

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

Chapter 31 Chapter 31 Rachel slept deeply after the emotional turmoil, exhausted from the day's confrontations. When she woke the next morning, she found Nicolas had left Matt to protect her-a gesture that touched her more than she expected. She sat by the window watching a father and daughter playing in the hospital garden, remembering happier times when David had lifted her to pick magnolia blossoms at age eight. 'Miss Leroix, Mrs. Leroix is here,' Matt announced. 'Tell her I'm not feeling well,' Rachel replied without hesitation.

But Joanne had already pushed through the door, wearing an elegant cream-colored cashmere sweater with the pearl brooch Rachel had once given her, carrying a thermos of homemade chicken soup. Rachel... I made your favorite chicken noodle soup," Joanne said, tears already forming. The steam rising from the bowl triggered a memory-at fourteen, during her first period, Joanne had held her through the pain, making her hot chocolate with marshmallows and singing soft lullabies all night. But that was the past. Now Rachel couldn't trust any sudden kindness.

Just leave it there." You used to love when I added honey because you hated the salty taste," Rachel said flatly. Joanne's hands shook as she fumbled for the honey she'd brought. "I remembered! It's right here!" "No need. You always said I needed to toughen up and eat what was given to me. Funny how you're weening things now." Joanne broke down, kneeling beside the bed in her designer jeans. "Rachel, why must you be so harsh? I know you don't like Sophie, but she's orphaned!

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Without our protection, how would she survive?" Rachel jerked her hand away, remembering how Sophie had once made her a strawberry cake knowing she was allergic, and how Joanne had called Rachel "trouble" when she broke out in hives, Joanne produced a jewelry box containing Rachel's missing pearl earring-a family heirloom their grandmother had left her. Rachel took back what was rightfully hers without ceremony. When Joanne tried to brush her hair like old times," Rachel stepped away.

"I learned to do my own hair a 16.12 He Stole My Ticket, 1 Fiew Private Revenge Served sky-High- 27.09 Chapter 31 long time ago." Through 1,095 nights in prison, braiding wet hair after being dunked in cold water. Joanne desperately pulled down her sweater collar, exposing an old burn scar. "Look! You gave me this when you were three spilling hot coffee! I never blamed you!" "Playing the guilt card won't work here."

"What will it take for you to forgive us? You've already torn this family apart!" Rachel's laugh was bitter and long. "You should go check on Sophie.

I heard she's having a breakdown upstairs." Joanne rushed out in panic, dropping her pill bottle. Rachel noticed the label: Fluoxetine. Antidepressants. This whole tearful performance was drug-induced. Seconds later, Joanne collided with Sophie and Arthur in the hallway-Sophie looking perfectly healthy in her designer hospital gown. Sophie immediately played victim: "Mom, did sister make you cry again? It's all my fault!" Arthur exploded. "Rachel! What did you do to Mom now?" When Matt emerged first, Arthur's rage faltered. Then Rachel appeared. "Keep your voice down.

This is a hospital, not a bar fight," Rachel said calmly. Sophie continued her act: "Sister, I'll do anything if you'll forgive Mom!" Arthur declared Rachel was just jealous, which she found laughable. "You never gave a damn about my suffering, but the moment someone whispers poison in your ear, you come after me." "I bullied Mom? Who just tricked her into running off like a crazy person?" Rachel shot back. Sophie claimed she'd been punished with "hours of timeout," but Matt stepped forward with his professional smile.

I happened to notice Sophie leaving the hospital last night and returning this morning..." Sophie panicked while Arthur demanded proof. "You're making shit up!" "Actually, the burden of proof is on you," Matt replied smoothly. Arthur was confident in Sophie's innocence. "Tine! Let's check the nursing records and clear her name completely." "Don't worry, Sophie. We'll ask about the room checks and get you justice." 16:12 He Stole My Ticket. I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 27.5%

Chapter 32 Chapter 32 "Don't worry, Sophie. I'll definitely get you justice!" Arthur declared confidently. He was certain Matt was lying. Just then, a young nurse hurried over from around the corner. "Hey, are you Sophie? I've been looking everywhere for you. You weren't in your room during rounds-what are you doing here?" She was carrying a stack of medical charts, flipping through Sophie's file. "Your family is so irresponsible, taking you out last night without permission." Arthur froze. "Last night? I didn't take her anywhere." He looked at Sophie, who couldn't meet his eyes.

The nurse continued matter-of-factly: ", your family member took the patient out, told the night staff not to worry and promised she'd be back by morning." She pointed down the hall. "You can check the security footage. The person was wearing a dark gray striped suit." Arthur's confidence wavered as he looked at Sophie again, uncertainty creeping into his voice. "Sophie, last night you..." "Sophie was in her room all night!" Joanne suddenly shrieked. "I fed her dinner myself! I slept right there with her!" "Is this yours?" Matt held up a small pill bottle. "Found in Sophie's room.

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The dinner plates tested positive for sleeping medication-probably from this bottle. Mrs. Leroix, maybe you should think harder about how you slept so deeply?" Joanne's face

went pale as she remembered the unusual drowsiness after dinner and sleeping more soundly than she had in years. Faced with overwhelming evidence, Arthur finally began to doubt Sophie. Sophie's face flushed red and white as she was exposed. "I... I just wanted some fresh air... This place is so suffocating... I didn't want to be confined..." Arthur's hand froze mid-air.

