

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

Chapter 71

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The pale blue aquamarine glowed softly under the lights . " This is my piece , ' Eternal as Water . " " Rachel's voice seemed deliberately lowered , carrying an unpleasant raspy quality . Everyone's fantasy about the mysterious " Daughter of the Sea " shattered . This mysterious woman had such an awful voice ?! The chat exploded with mockery : [I'm dying - is this the so - called ' Daughter of the Sea ' ? Did she trade her voice for those legs ?] 【 Sounds like nails on a chalkboard ... 】 [With a voice that bad , can't imagine what she looks like ...

] 【 Okay , I admit I was too harsh about Sophie's voice . I'm back to team Sophie .] Sophie had returned to her seat next to Jaxon . Hearing the voice , she smiled coldly . " That voice ... definitely not Rachel . " She glanced at Jaxon , only to find him staring motionlessly at the stage . Sophie felt uncomfortable but maintained her image by adding , " Of course , what matters most for designers is design ability , not looks or voice . " Jaxon still didn't react , which annoyed Sophie .

But with so many reporters around , she couldn't show her irritation too obviously and had to swallow her frustration . When she looked back at the stage , she locked eyes with the woman up there . For just a split second , she caught a flash of mockery in those eyes . How dare she mock her ! But it was only a moment - too quick even for cameras to catch - before Rachel looked away . She continued speaking into the

microphone with undeniable authority : " This aquamarine may seem ordinary , but it means everything to me .

The teardrop cut represents the flow of time , while the wave patterns on the setting symbolize eternal memory . " She paused , scanning the judges and audience below . " True eternity isn't about preserving objects , but passing down memories and emotions . The back of this necklace is engraved with : " Time flows like water , memories are eternal . ' This is my understanding of ' eternity ' and my remembrance of a departed loved one . " The judges showed genuine interest in her design , seemingly moved by her concept .

Reporters frantically documented the moment , focusing their cameras on her piece . Thinking of her grandfather , Rachel's voice caught slightly with emotion before quickly returning to calm : " This necklace isn't just jewelry - it carries my longing for my grandfather , my understanding of ' eternity , ' and my reverence for life . " The audience gradually became infected by her emotion . Applause began building as the judges ' eyes filled with appreciation . The next contestant was Yara Adams , who'd placed third in preliminaries .

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15:45 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 63.1 % Chapter 71 Rachel remembered her and couldn't help watching closely . Yara stood on stage holding an elegant display box , scanning the judges and audience with a clear voice : " My design theme is Eternal Moments . " The inspiration comes from photography's long exposure ' technique - capturing an instant in time's passage and freezing it into eternity . " She placed her work on the display stand and gently opened the box . Inside was a necklace with a rare opal as the main stone .

The surface showed a unique play - of - color effect , like a crushed rainbow scattered across the gem . " The opal's color play symbolizes time's flow , " Yara's voice carried unique magnetism , " while the diamond arrangement mimics light trails from long - exposure photography , symbolizing time's freezing . Through this necklace , I want to express reverence for time's passage and pursuit of momentary eternity . " She paused , continuing : " The back of this necklace reads : ' Moments are eternal , eternity is momentary . "' The judges seemed deeply interested in her design concept .

Antonio Rossi nodded slightly : " This design is very creative - the opal usage is extremely clever . " Isabelle Dupont's gaze remained on the necklace : " Indeed , her design has both scientific rigor and artistic romance . " Rachel sat below , watching Yara's work with genuine appreciation . Yara's design was truly excellent - both concept and craftsmanship were flawless . After her presentation , the remaining contestants displayed their work in order . There weren't many left , so the presentations finished quickly .

The chat remained heated : [Am I the only one who thinks everyone designed better than Sophie ?] [Yara's ' Eternal Moments ' is brilliant - combining moments and eternity is so clever !] [And that contestant who used the Möbius strip for ' Eternal Cycles ' - her earrings were amazing ! What was her name ... Amelia Duke !) (Even though ' Daughter of the Sea ' has an awful voice , her design is so meaningful ! My grandma passed too - hearing her explanation made me tear up .) [Can't we just have different tastes without tearing each other down ?

Just because you like other designs doesn't mean you have to trash Sophie ! Taking my girl and leaving - no female competition here !] The scoring system had two parts : 80 % from judges , 20 % from online audience voting . Within minutes , Sophie's vote count was way ahead . Despite the controversy , her fan base was much larger than the other contestants ' . The other nine contestants had roughly equal vote counts . Except for Sophie , Rachel was the most controversial . Sophie's fans were extremely dissatisfied with her : 【 What's with all the mystery ?

Covering her face - what's she hiding ? 】 [So fake .] 【 Sophie fans stop defending - your girl only got here by vote manipulation ! ' Daughter of the Sea ' has real talent !] 15:45 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 63.4 % Chapter 71 [Am I the only one who thinks Yara's design is more creative ? That black opal usage is incredible !] The two judges went backstage with Maëlys and other staff for fifteen minutes of scoring . During this time , online was pure warfare . Fifteen minutes later , Maëlys finally emerged from backstage .

She held a sealed envelope , wearing a professional smile as she walked to center stage . The venue went completely silent , all eyes focused on the envelope in her hands . " Ladies and gentlemen , " Maëlys's voice carried throughout the venue , " after careful deliberation by our judges , the competition results are in . I'll now announce the final rankings . " She scanned the contestants and audience below : " First , I want to thank all contestants for their spectacular performances . Your creativity and talent showed us the infinite possibilities of jewelry design .

Regardless of results , you're all tonight's winners ! " The audience responded with thunderous applause . Rachel sat in her seat , fingers tightening slightly . She hadn't felt this nervous anticipation in so long - it was almost exciting . " Now , I announce this competition's third place winner- " " Amelia Duke ! " , Amelia stood with a surprised smile , walked on stage , and bowed to the audience and judges . " This competition's second place winner - Yara Adams ! " After Yara's thanks , the most thrilling moment arrived .

