

He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky_High - Flew Private 110[1,125 words]

Chapter 110

Sophie's fingertips dug into her palms as she stared at that business card, finding it blindingly offensive.

"Ha." Sophie suddenly let out a cold laugh, running her fingers through her hair. "Sister really is something else."

She deliberately emphasized "something else," "But Mr. Rothschild has always appreciated talented people. I'm sure he saw your... special abilities."

A subtle tension filled the office.

The implication was crystal clear—she was suggesting Rachel had used unsavory methods.

Rachel paused slightly, then laughed softly.

Special methods... she did have special methods indeed.

"That's an interesting way to put it... it reminds me of something." She looked up, meeting Sophie's gaze directly. "Last week Matt asked me why certain people's designs always carry this... streetwalker vibe."

"You!" Sophie started.

"Don't get worked up, I'm just relaying what I heard. Though," she shook her head with mock concern, "design style really does reveal a person's taste."

Amelia was practically pounding the table trying not to laugh, while Yara interrupted their sparring with seemingly innocent concern: "Speaking of which, we're leaving for Milan tomorrow. Sophie, how's your design preparation going?"

Sophie had left Stella to handle her submissions—she had no idea about the progress.

After that massive embarrassment at Mrs. Howard's party, she'd told Stella to completely overhaul everything. Who knew how that idiot had botched it.

“None of your business!”

Sophie grabbed her purse to leave, but Rachel called out sweetly as she reached the door: “Good luck! I’m really looking forward to seeing your work,”

Her smile was gentle and harmless, but Sophie felt the knife hidden behind it.

Somehow, Rachel was becoming increasingly difficult to deal with.

After Sophie left, Amelia approached Rachel: “When did Mr. Rothschild ask you to design jewelry?”

Rachel’s gaze unconsciously drifted to the business card.

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98.29%

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Nicolas had never mentioned commissioning jewelry—she’d made that up. She’d just grabbed one of his business cards from his car earlier and pocketed it, now using it perfectly to shut Sophie down.

Come to think of it, she’d never given Nicolas a proper gift.

She really should think about what to get him.

Maëlys was generous, booking business class for everyone.

Jaxon traveled with Sophie. When he saw Rachel, he seemed to want to say something but held back.

Rachel pretended not to notice, following Yara and the others to check in.

By pure coincidence, Sophie and Jaxon were seated right in front of her.

When the cabin lights dimmed, Rachel adjusted her neck pillow.

The spacious business class seats should have been comfortable, but just as she closed her eyes, Sophie's deliberately

loud giggle drifted from the front: "Jaxon, I want coffee~"

Jaxon's low response was barely audible. Rachel closed her eyes and felt around in her bag for earplugs.

Last night's scene of Nicolas pinning her against his desk was still vivid—him biting her earlobe saying "Rachel, you look so beautiful right now"—which meant this morning she'd had to wear a scarf to hide the marks covering her neck.

"Would you like a blanket?" the flight attendant asked softly, making Rachel realize she'd been unconsciously rubbing

her sore lower back.

Just as she was about to nod, the plane suddenly hit turbulence and Amelia's exaggerated shriek rang out: "Oh my! Sophie, how did you spill coffee all over the racing champion?"

Through the seat gap, Rachel glimpsed Sophie frantically dabbing at Jaxon's shirt while he frowned and tried to

dodge. She smiled silently.

Serves him right—she thought.

"Rachel." Yara noticed her drowsiness and handed her an eye mask.

"Get some sleep. We have time."

Rachel gratefully put on the mask—out of sight, out of mind.

Through the haze she heard Sophie whining again: "I'm scared of turbulence. Hold me, Jaxon."

"Sophie," Jaxon's voice was emotionless, "fasten your seatbelt."

The cabin was mostly quiet **except** for Sophie's soft chatter to Jaxon. Growing annoyed, Jaxon's voice turned cold: "Sophie, don't disturb other passengers."

14:42

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Rachel blinked under her eye mask. Apparently the racing champion's patience had limits.

She adjusted her position and fell into deeper sleep.

The landing turbulence jolted Rachel awake.

Her lashes fluttered as she emerged from dreams where she could still feel Nicolas's touch—him tormenting her thoroughly before biting her ear to ask: "Rachel, between me and Jaxon, who do you prefer?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have arrived at Milan Malpensa Airport." The announcement fully roused her.

As Rachel unbuckled her seatbelt, she caught sight of Sophie whispering something in Jaxon's ear while he nodded

slightly.

The moment the cabin doors opened, Sophie fluttered out like a butterfly on Jaxon's arm.

Rachel methodically gathered her belongings, bringing up the rear.

As soon as they emerged, the airport erupted in screams.

"It's Jaxon Rothschild!"

"Oh my God! Designer Sophie is really with the F1 champion?"

Camera flashes exploded as Sophie pressed herself against Jaxon's chest, fingers seemingly casually playing with the pendant at her throat.

The very one Jaxon had given her.

This morning she'd deliberately switched to a shorter chain, ensuring the cameras would capture this "token of love"

clearly.

“Mr. Rothschild, does your decision to personally accompany Miss Sophie to Milan mean wedding bells are near?” A reporter’s microphone nearly touched Jaxon’s chin.

Sophie immediately lowered her head shyly, cheeks flushing as she tugged gently at Jaxon’s sleeve: “Oh, don’t ask such things.”

Another female reporter immediately joined in: “Wow! Is Designer Sophie being shy? Looks like you two are really special!”

“Exactly,” a male reporter added with a grin, “Mr. Rothschild is usually so aloof on camera, but here he is personally escorting Miss Sophie to Milan. That’s VIP treatment!”

Sophie burrowed further into Jaxon’s embrace, voice sweet: “Jaxon just happened to be free...”

Jaxon maintained his signature stoic public persona, one hand in his suit pocket: “Miss Sophie and I are childhood friends. I just finished a racing season and thought I’d accompany Sophie on her trip.”

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“Ooh~” The reporters made suggestive sounds, “Is Mr. Rothschild protecting his woman?”

“Look at Designer Sophie’s blissful expression—so enviable!”

Sophie flashed a sweet smile, fingers adjusting Jaxon’s tie: “Jaxon’s just so thoughtful—he even reminded me last night

that Milan would be cold.”

Her words sparked another round of teasing: “That’s so sweet!”

“Is Mr. Rothschild really this gentle in private?”

Jaxon frowned slightly. Despite Sophie beside him, he instinctively searched for Rachel.

She was at the back of the group, talking with Yara, her beige trench coat fluttering in the wind, scarf loosely tied around her neck, revealing a stretch of pale throat.

That’s when he saw it—the telltale red mark on her neck.