

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

Chapter 41 Joanne was the first to snap back to reality, rushing forward like a madwoman to grab the will. But the clear handwriting on the document told her it was all real. Donald truly hadn't left them a single share-everything went to Rachel. "No... how could this be..." Her hands trembled. David also came to his senses, urgently taking the will to examine it closely. It was indeed genuine! His own father hadn't even left him any inheritance! 30% of the shares... what did this mean... He himself only held less than 50% of the shares, while Arthur, his biological son, only held 5%.

Donald had been so decisive, entrusting everything to Rachel! He stared at the will in disbelief. The chandelier overhead cast web-like shadows on the will as David's fingers created creases where it read "30% equity inherited by Rachel Leroix." A bitter taste rose in his throat-he hadn't expected Donald to dote on Rachel so much. "Dad, you're trying to kill us all..." Joanne muttered as she recovered, her manicured nails scraping across the notary seal, making harsh sounds on the parchment. "Everyone in the city knows Rachel went to prison.

If we let her take over Leroix Corporation, where will our family's reputation go?" These past years, the Leroix family's situation had deteriorated. Her circle of friends had already started mocking her behind her back. If this news got out, she'd have no face left in high society! David was also considering this problem. Rachel... really wasn't suitable to inherit the Leroix legacy. Anyone else could do it, but not her. The Leroix family could accept Sophie, who had no business acumen, but absolutely couldn't let Rachel, who had a criminal record, take over!

He looked at Rachel, but saw she showed no emotional reaction. She stared unblinkingly at Donald's coffin, 10:15 He Stole My Poloat I Now Private: Devonne Sorved Sky High 36.0% Chapter 41 completely unconcerned with the shares. Sensing the scrutinizing gaze on her, Rachel turned to meet his eyes. When their gazes met, hers were calm as still water. She certainly heard their voices, but she didn't want to acknowledge them-she disdained to acknowledge them! So what if she got 30% of the shares? She'd never wanted to control Leroix Corporation.

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f possible, she'd rather not have these shares at all-she just wanted Grandpa to be alive and well... Sophie also crowded over, her eyes red-rimmed. She glanced at the will, then quietly tugged at David's clothes: "Dad, could there be something wrong with this will..." She spoke tentatively, then continued under everyone's suspicious gaze: "Arthur is the eldest grandson, yet he didn't get any shares. How could Grandpa possibly give

them to sister? This doesn't seem fair at all..." David's whole body shook. Light, the Leroix family had always believed in fairness.

Among the three children in the family, he'd never mistreated anyone or shown favoritism! This would break the family's principles! David's mind was in turmoil. Fortunately, Rachel couldn't read minds and couldn't see his thoughts, or she'd want to tear him apart. Since Grandpa's death, her tightly wound nerves had snapped. She was acting completely irrationally now. Could it be that sister wanted the shares, so she did something to the will?" Sophie said carefully, then looked fearfully at Rachel. Rachel stood aside, coldly observing everything.

She reached out to take Grandpa's will, looked at it for a few seconds, then spoke unhurriedly: "Do you need to compare handwriting?" Before Sophie could answer, the assistant spoke: "Miss Sophie, this is a will the old master drafted during his lifetime. He repeatedly instructed me to keep it safe and only bring it out after his death. So Miss Rachel had no prior knowledge and no opportunity to alter the will." The assistant smiled gently as he explained. 16:15 - 26:204 Chapter 41 Sophie was left speechless, her attempt to sow discord easily deflected.

At this moment, Arthur, who had been silent nearby, suddenly spoke: "Sophie, don't talk nonsense." He was somewhat displeased—he'd already told Sophie not to speak carelessly, yet she didn't listen. Seeing Arthur's stern expression, Sophie completely abandoned her divisive tactics and softened her tone: "Yes, Grandpa loved sister most. He must have paved the way for her long ago." he sniffled. "It feels so good to have family, always having someone looking out for you... It makes me think of my father..." Arthur couldn't bear seeing her like this and quickly comforted her in low tones.

Seeing no way to change the situation, David could only accept reality: "Sophie, we're all family. The Leroix family won't mistreat you." The family huddled together comforting Sophie, leaving Rachel completely isolated, as if she didn't exist in the Leroix family at all. He slowly walked to the coffin, placing her hand on the heavy casket, her fingertips touching the cold wooden surface. [Her fingers trembled slightly. After a moment, she pressed her forehead against the corner, whispering softly: "Grandpa, wait for me.

"I'll make sure those people pay!" Rachel had arrived early, and more people came later to mourn Donald. Nicolas hadn't come with Rachel. He'd returned to the Rothschild estate to bring the elder Mr. Rothschild, and Jaxon came with them. Jaxon's first glance wasn't at Sophie, who was surrounded like a star, but at Rachel standing alone to the side. He stood straight-backed, looking so lonely there. It made one inexplicably feel sorry for her. "My condolences." He walked over, patting Rachel's shoulder.

Actually, he had much to say to Rachel, but with so many people around, it would only cause unnecessary trouble. After thinking it over, he swallowed his words. There would be time to talk later. 16:15 He Stole My Ticket & Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 36.5% Chapter 41 Rachel imperceptibly moved a small step aside, avoiding Jaxon's hand, leaving it awkwardly suspended in air. Thinking she was still immersed in

grief, he didn't blame her. Jaxon stood to Rachel's right, with David to his right. Sophie had noticed Jaxon the moment he entered.

She stood quietly beside David wiping tears, stealing glances at Jaxon with her peripheral vision, but he walked straight to Rachel's side! With David between them, from her angle it looked like Jaxon had his arm around Rachel's shoulders, and Rachel wasn't resisting! She immediately stopped crying.

Chapter 42 Chapter 42 Sophie stared intently at Rachel, afraid her next move would be throwing herself into Jaxon's arms. But they made no further moves. Sophie couldn't help clenching her fists-seeing those two standing together was increasingly irritating! Just as she was about to go separate them, Joanne pulled her back: "Sophie, many important people from our circle are here today, plus many of our family's business partners. Come meet them with me." Joanne kept chattering, but Sophie wasn't listening at all. Her gaze was glued to Jaxon, hoping he'd look back at her.

But Jaxon remained motionless, only watching Rachel from beginning to end. She couldn't stand it. Just as she took a step forward, before her foot touched the ground, Joanne pulled her away. "Wait... no..." she called out to Joanne, but Joanne didn't hear, leading her by the hand to introduce her to a society lady. In the end, she could only watch helplessly as Rachel and Jaxon left one after the other. Argh! That bitch Rachel! She was furious! Absolutely livid!