Sophie's flushed face reminded him of six-year-old Rachel stealing ice cream and staining her dress, tugging his sleeve: "Big brother, I know I was wrong..." The memory overlapped painfully with the present as Sophie sobbed into his chest, her citrus perfume 16:12 He Stole My Ticket I Flow Private: Revenge Served Sky-High 27.99% Chapter 32 mixed with unfamiliar tobacco scents. "Did getting fresh air require bypassing three electronic security doors?" Matt asked innocently. Rachel had been watching this charade too long.

She knew Matt was lying about "coincidentally" seeing Sophie-he'd obviously been tracking her. ", and you just happened to see her wearing a man's jacket?" Matt continued. Rachel lifted a strand of Sophie's hair, noting the mix of perfumes that reeked of nightclub. "Your perfume certainly gets stronger at night, sister." Arthur finally noticed the smell-and the bite marks on Sophie's collarbone. Despite all the evidence, when Sophie reminded him of his birthday promise to "protect her forever," Arthur melted. "Fine. Don't do it again," he said, pulling her into his arms.

Rachel watched Sophie's triumphant smile as she nestled against Arthur's neck, asking for homemade pasta with soft-boiled eggs. After they left, Matt looked at Rachel sympathetically, but she cut him off. She didn't need pity-she needed a capable partner. Rachel recalled Sophie's diamond earrings, specifically the "MC" letters engraved on them. The mark of Moonlight Club's VIP membership. "Did you follow Sophie last night?" "Of course not! Pure coincidence," Matt insisted. Rachel didn't push it.

"Look into where she went, especially Moonlight Club." Matt studied her with new respect, finally understanding why Nicolas was so drawn to this woman. She wasn't the fragile victim he'd imagined-she was a strategist. 28.4

Chapter 33 Sophie discharged herself from the hospital against Arthur's protests, claiming she couldn't miss any more work. Her forehead had mostly healed thanks to expensive imported medication Arthur had procured for her. Free from hospital restrictions, Sophie headed straight to Moonlight Club, throwing her designer bag onto the leather couch with obvious frustration. "Your grandfather's still laid up in the hospital?" A woman with platinum blonde waves lounged beside her, deliberately blowing cigarette smoke in Sophie's direction. "Yvonne, seriously?

Do you have to smoke right in my face?" Sophie snapped. Yvonne Jones gave her a pouty look. "When you need me, I'm 'babe.' When you're done with me, you want me to fuck off." Sophie grabbed Yvonne's cigarette and took a drag. "Your brilliant plan with Anita at the gala was a total disaster. Look what it got me." She gestured at her healing bruise. "Aw, honey, did your sweet sister give you that shiner?" Yvonne examined the

mark with mock sympathy. Sophie downed her drink in one gulp. "I had no idea Rachel had so much backup.

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Not just old man Donald, but Charles Rothschild is in her corner too!" "Relax, babe. There are always... other options," Yvonne said, her smile turning predatory. She crushed out her cigarette and leaned in close. "What if the old man had some kind of tragic accident? Then nobody could protect little Rachel anymore. You could do whatever the hell you wanted with her." Sophie's glass trembled in her hands, caught between terror and excitement. "Are you... are you actually serious right now?" "Think about it, sweetie. Once he's out of the picture, Rachel's got nothing-no power, no protection.

We just need to be smart about it. Power failures, equipment malfunctions... accidents happen all the time." Meanwhile, Rachel had been recovering at the hospital for several days. Nicolas refused to let her leave, insisting the hospital was the only place he could guarantee her safety. She appreciated the rare moments of peace. Matt had tracked down Sophie's nightclub activities and identified Yvonne from security footage, though Rachel didn't recognize the woman.

16:12 50004 Chapter 33 When a nurse announced that Donald had woken up, Rachel jumped to her feet too quickly and felt lightheaded. Matt immediately insisted on wheeling her to the room. Outside Donald's door, she encountered an unwelcome scene. "Oh, sister! Here to see Grandpa too?" Sophie's syrupy voice pierced the quiet. Sophie was draped all over Jaxon's arm, wearing a flowing designer dress. Jaxon, still in his racing suit from whatever event he'd just left, was gently brushing hair from her face with a tenderness Rachel had never seen directed at herself.

Rachel felt a bitter pang, realizing all her years of pursuing him meant nothing compared to Sophie's three years. "We just bumped into each other," Sophie lied smoothly, pressing closer to Jaxon. Rachel didn't bother exposing the obvious lie. Sophie launched into another performance about how Rachel was jealous and possessive over Jaxon, who "didn't belong to anyone." 11 "Sophie's got a point, Rachel," Jaxon said, completely missing the manipulation. "I really hope you can get over whatever issues you have with her. She's an amazing person." "Not happening," Rachel replied firmly.

"Some things can't be forgiven. Ever." "Sophie's been through hell. Do you really need to be such a bitch to her?" Jaxon snapped. "What, did the racing champion become a babysitter?" Rachel shot back, maneuvering her wheelchair toward the door. "Grandpa needs his rest. Maybe don't bother him unless it's actually important." She entered the room where Donald waited with outstretched arms, "Rachel, sweetheart, come here. Everyone else-get lost."

Chapter 34 Matt escorted Rachel to the door before stepping out, carefully closing it behind him to ensure complete privacy from the outside world. Rachel rose from her wheelchair and walked to the hospital bed, gazing at her grandfather's frail form. Suppressing the ache in her chest, she called softly, "Grandpa, I'm here to see you." Her voice carried a barely perceptible tremor. Donald's eyes fluttered open, his clouded gaze brightening momentarily upon seeing her. He raised a weak hand, beckoning her closer. Rachel hurried forward, grasping his skeletal fingers.