Maëlys continued under everyone's expectant gazes : " The champion is- " She paused . " Daughter of the Sea ! " The venue erupted in chaos , applause thundering . Rachel stood and walked to the stage , then under everyone's excited stares , slowly removed her veil ! She took the microphone from Maëlys , stared at a specific spot in the audience , and spoke in a clear , beautiful voice : " Sophie , long time no see . " What

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She snapped her head up , meeting Rachel's gaze on stage . It was her ... It really was her ! Sophie's fingers gradually tightened , eyes locked on the stage . Her heart pounded so hard she could hear it buzzing in her ears . All surrounding sounds became muffled except for Rachel's voice echoing clearly in her mind . That all - too - familiar face now made her feel cold all over . " It really is her ... " Sophie whispered , barely audible . Her mind was complete chaos . Hadn't Rachel left the Leroix house ? Why was she back ? Why appear before her like this !

She'd already claimed that design as her own - how could Rachel return to compete again so quickly ! " Sophie , " Rachel's voice rang out again with casual indifference , " who would've thought we'd reunite under these circumstances . My dear sister , did you miss me ? " Sophie's lips trembled as she tried to speak but found herself voiceless . The audience and reporters were also stunned by this sudden turn of events . The previously noisy venue fell instantly silent , all eyes focused on Rachel and Sophie .

Cameras flashed frantically , shutters clicking as reporters captured their interaction . The media had caught wind of Rachel's escape on the day of Donald's funeral , though the Leroix family had sealed their lips about it . But everyone knew what had happened , No one expected Rachel to return - under a different identity no less ! Online spectators were having a field day : 15:46 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 61.0 % Chapter 72 [Holy shit , Rachel entered as ' Daughter of the Sea ' !

] 【 This is gonna be good - Sophie versus Rachel , the ultimate jewelry design showdown !] But Sophie's fans were having complete meltdowns : [What the hell ? Rachel's obviously here to sabotage ! She's just jealous of our girl !] [Who knows if she even did the work herself - probably hired someone .] Bystanders couldn't stand it anymore and defended Rachel : 【 Could you have some shame ? Rachel won with real talent ! Your girl didn't even make top three .] 【 Sophie fans keep bragging about how amazing she is , but she only made it through preliminaries because of her fanbase .

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The finals showed her true level !] [Our girl was just nervous ! With so many people watching , being nervous is normal ! Plus , judge scoring is subjective anyway .) [Right , right , she's frozen solid but you're still making excuses .] Sophie involuntarily stood up . Rachel's " long time no see " hit like a steel blade through her heart . " Why... why did you come back ? " Sophie finally found her voice , looking across the distance at the figure on stage . The venue was quiet , and with the sound system , her voice came through clearly despite being soft .

Rachel smiled slightly , her expression carrying subtle mockery . " Why ? Sophie , do you really not know ? " " You ... " Sophie's voice trembled with a hint of breakdown , " what do you want ? " Rachel stared directly at Sophie , her voice calm and emotionless . " What I want has never changed . Sophie , some things need to be returned . " Sophie's body swayed as if she might collapse any moment . Just then , warmth touched her right hand as Jaxon suddenly gripped it and stood up. The heat from his palm transmitted through her skin with reassuring strength .

Sophie froze , then leaned into his embrace , borrowing his support . " Don't be afraid , " Jaxon said quietly , his fingers tightening slightly . Sophie seemed to have exhausted all her strength , gently closing her eyes with trembling lashes that looked heartbreaking . She appeared fragile and dependent , nestled in Jaxon's arms as they stood close together . 【 OMG ! I'm shipping this ! 】 Chapter 72 [Racing champion to the rescue !] Seeing Sophie's emotions gradually settle , Jaxon's gaze returned to the stage .

He glanced at the contestants standing there , but when he reached Rachel , his eyes showed no lingering - as if looking at some irrelevant person . Then he stared directly at Maëlys on stage with an intimidating presence . " Ms. Fontenot , the organizers promised three judges , but only two have appeared . The third is still missing . Doesn't this compromise the competition's fairness ? " The moment he finished speaking , the

entire venue went silent . All eyes focused on Jaxon , seemingly awed by his presence . The chat immediately exploded with commentary : [The racing champion's right !

How can it be fair without all the judges ?] [Who is this third judge anyway ? What kind of attitude is this ?] Sophie's fans got even more excited , flooding the chat : 【 Sophie's work was obviously amazing , but she was affected by the incomplete judging panel - this isn't fair !] 【 Are the organizers rigging this ? Demand a rematch !] [Support ! Rematch !] Maëlys stood on stage with her usual faint smile , as if she'd anticipated all this . She scanned the somewhat agitated reporters , signaling for quiet , before fixing her gaze on Jaxon . " Mr.

Rothschild is absolutely right - our third judge hasn't arrived yet . However , he's on his way . " But clearly , Jaxon wasn't buying this explanation . He laughed coldly . " I trust Ms. Fontenot's abilities and judgment , but the competition is nearly over and the judge still hasn't shown up . Isn't this arrangement a bit too casual ? " " Mr. Rothschild's concerns are valid , but I can guarantee everyone that the third judge's arrival won't affect the competition's fairness .

His scores will be announced separately after the competition ends , and we'll ensure every contestant's work receives fair evaluation . " Just as she finished speaking , the venue doors suddenly burst open . All eyes immediately turned toward the entrance , where a figure stood silhouetted . " Sorry I'm late . " His voice was deep , and though he said " sorry , " there was no hint of remorse . The figure stood backlit , making his face hard to see . He walked forward several steps until he was fully visible to everyone , causing a collective gasp . The third judge was- Chapter 72 Nicolas !

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" " No wonder the organizers kept the third judge's identity secret ... " Who could have expected the third judge to be such a heavyweight ! Sophie's expression immediately soured . She straightened up from Jaxon's embrace , watching Nicolas with wariness . The last time they'd met was at that party where she'd mistakenly thought Nicolas wanted to marry her , only to get publicly humiliated ! She'd been the laughingstock of her social circle for ages - everyone said she was delusional . And because of that incident, the Leroix family never got their partnership with Nicolas either .