With so many people around, Rachel really didn't want to deal with them all, so she quietly slipped out when no one was paying attention. But after just a few steps, Jaxon followed. "Rachel." He called to her. Hearing Jaxon's voice, Rachel's steps paused slightly, but she didn't turn around. Her emotions were complicated-she didn't want too much entanglement with him, but couldn't openly conflict with him now either.

16:16 He Stole My Ticket Illow Private: Revenge Served Sky Mob 36.9% Chapter 42 She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself, then slowly turned around, looking at him with peaceful eyes. "Is there something?" Her voice was distant, carrying a hint of alienation. Jaxon's gaze fell on her face. He couldn't read much emotion from her expression, but he understood. her-the calmer she appeared, the more heartbroken she was inside. He frowned slightly, his eyes showing concern, but seeing the coldness in her eyes, he felt deflated. Still, he said softly: "Are you...

alright?" Rachel pressed her lips together, not directly answering his question, only saying distantly: "I'm fine, thank you for your concern." Her attitude left Jaxon feeling helpless. He opened his mouth as if wanting to say more, but finally just sighed, saying quietly: "Rachel, between us... does it really have to be like this?" A flash of complex emotion crossed Rachel's eyes, quickly masked. He was always like this. When she faced injustice, he wouldn't stand up for her, but would offer appropriate comfort afterward. Not too much, not too little, just enough to keep Rachel hoping.

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f this had been the old her, she probably would have been overjoyed, thinking Jaxon must care about her. But she wasn't a fool anymore-she'd long since seen through his character. Perhaps his current attention to her was simply because she was too cold. After all, someone like Jaxon, a golden boy since childhood, naturally couldn't tolerate a woman's indifference. It was just wounded pride. She didn't want to continue this topic or have more entanglement with him.

She turned slightly, preparing to leave: "If there's nothing else, I'll go first." However, just as she turned, her foot suddenly slipped on the wet ground, her whole body losing balance. She involuntarily leaned forward, startled, instinctively reaching out to grab something, Jaxon reacted quickly, immediately stepping forward to catch her arm. His strength was just right-preventing her fall without causing discomfort. Rachel's body stiffened momentarily, then she steadied herself and quickly pulled her arm from his grasp.

16:16 27.30 Chapter 42 "Thank you." Her voice remained cold, but with a barely detectable hint of panic. Jaxon didn't immediately let go, his gaze still on her face, as if trying to read something from her expression. His voice was low and gentle: "Rachel, you're always like this-clearly needing help, yet always rejecting others." Rachel's brow furrowed slightly. She didn't want more contact with him or to hear him say more. She gently broke free from his hand, stepped back, and said firmly: "Jaxon, there's nothing left to say between us. Please don't do this anymore." She turned to leave.

But in that instant, her peripheral vision caught a figure in the distance-Sophie was standing not far away, staring at them intently, her eyes full of resentment. Sophie had arrived just in time to see Rachel falling into Jaxon's arms, with Jaxon looking down at her tenderly. There was another emotion in that gaze. Possessiveness. When a man feels possessive toward a woman, what does that mean? The answer was obvious. But she didn't want to admit it. Rachel naturally saw Sophie too. Just as she was about to call out to her, she saw Sophie turn pale and run away. Great.

That was Rachel's only thought. She'd definitely misunderstood something again, and with Sophie's big mouth, she'd surely spread rumors everywhere. Sure enough, when Rachel returned to the banquet hall, Sophie was already crying pitifully, surrounded by Joanne and several relatives offering comfort. Seeing Rachel enter, Sophie cried even harder. Joanne was frantically trying to comfort Sophie. Seeing Rachel, her tone carried reproach: "Rachel, how could you do this? Sophie is your sister-how could you do such a thing?" 16:16 He Stole My Ticket.

I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 37.4 Chapter 42 Many people were around, all casting reproachful looks, as if she'd committed some heinous crime. "Rachel, today is your grandfather's funeral, yet you choose this moment to seduce Jaxon? This is outrageous!" Rachel laughed coldly. All these years, she'd been enduring, always giving way! But what was the result? Now that Grandpa was dead and her last support was gone, they still wanted to humiliate her? Did they really think she was a pushover? Enough was enough! No more tolerance!

Her gaze swept over everyone before settling on Sophie and Joanne: "What did I do? Helping me up is education? Shouldn't you ask Jaxon if he's interested in every woman who falls?" Sophie's crying stopped abruptly, as if choked, her face instantly turning ugly. Jaxon, who had followed behind, also paused, looking at Rachel with barely detectable scrutiny. Joanne was also speechless for a moment, but quickly recovered, her tone even more severe: "How can you talk like that? Sophie is your sister-how can you treat her this way?" "Sister?" Rachel scoffed, her eyes full of mockery.

"Mom, have you forgotten? Sophie's original surname isn't Leroux. She's an outsider-what relationship does she have

Chapter 43 Chapter 43 Sophie seemed struck in a painful spot, tears flowing again, her voice tearful: "Sister, how can you say that? We're family..." "Family?" Rachel raised an eyebrow, her tone full of undisguised mockery. "Sophie, do you think the whole world should revolve around you? Do you consider anyone who gets slightly close to Jaxon an enemy? Who do you think you are? Let me say this one last time-I don't like Jaxon anymore." I don't like Jaxon anymore. Those eight words hit everyone like a heavy hammer. Jaxon froze completely. He'd just seen Sophie fall to the ground.

He should have gone to help her, but somehow his legs wouldn't obey, rooted in place, his gaze glued to Rachel's face, trying to find any trace of deception. But there was none. He also heard her tell everyone she didn't like him anymore. Rachel looked at them, cold laughter in her heart. Though she'd expected them to side with Sophie, facing it still felt chilling. "Do you think I should just stand aside and watch Sophie take everything from me?" David's face darkened, his tone even more severe: "Rachel, how can you talk like that? Sophie is your sister-how could she take your things?

You're being too unreasonable!" "Unreasonable?" Rachel laughed coldly, her eyes full of mockery. "Dad, have you forgotten how much Sophie has taken from me since childhood? My room, my work, my family's attention-she wanted it all! Should I just suffer in silence? Is fighting back also wrong?!" David was left speechless, his face iron gray. Arthur frowned, his tone warning: "Rachel, don't go too far. With so many people here, don't embarrass the Leroux family." The Leroux family's reputation-always the Leroux family's reputation!