"How are you feeling, Grandpa?" Donald managed only a soft hum, his eyes never leaving her face, as if holding a thousand unspoken words. Seeing his struggle to speak, Rachel's eyes welled up. She settled gently on the bedside, tucking his blanket with her free hand. "Don't worry about anything, Grandpa. Just focus on getting better. Everything at home is fine." She knew that what troubled him most during his illness was the family chaos-especially her situation. Donald's lips moved slightly, a faint wheeze escaping his throat before he managed to whisper, "Rachel...

you've suffered so much..." His weak voice struck straight to her heart. Her nose stung as tears threatened to spill, and she shook her head desperately. "No, Grandpa, I'm not suffering. Please don't say that." Donald's clouded eyes filled with tenderness. Gathering what seemed like all his remaining strength, he gripped Rachel's hand tighter, speaking in broken fragments: "Grandpa... knows everything... all these years... you've been treated... unfairly..." Each word hammered against Rachel's heart.

Years of family coldness and misunderstanding flooded back, but seeing his weakness, she could only hold back her tears, choking out comfort: "That's all in the past, Grandpa. Don't bring it up anymore, Get well soon-our whole family is waiting for you to come home." Rachel broke down crying. Donald's trembling hand reached up to wipe her tears. "Don't cry, sweetheart... From now on, whatever you want to do, go ahead and do it. Grandpa will always support you." 16:13 He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky-High 29.7% Chapter 34 Rachel hadn't expected these to be his words.

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He knew. He knew everything. He knew she resented Sophie, and the whole Leroix family even more. He also knew she wanted revenge against them. But Grandpa said nothing about that-only told her to follow her heart. After talking quietly for fifteen minutes, Rachel prepared to leave, waiting until he fell asleep before feeling comfortable enough to go. Outside, Jaxon and Sophie still stood in the same spot, shooting hostile glances at Matt in the corner. Matt remained motionless like a statue, seemingly oblivious to their stares.

When Jaxon saw Rachel emerge looking dazed, with traces of recent tears, his heart suddenly tightened. He couldn't understand why Rachel's emotional state affected him so much-seeing her distressed created an inexplicable heaviness in his chest. Sophie noticed Jaxon's distraction and clenched her teeth, deliberately raising her voice: "Grandpa, you need to get better quickly! Our whole family is counting on you to keep

everything together!" Her loud voice snapped Rachel back to reality, and she glared at Sophie. Sophie shrank back as if frightened. Their commotion caught Jaxon's attention.

Seeing Sophie cower, he moved to shield her protectively. Their intimate gesture was a sharp stab to Rachel's eyes. Just then, Sophie's phone chimed with a notification. A message from Yvonne appeared on screen. Sophie glanced at it quickly before darkening the screen—even Jaxon, standing closest to her, couldn't make out the content, Yvonne was calling her out to discuss "the grandfather situation!" Back at the club, Sophie had been ready to take drastic action, and Yvonne had eagerly agreed to help. Sophie hadn't expected her to move so quickly—wanting to act today.

Sophie bit her lip, torn between this "important matter" and staying with Jaxon. "Jaxon, something came up at the studio. I need to go handle it." 16:13 He Stole My Ticket. I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 30.09% Chapter 34 "Sure." Jaxon nodded. She smiled softly, reluctantly releasing his arm. "I'm sorry, Jaxon. I really wanted us to visit Grandpa together today, but he won't even see us..." Her voice was full of grievance, enough to make even Rachel feel sorry for her. Rachel finally understood why Sophie was so appealing. She was an excellent actress. "It's fine.

We shouldn't disturb him too much anyway. We'll come back in a few days." After more tender exchanges, Sophie finally left reluctantly. Once Sophie completely disappeared from view, Jaxon finally gave Rachel his full attention, though his gaze held no ulterior motives. "Rachel, we need to talk." Rachel felt there was nothing to discuss and was about to have Matt escort him away, but Jaxon insisted. "Fine." She stopped Matt, signaling him not to follow. They walked alone for a long time, Rachel keeping her head down, following behind him at a measured distance, saying nothing.

Jaxon suddenly felt irritated and stopped abruptly. Rachel, unprepared for his sudden halt, bumped straight into his back. Rubbing her sore nose, Rachel looked at him strangely. Jaxon took a deep breath, turned around with obvious annoyance, and looked down at her. "Don't you have anything to say to me?" Rachel stared at him blankly. He was the one who wanted to talk, so why was he expecting her to start? Seeing her continued silence, Jaxon grew even more frustrated. They stood in this standoff for about three minutes before Jaxon gave in first.

He wanted to discuss their relationship but didn't know where to begin. Rachel's distant expression always made him want to pry her mouth open. Hadn't she been the most talkative before? Why was she acting like a mute now? 16:13 30.29 Chapter 34 Finally, he sighed and moved to embrace her. "Rachel..." But just as he opened his arms, she stepped back, leaving him grasping at air. "Keep your hands to yourself, Jaxon." Rachel frowned at him, completely puzzled by his intentions. First embracing Sophie, now trying to embrace her? Was he insane?

