

# He Stole My Ticket, I Flew Private: Revenge Served Sky\_High Novel

Chapter 6 Thanksgiving break was peaceful and comfortable being home almost made me forget all the drama. Sophia's Instagram went completely silent. This girl who used to post seven or eight stories a day suddenly vanished. Aaron hadn't texted me once either, which was seriously weird for him. When break ended, I had the family driver take me back to campus. The second I walked through the gates, I could tell something was off. A group of girls who'd been whispering together saw me and immediately went dead silent, exchanging meaningful looks before scattering in different directions.

I could still hear muffled giggles and hushed comments as I walked by. "That's her..." "Never would've guessed..." "Always acted so innocent..." I frowned but didn't think much of it and went straight to my dorm. I'd barely dropped my bags and connected to the campus WiFi when my phone started going crazy. Opening a few group chats, I was hit with a wall of disgusting speculation and vicious headlines. "SCANDAL: Campus Queen's Secret Private Jet Vacation - Sugar Daddy Revealed as Real Estate Mogul" "Saint by Day, Sugar Baby by Night?"

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The Double Life of America's College Elite" "CORRUPTION EXPOSED: Dean's List Darling Allegedly Kept by Wealthy Benefactor - Is She Worthy?" Each headline was more vicious than the last. They didn't use my name directly, but keywords like "honor student frontrunner" and "private jet" basically painted a target on my back. The comment threads had hundreds of replies with various "insiders" sharing details - some claiming they saw me getting into cars with older men, others saying I'd been kept by this real estate mogul for ages. Complete bullshit, but told like they had the inside scoop.

There were even some blurry long-distance photos. One showed our family's pretty low-key BMW parked outside campus with me getting in. The other was from before the semester started - me talking to Dad at the campus gates. The angle was deliberately misleading. You could only make out Dad's age and expensive suit from that distance, while I was smiling and talking to him, which definitely looked "intimate" if you didn't know the context. Just then my dorm room door opened and my two roommates walked in. They clearly didn't expect to see me at my desk and exchanged a weird look.

"Oh wow, you're back?" One of them smirked, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "You really can't judge a book by its cover, huh? Miss Innocent over here had us all fooled." The other one jumped right in with exaggerated sympathy: "Right? Poor Sophia was so worried about someone not having a ticket home, even offered to let her crash at that

apartment. But turns out some people have... other options. Must be nice!" They burst into giggles without waiting for me to respond, like they were in on some big secret. My heart sank, not from fear but from disgust at how low they were.

I didn't need to wonder who orchestrated this. This had Sophia and Aaron written all over it. Unable to hit me head-on, they resorted to this filthy trick, trying to destroy my reputation completely. My phone rang - it was our teacher, sounding really uncomfortable: "Hey Rachel... so, um, Student Services got an anonymous tip about your... well... personal life possibly creating a bad image, and regarding the Dean's List, they might need you to... provide some kind of explanation..." I listened calmly and just replied: "Got it. The truth will come out." After hanging up, I actually smiled.

Pathetic. That's the best they can do.

Chapter 7 A few days later, the Dean's List Awards ceremony took place in the main auditorium. I wore a simple button-down and slacks, sitting in the nominees' section. The moment I sat down, I could feel eyes on me from every direction - curious, judgmental, disgusted, and some not even trying to hide their anticipation of this drama. Sophia and Aaron were there too, planted right in the front row. Sophia had deliberately worn this faded, washed-out old dress, her eyes broadcasting concern and heartbreak, like she couldn't bear to witness my downfall.

S Aaron sat next to her, spine rigid, his face showing the kind of anger that comes from feeling betrayed. They weren't here for an awards ceremony - they were here for my public humiliation. The ceremony moved through each category, and soon they reached the highest honor - the Dean's Distinguished Student Award. When they called my name, the applause was pretty half-hearted, mixed with plenty of murmured commentary. I stood calmly and walked toward center stage.

Just as I was about to shake hands with President Morrison and accept my "Hold on!" A voice sliced right through the formal atmosphere. Everyone turned to look. Aaron had shot up from his seat, clutching a USB drive in his hand. certificate - "President Morrison, administration! I don't think Rachel Leroix deserves this award! Her behavior goes against everything this university stands for!" Every camera and pair of eyes immediately focused on him. Sophia stood up too, putting on this pained expression like she didn't want to do this but had no choice. "Aaron, don't..."