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16:16 · 37.8% He Stole My Ticket & Flow Private Revenge Served Sky High Chapter 43 All they cared about was the family's image, never truly caring about her feelings! "Well, well, what drama is the Leroux family staging? Family ethics or melodrama? How entertaining." A mocking voice suddenly interrupted. Rachel turned to see Nicolas leaning against a corner, arms crossed, a playful smile on his face. His gaze swept over several people, eyes full of undisguised derision. David's face immediately darkened, his tone displeased: "Mr. Rothschild, this is our family matter.

You'd better not interfere." "Family matter?" Nicolas chuckled, stepping to Rachel's side, his tone mocking. "Miss Leroix will be my family's future daughter-in-law. How can she be considered an outsider? As for you, your earlier words were truly eye-opening." The Rothschild family's daughter-in-law... Jaxon's head snapped up-so Uncle still acknowledged this engagement! As long as Uncle agreed, the Leroix family wouldn't refuse to let her go. Then if he just coaxed Rachel a bit, there'd definitely be no problem! Everyone thought Nicolas was indirectly warning Rachel and Jaxon.

But only Rachel understood what he really meant. Her face suddenly flushed red. David looked somewhat embarrassed: "Mr. Rothschild, it's all a misunderstanding." Several people panicked-they hadn't expected this powerful figure to suddenly intervene, For Rachel? No, it must be because of Jaxon! After all, Jaxon had just said the engagement was valid, so Nicolas must be backing him up, They couldn't afford to offend Nicolas either way, so they could only humble themselves and apologize with forced smiles.

But Nicolas was too lazy to deal with them further, turning to leave: "The affairs of prominent families are truly eye-opening." Prominent families... 16:16 He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 38.1% Chapter 43 Everyone knew the Rothschild family was truly prominent. The Leroix family had long since fallen from grace, not even meeting the threshold of prominence! Nicolas's words were clearly meant to embarrass the Leroix family. But the Leroix family could only endure it, not daring to say a word. "Everyone, I swear here today!

The Leroix family has wronged me, bullied me, humiliated me. From now on, I, Rachel Leroix, have no connection with the Leroix family! My only relative was Grandpa!" After speaking, she knelt toward the coffin. She kowtowed three times straight. Then she walked out the door without looking back, wind brushing her cheeks with a cool touch. She looked up at the night sky, a cold smile curving her lips. This farce was finally over. A Maybach was parked by the roadside, Nicolas leaning against it with a cigarette in his mouth. Seeing her approach, he exhaled lightly.

Through the swirling smoke, he saw her slightly pale face. Remembering she disliked the smell of tobacco, Nicolas extinguished the cigarette, shook off the scent from his clothes, then walked beside her, his tone slightly boastful, as if seeking praise: "How was that? I performed pretty well just now, didn't I?"

Chapter 44 Chapter 44 "Raised me?" Rachel laughed coldly, her eyes full of mockery. "Mom, have you forgotten that since Sophie came to the Leroix family, you barely managed me anymore? I earned my own college tuition by selling design drafts, and now you're accusing me of being ungrateful? Do you deserve to?" Her words were like sharp knives, cutting straight to Joanne's pain. Joanne's face alternated between green and white, and the surrounding relatives showed embarrassed expressions, their whispers gradually quieting. Rachel was too lazy to deal with them anymore.

Today was Grandpa's funeral-she hadn't wanted to make such a scene, but they'd gone too far! Did they really think she was easy to bully? However, Sophie suddenly rushed

forward, grabbing her wrist, her voice tearful as she seemed about to kneel: "Sister, I know you hate me, but I really never meant to steal Jaxon from you. I just... just like him too much..." Rachel looked at the crying person on the ground, somewhat impatiently shaking off Sophie's hand. "You're always crying like this.

"When will I ever see you be tough for once?" She shook forcefully, directly throwing Sophie to the ground. Sophie's hand scraped against the ground, leaving a bloody mark. Rachel watched coldly. Sophie hadn't meant well anyway-even if she didn't shake her off, she'd probably still get blamed for something. Might as well go all the way! Just as she was about to turn and leave, she suddenly heard urgent footsteps behind her. She turned to see David and Arthur hurrying over, clearly displeased. Seeing Rachel, David immediately frowned, his tone stern: "Rachel, what are you doing?

"What kind of occasion is this? How can you be so thoughtless?" Arthur also stood aside, Seeing Sophie on the ground, he quickly helped her up, looking coldly at Rachel with reproach: "What happened?" He'd been dealing with business contacts with his father and returned to find Sophie being bullied. This Rachel was completely lawless! She always bullied Sophie when he wasn't around! 38.7% Chapter 44 She needed to be taught a lesson. "Now, go apologize to Sophie. Kneel down and apologize." "Apologize?" Rachel seemed to hear something funny, repeating his words.

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She looked down at her wrist that he'd grabbed, her eyes full of disgust. "Why don't you ask your 'good ister' what she did." he looked at Sophie. Sophie, do you think the whole world should revolve around you? Do you see anyone who gets slightly lose to Jaxon as an enemy? Who do you think you are? 'll say this one last time-I don't like Jaxon anymore." don't like Jaxon anymore. ight words that hit everyone like a heavy hammer. axon froze completely. He'd just seen Sophie fall to the ground.

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Chapter 45 Chapter 45 "Giving up already?" Nicolas shot her a sideways glance. "You know Maëlys's reputation, right? When she was overseas, she publicly backed a designer with a criminal record-even personally vouched for him to get into a top-tier design team. Guy ended up making quite a name for himself." Rachel blinked in surprise. She had heard about that, but... could she really pull it off? Seeing her waver, Nicolas continued, "I've got some connections with her. Could make a call, get you in to learn under her?" "No." Rachel's refusal was instant and firm.

Nicolas raised an eyebrow, caught off guard by her rejection, and waited for her to explain. Rachel's brow furrowed, then smoothed out as she lifted her head with newfound determination: "If there's going to be a competition, then I'm getting in the right way-through my own merit." 'Fair enough.' Nicolas didn't push. He knew her well enough by now-if he pulled strings to get her in, she'd only resent it. Better to let her fight her own battles. she wasn't some delicate flower that wilted at the first sign of trouble. She was an eagle meant to soar-just needed time to spread her wings.

Rachel sank back into the sofa, absently tracing the rim of her water glass, lost in thought. Suddenly, she looked up at Nicolas: 'Nicolas, want to make a deal?' Nicolas

had been lounging on the other end of the sofa, flicking his lighter open and closed. At her words, he paused mid motion. He turned his head, eyebrow arched with interest, a smirk playing at his lips: "What kind of deal?" Rachel met his gaze head on, her voice steady but edged with ice: "Help me take down the Leroix family. I want them to pay." Nicolas's other eyebrow joined the first.