However, neither of them realized that someone upstairs was recording their every move. Meanwhile, Nicolas was in the middle of a board meeting when his phone

suddenly buzzed with a video, followed by a message: [Boss, your girl's about to elope with your race car driver nephew!] Chapter 33

Chapter 35 Outside the conference room's floor-to-ceiling windows, the sky was bright and clear, but inside, the atmosphere was suffocating. The projector cast blue shadows across Nicolas's brow as his phone buzzed twice-unmistakably loud in the silent boardroom. Everyone watched their CEO's expression suddenly freeze. Nicolas's eyes flickered as he watched the distant video of two figures walking alone in the hospital garden. His gaze fixed on Matt's provocative message: [Boss, your girl's about to elope with your race car driver nephew!] The message felt like a punch to his gut.

His Rachel, walking alone with that pretty boy actor. His grip on the phone tightened until his knuckles went white. He slammed his phone face-down on the table. "Meeting's over." He strode out, loosening his tie with barely controlled fury. Despite being outdoors, the smell of disinfectant still lingered. Rachel used to hate that smell, but after Nicolas forced her to stay here so long, she'd grown immune to it. "Rachel..." Jaxon caught her wrist, his warmth seeping into her skin. Rachel stiffened. He was calling her so tenderly again.

"I know you're upset, but whatever it is, we can face it together. Our marriage is still valid." His voice carried that distinctive magnetism. Despite her coldness, Rachel couldn't help but feel a flutter. She pulled her wrist from his grasp. "Jaxon, I stopped loving you long ago. I want to marry someone else." "We could move up our wedding. With Grandpa's poor health, he'd want to see you happy." "No." Her mouth responded faster than her brain. "You and Sophie are perfect for each other." Jaxon stared at her calm, emotionless eyes and suddenly panicked.

That girl who used to look at him with such devotion was gone. 16:13 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky-High 30.69 Chapter 35 He grabbed her shoulders, pulling her behind some decorative rocks. "You were the one who said you loved me!" "You've been acting too long-you're mixing up your scripts," she said coldly. When footsteps approached, Rachel bit down on the soft flesh between his thumb and forefinger. The taste of blood filled the air as Jaxon's grip loosened from the pain. She ducked low and slipped away, running off without looking back.

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Upstairs, Matt quickly reported to Nicolas: 【Boss, she didn't abandon you! She ditched the pretty boy and ran!】 Nicolas's heart pounded as he read the message. The jealousy that had been eating at him since seeing that video finally eased. His foot pressed harder on the accelerator, the engine roaring as he sped toward the hospital. 【Still at the hospital!】 Matt added. Nicolas took the hospital parking garage's turns on two wheels, his expensive car screeching to a halt. He was out and moving before the engine fully stopped. When Nicolas burst through the door, Rachel was alone in her room.

Seeing who it was, her eyes lit up with joy. "How did you-" Before she could finish, Nicolas had her cornered against the wall, her wrists pinned above her head. His eyes were bloodshot, filled with raw possessive desire. "What did you say to Jaxon?" Rachel's pulse quickened at his proximity. "Matt told you?" "I saw the video." His voice was dangerously low, still breathless from his rush here. "You let him touch you." "He grabbed my wrist," she said, then tilted her head with a mischievous smile. "Are you... jealous?" Nicolas's jaw clenched. "We're getting married.

Tomorrow." Rachel's eyes widened at his sudden declaration, then she laughed softly. "Someone's territorial." "Don't test me, Rachel." His grip on her wrists tightened as he pressed closer, his body trapping her completely against the wall. "You're mine." 16:13
□ He Stole My Ticket. I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 30.9% Chapter 35 The possessive edge in his voice sent heat spiraling through her. "Prove it," she whispered, her breath ghosting across his lips. Something snapped in Nicolas's control. His mouth crashed against hers, hungry and demanding.

Rachel melted into him, her body arching as his hands roamed possessively down her sides. "You drive me insane," he growled against her neck, his teeth grazing her sensitive skin. "Watching him touch you..." Rachel's fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer. "I only want you touching me." He lifted her easily, carrying her to the bed where he laid her down with surprising gentleness despite the ire in his eyes.

His hands traced her curves as his mouth found hers again, deeper this time, more desperate 'Nicolas...' she breathed as he kissed along her collarbone, his hand sliding under her shirt. Her soft moan nearly undid him completely. But as his hand moved to her bandaged side, he suddenly tilled, remembering her injuries. With tremendous effort, he pulled back, his breathing ragged. Not here. Not while you're hurt." His voice was rough with barely contained desire. Rachel's eyes were dark with want. "I'm fine-" No." He stood abruptly, running his hands through his disheveled hair.

"The moment you're discharged, we're getting that certificate. And then..." His eyes burned into hers with dark promise. "I'm taking you home and keeping you in my bed for days until you forget anyone else exists. Until you can't even remember Jaxon's name." The heated promise in his voice made Rachel's breath catch, her body still thrumming with unfulfilled desire. 'Don't even think about him again," he warned, his possessiveness barely contained. "You're mine, Rachel.

Only mine." With that heated declaration, he forced himself to leave before his control shattered completely, leaving Rachel breathless and aching on the hospital bed.

Chapter 36 Chapter 36 Moonlight was fragmented by clouds as Sophie wrapped herself tightly in layers. She moved through the stairwell, pausing for three seconds at a surveillance blind spot. Donald's room was filled with calming lavender scent mixed with the steady beeping of medical equipment. Sophie placed chamomile tea laced with digitalis on the bedside table, her long nails tapping against the porcelain rim. 'Grandpa,

Rachel asked me to bring your evening tea." Donald's clouded pupils suddenly contracted, his skeletal fingers clutching the silk bedding.