He was bad news ! Nothing good ever happened when he was around ! Now Nicolas appeared here as a judge , and her mediocre performance in the competition made any chance of placing in the top three even more impossible ! Nicolas stood motionless , glancing at Jaxon before his gaze settled on Sophie beside him . The corner of his mouth lifted in a meaningful smile . " Miss Leroix , we meet again . " That smile sent chills down Sophie's spine . But Nicolas said nothing more , instead turning directly to Maëlys with a low , powerful voice : " Ms.

Fontenot , I'd like to ask - what were the preliminary selection criteria ? Why did some works clearly lacking depth and creativity make it to the finals ? Was it simply due to connections and background ? " As soon as he finished speaking , everyone's eyes subtly drifted toward Sophie . He was calling her out in broad daylight . Reporters below whispered among themselves : " Is Nicolas targeting Sophie ? " " Damn , this is getting good ! Sophie's work really didn't have any highlights - was it really about connections ? " " Nicolas being Nicolas - he dares to say what others won't !

" " Sophie violated competition rules in preliminaries , but her connections were strong enough to get her to finals . Now 15:46 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 64.9 % Chapter 73 she's crashing and burning - serves her right ! " Maëlys smiled slightly , maintaining her composure : " Mr. Rothschild's concerns are valid . However , I can assure everyone that our selection criteria are open and transparent . Every judge scores based on design concept , craftsmanship , and market potential . " Maëlys answered diplomatically , offending neither side .

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She kept that standard smile on her face while cursing internally : Damn it ! Weren't you the one who let her through preliminaries ? So you were waiting for this moment ! Calling her out in front of everyone - he really wasn't giving anyone face . That was Nicolas alright - ruthless ! " I'm a businessman , so profit comes first . Rothschild Industries invested in Ms. Fontenot's studio , so naturally I have the right to select designers who can bring me returns . Therefore , I'm serving as the third judge . Does anyone have further questions ?

" After he said that , who would dare question him ! The reporters below shut up and just focused on taking photos . Jaxon's expression wasn't great either . He'd originally wanted to exploit a loophole to help Sophie succeed , never expecting the judge to be him ! Sophie's thoughts were chaotic , but mostly she felt unwilling - unwilling to be eliminated like this . Just then , Maëlys's voice rang out again : " Thank you for Mr. Rothschild's investment . As the competition draws to a close , I announce that the studio selections are : Rachel Leroix , Yara Adams , and Amelia Duke !

" As soon as she finished , the venue erupted in celebration for the selected contestants . Sophie's heart completely died . Her mind went blank as all her efforts seemed to turn to nothing in this moment . But just then , Rachel picked up the microphone . " Wait . " The venue quieted , all eyes focusing on Rachel . She smiled slightly , then looked at Nicolas : " Mr. Rothschild , you just said you want someone who can bring you profit . Among us , Sophie is most suitable - she has a massive fanbase that could definitely bring you unexpected results .

" The reporters exchanged glances , unable to guess Rachel's intentions . The chat went crazy with speculation : [Is Rachel helping Sophie ?] 15:46 لم كفل لم م س أكت م ل ا Chapter 73 [OMG , this is so dramatic ! Rachel is actually speaking up for Sophie !] [They're family after all - of course she'd protect her !] [My perception of Rachel is totally shattered . Design should be about ability , not connections !] Sophie was also confused , unable to understand why Rachel would speak up for her at this moment . Could she really just be trying to help ?

Maëlys was surprised by the suggestion but didn't ask for reasons : " Miss Leroix's suggestion is reasonable , but competitions have rules . I only accept the top three contestants into the studio . As for other matters perhaps we should leave that to Mr. Rothschild ? " Maëlys smiled cleverly , kicking the problem to Nicolas . 【 Maëlys is reliable ! A competition is a competition - why change the rules for background and connections ?] [Rachel is so clueless !] [Rachel is Sophie's sister - what's wrong with helping her ? Real sisters support each other !

] Nicolas stood on stage , staring directly at Rachel , his mouth curving in a meaningful smile : " Miss Leroix , how magnanimous of you . " Rachel smiled without warmth . " You flatter me , Mr. Rothschild . " She wasn't being magnanimous - she'd just thought of something more interesting . Her original plan was just to teach Sophie a small lesson through this competition . She'd chosen anonymity because she was afraid Sophie

would sabotage her if she knew . But now she was changing her mind . This wasn't nearly enough ! Sophie had a massive fanbase .

Even losing this competition , she could return to her little studio and continue thriving with fan support . Plus , the internet had no memory . In a few months - less than half a year - no one would remember Sophie's performance in this competition , and she'd still be the " genius designer " her fans claimed she was . But if she let Sophie continue to be selected , then gradually expose her true nature , letting everyone know her persona was fake and her designs were stolen ! Nicolas watched her , not missing the flash of cunning in her eyes .

Chapter 73 " I can't violate competition rules , but- " He paused . " I've heard much about Miss Leroix's abilities , so I'm willing to sign Miss Leroix as a designer for Rothschild Industries . So , Ms. Fontenot , would you honor me by allowing my designer to study at your studio ? " What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose. What Likely Comes Next Expect tighter tension and fewer safe options. Hidden truths may press forward.

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This drama could last them a whole year - this competition was definitely worth attending ! Maëlys had her principles . She said only the top three would be accepted , and she definitely wouldn't change that , so hiring Sophie was obviously impossible . But if Nicolas signed her , that was different ! Sophie would be Nicolas's designer , and Sophie and Maëlys would be business partners - slipping one person in would be easy ! This ... What the hell was Nicolas up to ? The atmosphere froze instantly as everyone stared wide - eyed , unable to believe what they'd heard .

The chat exploded : [Holy shit ! Is Nicolas openly playing favorites ?] 【 Nicolas is being so good to Sophie - I'm shipping this ! 】 [This isn't fair ! Why does Sophie get a direct contract ?] 【 Stop being salty - can't Mr. Rothschild recognize talent ?) Sophie herself was stunned . She instinctively looked at Jaxon , only to find his expression grave . Jaxon looked at Nicolas with wariness . " Uncle , what's this about ? " Nicolas methodically adjusted his cufflinks , a slight smile playing at his lips . " Exactly what it sounds like . I value Miss Leroix's commercial potential .