Her proposal definitely had his attention. 16:17 Chapter 45 He chuckled, his tone amused: "Since we're talking business, what's in it for me?" Rachel had been wrestling with this question, but honestly? She had nothing to offer that Nicolas Rothschild couldn't already buy ten times over. "I'll do whatever you need." Nicolas laughed outright, shaking his head: "Whatever I need? Sweetheart, with Rothschild resources and connections, I can handle pretty much anything. Your help would be... nice to have, but not exactly essential." Rachel's face fell slightly, her grip tightening on the glass.

She bit her lip, frustrated: "Then what do you want?" "I'm a businessman first. We deal in value-so I'd want something that's actually worth something to me." Something valuable? Rachel's mind went blank. What could she possibly have that Nicolas would want? Nicolas studied her face, something unreadable in his expression. He stood slowly, moved in front of her, then leaned down close to her ear, his voice dropping to a husky whisper: "What if I said... I want you?" Rachel's eyes went wide, her body jerking back instinctively, heat flooding her cheeks. He stared at her, sputtering: "Nicolas!

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"I'm trying to have a serious conversation here!" Nicolas straightened up, clearly enjoying her flustered reaction, and broke into genuine laughter. His deep chuckle did something weird to her insides, making her ears burn. Noticing her reaction, Nicolas leaned down again, getting right in her personal space, their faces inches apart. He murmured against her ear, his breath warm and tickling: "I am being serious. So why are you blushing?" Rachel's face went from pink to crimson.

She couldn't take it anymore and tried to push him away, but he was like a brick wall-completely immovable. She gritted her teeth, voice strangled with embarrassment: "You're... you're impossible!" Nicolas looked at her completely undone state and grinned wider. He reached out and messed up her hair affectionately: "Okay, okay. I'll behave." Chapter 45 He stepped back, eyes still dancing with mischief: "Social media's blowing up about Maëlys right now. You should check it out." As his warmth disappeared, Rachel felt this strange, hollow sensation.

She ducked her head, avoiding his gaze, wondering how the hell he managed to flip from playful to professional so fast. Nicolas noticed her silence but didn't push, just gave her hair one more gentle ruffle before giving her space to think. After Rachel's explosive exit from the funeral, chaos had erupted. The place had been packed-practically half of New York's power players were there. Now everyone had front-row seats to the Leroix family drama. David looked like he'd swallowed glass, while Joanne scrambled to do damage control with a forced smile: "So sorry, everyone!

Today was supposed to honor the old master, but Rachel... well, she clearly doesn't understand proper behavior! I'll definitely have words with her when we get home! The Leroix family has always treated everyone fairly-we don't play favorites! My daughter was just... emotional today. Please excuse the outburst..." She kept talking, but nobody was really buying it. People believe what they want to believe, and what they'd just witnessed was the Leroix family ganging up on Rachel while protecting Sophie. Talking about "treating everyone fairly" now? Yeah, right.

Jaxon stood frozen, still processing everything. Rachel's words kept playing on repeat in his head. She wanted nothing to do with him-hell, she'd burned bridges with her entire family. But why? He'd promised to marry her, hadn't he? What more did she want? Was this some kind of mind game? Looking at how final her exit had been, that didn't seem likely. 16:17 He Stole My Ticket. 1 Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky-High 40.1% Chapter 45 Which left only one possibility-she genuinely hated them all and had zero interest in forgiveness. The thought made his blood run cold.

"Jaxon..." A soft arm slipped around his, making him tense up. "Sister doesn't want us anymore." Sophie's voice was barely a whisper, her nose pink, tears threatening to spill. She pressed her forehead against his shoulder, her perfume wrapping around him: "She even went off on Dad, called our whole family fake and manipulative." Jaxon's throat worked as he swallowed hard. Sophie's warmth seeped through his suit, and suddenly he was three years ago, remembering Rachel clinging to him just like this, begging him not to let them send her to prison. But he'd just coldly peeled her hands away.

Her tears had trembled on her lashes without falling. She'd asked him one last question-if he'd ever cared about her, even a little. What had he said? "Rachel, quit being dramatic." "Jaxon?" Sophie's voice cut through his memories. She tilted her face up, mascara artfully smudged beneath her eyes: "You'll help us, right? Sister's really unstable right now. I'm scared..." "Scared of what?" The words came out sharper than he'd intended, His hands clenched at his sides, his mind still stuck on Rachel.

Sophie flinched at his tone, then managed to look even more pitiful: "I'm worried someone's manipulating her. Mom and Dad have always been so good to her-she was their little princess. Why would she turn on us like this..."

Chapter 46 Chapter 46 "Why is sister acting like this?" Sophie was still crying. Jaxon looked down at her wiping away tears, but his mind was on someone else entirely. Yeah, why was she acting like this... Sophie noticed his distraction and felt frustrated. She bit her lip, and when she looked up at him, her tears happened to fall right on the bite mark on his hand-the one Rachel had left at the hospital. Sophie, don't cry." Arthur couldn't stand seeing his sister upset and finally softened, trying to comfort her. She's just throwing a tantrum.

Give it a week, and she'll come crawling back." She" obviously meant Rachel. Arthur was confident Rachel would crack first and come slinking back. Then they'd really teach her a lesson. As for now... his expression darkened. Let her go-she needed to suffer out

there first, learn that the Leroix family was her only safe harbor. March weather was still chilly. Rachel had kept her phone off these past few days, completely focused on the competition.

It seemed to be raining outside, the already gloomy weather taking on an even colder edge, Miss Leroix, the deadline for initial submissions has been moved up." The butler handed her a tablet while Rachel was sketching. Her design showed an unfinished emerald collar, with empty gaps where vines should have been wrapped around it, looking somewhat menacing. "The Leroix family still hasn't reached out. Seems like they're waiting for you to cave first.

The designer lady's got some serious staying power." 16:17 40.59 Chapter 46 Nicolas's voice drifted in from the doorway, mixed with the sound of rain. He was leaning against the gilded door frame, apparently just back from a meeting, still in his formal suit. Though he'd undone two buttons on his vest, showing a casual attitude. Rachel's pencil paused for just two seconds, then resumed moving. It wasn't surprising that the Leroix family hadn't contacted her. They'd never really cared about her anyway. Nicolas noticed she didn't respond, but sensed something off in her silence.