He recognized the gold-rimmed design-Rachel had handcrafted this cup at sixteen in a pottery class. But Sophie had coated it with transparent film, wearing gloves to avoid leaving fingerprints on Rachel's cup. 'Beep-" The heart monitor suddenly shrieked. 'Such a shame I didn't manage to kill you with shock last time." Donald already guessed what she intended to do, struggling to sit up, but Sophie easily restrained him. "Still won't die, you old fool?" Sophie leaned down, pressing his struggling hands as her jade bracelet pressed against the age spots on his wrist.

"Don't you love Rachel the most? Then dying for her should be quite fulfilling." Her fingertip traced the breathing tube as she spoke softly, "This is a new type of coagulant. The coroner will think it's post-surgical complications." The pale moonlight cast an eerie glow on Sophie's face, making her look sinister. Her jade bracelet clinked against the oxygen mask as she lifted the cup to Donald's cracked lips. "Your heart rate hit 130," she said, fingertip tracing the heart monitor, madness gleaming in her eyes.

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"Three years ago when I first poisoned your evening tea, it only reached 128," Donald's skeletal hands showed bulging veins as his labored breathing fogged the oxygen mask white. Three years ago! Donald suddenly realized that during that period three years ago when he'd felt terribly unwell, he'd attributed it to aging and declining bodily functions. Apparently, that wasn't the case at all! Sophie used her gloved finger to seal his nostril while forcing the liquid from the cup into his mouth with her other hand. "Don't rush now.

Once this medicine blocks your pulmonary vessels through your 16:13 He Stole My Ticket L Blow Private Revenge Served Sky High 31.59 Chapter 36 respiratory tract, the real show will begin." She leaned close to the old man's ear. "Without you in the way, let's see what Rachel can be arrogant about!" The monitor's curves fluctuated wildly as the alarm sounds were cut off by the pre-disconnected power source. Sophie admired the blood vessels bursting in the old man's pupils, laughing with satisfaction. "Once you're dead, I'll crush Rachel completely under my feet.

No one in the Leroix family cares about her-she'll be abandoned again! Don't worry, I'll make sure to send her to join you quickly. Then I'll be the only heiress of the New York Leroix family!" Donald used his last bit of strength to lift his hand, but Sophie easily pressed it down. She didn't look at him again as she stood to leave. Before Donald's consciousness completely faded, his final convulsive fingertips caught and broke off a strand of Sophie's curly hair.

Chapter 37 Chapter 37 When the first ray of morning light entered the room, Rachel was already awake. She quickly got dressed and headed to her grandfather's ward. Something felt wrong on her way to the room-the closer she got, the stronger her

unease became. he gently pushed open the door. "Grandpa, I'm here to see you." Jo movement from the bed. Walking closer, she saw Donald lying peacefully, his pale face devoid of life. His beloved pocket watch chain was tangled around his fingers, the second hand stopped at 21:23-exactly when Sophie had passed surveillance with her tea tray.

"Are you pretending to sleep to scare me?" she smiled, reaching for his hand, only to find his fingers ice-cold. The unfinished chamomile tea on the bedside table showed an oily film on its surface. Impossible..." she murmured. "Grandpa, it's Rachel. Look at me... don't scare me..." [no matter how many times she called, there was no response. Her voice trembled with sobs as reality it-Grandpa was really gone. Doctor! Doctor!" Rachel frantically pressed the call button. The door burst open as the attending physician and nurses rushed in, followed by Sophie and Joanne.

"Patient confirmed deceased," the doctor announced. Rachel's vision blurred from dizziness. When she reopened her eyes, her gaze fell on the porcelain cup on the cabinet-the gold-rimmed lotus design missing a petal she'd chipped at sixteen. Now the rim showed dark red medicine stains. Sophie noticed the cup too. "Isn't this... sister's cup? Why is it here?" Joanne's voice trembled. "Rachel... last night..." Mom!" Sophie suddenly covered her mouth. "Why is sister's cup here? Could sister have hurt Grandpa?"

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He always said he'd give his shares to sister-maybe she was too impatient..." Shut up!" Rachel grabbed the porcelain cup, hurling it at Sophie. "You need evidence to make accusations!" Arthur suddenly appeared, shielding Sophie with his arm. Blood flowed as the cup shattered against his skin. 16:13 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flow Driunto: Revenge Soured Sley High 32 491 Chapter 37 "What are you trying to do?" Arthur demanded angrily. "You can't take your grief out on Sophie!" Rachel saw the triumphant gleam in Sophie's eyes. "Get out! All of you, get out!" She threw everything within reach at them.

Unable to calm her down, they retreated outside. Arthur questioned why Rachel had reacted so violently. "Sophie suspected Rachel hurt Grandpa," Joanne explained. That's absolutely impossible!" Arthur scolded Sophie. "Grandpa loved Rachel most-she could never hurt him!" Sophie realized her framing attempt had failed. No one believed Rachel capable of murder. Arthur softened his tone, comforting the seemingly distressed Sophie. Just then, Nicolas arrived to see the family of three comforting each other outside-what a perfect, heartwarming scene.