" He turned to Sophie , his gaze sharp as a blade . " Miss Leroix , you know exactly what you can bring me . " The venue erupted in chaos . Maëlys thoughtfully touched her chin , her gaze sweeping between the four of them . 15:46 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 65.8 Chapter 74 On the surface , Nicolas was protecting Sophie , but who had originally suggested this Rachel . So Nicolas was following Rachel's lead . Combined with what Nicolas had said before about making Sophie pay a price - what kind of price ? Tsk , interesting .

Sophie bit her lip , her mind racing . Signing with Rothschild Industries meant access to top - tier resources . Even without entering Maëlys's studio , she could soar with Nicolas's backing . Plus her accumulated fame - becoming a top designer was within reach ! But ... could things really be this good ? " However , " Nicolas suddenly changed his tone , " I never make losing deals . Within one year , I want to see your commercial value triple . If you can't deliver ... " He paused , his eyes turning cold . " Not only will I terminate the contract - I'll blacklist you industry - wide .

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" Those words hit Sophie like ice water . She clenched her fists , nails digging deep into her palms . This was clearly a high - stakes gamble ! The chat exploded again : [Holy shit , that's brutal !] [Mr. Rothschild is trying to destroy Sophie !] [Triple ? How is that possible ?] [Wait ... so Nicolas isn't playing favorites ?] Sophie took a deep breath . She understood the rules of this game too well - either soar to the sky or be destroyed completely . And now , she seemed to have no choice but to gamble ! " I accept . " She lifted her head , voice trembling but unusually firm .

" Sophie ... " Jaxon looked worried . He felt something wasn't right about this whole situation , but couldn't pinpoint what . 15:46 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 66.0 % Chapter 74 Sophie gave him a reassuring look , then looked at Nicolas again , her voice no longer trembling . " Mr. Rothschild , I would be

delighted ! " Nicolas smiled with satisfaction - a smile that was chilling . " Excellent . Come sign the contract tomorrow . " It was the satisfaction of a hunter watching prey fall into a trap . [So Nicolas values Sophie's traffic ?

】 [Sophie's screwed now - triple performance ...] [It's just triple , don't underestimate our girl ! We fans are her strongest support ! Sophie fly forward , we'll bravely follow !) Maëlys stepped forward to smooth things over , though with a hint of teasing in her tone . " Mr. Rothschild is openly poaching from me . " When Nicolas ignored her , she didn't feel awkward and naturally continued , " Since that's settled , let's continue with the award ceremony- " No one noticed Rachel's lips curving slightly upward .

It was just a spontaneous suggestion , but Nicolas had been so cooperative ! At the same time , Nicolas looked over , their gazes colliding in the air before separating within two seconds , as if they barely knew each other . The big screen caught her lifting her chin , cunning light flashing in her eyes . [Damn , Mr. Rothschild's move is genius ! I love this capitalist attitude !) 【 LMAO , one second shipping them , next second gambling - Nicolas changes faces faster than Sichuan opera masters !] [Sophie's pupils are shaking.gif Sister run ! This is a slave contract !

(voice cracking) 】 Jaxon's expression grew even darker . He strode toward Nicolas , and when close enough , spoke in a voice only they could hear : " Uncle , we need to talk . " At the corridor corner , Jaxon's clenched fists tightened and loosened repeatedly before he finally spoke in a low voice : " Uncle , what's this about ? " Nicolas casually had one hand in his pocket while the other adjusted his cufflinks . When his gaze swept over , Jaxon instinctively straightened his spine . " What , do I need to report to you about signing someone ? " Nicolas spoke unhurriedly .

Jaxon's Adam's apple bobbed as his tone softened : " That's not what I meant ... it's just that Sophie ... " 15:46 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 66.2 % Chapter 74 " She's valuable . " Nicolas cut him off , his gaze sharp . " Rothschild Industries needs fresh blood , and her designs can bring commercial benefits . " He leaned forward slightly , his voice neither light nor heavy : " Or do you think there's something wrong with my decision ? " Jaxon's breathing hitched , his fingertips growing cold .

No matter how dissatisfied he felt , facing this uncle who was ruthless in business , he ultimately didn't dare confront him directly . " ... I wouldn't dare . " He said quietly . Nicolas snorted lightly , patting his shoulder with meaningful tone : " Jaxon , think long - term . " With that , he turned and left , his leather shoes making muffled sounds on the carpet that were somehow oppressive . Jaxon stood there , knuckles white from clenching , but ultimately didn't chase after him .

That night , trending topics exploded : #Nicolas Sophie Devil Contract # #Sophie Thorny Rose # [Breaking] Designer reveals : Rothschild Industries secretly preparing new brand ! The trending topics stayed up all night . Even with the Leroix family and Jaxon working together , they couldn't get them taken down . Meanwhile , Rachel was nestled

in Nicolas's arms scrolling through trending topics , eating grapes one by one . " Sure about signing her ? " Nicolas asked . " Sure . " Rachel stuffed another grape in her mouth , cheeks bulging as she spoke unclearly .

She had three years of old scores to settle . 15-16 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 66 What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose. What Likely Comes Next Expect tighter tension and fewer safe options. Hidden truths may press forward. The path ahead should feel earned and a bit sharper. Questions to Carry Which choice will echo the longest? Who revealed the most by saying the least? How might today's restraint become tomorrow's turning point?

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She's Leroix Family's Eldest Daughter Rachel !] The headline was particularly jarring . He slammed the tablet down hard on the desk with a dull thud . " Dad , please don't be angry . " Sophie walked in carrying a cup of hot tea , her eyes red - rimmed from crying . " I saw Rachel backstage yesterday , but ... she wouldn't come home with me ... " David snorted coldly . " Three years in prison , and she's learned to play these games ! " " Three years in prison ... " Sophie softly repeated the phrase , her voice deliberately choking .