His body reacted faster than his brain, moving toward her. His footsteps tapped out a rhythm on the floor. As he got closer, Rachel caught his faint cedar scent mixed with the dampness of rain. Her pencil tip froze on the paper, ink blooming into a stain at the collar's gap. He reached out to turn her chair so she faced him. "What happened to your hand?" Nicolas suddenly grabbed her wrist. Rachel followed his gaze to see her index finger was red and swollen. "It's nothing." Just the result of her non-stop practice sessions.

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Rachel pulled her hand back, flipping her design to the back side, casually curving her lips: "The Leroix family not contacting me-isn't that exactly what you wanted?" Her voice was light, making Nicolas's heart itch. Nicolas chuckled softly. It did suit his purposes perfectly. He wanted to keep her by his side just like this. Though that probably wasn't realistic-she was an eagle meant to soar, naturally having places she needed to. He took Rachel's design draft. It was incredibly detailed, even the materials clearly marked. His gaze stopped at one particular spot.

He pointed to it: "The first brooch you designed at nineteen used this same Norwegian second-grade ore." 16:17 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flow Drivate. Revenge Served Sky-High 40.8% Chapter 46 Then he smiled mockingly: "The Leroix family can't even afford decent Burmese jade anymore?" Back then, all the high-quality materials for her designs had gone to Sophie. Finding these second-rate materials had been hard enough-she wouldn't have dared ask for more.

Rachel was surprised he knew about her work from when she was nineteen: "How do you know...?" "The materials were crap, but you embedded enamel star charts in the

openwork. Even Maëlys had people asking around about who the designer was." Rachel hadn't expected him to bring this up. Maëlys had actually... asked about her. Nicolas knew her question but didn't answer directly, just looked at her with amusement: "I also know you designed a wedding ring for Jaxon." Nicolas suddenly moved close to her ear, his breath burning against the delicate skin of her neck.

His tone was definitely displeased. Something hard suddenly pressed against the back of her neck-Nicolas had picked up the pen from her desk. The pen tip slowly traced down her spine, outlining the shape of her shoulder blades through her clothes: "You threw that wedding ring away later." His movements continued, finally stopping at the small of her back, then pressing gently. Rachel's lower back went weak, her whole body tingling with sensation. Rachel bit her lip tightly, refusing to make a sound. Nicolas seemed unsatisfied with her reaction and roughly ducked his head to nip at her lips.

Rachel gasped in pain, forced to let out a soft moan that was so sweet and breathy it ignited something dangerous in Nicolas. She grabbed his wrist with her free hand, the pen digging red marks into her palm, but his thumb suddenly found the pulse on the inside of her wrist-that frantically beating artery betraying her true emotions, Nicolas stared into Rachel's misty eyes, then suddenly released his grip. The pen clattered onto the sandalwood desk. Rachel's mind was scattered. Four years ago, she had indeed designed a pair of wedding rings for her and Jaxon.

16:17 He Stole MuTicket 1 Claw Mediator Davana, ComAdd lac ligh 41.0% Chapter 46 Because back then she'd been certain she would marry him. Later, before he sent her to prison, she'd brought those rings to confront him, asking if he'd ever loved her at all. Her right hand had been in her pocket, clutching that ring. The gemstone had dug painfully into her palm. If he'd said he loved her, she would have proposed to him without hesitation, she'd thought. But Jaxon had just avoided her gaze. In that moment, she'd finally accepted that her feelings had been nothing but a joke.

After Jaxon told her to prepare for prison and walked away, she'd watched his retreating figure and painfully thrown the ring from her pocket. The memory cut off abruptly. Rachel's gaze became evasive. She hadn't expected Nicolas to know so much. She bit her lip, instinctively denying: "I...

didn't." "Little liar." Nicolas lifted his hand, his thumb brushing across her lips: "You're about as bad at lying as Sophie is at fake crying." Caught in her lie, Rachel tried to cover: "I..." "Shh." Nicolas pressed his finger to her lips, stopping her words: "Designer lady, that's not what you should be worried about right now." He suddenly stepped back two paces, pulling a velvet box from his suit pocket: "Guess what this is?" The moment the lid popped open, Rachel felt all the blood in her body freeze-lying on the black velvet was the wedding ring she'd thrown into the moat three years ago.

The rain outside seemed to have stopped, the pattering sound gone, leaving the air eerily quiet. Inside the ring band's inner engraving, where "Jax" should have been

etched, the name had disappeared completely, replaced instead with "Nick" in elegant script font. 16:17 Un State 16 Tialist Flaw Deivate: Davongo Corved Sky High 41.29

Chapter 47 Chapter 47 "I hired thirty divers to comb through that muddy riverbed for half a month." Nicolas pulled out the ring, examining its intricate details with appreciation. "Really brilliant design work. I showed this to Maëlys once-she said whoever created this was a genius." He sounded completely serious, but Rachel felt like she'd been hit with ice water. Only now did she realize just how insane Nicolas actually was. Who the hell goes diving for someone's thrown-away engagement ring? And then erases the original name to carve in their own! Like...

like they were the ones getting married. "Nicolas." Rachel tried to get through to him, hoping to find some trace of sanity. But she was kidding herself-Nicolas was perfectly clear-headed. When he heard her voice, he turned with completely calm eyes. "I..." she started, "I need to go back to the house." Nicolas's expression darkened, clearly not thrilled with the idea. Rachel sighed, explaining: "I left in such a rush-there's a bunch of stuff I need to get." Worried he wouldn't buy it, she quickly added: "Important documents, IDs, that kind of thing.

I have to go back for them." It wasn't that Nicolas didn't trust her-he'd never tried to control her movements. He just didn't want her getting hurt going back there, "I'll be back soon, I promise." Rachel tried to reassure him. "Fine." Nicolas gave in reluctantly, What choice did he have? He was completely wrapped around her finger. Rachel stood outside the Leroix mansion gates. After all this time, coming back felt like visiting a different planet.

16:18 He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 41.49% Chapter 47 Before, even though she'd hated the family, there had been someone there who cared about her return. Now that person was gone. Her fingerprint still worked on the gate-apparently they hadn't completely cut her off yet. Inside though, the place was dead quiet. She didn't think much of it. Having nobody around would actually make this easier.

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But the second she got to her old room, a maid appeared, knocking softly: "Miss Rachel, your father's waiting in his study." The study reeked of cigarette smoke so thick it made her want to cough. David stood at the windows with his back to her, fidgeting with some jade ring while cigarette butts littered the floor. Guy had obviously been chain-smoking since before she got there. Rachel shut the door behind her. Neither of them said anything. The silence was suffocating. She stared at the crushed butts on the carpet, not sure what to feel.

