

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

Chapter 3 The dial tone buzzed and I finally dropped the fake act. The next two days were dead quiet. Aaron didn't call again, just shot me a couple reminder texts about those library seats like he was terrified I'd somehow mess up and ruin Sophia's precious study plans. Meanwhile, Sophia posted on Instagram - a picture from that trendy downtown café I'd been telling Aaron I wanted to try. Her caption: "Feels like all my hard work goes nowhere... totally hitting rock bottom rn?"

thankful for someone who's been there through it all, hoping we can get away together over break" Aaron's comment was right there for everyone to see: "gonna spoil you with all the best food over break?" A neat little row of likes and sympathy comments from mutual friends. I scrolled right past without even tapping to see the full photo. The day before break started, someone knocked on my dorm door. I opened it to find Aaron and Sophia standing there. Sophia immediately flashed me this apologetic smile: "Rachel!

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Hope we're not bothering you?" Aaron was already looking past me into my room, his eyes zeroing in on my carry-on sitting next to my bed. His brow furrowed slightly. H "What's up?" I stayed in the doorway, clearly not inviting them in. 金钱多 "Oh, nothing major," Aaron said casually. "Sophia wants to get to the station early tomorrow, so I'm helping her pack. Figured we'd swing by and check on you." (wiB0""", His gaze drifted back to my suitcase with this scrutinizing look: "You... manage to get a ticket? Standing room?

Same train as us?" DEST F O Sophia blinked at me with fake concern: "It would be so great if you're on our train! That way we can look out for each other, help with bags and stuff..." Looking at her phony expression, I said slowly: "I buy a ticket." They both froze. Sophia recovered first, her voice carrying the smugness: "Oh no! No ticket? Rachel, how are you getting home? Are even the standing room is gone? Oh my gosh, what are you gonna do?" Aaron's face darkened. "Rachel, what the hell have you been doing these past two days? I told you to get on booking something.

Now you're telling me you have nothing? What, you planning to walk home?" Watching them play good cop, bad cop, I had to fight back a smirk. Chapter 3 "I have my way to get home," I said flatly. "How exactly?" Aaron's voice was getting sharp and impatient. "Still acting tough when you're completely screwed! I knew you were unreliable - can't handle anything properly.

And now you're probably gonna blame me again, make it all about how I..." Aaron, don't be so hard on Rachel." Sophia gently tugged on Aaron's sleeve, then turned to me: "Rachel, if you're really stuck, my roommate has this apartment off-campus. I could get you the keys..." She pulled out her phone, tapped around, then held the screen toward me. The photo showed some dingy studio apartment - water stains on the ceiling, pizza boxes and energy drink cans everywhere, this wobbly IKEA desk covered in moldy coffee mugs and textbooks. I stared at that disaster of an apartment photo.

"No thanks." I turned them down again, glancing between the two of them with the tiniest smile. "My ride's actually gonna be way faster than your train."

Chapter 4 Aaron clearly wasn't buying it - he thought I was just being stubborn and trying to save face. He waved me off with this dismissive look: "Fine, whatever! Do whatever you want. Just don't blame me when you're stuck here!" "Sophia and I are catching the early train tomorrow. Don't forget about those library seats!" With that, he grabbed Sophia's hand and they walked off. The morning everyone was leaving campus, the weather was actually gorgeous. I was wheeling my carry-on out of the dorm when I heard the two voices I least wanted to hear right now. "Rachel!

You're still leaving even without a ticket?" Sophia hurried over, her eyes full of fake curiosity: "Did you... find somewhere to crash?" Aaron was also frowning at me with that look like I was some irresponsible kid causing everyone problems: "I thought you said you didn't get a ticket? Where exactly are you going with that suitcase? Please don't tell me you're taking some gross Greyhound buses..." His voice was dripping with disgust. "Those things are cramped and gross, packed with sketchy people. My roommate took one once and came back reeking like cheap diesel and BO.

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Made me nauseous just being near him." He actually stepped back from me, arms crossed, like I was already contaminated. "If you're gonna ride one of those things, don't even think about hanging out with us for a while. That's embarrassing." Like I was doing something that would humiliate him by association. "Aaron, don't be so mean... Rachel's obviously desperate." Sophia turned to me with a patronizing, fake-concerned look: "That little apartment I mentioned earlier - yeah, it's tiny and kind of run-down, but it's somewhere to stay temporarily... I can give you the key right now.

