

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

Chapter 111

“Holy shit! Is that Rachel Leroix?” a sharp-eyed reporter shouted.

Dozens of cameras instantly swiveled, lenses zeroing in on the telltale mark on Rachel’s neck.

Jaxon’s body went rigid.

Sophie naturally spotted the mark too, staring hard at Rachel’s throat as countless possibilities flashed through her mind—could Jaxon have secretly...

No way! He’d been with her this entire time. When would he have had a chance to see Rachel?

Rachel must have gotten desperate and hooked up with some random guy!

What a slut.

Sophie’s eyes lit up as a brilliant idea struck her.

If she could figure out who Rachel’s mystery man was, maybe she could...

“Miss Leroix!” The reporters had already turned their attention to Rachel. “Is this a new romance?”

Sophie suddenly giggled and cut in: “Oh sister, you really should be more careful about covering up at such important events.”

She pressed meaningfully closer to Jaxon: “Jaxon absolutely hates this kind of trashy behavior, don’t you?”

But Jaxon seemed completely deaf to her words, his gaze locked entirely on Rachel.

That mark's color was clearly fresh—less than 24 hours old.

Who the hell had she been with last night?

“Mr. Rothschild?” A reporter caught his obvious distraction. “You seem very interested in Miss Leroix’s personal life?”

Sophie’s face went chalk white hearing that.

She looked up at Jaxon to find his eyes glued to Rachel, not even bothering with basic PR control.

Rachel reflexively tugged at her scarf.

“Jaxon?” Sophie called his name, nails nearly drawing blood from his arm.

Rachel retied her scarf properly and looked up with a composed smile: “I’d suggest everyone focus more on our work

instead.”

14:43

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99.1%

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“As for romance...” Her gaze drifted casually past the frozen Jaxon. “A designer’s greatest love affair is always with

their next creation.”

“Everyone,” Yara’s voice carried its usual calm as she helped adjust Rachel’s coat collar, perfectly concealing her neck. “We just finished revising designs on the plane and need to get to the venue ASAP.”

She smiled while gently pushing away the reporters' microphones: "As for personal stuff..."

She shot a pointed look toward Sophie: "I think you'd all be way more interested in Mr. Rothschild's rumored relationships?"

The reporters laughed and turned their cameras back toward the racing champion and his companion.

Sophie's expression darkened—Yara was basically implying her relationship was all publicity!

But Jaxon still stared fixedly at Rachel, his throat working.

"Jaxon?" Sophie called again, tugging his sleeve, only to feel his muscles coiled tight as steel.

Rachel had already efficiently belted her coat, shooting Yara a grateful glance.

While the reporters mobbed Sophie, the group escaped the airport.

The hotel had been booked in advance. Rachel took her key card up to her room.

The card beeped and the door opened.

Immediately, someone yanked her inside.

"What the—"

Before she could finish, lips crashed into hers, swallowing her words completely.

Rachel's back slammed against the door as familiar cedar scent surrounded her.

In the darkness, Nicolas's burning hand locked around her wrist while the other cushioned her head, his mouth claiming hers with punishing intensity,

"Mmph... Nicolas?!" She twisted away, the scarf slipping to reveal the fading marks on her throat. "When did you even get here?"

Everything had happened so fast she was still spinning.

“Oh, just two hours before you landed.”

Rachel’s eyes went wide. So he’d been lurking in her room this whole time?

“Was gonna surprise you, but then you had to cause a whole scene at the airport.”

14:43

He Stole My Ticket. I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky-High

99.4%

Chapter 111

Rachel knew exactly what he meant. She instinctively reached for her phone to check if she was trending.

“Relax, I had people handling it. There’s zero online chatter about you.”

Nicolas showed her his phone. Sure enough, #SophieJaxonEngagement dominated trending while Rachel’s name was

nowhere to be found.

He chuckled darkly, fingertip finding that mark and pressing down: “What, putting on a show for Jaxon?”

Rachel’s breath hitched as she realized what he meant.

Her face burned red and she tried to knee him, but he pinned her against the wall, his thigh forcing between her legs.

“I wasn’t-” Her protest died as Nicolas silenced her again.

When he finally pulled back, he trailed down to her collarbone, breath hot against her skin as his hands slipped under

her shirt.

Despite his wandering touch, his voice carried pure accusation: "All over me last night, then you see your ex today and ghost my calls."

"My phone was dead..."

She'd slept the entire flight and hadn't checked messages after landing, planning to text him from the hotel. Instead,

this maniac had been camping in her room!

Footsteps suddenly echoed outside, Sophie's sugary voice approaching: "Jaxon, I think my key card died..."

Rachel tensed, but Nicolas wickedly bit down on a fresh spot: "Scared?"

He deliberately raised his voice: "Want my nephew to hear how the woman he's obsessed with sounds when she's

underneath me..."

She frantically slapped a hand over his mouth, jerking back when he licked her palm.

Nicolas seized the moment to tear open her shirt collar, marking over the existing bruises.

"Nicolas!" Rachel was mortified. "I have the exhibition tomorrow!"

"Even better," Nicolas swept her up and dumped her on the bed, slowly loosening his tie. "Keep all the vultures away from my Kate."

Before Rachel could resist, Nicolas had already yanked off his tie, binding her wrists with practiced efficiency. He loomed over her, eyes dark with intent.

Outside, Sophie's voice grew closer: "Jaxon, I think I hear noise from Rachel's room..."