"Look who decided to show up." David finally turned around, his ring clicking against the glass. "Just getting my stuff, then I'm gone." She clutched her ID in her pocket. That's all she'd come for-documents and some files on her flash drives. Mission accomplished.

Time to bounce. "You're really doing this? Just... leaving?" David sounded almost uncertain. "Yep. I've got my own life to live." "Your own life?" David laughed like she'd told the world's best joke, his mouth twisting into something ugly. Then suddenly he exploded, grabbing a crystal ashtray and hurling it at her head.

The thing whistled past her ear and shattered against the wall, glass flying everywhere. "Think you're too good for this family now, is that it?!" He looked ready to murder her. Rachel bent down and picked up a glass shard, letting the sharp edge slice her fingertip: "You said the exact same thing when you sent me to prison." Blood dripped into the pile of ash and cigarette butts, disappearing completely. Her voice was way too calm compared to his rage. The calmer she got, the angrier he became.

16:18 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High 41.7% Chapter 47
The air felt frozen. Veins were popping out on David's forehead. He yanked open a desk drawer and pulled out a thick stack of papers, slamming them down. Rachel's eyes went wide-her old design sketches! "Think you can make something of yourself with these pathetic 'dreams'?" David threw the whole stack at her, papers flying everywhere like confetti.

When are you gonna learn that jewelry designers are just glorified decorators to people with real money!" Rachel actually laughed, blood from her cut finger dripping steadily onto the floor: "Then why'd you keep all my designs?" he really hit that word hard: "Figure out that Sophie can't actually create anything worth a damn? So you've been stealing my work, selling knockoffs for years!" David's face went purple: "Who the hell do you think you are? Without this family, you're nobody!

Your little drawings only mattered because of the Leroix name!" Rachel's laugh turned cold and sharp: "The Leroix name? Dad, did you forget my 'Tears of the Stars' piece won international awards? Don't remember the family name doing much for me then." David slammed his fist on the desk so hard the whole room shook: "That was a fluke! You think your mediocre talent can actually make it in the real world? Wake up!" Rachel didn't flinch, staring him down: "I'll find out for myself. But maybe you should ask yourself why Sophie's work never measures up to mine.

Why she can only stay relevant by ripping off my designs." David was shaking with rage, pointing right at her face: "You ungrateful little bitch! We fed and housed you for years-this is how you pay us back? This is how you treat family?" Family?" Rachel's voice turned to ice: "My family's been dead for years! Died the day they threw me in prison!" That did it. David's hand cracked across her face so hard she stumbled backward, knocking over a lamp. Lock her in her room! She doesn't leave without my say so!" he screamed toward the door.

Two staff members burst in, grabbing Rachel's arms and dragging her out. 'Let go of me!" Rachel fought like hell, but she was outnumbered and still weak. These women were built like linebackers-no way she was breaking free. They shoved her into her old bedroom, making her stumble. Chapter 47 She quickly caught her balance and spun

around, but they'd already slammed the door shut. Through the crack, she caught a glimpse of their blank, emotionless faces. She was trapped.

Chapter 48 Chapter 48 "Let me out!" Rachel threw herself at the door, but it was already locked tight. She pounded on it with her fists, but the door didn't budge. No response from the other side either. She leaned against it, fingers clawing at the door frame until her knuckles went white. So David was dead serious about keeping her locked up this time. When that didn't work, Rachel tried the windows. They were sealed shut-not even a crack to squeeze through. Damn it. They'd really trapped her with no way out. Everything in the room felt familiar yet foreign at the same time.

This was where she'd grown up, once her safest place in the world. Now it was her prison. A wave of helplessness washed over her. Just then, she heard movement at the door. Rachel turned hopefully, watching a maid enter without expression. The woman walked straight toward her, reaching for Rachel's pockets: "Miss Rachel, the master wants your phone." She found Rachel's cell phone with practiced efficiency and confiscated it. Rachel barely had time to react. Even if she'd fought back, she probably would've lost-the maid was built like a tank, as she'd learned when they'd dragged her up here.

Rachel laughed bitterly: "What, can't even let me have a phone now? You guys planning to keep me prisoner forever? The maid didn't answer, just stared at her blankly. Realizing she wouldn't get anything useful out of her, Rachel gave up. This was the second robot like person she'd encountered. Matt had been the first. 16:16 0 He Mule My 42.3% Chapter 48 After the maid left, the room fell silent again. Rachel sat on the bed edge, absently twisting the sheets between her fingers. David was playing hardball this time-cutting off her escape routes and communications.

She had to find a way out, or all her plans would be screwed. After what felt like hours, the door opened again. The maid stood there with that same blank expression: "Miss Rachel, the master wants you to come down for dinner." Rachel stood up, smoothed her clothes, and followed the maid downstairs. In the dining room, the rest of the Leroux family was already seated. Arthur was scrolling through his phone. When he heard her footsteps, he looked up with zero surprise, a mocking smile playing at his lips: "Well, well, if it isn't our princess. Didn't you say you'd never come back?"

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"That didn't last long-crawling back already?" Rachel rolled her eyes and ignored him, walking to her usual seat and pouring herself some tea. David glanced at Rachel and coughed loudly. Rachel knew what he meant-he was annoyed she hadn't greeted everyone properly. Normally, she would've jumped up and made the rounds, saying hello to everyone before sitting down last. But she couldn't be bothered with their stupid games anymore. She finished her tea and poured another cup. Seeing himself ignored, David huffed loudly before taking his seat. The others followed suit. During dinner, nobody spoke.

Just the sound of chopsticks against bowls. The atmosphere was painfully awkward. Sophie, sitting next to Rachel, glanced at her and placed a shrimp on her plate: "Sister, I'm so glad you're back. The house felt empty without you." Rachel said nothing. Maybe to spare Sophie embarrassment, Joanne jumped in with fake peacemaking: "Rachel, since you're back, why not stay? Home is so much better than struggling out there." Rachel still didn't respond, ignoring Sophie's shrimp and taking a bite of something else.

16:18 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flew Private Revenge Served Sky High 42.6% Chapter 48 Seeing her silence, Arthur sneered: "What, couldn't make it on your own? Or just realized our food tastes better?" Rachel finally snapped, looking up coldly: "Arthur, cut the passive-aggressive crap. Whether I come back or not is none of your business." Arthur raised an eyebrow mockingly: "Ooh, still got attitude. What, a few days on the streets and you think you're hot shit?" He didn't buy for a second that Rachel could actually make it on her own. She'd come crawling back just like he'd predicted.