" Rachel must have suffered so much - that's why she's developed this personality . " David was irritated , though at least there weren't waves of negative articles this time , which somewhat preserved the Leroix family's reputation . But this rebellious daughter -

not even coming home after the competition ended - clearly wanted to completely sever ties with them . " Dad , stop thinking about her , " Arthur spoke up . " Let me find her and bring her back . " David said nothing . These three children never gave him a moment's peace .

Though this time wasn't too bad - Rachel was " Daughter of the Sea " and had successfully entered Maëlys's studio . Sophie didn't make the top three , but caught Nicolas's attention . David stood from the sofa and walked to the window , where large flower beds bloomed outside , though he had no mood to appreciate them . " Dad , " Arthur's voice came from behind , " Maëlys's studio just released their new quarterly designer roster . " David didn't turn around , just moved his fingers slightly . " Rachel's name is listed first .

" Arthur placed the tablet on the coffee table , showing Maëlys's studio's official announcement poster , Rachel's photo was in the most prominent position - she wore a simple white shirt with a barely - there smile at the corners of her mouth . David finally turned around , his gaze falling on the screen . 15:47 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 66.7 % 7 Chapter 75 Three years - this was the first time he'd seriously looked at his daughter's face . She was thinner and had changed . The little girl who used to snuggle in his arms was now distant and sharp .

" Her wings have grown . " He sneered . " Does she think climbing up to Maëlys means she can challenge the Leroix family ? " Arthur quietly observed his father's reaction . " Maëlys has significant industry standing , plus with Rothschild support ... " David had heard about Nicolas's actions at the competition and was somewhat wary of him . " There's more , " Arthur pulled up another document . " Nicolas personally invested fifty million in Maëlys's studio yesterday . " The room fell silent . David's expression shifted unpredictably before finally becoming a cold snort . " Good .

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My daughter David Leroix certainly has the ability to make the Rothschild men compete to invest in her . " At the appointed time , Sophie arrived at Rothschild Industries . Matt had been waiting at the entrance and quickly escorted her to the top floor . In the spacious CEO office . Nicolas rested his left hand against his head while spinning a pen with his right , quietly watching Sophie . Sophie looked pale as she stared at the contract . The penalty clause on the last page had seven zeros after it .

Nicolas's voice carried a seductive quality : " Sign it , and tomorrow you'll have invitations to Paris haute couture on your desk . " Sophie's fingertips trembled slightly as she unconsciously wrinkled the paper's edges . She stared at that astronomical penalty figure , her throat tight . " Mr. Rothschild , are you giving me a choice or threatening me ? " The pen suddenly stopped between Nicolas's fingers . He leaned forward , his faint cedar scent immediately overwhelming Sophie's senses .

" Miss Designer , you weren't so indecisive at the competition yesterday , I quite admired your courage then . " His slender fingers tapped a clause in the contract . " Complete the grand slam of Asia's three major fashion weeks within three years - is that difficult for you ? " Sophie gritted her teeth , remembering yesterday's desperate courage , and picked up the pen . " I'll sign ! " She wrote her signature forcefully , her eyes burning with determination when she looked up . She pressed so hard the pen marks showed through the paper .

Chapter 75 Nicolas watched the handwriting and suddenly laughed with pleasure . His intentions were Rachel's intentions . Signing Sophie was just the first step . She wanted to set a trap , so he willingly became her chess piece . A black Maybach sat quietly outside Maëlys's studio , windows half - down revealing a man's refined profile . Jaxon had arrived early to wait for Rachel outside the studio . His slender fingers lightly tapped the steering wheel as he watched the building's exit intently .

Finally , that familiar figure appeared - Rachel wearing a simple white shirt and jeans , hair casually tied up , walking quickly with her head down , clearly not wanting to attract attention . Jaxon pushed open his car door and strode forward , directly blocking her path . " Rachel . " He called her name in a low , controlled voice . Rachel's steps faltered . The moment she looked up , surprise flashed in her eyes before returning to coldness . " Jaxon , what do you want ? " Jaxon saw her distant expression and felt his chest tighten , but maintained his calm facade .

" Yesterday I told you to wait after the competition . Why did you leave directly ? Where did you go ? Why couldn't I find any trace of you ? " Today she'd come to the studio to report for work . Since they hadn't assigned any tasks , she could leave after signing contracts . She hadn't expected to run into Jaxon at the entrance . Rachel looked warily at the man before her , glancing around to make sure no paparazzi were nearby before relaxing . He had too many questions - she didn't want to answer any of them . Just as she was about to walk past him , Jaxon grabbed her arm . " Let's talk .

" " No need . " She tried to struggle free . But Jaxon's grip was unshakeable . " Arthur is looking for you too . " Rachel's body stiffened , her expression suddenly turning cold . " If you go out now , the Leroix family will spot you quickly , " he said quietly . " Come with me - I can help you avoid them . " Rachel looked up at him , a mocking smile curving her lips . " What , is the racing champion now going to ' protect ' me ? " Jaxon didn't argue , just said calmly , " Coffee shop , ten minutes . If you still want to leave after hearing me out , I won't 15:47 He Stole My Ticket .

I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 67.1 % Chapter 75 stop you . " Rachel stared at him for several seconds before finally sneering . " Fine , let's see what the racing champion has to say . " Ten minutes later . Rachel leaned back in the booth , fingers lightly tapping her cup rim as she quietly waited for Jaxon to speak . Jaxon looked at her with deep eyes . " Rachel , what exactly are you trying to do now ? I can't understand you anymore ... " Rachel raised an eyebrow . " When did Mr. Rothschild become so interested in my private affairs ? " " Uncle signed Sophie .

" Rachel nodded , not understanding his point . " So if you're planning to go after Sophie , now isn't the best time . " Jaxon lowered his eyes , analyzing the situation's pros and cons for her . " Nicolas won't let you easily touch her . " Rachel suddenly laughed , though the humor didn't reach her eyes . " Jaxon , from what position are you warning me ? Sophie's fiancé ? " Jaxon was silent for a moment before finally speaking . " I just don't want you to destroy yourself . Rachel , stop opposing Sophie . " Rachel scoffed and stood up .

