidden hairpin, but he grabbed her wrist and slapped her hard across the face. "Cut the act. You think you're still some precious princess? You're nothing but damaged goods." Quincy pinned her against the seat, his voice turning ugly. "Three years locked up with all those women... bet you learned some interesting tricks." Rachel tried to fight back, but he was stronger. Just as things were getting desperate-"CRASH!" The back of the car exploded in a massive impact, sending the vehicle lurching forward. Quincy lost his grip and slammed into the dashboard.

Rachel didn't waste a second-she yanked the door handle and bolted from the car. Her bare feet hit the wet pavement, sharp stones cutting into her skin, but she didn't care. She ran like her life depended on it into the dark night. Quincy tried to chase her but got cornered by the other driver. "Sir, is your car okay? I'm so sorry about the accident..." "Get lost!" Quincy snarled. By the time he broke free, Rachel had already disappeared into the storm. She ran desperately through the downpour, her torn dress clinging to her as rain mixed with tears on her face.

Suddenly her foot slipped and she crashed hard to the pavement. The pain in her knee was excruciating, making it nearly impossible to stand. That's when a pair of polished black shoes appeared in front of her. Rachel's heart sank into her stomach. Had she failed to escape after all? She slowly looked up and found herself staring into a pair of familiar dark eyes. It was Nicolas.

Chapter 19 Under the night rain, he stood holding an umbrella, his expression cold and distant as he asked quietly: "Rachel, are you planning to handle this on your own again?" Seeing it was him, Rachel felt a wave of relief wash over her-then everything went black. The next morning, Rachel woke to find Nicolas sitting beside her bed, reading through some documents. "You're awake?" Nicolas closed the file. "How are you feeling?" Rachel remembered last night and her face went pale. "Quincy..." "Already handled," Nicolas said matter-of-factly.

"He won't be bothering you again." Rachel breathed a sigh of relief, then pressed him. "He seemed pretty connected though. How did you deal with him?" Yesterday at the station, even the cops were on his side. She had to be careful. Nicolas looked at her like she'd just said something hilarious. "Connected? He's just a two-bit wannabe." "But how did you handle it?" Rachel was genuinely curious now. In all the novels she'd read, people like Nicolas-the real power players-they usually used... "Called the police." Nicolas's response was completely emotionless.

"Huh?" Rachel stared at him, confused. Wasn't there supposed to be some epic power struggle? Winner takes all? Nicolas seemed to read her mind. "We're law-abiding citizens here. Quincy's got multiple sexual assault charges on his record. With everything stacked up, he's looking at serious time." Rachel almost laughed despite everything. Guess she'd been overthinking it. "How did you know I was in trouble?" she asked. Nicolas stood and walked to the window. "I told you. You're mine." Rachel

frowned. "I don't understand..." "Miss Leroix, your arrest yesterday is trending all over social media.

Follow new episodes on the

The whole city knows about it. Not exactly hard for the boss to find out..." His assistant couldn't take it anymore and spoke up. The second he finished talking, he felt a death glare boring into him. He looked up to see Nicolas staring daggers at him. The assistant ducked his head and was about to make his escape when his phone rang. His face went serious. "Sir, the Leroix family is here." Chapter 19 Nicolas patted Rachel's hand gently. "Don't worry. I called them." The hospital room door swung open. Rachel quickly put some distance between herself and Nicolas as Arthur and Joanne walked in.

Seeing Nicolas, both of them froze. "Mr. Rothschild?" Arthur forced a smile. "What brings you here?" "Found someone on the side of the road last night. Turns out it was Miss Leroix." His tone was completely neutral. Joanne looked stunned, then burst into tears and rushed toward Rachel. "Oh honey, such a monster!" so sorry! I had no idea Quincy was Rachel calmly pulled her hand away. She was so sick of Joanne's fake maternal act. Seeing the cold reception, Joanne felt even more wounded and cried harder, just apologizing Over and over.

"I'd think the Leroix family would keep better track of their daughter. Can't have her wandering the streets at night-makes the family look bad." Nicolas's voice wasn't loud, but it carried serious weight. Joanne nodded frantically in agreement. "Mr. Leroix is a lawyer, right?" Nicolas lazily lifted his eyes to Arthur. Arthur went rigid under his stare, then heard him continue, "Perfect. You can handle this case then. I'm sure you won't let your sister down."