16:13 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 32.9%

Chapter 38 Chapter 38 "Mr. Rothschild..." Arthur started to greet the approaching figure, but Nicolas walked right past them without acknowledgment, pushing directly into the hospital room. "Don't go in there..." Arthur tried to warn him that Rachel was having a breakdown inside, but Matt blocked his path. "Mr. Rothschild Sr. wanted to come personally, but his health wouldn't allow it. Mr. Nicolas is here on his behalf," Matt said

with that same official smile that always irritated Arthur. Matt's seemingly gentle expression was deceptively unmovable.

As Nicolas's proxy, his words carried absolute authority. Nicolas entered and quietly closed the door, shutting out the outside world completely. Rachel sat numbly on the floor, holding her grandfather's hand, pressing her face into his palm as if he were still stroking her cheek. "The floor's cold. You'll get sick," Nicolas said softly, trying to pull her up, but she wouldn't budge. Rachel seemed like a lifeless doll, completely devoid of spirit. He crouched down, covering her ice-cold hands with his warm palms. His voice was gentle, as if afraid to disturb something sacred.

"Grandpa loved you most. He wouldn't want to see you like this." Rachel's eyelashes trembled. At those words, she finally showed some response, tears falling onto Donald's withered palm. Yes, Grandpa definitely wouldn't want to see her like this-half-dead and broken. She tried to speak, but her voice came out hoarse from crying and silence. "You still have me." He pulled Rachel into his arms, his voice full of tenderness.

"Actually, Grandpa called me a long time ago..." Rachel suddenly gripped his sleeve tightly, Nicolas knew what she wanted to hear and quickly continued, "Right after you got out of prison, he found me and asked me to protect you. I wasn't sure if I should agree, but then you came to me wanting to get married." Nicolas fell silent after speaking. He hadn't planned to tell her these things before. The old man had approached him out of trust. But Nicolas hadn't known whether to agree, especially since her heart belonged to someone else....

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16:14 He Stole My Ticket Flew Privater Revenue Served Sky High 33.3% Chapter 38
'He said...' Nicolas's voice drifted, "to take good care of you." Rachel's expression shifted slightly. So Grandpa had paved the way for her in places she never knew. Her nails dug deep into Nicolas's palm, leaving crescent marks. Rachel." This was the first time Nicolas had called her name so formally, his tone carrying serious weight. No matter how you feel right now, you need to pull yourself together. This whole thing is suspicious.

Matt howed me Grandpa's medical reports-despite his poor health, he was actually improving. His death was Do sudden. It raises questions." achel stirred, looking at Nicolas. We'll let the coroner handle this now." Okay." lcolas coaxed Rachel to go rest outside. Thankfully, she was willing to listen to him, though her movements were stiff and robotic, like a soulless doll. he coroner arrived quickly. As Nicolas took one last look at the bed, he noticed something-a single curly air wrapped around the old man's fingers, barely noticeable.

he morgue's cold air licked at Rachel's neck as she stared at the autopsy report showing "coagulation isorder." She suddenly laughed. he coroner hadn't found anything conclusive either. Sister..." Sophie's voice drifted over, mixed with that headache-

inducing rose perfume. "I know I said the wrong thing. Please don't be angry anymore, okay?" Rachel didn't want to waste words with her and told her to get lost without turning around. Sophie bit her lip pitifully and started walking toward Donald's body. What are you doing?" Rachel quickly blocked her path.

She remembered Nicolas's words-Grandpa's death was suspicious. If someone had been secretly plotting, Sophie was the most likely suspect! After all, she was the one who had caused Grandpa such distress! But... there was no evidence. 16:14 He Stole My Ticket. I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 33.69% Chapter 38 Rachel stared at Sophie, trying to detect any tells in her expression, but found nothing. Sophie looked back with wounded innocence, ultimately making no move. She lowered her raised foot, abandoning whatever she'd planned to do.

"Sister, do you suspect something?" Sophie asked tentatively. Rachel released her grip and said nothing. Sophie knew she wouldn't get anywhere here, so she pouted and turned to leave in the opposite direction. After walking a few meters, she suddenly called Rachel's name. Rachel turned around just in time to see Sophie's mouth moving silently, forming words without sound. The distance was too far for Rachel to hear anything-she could only make out the lip movements. Rachel turned away wearily, not wanting to engage further. But Sophie's silent words kept echoing in her mind.

Finally, she realized what Sophie had been mouthing- Guess whose name Grandpa called out before he died?

Chapter 39 Chapter 39 Guess whose name he called out before he died? She understood Sophie's lip reading! Blood rushed to her head as she lost control, running toward Sophie. "It was you!" Rachel charged through the crowd, her knuckles connecting with Sophie's cheekbone with a dull thud. Sophie had been facing away and turned too late, taking the full force of the punch. She stumbled backward onto a cushion, tears streaming down her face. "Sister, what are you saying?" The hallway fell deadly silent. Joanne was beside Sophie, startled by Rachel's appearance.

Her face paled as she tried to reach for Rachel's hand to ask what was wrong, but seeing Sophie tearfully sitting on the ground, she immediately rushed to help her up instead. Like a mother hen protecting her chick, Joanne shielded Sophie behind her, glaring coldly at Rachel. "What's wrong with you?" Rachel felt the metallic taste of blood rise in her throat. Her whole body trembled, even her eyelashes shaking uncontrollably. She stared at Sophie like she was looking at a dead person, asking word by word: "Grandpa was murdered by you, wasn't he?" "No...

ah!" Before Sophie could finish, Rachel's hands were around her throat. Rachel's grip was so tight it could have snapped Sophie's neck. Sophie felt the air in her chest diminishing, her eyes rolling back involuntarily. Rachel... she really intended to strangle her! For the first time, Sophie felt genuine fear. "No... help me, Jet... let go..." She clawed desperately at Rachel's hands, trying to pry them off, but it was futile.