" My business doesn't require the racing champion's concern . " She turned to leave but heard the man's low , hoarse voice behind her- " Rachel , about what happened back then ... I'm sorry . " What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose. What Likely Comes Next Expect tighter tension and fewer safe options. Hidden truths may press forward. The path ahead should feel earned and a bit sharper. Questions to Carry Which choice will echo the longest?

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c 76

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When he looked at her , there was actually longing in his eyes . Was he regretting everything ? Rachel scoffed internally , though her fingers unconsciously curled . The arrogant Rothschild heir from back then could actually look like this now ? How pathetic . Just as she was about to speak , Jaxon's face suddenly changed , his gaze shooting past her toward the coffee shop entrance . Rachel followed his stare and turned around-

Nicolas stood there . The man wore a perfectly cut black suit , one hand casually in his pocket , the other spinning car keys , lips curved in that signature smirk .

His gaze slowly moved between Jaxon and Rachel before locking onto Rachel , something dangerous flickering in his eyes . The air went dead silent . Jaxon immediately stood up , voice tight : " Uncle . " Nicolas strolled over but kept his eyes on Rachel , tone casual : " Fancy meeting you here . " Rachel's expression stayed neutral , even managing a politely distant smile : " Mr. Rothschild . " Nicolas chuckled , suddenly reaching out to barely brush her wrist with his fingertips , voice loaded with meaning : " Miss Designer , didn't know you were so close with my nephew .

" Rachel smoothly pulled her wrist back , her lips twitching in what might have been amusement before vanishing : " You're reading too much into it , Mr. Rothschild . We just ran into each other and talked shop . " Nicolas pocketed his keys and adjusted his cufflinks with deliberate slowness , though his eyes stayed sharp : " Really ? What kind of business requires my nephew to personally camp out at a coffee shop waiting for you ? " Rachel's eyes flickered . She could hear the edge in Nicolas's voice but wasn't sure how to handle it .

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Nicolas's eyes narrowed , clearly irritated , but with Jaxon there he just said coolly : " Jaxon , your dad wants to see you ." 15:47 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Skv - High 67.6 % Chapter 76 Jaxon frowned : " Right now ? " Nicolas's smile turned predatory : " What , you think I'm lying ? " He seemed to really just be passing through , walking away after dropping that bomb . Jaxon hesitated but didn't dare challenge his uncle , just muttering : " Rachel , we'll talk later . " Rachel didn't respond , just looked away dismissively .

After he left completely , she sat alone for a bit before getting up . The moment she pushed through the glass door and automatically pulled her jacket tighter , about to step out , a warm hand suddenly clamped around her wrist hard enough to make her stumble . " Nicolas ! What the- " Before she could finish , she was yanked into that familiar black Maybach parked outside . The door slammed shut , cutting off the world . In the enclosed space, Rachel was surrounded by Nicolas's cedar scent . When she looked up , she caught the full force of his anger .

His fingers gripped her chin , and in the dim interior , those dark eyes looked predatory: " Getting pretty good at dodging me , aren't you ? " His thumb pressed down on her lower lip . " Just now when I touched you , you pulled back so fast . What , planning to run straight to Jaxon ? " Rachel's breath caught at his sudden move , but she met his stare defiantly : " Nicolas , it's not what you think . " " What then ? " Nicolas laughed humorlessly , then loosened his tie , revealing the bite mark she'd left on his collarbone last night .

" So explain why my girlfriend is having secret coffee dates with her ex . " He leaned in close, his breath hot against her neck . Rachel shivered involuntarily . Nicolas's hand moved to the back of her neck , fingers stroking that sensitive spot , voice dropping dangerously low : " What did he say to you ? " " He just apologized ... " Before she could finish , the world spun and her back hit the cold window . His burning palm pinned her wrist while his other hand braced beside her car , trapping her completely . " Nicolas ? " Rachel looked up at him , her breathing going unsteady .

Seeing his intense focus , Rachel's scalp prickled as she continued , " Jaxon said my family's looking for me . " " So you just took off with him ? " Nicolas's voice was ice - cold . Chapter 76 Rachel felt lost . Took off ? Why was he making it sound so dramatic ? " He helped me avoid them . " She said this weakly because Nicolas was way too close - close enough that she could feel every breath . " I already had people watching out for you . The second you left that studio , they would've gotten you out of there safely . The Leroix family would never have found you .

Instead , my guys watched you get into Jaxon's car . " Rachel was genuinely surprised - she hadn't realized he'd thought that far ahead . Seeing Nicolas's pissed - off expression , she suddenly had a thought and laughed softly , fingertip pressing against his chest : " Are you actually jealous right now ? " She deliberately softened her voice , tracing his throat with her finger , feeling his muscles go taut . Nicolas's eyes went dark as he caught her wandering hand , pressing it flat against his palm while his other hand slipped under her shirt , moving toward dangerous territory .

After a long moment of teasing , Nicolas pulled back , his voice completely wrecked : " Let's get married . " " Right now ? " Rachel's eyes went wide . Nicolas checked his watch : " City hall's closed . Tomorrow then . " " But I have work tomorrow ... " Just as Rachel started to protest , he silenced her with a demanding kiss . " Doesn't matter . " This kiss was pure punishment , and only when she was gasping and clutching his tie did Nicolas pull back slightly , forehead against hers as he threatened in a low voice : " If I catch you alone with someone else again ... " " What then ?

" Rachel raised an eyebrow challengingly . Nicolas looked into her eyes and actually sighed . What could he really do to her ? But he wasn't backing down : " Tonight you'll find out exactly what happens . " What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose. What Likely Comes Next Expect tighter tension and fewer safe options. Hidden truths may press forward. The path ahead should feel earned and a bit sharper. Questions to Carry Which choice will echo the longest?