Chapter 20 Arthur's body went rigid, then he forced himself to relax. "Of course I won't let her down." "Rachel," Joanne tried to reach for her, "honey, just listen to Mom for a second..." Rachel pulled the blanket up to her chin and closed her eyes, shutting her out completely. Joanne could tell her daughter was done with her bullshit. She didn't push it. After Arthur mumbled a few awkward words, they both left. Rachel stayed in the hospital for one day, then discharged herself the next morning. The internet had completely flipped in her favor.

Someone had leaked Quincy's history of sexual assault, and suddenly women were coming out of the woodwork with their own horror stories about him. Quincy was facing a shitstorm of accusations. And Arthur-of all people-was her lawyer, representing her publicly. The irony was almost too much. Arthur was actually fighting for her for once in his life. That day, Rachel headed to the Rothschild estate to see Charles and officially end her engagement with Jaxon. Rachel managed a small smile, nodded, and followed the butler into the massive house toward the old man's study.

The study door was cracked open. Rachel knocked softly. Hearing her, Charles looked up and pushed his glasses down his nose. The second he saw her, he dropped his pen

and broke into a huge grin. "Rachel! Come here, sweetheart. Let me get a proper look at you." They made small talk for a bit before he steered things toward her and Jaxon. "Rachel, now that you're back, we should start planning the wedding, don't you think?" Rachel's back went stiff. She had no idea how to break this to the old man.

Follow new episodes on the

"Rachel, be honest with me-do you still care about Jaxon?" Rachel took a deep breath and looked him straight in the eye. "I'm not in love with him anymore." Outside the door, a hand that had been about to knock suddenly froze mid-air. Jaxon stood there, his face going white as a sheet. He definitely hadn't seen that coming. "Why not?" Charles's voice drifted out. "I thought you two were..." "That was before," Rachel cut him off. "I'm not the same person I was three years ago." Charles went quiet for a moment, then sighed heavily. "Is this about what happened to you?" Rachel shook her head.

"Not just that. I finally see things the way they really are." Outside, Jaxon's hands slowly curled into fists. "Charles, remember when you told me I could choose any man in the Rothschild family? Does that offer still stand?" Charles looked surprised and hesitated. "Well, yes... though Jaxon is really the only eligible bachelor in the family..." Rachel knew exactly what he was thinking. Nobody would expect her to go after Nicolas-the family's untouchable king. Right then, Jaxon knocked and walked into the study.

He'd obviously caught Rachel's little declaration and couldn't figure out who the hell else in the Rothschild family would want to marry her. Unless... was Rachel playing some twisted game? Rejecting him first, then using Charles's promise to manipulate him into proposing? It was definitely possible. Rachel had always been sneaky like that. After a few more minutes, Charles started having a coughing fit. Given his health, Rachel didn't want to overstay her welcome. When Jaxon walked her out, neither of them said a word. That never would have happened before.

Rachel used to talk his ear off every chance she got. Now she was weirdly silent. "Charles's health has been pretty rough lately. You should come by more often when you can." Jaxon tried to get a conversation going. "Okay." Jaxon waited for her to say more, but that was it. The Rothschild place was huge, and Jaxon was taking his sweet time, so it took forever to reach the front entrance. From a distance, they could see some serious luxury car pulling up to the gate, practically screaming money and power. Jaxon noticed her staring and casually explained, "That's my uncle.

He hardly ever comes around." Uncle? Jaxon's uncle... that would be... "Nicolas?" Chapter 20 "Yeah." Jaxon nodded. He had mad respect for his uncle. But there was definitely some jealousy mixed in there too. Because Nicolas was just on a completely different level. When they finally made it to the entrance, Jaxon looked at Rachel hopefully. "Hey, want to stick around for lunch?" He quickly added. "Charles would be over the moon if you stayed. He's missed you." Rachel turned to face him, but her eyes went straight past him to that luxury car.

"Sure." Jaxon didn't read into it-he was just psyched she was staying. Once they got back upstairs, Jaxon went to talk to the kitchen staff, leaving Rachel alone in the living room. Rachel sat quietly on the couch, waiting. It wasn't long before a shadow fell over her. Nicolas. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her upstairs to some private room. The next thing Rachel knew, she was pinned against the door, everything went dark, and she felt something warm and soft press against her lips.