16:14 He Stole My Ticket | How Private Deveron Nai 24.201 Chapter 39 "Rachel, let go!" Joanne tried to pull Rachel's hands away, but she was completely beyond reason, her grip unrelenting. Just as Sophie was about to pass out completely, Arthur suddenly arrived. He'd been consulting with doctors about the situation and returned to find Rachel having another breakdown! "Let go!" His defined hands gripped Rachel's wrists, twisting sharply until she was forced to release her hold, then he shoved her aside roughly.

Rachel staggered back against the wall, her forehead hitting the corner with a dull thud. "What's wrong with you?" Arthur shielded Sophie behind him, his black obsidian tie clip reflecting Rachel's pale face. "Grandpa's body isn't even cold yet, and you want to commit murder here?" Rachel slowly straightened against the wall, her violent movements having popped two buttons on her shirt. She stared at Sophie, protected by them, and suddenly laughed: "Murder? I'm just making her pay for Grandpa's life!" Her voice rose at the end, becoming somewhat hoarse.

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Sophie lay on the ground coughing violently. When Rachel had finally released her grip, the rush of air back into her lungs gave her a feeling of rebirth. "Arthur..." she looked up, the strangulation marks on her neck clearly visible like a twisted centipede. "I'm fine, don't blame sister..." Her voice was weak and breathless, making Arthur's heart ache. "She killed Grandpa! And you're still protecting her?" "Where's your evidence?" Arthur glanced at her coldly. Evidence... Yes, she had no evidence. Her so-called "evidence" was just something Sophie had mouthed to her when they were alone.

No one would believe it. Seeing her silence, Arthur sneered. "Keep your baseless accusations to yourself. I don't want to send you to 16.14 He Stole My Ticket. I Few Private Revenge Served Sky High 31.5% Chapter 39 prison twice." Rachel's whole body shuddered, then she asked, "If I find evidence, will you send Sophie to prison?" She looked into Arthur's eyes, trying to find an answer in them, but Arthur just avoided her gaze and replied: "You're tired. You should go rest." "I'm asking you-if I find evidence, will you send the real killer to prison!" Rachel asked him again.

She desperately wanted to know the answer. Even with tears spinning wildly in her eyes, she kept her head up looking at him, not letting a single tear fall. After a long moment, Arthur finally gave her his answer: How long are you going to keep this up? Sophie feels bad about killing even an ant-how could she do something so heinous? Don't force me to take action against you!" Rachel suddenly felt all her strength drain away, her body involuntarily falling backward. But the expected pain didn't come-she fell into warm arms.

A mocking voice sounded in her ear, not loud but extremely commanding. How is it that every time I step away, your son wants to send your daughter to prison again?" t was Nicolas. He was addressing Joanne. oanne's face immediately turned ashen. He was saying she was a poor parent with no control, making the family a laughingstock!

Lawyer Leroix makes a good point-everything requires evidence. Rachel, you were indeed too impulsive," Nicolas said softly in Rachel's ear. But then his tone shifted. "However, Lawyer Leroix just threatened to send his own sister to prison without evidence either.

Isn't that unprofessional?" Arthur was stunned. His earlier words were just meant to scare Rachel-he'd never actually considered sending her to prison. 16:14 He Stole My Ticket. I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 34.7% Chapter 39 "Lawyer Leroix is famously 'righteous' in the industry. You should be more careful with your words in the future, so people can't use them against you." Nicolas didn't want to get further entangled with them. After saying this, he looked thoughtfully at Sophie. Sophie felt panicked under his gaze. What did that look mean?

'Matt, help Miss Leroix.'" Matt immediately helped Rachel up from Nicolas's arms and began walking toward the exit. Rachel's body was stiff after such emotional extremes, her bodily functions struggling to keep up. After Matt helped her walk a few steps, she suddenly stopped and turned back, looking deeply at the group of them. You'll get what's coming to you." She squeezed these words through gritted teeth, the metallic sweetness finally spilling over her lips.

After Rachel's figure completely disappeared, Sophie suddenly broke free from Joanne's embrace, sat on the round holding her head and sobbing, her nails digging deep into her palms. 'Don't be afraid, Sophie. Rachel's gone-she won't have another breakdown.'" Joanne thought she was scared of Rachel and quickly comforted her. But Sophie just shook her head. After crying for a long time, she finally spoke: 'I just saw sister's condition and thought of myself back then...

When my father, who I depended on, died, I was so helpless, I wanted to break down like sister, but I didn't have the right to break down. I had to bear all the pain and exhaustion alone... I really envy sister." 16:14 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flow Private: Dovengo Served Sku High 34.9

Chapter 40 Chapter 40 Worried about Rachel's condition, Nicolas didn't send her back to the Leroix house but brought her to a villa in the suburbs instead. 'Stay here for now. Don't worry about anything else.'" After giving brief instructions, Nicolas was still concerned about her state and said a few more words. But Rachel hadn't heard much of it. She grabbed Nicolas's sleeve and looked up at him. "How can I find evidence?" Nicolas paused. He hadn't expected this to still be consuming her thoughts. He pressed his lips together, ultimately deciding not to tell her about his discovery.