Has to beat riding some disgusting bus." She was talking like I was some homeless person who should be grateful for her scraps. Aaron nodded approvingly: "See how thoughtful Sophia is? Stop being so stubborn and ungrateful." "Just take the key and crash there. It's way better than you wandering around aimlessly. Plus it'll be convenient for you to get to the library and save our spots." Watching their little tag-team act, any last shred of hope I had for Aaron just died. I forced a smile: "Thanks, but I'm good.

I've got somewhere to go." "Somewhere to go?" Aaron's eyebrows shot up- totally skeptical: "Where could you possibly go? You don't know anyone here." "Home," I said calmly. "Home?" Aaron looked like he'd heard the funniest joke ever. "How are you getting home without a ticket? You gonna fly there?!" He meant it as some sarcastic burn. But I nodded seriously: "Yeah, actually. Private jet." The air went completely still. Sophia's fake-sweet expression froze on her face like someone had hit pause. Aaron was totally stunned, and after a few seconds of processing, his face turned red with rage.

"Rachel!" Th * Preday "Are you out of your freaking mind?! Private jet? Why don't you just say you're taking a rocket ship!" "Look, if you couldn't get a ticket, fine. But making up ridiculous lies to look cool? That's just pathetic!" 1142 Sophia snapped back to reality and gently touched Aaron's arm, her voice all soft and fake-sweet: "Aaron, don't get so upset... Rachel's probably just... really stressed and saying crazy stuff... we should try to understand..." Aaron's eyes were full of disappointment and disgust: "Understand?"

For what?" "Rachel, I never knew you were this fake and delusional!" x "Private jet? Seriously? Do you have any idea what that costs? You even had to stay up three nights straight just to get regular train tickets!" Looking at his furious face and Sophia's barely hidden glee, I suddenly felt completely over this whole ridiculous situation. Arguing with them was like talking to a brick wall. I was done trying to explain anything. "Whether it's BS or not, you're about to see.

" Chapter 5 I left their oh-so-dramatic faces behind and headed calmly toward the temporary passage at the east gate. Sure enough, the east gate area had been cleared out with temporary barriers. A seriously expensive-looking private jet sat there quietly. I wheeled my suitcase toward the boarding stairs, taking my time. Captain Logan jogged over to meet me, giving a slight bow with the utmost respect: "Ms. Leroix, everything's ready for departure. Mr. Leroix specifically asked me to make sure you get some rest on the flight." I nodded: "Thanks, Captain Logan.

I appreciate it." Every single word of our exchange carried right back to those two behind me. Aaron's face wasn't just pale anymore - it was the sickly pale color of someone whose entire worldview had just been shattered. His mouth was hanging open, eyes bulging like he was seeing me for the first time. Sophia was even more priceless - that carefully made-up face showed nothing but raw shock and twisted jealousy. She stared at the jet, then at me, her fingers unconsciously clutching at the corner of her expensive coat. "Rachel! What...

what the hell is going on?" Aaron finally found his voice, though it was shaking. He lurched forward a few steps, almost running into the barrier tape. "That plane... they called you Ms. Leroix? Who... who the hell are you?" He was completely losing it, with too many questions to know where to start. I looked down at him, taking in that

ridiculous panic and disbelief all over his face. Just a few minutes ago, he'd been standing there lecturing me about being delusional and making up stories.. And now?

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"It's exactly what you're seeing." My voice was completely flat: "As for who I am- you don't deserve to know." I looked calmly at his face and said quietly: "Oh, and FYI - that scholarship you've been cashing for the past three years? The David Leroix Merit Grant? Yeah, that's done. Effective today." Aaron went completely rigid. He looked like he'd been struck by lightning, frozen solid. "You can't do that! What gives you the right?! That's from Leroix Corporation - you're nobody!

You're just some random Chapter S student playing pretend!" Sophia had one hand clamped over her mouth, the other gripping Aaron's arm.. "That's impossible... you couldn't possibly have that kind of power..." They obviously thought my announcement was some pathetic threat or completely delusional rambling. I didn't spare them another glance. Just turned around and boarded the plane. Everything on the ground quickly shrank away until it disappeared completely. I pulled out my phone and texted Dad: "Dad, took off safely." Almost instantly, his satellite phone was ringing.

"Rachel." Dad's voice came through crystal clear. "I already had my assistant handle the scholarship situation." "Also." He paused, his tone taking on that edge that meant business. "Stay away from people like that boy - manipulative, classless, and dumb enough to panic-call my office demanding explanations when things don't go their way." "He's not worth your time." Aaron had actually panicked and called Dad's office. Too bad all he would've gotten was some corporate runaround and probably a warning about overstepping boundaries. "Got it. Thanks, Dad."