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" Grandpa . " Jaxon stood under the covered walkway , his suit jacket draped over his arm . " Where's my dad ? " The sound of pruning shears stopped abruptly . The old man methodically brushed fallen leaves off his pine tree without even looking up . " What , do you need an appointment to see your old man now ? " Jaxon's throat tightened . The calmer the old man seemed , the more on edge Jaxon felt . The old man ignored him , and Jaxon didn't dare say another word , just waited quietly for him to finish watering the flowers .

Only after the last orchid was watered did the old man accept a hot towel from the butler to wipe his hands . " The Leroix sisters ... " " What exactly are you thinking ? " Jaxon's breathing paused . He looked at the old man , though his thoughts drifted . " Naturally ... I'll marry her . " Which " her " he meant wasn't clear . The old man snorted . " If you didn't like Rachel back then , don't stand in the way of her happiness now ! And if you really care about Sophie , marry her already . Stop dragging your feet .

" A breeze swept through the courtyard , scattering Jaxon's hair across his forehead . " Her happiness ? " He frowned , only catching the first part while tuning out the rest . The old man was probably speaking for his father , so they were getting anxious about his marriage ? Made sense - he wasn't exactly young anymore . " I'll handle this . " He should put marriage on the agenda . But Rachel's attitude toward him was so unpredictable right now - he wasn't sure if she'd even consider getting back together .

15:47 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 68.5 % Chapter 77 No matter . He'd just have to win her over again . When Rachel woke up , daylight was streaming in . She tried to turn over but a sharp ache in her lower back made her hiss. Memories from last night flooded back - that maniac Nicolas had actually kept going until nearly dawn ! " Awake ? " A low voice came from beside her . Nicolas was

already fully dressed , lounging against the headboard watching her with amusement , his long fingers playing with two ID documents .

Rachel was confused for a moment , then realized what he had and threw a pillow at him . " Nicolas , where did you get- " " Had someone steal them . We need to hurry - they have to be returned soon . " Rachel : ? Logical , but also ... Shocking ! The CEO of Rothschild Industries stealing documents just to get married ! " Eight - twenty . " The man easily caught the pillow . " If we leave now , we'll hit the civil affairs bureau right when it opens . After we get the certificate , you can do your own thing .

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" Rachel laughed in disbelief , pulling the covers around herself as she sat up , covering her exposed chest . " Impressive , Mr. Rothschild . You'd actually steal someone's documents ? " Nicolas braced one hand on the bed edge , his tie falling across her bare shoulder . " Didn't I mention it last night ? " His finger caught a strand of her hair . " By nine AM today , you're going to be Mrs. Rothschild , fair and square . " " Did I agree to that ? " Rachel swatted his hand away . The man suddenly leaned down , his minty breath enveloping her . " You were crying ' yes ' last night .

" He deliberately lowered his voice . " Need me to refresh your memory on the details ? " Rachel's ears burned red thinking about last night's chaos , and she grabbed another pillow to throw at him . " Shut up ! " Nicolas caught it easily , then scooped her up , covers and all . " Come on , go get dressed . " He pointed to the closet . " Everything's ready for you . " The closet had been stocked with the latest designer dresses - Nicolas had them updated regularly . Several pieces she hadn't even worn yet had been replaced with new ones .

Rachel rifled through the hanging clothes and finally pulled out a turtleneck . 15:47 He Stole My Ticket | Flow Privato : Povenge Served Sky High 68.7 % Chapter 77 " Eight - forty , " the man leaned against the doorframe , tapping his watch . " Keep stalling and the Leroix family will discover their missing documents . " " Almost done ! " Rachel quickly applied light makeup to improve her color , grabbed her purse , and rushed over . Nicolas frowned at her turtleneck . " Why so covered up?

" Rachel shot him a reproachful look and pulled the collar down slightly , revealing red marks underneath . " Whose fault is that ? " The way she looked at him - like a flustered kitten - did things to him . He leaned down to nip at the red mark on her collarbone . " Want Mrs. Rothschild to relive last night's ... process ? " " Get lost . " An hour later , Rachel stood scowling outside the civil affairs bureau . Despite the turtleneck , the intimate marks on her neck were still visible . Nicolas looked impeccable in his custom suit , even his tie perfectly straight .

" Smile , " the photographer kept prompting during their photo session . " Miss , your husband is very handsome - don't look so serious . " Just as Rachel was about to protest , Nicolas suddenly pinched her waist . The moment she broke into an

involuntary smile , the shutter clicked . " Perfect . " Nicolas looked satisfied with their red - background photo and immediately tucked the marriage certificate into his suit jacket . " Give me one , " Rachel held out her hand . " Want it ? " Nicolas raised an eyebrow , suddenly pulling out a diamond ring and sliding it onto her ring finger .

" Trade you for this . " The diamond caught the sunlight brilliantly , with " NOK " engraved inside the band . Rachel was momentarily dazed , and by the time she recovered , Nicolas had already photographed her hand wearing the ring . " What ? " Nicolas suddenly gripped her chin , his thumb brushing her reddened eyes . " Is Mrs. Rothschild so moved she's about to cry ? " Rachel turned her face away but he caught her wrist . His burning palm pressed against her pulse point , which was racing . " Don't flatter yourself . " Her voice was slightly hoarse .

" I was just thinking these ugly letters don't deserve this diamond . " 15:47 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 68.9 % Nicolas chuckled and suddenly pressed her hand to his chest . Through his thin shirt , she could clearly feel his equally erratic heartbeat . " Rachel , " he leaned down to nibble her ear , " your heartbeat is way more honest than that stubborn mouth . " Rachel felt shy and tried to pull her hand away as she turned . " Let's go .

I need to get to the studio - can't be late on my first day- " Before she could finish , Nicolas pulled her into his arms . The man held up his phone , the camera capturing their interlocked hands with matching wedding rings . " Mrs. Rothschild , trying to escape on our wedding day ? " Click .