Now she was just being stubborn. He needed to fix that attitude problem. "Just come back properly. You're still the Leroix heiress. You're not a kid anymore-stop throwing tantrums." "Arthur," Rachel put down her chopsticks, meeting his gaze directly, "do you really think I can't survive without this family?" Arthur laughed, his eyes full of disdain: "Can't you? You think those little 'dreams' of yours can pay the bills? Wake up. Without the Leroix name, you're nobody." "You're wrong." Rachel looked at him steadily. "I've never been throwing tantrums. Everything I said was true.

I have my own dreams, my own goals, and none of you can give me that." "Dreams? Goals? Rachel, are you really that naive? You think your little design talent can get you anywhere in this industry? Dream on! Without Leroix backing, you won't even make a ripple." His words echoed exactly what David had said earlier. They all thought the Leroix name was responsible for her success. But that wasn't true. "Did you forget that my 'Tears of the Stars' design won international awards when I was still in school?

With or without this family, I'm still me." Getting repeatedly contradicted made Arthur's face darken, anger creeping into his voice: "That was just luck! You really think your mediocre skills can establish you in the jewelry world? Get real! Besides, Sophie's just as talented as you-she's humble and polite, not like you! A little success and your ego goes through the roof" "Sophie?" Rachel couldn't help bursting into laughter. After laughing for a while, she continued: "How exactly did she win those awards?

Did you forget how you guys begged me to let her use my designs?" Bringing up the past made Sophie's eyes instantly well up with tears: "Sister..." 16:18 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flow Private: Revenge Served Sky High 42.89 Chapter 48 Seeing this, Joanne quickly intervened: "Okay, okay, we're all family here. Stop fighting. Rachel, tone it down." Then she pulled Sophie into her arms, soothing her gently. Arthur, knowing this fight had started because of him but had hurt innocent Sophie, felt guilty and joined in comforting her.

The atmosphere suddenly became harmonious as they all fussed over Sophie. David didn't say anything but ignored Rachel completely, leaving her isolated again. In this house, she would always be an outsider. No matter what she did or said, nobody would ever take her side.

Chapter 49 Chapter 49 After Sophie finally calmed down, she looked at Rachel with what seemed like genuine regret: "Sister, I'm so sorry about before. I only used your work because my hand was hurt and I had no other choice. I get why you were mad, but please don't blame Arthur for it." She dabbed at her eyes again, keeping them all red and puffy. Rachel watched her coldly, watching the whole performance.

She suddenly remembered what Nicolas had said-"You're about as bad at lying as Sophie is at fake crying." Watching Sophie's delicate little tear-wiping act now, Rachel actually burst out laughing. It really was pathetic. The crazy part was nobody else could see right through it. "Oh, by the way," Sophie sniffled, brightening up like she was trying to change to a happier topic, "I heard Maëlys is back in town." She was clearly trying to steer away from the heavy stuff, putting on this brave face. "Word is she's setting up shop here for good!

Starting her own studio and everything, looking for designers. But you have to win some competition first..." Her voice got quieter and quieter, obviously losing confidence. Joanne jumped in with encouragement: "Don't worry, sweetie. You'll totally crush it." Rachel heard every word but just sat there quietly, trying to become invisible. Maelys coming back had basically broken the internet in design circles. Every designer was dying to get a shot. But the entry requirements were brutal-you needed national level awards just to qualify. That alone knocked out most people.

Sophie had about as much design talent as a brick. Every "award winning" piece she'd ever done was straight up stolen from Rachel. Her chances of making it through selection were basically zero. Rachel kept quiet, but Sophie came right at her: "Sister, I'm totally gonna make it through, don't you think?" 16:18 He Stole My Ticket liew Private Reves herved sky High Chapter 49 "You?" Rachel's laugh was ice-cold and brutal: "Do you even know what design means?" Sophie just smiled it off, with this little edge to her voice: "Sister, don't sell me short. I practically grew up studying your work.

I know every single piece you've ever made by heart." Rachel's expression went arctic. Grew up studying her work... She was basically admitting she'd ripped off everything Rachel had ever created. "Sophie, you know how long cloned sheep usually live?" Rachel asked with a sharp smile. "Sister, I have no idea what you're talking about... All I know is my work gets tons of recognition, and that makes me happy." Rachel couldn't take it anymore and shot up so fast her chair scraped loudly across the floor.

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"You're hopeless." Sophie's eyes immediately welled up again, tears hanging on her lashes: "Why do you always assume the worst about people, sister? I just want to prove

I'm capable..." Her voice got all soft and vulnerable at the end, the kind that made people want to protect her. The crystal chandelier cast perfect shadows on her face, hiding that tiny smirk at the corner of her mouth. "Prove yourself?" Rachel's knuckles went white gripping the table. "Junior year, you swiped my rough drafts, changed like two lines, slapped your name on them, and submitted them to Milan Fashion Week.

That's your proof?" "Senior year, you faked an injury and guilt-tripped me into designing something for you to use. That's your talent? The Leroix princess really that desperate?" She was getting more worked up, unconsciously stepping toward Sophie, who shrank back. David slammed his palm on the table; "That's enough!" When he spoke, everyone else shut up. This had been going on way too long. He couldn't remember when family dinners had turned into war zones. The constant fighting was giving him a headache. He just muttered "knock it off" and walked out. Arthur looked frustrated too.

He didn't want to be the bad guy, but somehow Rachel always pushed his buttons. 16-18 13 5h Chapter 49 Why couldn't she just be sweet like Sophie? He was done arguing and laid down the law: "Sophie's never done anything like this before-of course she's nervous. You're gonna make three designs for Sophie to pick from. The judges only care about the work anyway, so it doesn't matter whose name's on it. Either way, it's good for the family." The air went dead silent. Rachel could hear her pulse pounding in her ears.

"Arthur!" Sophie gasped, grabbing his sleeve, her pearl earrings swaying: "Don't put sister in a tough spot. I... I can handle this myself..." "Don't worry about it, Sophie." Arthur thought she was just being modest and gave her hand a reassuring pat "Like hell!" Rachel was seeing red. She couldn't believe they were plotting Sophie's cheating right in front of her face. "Make me her ghostwriter?"

"You're out of your damn mind!" She grabbed a steak knife, gripping it tight and slamming it into the table right next to Arthur's fingers: "You want me to be a stepping stone for Little Miss Plagiarist? Just cut my hands off right now!" The knife blade caught the light, gleaming dangerously. Arthur jerked back, genuinely startled. Sophie reached for Rachel's arm: "Sister, do you really want to blow everything up?"