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let's just give Rachel some dignity..." "No way! I'm not gonna sit here and watch this bitch destroy our school's reputation!" Aaron brushed off Sophia's hand and stormed toward the AV booth, jamming the USB drive into the port without permission. The administration on stage looked at each other, clearly caught off guard. The next second, that secretly-taken photo of Dad and me appeared on the big screen. "Everyone look at this!" Aaron pointed at the screen, his voice dripping with pain and betrayal. "This is Rachel with her... sugar daddy!"

She's a kept woman!" "Over Thanksgiving break, she was openly intimate with him the evidence is right there!" "He flew her around on private jets, pays for her luxury lifestyle, the fancy cars - this is where it all comes from!" He turned to face me, his expression full of dramatic anguish: "Rachel! I thought you were just a little shallow, but I never imagined you'd sink this low! You've completely disappointed me!" "What gives you the right to accept this award?"

Because your sugar daddy has money and influence?" Right on cue, Sophia let out these soft, heartbroken sobs, dabbing at bone-dry eyes with a tissue, like she was heartbroken by her friend's corruption. The auditorium absolutely erupted. Every eye in the place was on me, waiting to see how I'd react, waiting to watch me crash and burn. Standing there center stage, looking at their jealous, fake-ass faces, I didn't panic. Instead, I let out a clear, amused laugh. I calmly picked up the microphone, my voice carrying through the sound system to every corner of the auditorium: "You done?"

Chapter 8 Everyone froze - including Aaron and Sophia, who'd been in the middle of their Oscar-worthy performance. They'd pictured me panicked, pale, completely falling apart with no way to defend myself. Not standing here calm as could be, like I was watching some ridiculous show that had nothing to do with me. Aaron's face twitched, clearly thrown off by my reaction. But he quickly pulled himself together, his voice getting shrill with desperation: "Rachel! The evidence is right there! What could you possibly say? Are you gonna claim that's not you in the photo?" "It is me.

Not gonna deny it.' I spoke into the microphone, my voice almost casual. "And this guy absolutely did hook me up with private jets, gives me tons of cash, and yeah - we definitely have a very... close relationship." The auditorium exploded with shocked chatter. "Holy shit, she's actually admitting it?" "That's so gross!! Actually bragging about this stuff?" "Damn, you really can't judge people by their looks." Aaron and Sophia's faces lit up with this joy - they clearly hadn't expected me to just confess like that. "President Morrison! Administration! You heard her!

She just admitted everything!" Aaron was practically bouncing, his pointing finger shaking with excitement. "This kind of morally corrupt, shameless student needs to have her award revoked immediately! The university must take serious disciplinary action to uphold our values!" Sophia dropped her tissue act and piled on with fake concern: "Rachel, how... how could you actually... We might not have much money, but we should still have our dignity...

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How can you face Aaron after doing this..." The administration panel was frowning deeply, exchanging worried looks- things seemed to be going very badly for me. Just as the whole room was about to turn into an angry mob "Excuse me? Since when is giving my daughter an allowance and picking her up from school considered morally bankrupt behavior?" A deep, authoritative voice suddenly rang out from the side entrance,

instantly cutting through all the noise. Everyone's heads snapped around toward the sound.

The side door of the auditorium had opened, and our university president - who rarely made public appearances - was speed walking in alongside a middle-aged man. The man was tall and impeccably dressed in a tailored dark suit, radiating the kind of presence that comes from wielding serious power. His razor-sharp eyes swept coldly over Aaron, who was frozen by the AV station, and Sophia, whose face had gone ghost-white. That man was my father. And President Morrison was trailing behind him, looking pissed and embarrassed.

Before Dad could speak again, President Morrison grabbed a microphone, his voice tight with suppressed fury: "Mr. David Leroix, Chairman of Leroix Industries, learned about today's ceremony and graciously made time to attend, showing his support for our university's educational mission." His tone turned ice-cold as his glare fixed on Aaron and Sophia: "But now? A carefully orchestrated character assassination targeting Mr. Leroix and his daughter!"