Is there... really no evidence?" Rachel asked. Her voice trembled slightly. Though she still held a glimmer of hope, she had to admit that Sophie hadn't left ny trace of evidence. Even if Sophie isn't behind this conspiracy, she can't escape responsibility! Do you believe me?" he looked at Nicolas with her last hope, wanting him to nod but afraid of seeing distrust in his eyes. I believe you." ust those two words gave Rachel immense hope. He said he believed her. Rest and recover first.

"We'll deal with everything else later." Rachel's face was pale as she gripped his sleeve tighter, then finally let go, "Trust me, just like I trust you." Nicolas's final words to her were to trust him. After he left, Matt followed behind Nicolas, confused and unable to help asking, "Sir, why didn't you tell Miss Rachel about your discovery directly?" Nicolas had considered telling her directly. 16:14 He Stole My Ticket. 1 Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky-High 35.1% Chapter 40 But the thought lasted less than three seconds before he dismissed it. "We can't tell her yet.

In her current state, she'd probably fight Sophie to the death if she knew." If Rachel impulsively did something terrible to Sophie, given the Leroix family's patterns, they'd likely protect Sophie. Then Rachel would be the only one hurt in the end. Besides, he had longer-term plans. A single strand of hair alone couldn't destroy Sophie completely. Three years of old scores needed to be settled together to be interesting. In the bathroom, Rachel stood barefoot under the shower, feeling the warm water pour down from above, washing away some of the hospital disinfectant smell from her body.

After spending half an hour in the bathroom with her mind completely blank, Rachel finally felt exhausted, as if her whole body was falling apart. When she came out, she found Nicolas bringing over some food. "Have some soup." Nicolas set down freshly made chicken broth and a plate of peeled grapes. Rachel's pupils moved, her gaze falling on the plate of grapes. Grandpa used to peel grapes for her.

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She didn't like the skin, so Grandpa would patiently remove the grape skins while muttering, "These seedless grapes still need their skins peeled for my princess." While Rachel stared at the grapes, Nicolas went to the kitchen again, returning with scrambled eggs and oast. The eggs were fluffy and perfectly seasoned-very thoughtful. Rachel wasn't the type to be precious about food. Knowing she needed to recover her strength for the battle ahead, she unceremoniously began eating, though her table manners left much to be desired.

Nicolas didn't mind, just helped smooth her back and told her to eat slowly. "I thought you'd left," Rachel suddenly said. Seeing Nicolas and Matt leave together earlier, she'd assumed he was handling work matters and hadn't expected him to return. "I went out to buy some food. This place is far from downtown-I rarely come here, so there weren't many 16:15 He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky-High 35.49 Chapter 40 ingredients." Rachel listened to his explanation while quietly sipping her soup. It tasted pretty good.

After a long while, she spoke again: "Your cooking's not bad." Nicolas couldn't help but smile. Despite feeling miserable, she was trying to appear relaxed, which was heartbreaking to watch. Though her words were complimentary, they didn't sound pleasant at all. Her tone was so stiff-he preferred her usual melodious way of speaking. He got up to make her some honey water: "Did Grandpa leave any will regarding Leroix Corporation shares before he died?" Clang!" he spoon hit the bowl with a crisp sound.

achel suddenly gripped his wrist: "You want them too?" icolas set down the water glass, turned his hand to clasp her cold fingertips, their palms pressed together, en guided her hand to his beating heart: "I want this." Three years ago, you took that drugged drink meant for me. That's worth ten Leroix Corporations." 1 onald's funeral was set for three days later. achel appeared at the memorial hall in black, her expression solemn. This was the first time since leaving he hospital that she'd faced the Leroix family directly.

ophie seemed genuinely afraid of her now, shrinking behind Joanne when she saw Rachel approach, he prominent red mark on Sophie's neck hadn't faded yet, looking rather pathetic-apparently these past ew days hadn't been comfortable. David stood in the center of the hall. He couldn't be bothered with Rachel right now and showed no reaction o her arrival. White funeral banners fluttered in the cross-breeze as many guests came and went.

Donald had been quite a 16:15 He Stole My Ticket I Flow Private: Devongo Served Sky High 35.69 Chapter 40 figure in New York during his lifetime, so naturally many came to pay their respects after his death. "Mr. Leroix." David's assistant approached, carrying a safe. "This is something the old master specifically instructed me about before his death-to give it to Miss Rachel after he passed." Hearing her name mentioned, Rachel walked over. The moment the safe opened, a yellowed will fluttered to the ground-dated the day after she'd gone to rison.

...All shares under my name to be inherited by granddaughter Rachel Leroix. Should Rachel meet with nisfortune, they shall automatically transfer to a charitable foundation..." Everyone's gaze focused intensely on the document. Upon seeing its contents, the entire memorial hall rupted. he handwriting was strong and forceful-it was a will, but read more like an imperial decree. ll shares under his name... Donald had owned 30% of Leroix Corporation during his lifetime, and he was giving it all to Rachel!

his wasn't a small sum-it was enough to control the decision-making process and hold sway over the ntire company. ophie's face instantly turned paper-white. She stared wide-eyed at the will, her eyes fixed on it. This is impossible. How could Grandpa..." her lips trembled as she stammered. oanne's face turned ashen instantly. She stared wide-eyed, her face full of disbelief. Donald was giving all 30% of those shares to Rachel? Not even any to Arthur? He... actually favored Rachel this much? 'Impossible..." 7