When you had that fever junior year, who stayed by your bed for three straight days..." "You mean when you drugged my IV so you could photograph my sketches?" Rachel yanked her arm away. "I was out cold that whole night, and the next morning my design showed up on TV with your name on it. What are the odds of that coincidence?" Sophie bit her lip and went quiet, She had stolen Rachel's work, but Rachel was sick and couldn't compete anyway, so she was basically helping! And Rachel never said anything about it later!

"Do we really need to rehash ancient history?" Arthur looked at her with obvious irritation, then grabbed the knife and tossed it aside. "Want to talk about the past? Let me refresh your memory about why you spent three years in prison." His fingers drummed on the table. "Hit and run. If that record gets out, which studio do you think is

gonna touch you with a ten-foot pole?" 16:18 Doung Served Sky High Chapter 49 Rachel felt ice water in her veins, her whole body going rigid. "This is settled. You're making some designs for Sophie.

It's all about family honor anyway-doesn't matter whose name goes on them." Joanne finally sighed and took Rachel's wrist gently: "Honey, your brother's right. Sophie's your sister-her success is your success, isn't it?"

Chapter 50 Chapter 50 "What about me..." Rachel mumbled to herself. "What?" Joanne didn't catch it and asked again, but Rachel didn't respond. Rachel took two stiff steps forward. She couldn't believe they actually had the nerve to demand she design for Sophie! So matter-of-fact! So shameless! "Not happening!" Rachel shouted at Arthur's retreating figure. But Arthur completely ignored her, didn't even pause, just walked straight out. Nobody cared about her protests. Nobody listened. Seeing Rachel's unstable state, Joanne didn't dare say more.

She still remembered Rachel's previous breakdowns-they were genuinely terrifying. Afraid Rachel might lose it again, she quickly led Sophie away, leaving Rachel alone in the dining room. Suddenly, everyone had cleared out. Rachel stood there as the chandelier light swayed in front of her eyes. She rubbed her temples, but the frustration churning inside wouldn't go away. "Ahh-" She let out a cry, her body unsteady as she gripped the dining table for support. The force made all the dishes clatter together. A maid stood nearby watching her.

Rachel took a while to calm down and dissipate most of her anger. Seeing the maid still there, she had no choice but to go upstairs to her room. After locking the door behind her, she leaned against it and took a deep breath. The Leroix family were all insane. She had to find a way out of here! The room's furnishings were sparse. The cabinet that should have been full of trophies now sat completely empty, Rachel walked to the cabinet and opened the glass cover. 16:19 He Stole My Ticket & Flow Private Revenge Served Sky High 44.19 "Click"-a sandalwood box fell out.

She crouched down, picked up the box, and opened it to find a stack of yellowed sketches. The top one was a drawing she'd made at seven called "Spring Banquet," with "Rachel" written in crooked letters in the bottom right corner. Now that name was blacked out, with "Sophie" written in red pen beside it. She smirked mockingly. Talk about shameless. Sophie was completely obsessed with claiming everything that belonged to her! And she'd actually succeeded-family love, romantic love, identity, Sophie had stolen it all!

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Rachel looked at the yellowed sketch, crumpled it into a ball, and threw it in the trash. Reaching deeper into the cabinet's far corner, she felt something hard. She pulled it out-a spare key! She'd put it there ages ago, thinking it was useless and just tossing it in. Never thought she'd actually need it But after so much time, the key had some rust on it.

She wasn't sure if it would still work. After wiping the dust clean, she carefully inserted it into the lock and gently turned right. After years of disuse, the key was stiff. It wouldn't turn right, so she tried left.

That didn't work either. Rachel was getting impatient, but this was her only way out! She gripped the key again, wiggling it left and right. This time it moved! The lock clicked softly. She quietly opened the door and stepped into the dark hallway, lit only by dim night lights in the corners. Her heart pounded with excitement, the sound echoing in her ears. At this hour, the Leroix family should all be in their rooms resting, so nobody would be wandering around. But she didn't dare waste time-she just wanted to get out fast.

She checked her pocket to make sure she had all her documents, then jogged toward the main entrance. Her phone had been confiscated by David, but she'd have to abandon that. Getting out was the priority. 16:19 He Stole My Ticket. I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky High Chapter 50 Never expected coming back once would lead to house arrest. She was never coming back again! "Where are you going so late?" Rachel froze, slowly turning around. The room wasn't lit, so she hadn't seen anyone in the living room! David sat in a black robe that blended with the surrounding darkness.

He held an unlit cigar, just sitting on the sofa like he'd been there for hours. "I..." Rachel instinctively stepped back. She couldn't find a good explanation. David chuckled softly, his mood unreadable: "You still think the Leroix family has wronged you, so you want to leave?" Rachel bit her lip, trying one last explanation: "Dad, I just wanted to..." "Wanted what? To leave the Leroix family?" David cut her off. "Where exactly do you think you can go?" Rachel wasn't flustered by the interruption. Getting angry wouldn't solve anything now.

She just wanted to have a real conversation with David: "I've been very cle I have design talent, and I want to enter Maëlys's studio competition. With or without this family, I can , just fine." "Design talent?" David sneered. "Your talent was cultivated by this family from childhood. Without the Leroix family, there would be no you today. Rachel, you should learn gratitude, like Sophie." Like Sophie... Those words felt like a stab to Rachel's chest. She thought of all those designs credited to Sophie, and herself standing in corners during award ceremonies.

"So what's my value to this family? Being Sophie's ghostwriter so she can shine on stage?" Rachel looked at him, wanting an answer, but David ignored her question. She laughed bitterly. Of course-in their eyes, her just being alive was enough. How could she compare to Sophie's importance? "Come back with me." David stood up, pocketing the unlit cigarette. "That scene you caused at the funeral embarrassed us in front of the whole city. I won't pursue that anymore, but don't cause any more trouble in the future.

No need to give people more to gossip about." 16:19 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flow Drivate PaOVDHUR Sound Sky Viah Chapter 50 Rachel didn't move. "I said, come back with me." David's voice turned cold. "Or would you prefer I call the staff?" Rachel closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Knowing she couldn't escape, she sighed in resignation:

"Fine. I'll come back with you." David nodded with satisfaction and headed upstairs. Rachel followed behind him, her shoes making soft sounds on the floor. The apartment building. It was already 10 PM, and Rachel still hadn't returned.

Nicolas irritably flipped through a few pages of documents before tossing the folder aside and picking up his phone to call Rachel again. The same familiar electronic voice answered- "Hello, the number you have dialed is turned off. Please try again later."