Chapter 9 "D... daughter?" The words hit the auditorium like a bomb, leaving everyone stunned. "Hey Dad." I spoke into the microphone, my voice soft, tinged with the hurt of a kid who'd been waiting for their parent to step in. Dad finally walked onto the stage, gently patting my head before his cold gaze swept across the dead-silent crowd, finally landing on Aaron's horrified face. "I came here to see what kind of environment my daughter spends her days in. Didn't expect it to be quite so... entertaining." He put extra emphasis on that last word, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

The whole auditorium went dead quiet. Aaron looked absolutely terrified and devastated, his whole body shaking uncontrollably like he might collapse. Sophia seemed like all the life had been drained out of her, stumbling backward with her face completely drained of color. President Morrison took a deep breath, his face dark with rage, his voice trembling as he fought to control his fury: "Aaron Ruthven! Sophia Macoas! What you two have done is absolutely outrageous! Completely unacceptable!" The president's roar echoed through the silent auditorium, making everyone flinch.

"Making malicious accusations based on one photo, filing anonymous complaints, and then publicly attacking a student during an official ceremony! What the hell is wrong with you two? This is defamation! Serious misconduct! Do you have any respect for this university's rules and standards?" His hands were shaking with anger: "Ms. Leroix's father is the primary donor for our new library wing! He founded the scholarship program that has supported countless students!" "Mr.

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Leroix takes time out of his incredibly busy schedule to support our school and visit his daughter, and you two have the audacity to twist that into something disgusting! You're not just hurting Rachel - you're attacking this entire school!" Each word hit Aaron and Sophia like a slap to the face. The crowd finally understood what had really happened, and their expressions shifted from sympathy to complete disgust. "Oh my god... they totally made this whole thing up!" "How could they be so stupid?"

Going after a major donor's daughter?" "They're so twisted they see something dirty in a father-daughter relationship? That's sick!" "I actually thought Aaron was decent and Sophia was sweet. They should've gone to drama school with acting skills like that!" The comments washed over them like a tidal wave, each one cutting deeper than the last. Aaron completely lost it- his legs gave out and he crumpled to the floor, looking absolutely destroyed, mumbling incoherently. "This isn't happening... can't be real..."

how is this..." My dad's icy glare swept over him, then softened the moment it returned to me: "Sorry you had to deal with this, sweetheart." I shook my head and took the microphone. "Aaron. Sophia.

Did you really think I stayed up three nights straight fighting for train tickets because that was my only option for getting home?" "Did you think I dress simply because I can't afford the designer brands you're obsessed with?" "Did you think I kept quiet and didn't fight back because I'm insecure and an easy target?" My voice got stronger and sharper with each question, each one landing like a bomb. "Me needing a sugar daddy? That's honestly the funniest joke I've heard all year." Aaron kept his head down, staring at the floor, not daring to look at me.

"I wanted those train tickets because I thought it would be special to experience that normal struggle of getting home with someone I cared about." I fixed Aaron with a razor-sharp stare. "Too bad you weren't worth it."

Chapter 10 I turned to look at all the shocked faces in the audience. "My grades four point oh GPA. Every honor I've received is public record, completely clean. Every single point earned from nights I spent grinding in the library, problem sets I worked through myself. Anyone wanna challenge that?" My gaze swept across the entire auditorium. Dead silence. Finally, I looked back at that pathetic figure trying to make herself invisible. "As for you, Sophia." "That first-class ticket you schemed so hard to steal, the reputation you tried to destroy, even this guy you've been clinging to..."

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None of that was ever worth my time." "All that stuff you think is so valuable? It's just garbage to me." With that, I handed the microphone back to the host, not wasting another glance on those two. This pathetic show was over. Later, Aaron tried to come crawling back to apologize. "Rachel, I had no idea... I swear I didn't know anything..."

He was completely losing his shit. "It was all Sophia's idea, she took those photos, she pushed me into it..." Watching him desperately trying to throw Sophia under the bus, I felt this weird mix of disgust and pity.

"You know why I never told you about my family?" He shook his head, looking lost. "Because I wanted to see if you'd actually care about me - just me, Rachel - without all the money and status attached." I said quietly. "Well, now I have my answer." I walked away and never looked back. The next day, I filed for a dorm room change and blocked both Aaron and Sophia on everything. Dad was right showing off wealth usually sucks, but sometimes it's perfect for seeing people's true colors. Now they can keep wallowing in their toxic little drama while I move on to way better things.