Five minutes later , every Rothschild Industries executive saw their perpetually social - media - silent CEO post an update : 【 Please take care of me for the rest of our lives 】 With two photos: interlocked hands wearing wedding rings , and a blurry couple shot showing only Nicolas's sharp profile and a woman's kiss - reddened ear . The comments exploded instantly : 【 VP 】 : ??? 【 Maëlys 】 : Am I seeing things ? 【 CTO 】 : Holy shit , drama ! 【 Grandpa Rothschild 】 : Get home NOW and explain ! 【 Jaxon 】 : Congrats , Uncle ! How come you never mentioned this ?

When you have time , bring my new aunt home for dinner ! Rachel watched the flood of notifications and kicked Nicolas . " You did that on purpose ! " Nicolas calmly scrolled through the screen , then replied : Thanks for all the well - wishes . My wife is too shy to show her face . Then he replied specifically to Jaxon : Definitely when we have time . You're going to be very surprised . GO 106 What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose.

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Jaxon put his phone down with a smile and turned to his assistant . " Start preparing . I'll be asking the Leroix family for their blessing soon . " The assistant looked puzzled . " Mr. Rothschild , you mean ... proposing to Miss Leroix ? " " What else ? " Jaxon raised an eyebrow with a confident grin . " Grandpa's been on my case , right ? Perfect timing - with Uncle's wedding making headlines today , I should make this official too . " The assistant wasn't sure which " Miss Leroix " he meant . Jaxon had always been cold toward Rachel , so proposing to her seemed unlikely .

That left Sophie ! Right , definitely Sophie ! At the Rothschild estate , in the study . The old man sat upright in his leather chair , absently turning a vintage pocket watch in his hands . The moment Nicolas walked through the door , the watch hit the mahogany desk with a sharp crack . " Getting cocky , are we ? " The old man's eyes narrowed , voice booming . " Getting married without even telling me ? " Nicolas stayed calm , walking to stand before his father . " Dad , I was planning to bring her to meet you today . " " Bullshit ! " The old man's face reddened .

" You've been doing your own thing since you were a kid , never consulting me about anything . You're the one who gives me the most grief ! " Nicolas's lips twitched slightly . " That's not fair . " " Don't deflect ! " The old man slammed his palm down . " What family is she from ? What's her name ? How old ? What does she do ? " At this topic , Nicolas's expression involuntarily softened . " Rachel Leroix . " The old man froze , his

watch stopping mid - turn . " ... Rachel ? " Nicolas nodded . " Yes . " The study went dead silent .

15:47 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 69.4 % Chapter
The old man was quiet for a long moment , then let out a heavy sigh . " Rachel ... she's a good girl . " He'd always assumed Rachel would end up with Jaxon , never expecting things to turn out this way . And certainly never expected this son of his to steal her away ! Life was full of surprises . The old man suddenly stood and tossed the watch at Nicolas's chest . " But you listen to me , boy ! " He pointed a finger with full authority . " If you dare treat Rachel badly , I'll cut you out of the will!

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" Nicolas caught the watch and chuckled quietly . " Dad , relax . " He rubbed the smooth gold surface , his tone unusually serious . " For the rest of my life , it's only her . " The old man huffed and walked to the window , hands clasped behind his back . After a while , he muttered , " When are you bringing her for Sunday dinner ? " Nicolas raised an eyebrow . " You're not pissed anymore ? " " What's the point ?! " The old man turned to glare at him . " You're already married - am I supposed to make you get divorced ?! " He waved dismissively . " Bring her this weekend !

I'll have the chef make her favorite dishes ! " Nicolas smiled . " Deal . " As he headed for the door , he heard his father grumbling , " Damn kid finally did something right ... " Today was her official first day , and Rachel didn't want personal drama making her late , so after the courthouse , she hustled to the studio . When she arrived , she bumped into Yara and Amelia walking up together . Yara wore a perfectly tailored navy blazer over a cream cashmere sweater , with black slim - fit trousers that made her legs look endless .

She had her designer bag in one hand while adjusting her designer glasses with the other , radiating that polished , successful professional vibe - exactly like when Rachel first saw her on stage . Amelia was the complete opposite . She had on an oversized neon yellow hoodie with ripped jeans , her hair streaked with electric blue . She was gesturing wildly about something , her stack of silver bangles jangling with every move . " Is that ... Rachel ? " Amelia spotted her first and immediately started bouncing and waving , making Yara turn around too .

When Yara saw Rachel , she gave a polite nod . Just a brief moment of professional acknowledgment . Chapter 78 The three entered the building together . Rachel quietly studied their dynamic - they seemed tight , probably knew each other from way back . Amelia kept stealing glances at her like she was some celebrity . Rachel couldn't handle the staring anymore and turned to address it head - on . " Amelia , you're looking at me like I'm a zoo animal . " Caught red - handed , Amelia went crimson , instinctively touching her nose . " Sorry ! It's just ...

I've never met anyone who's been all over the internet before . Kind of surreal . " She immediately cringed at her own words . Ever since Rachel got out of prison , she'd been trending nonstop . The whole Leroix family drama was tabloid gold - everyone in New York knew the story . Basically calling her scandal - famous . " Sorry about that , " Yara stepped in smoothly . " Amelia doesn't have a filter sometimes . " Rachel shrugged it off with a laugh . She didn't care . Actually , she found Amelia's no - bullshit honesty kind of refreshing . As they talked , the elevator arrived .

Once inside , Amelia suddenly gasped . She went wide - eyed and grabbed Rachel's hand . " Holy shit ! That rock ! " Yara's gaze also zeroed in on the massive diamond , her eyes sharpening behind her glasses . " That cut ... has to be at least 5 carats . " " That's what you're focusing on ?! " Amelia practically vibrated with excitement . " Rachel , are you married ? I mean , I've been following your work forever ... not in a creepy way ! I just really admire your designs ! " Rachel : " ... ? " Amelia was word - vomiting now , so Yara intervened , gently pulling her back .

" What she's trying to say is , she's a huge fan of your jewelry work . She was dying to talk to you at the competition but you left so fast . She did some research but there's nothing online about you being married , so this is news to her . " After Yara's translation , Rachel couldn't help but laugh . Looking at Amelia's flushed face and sparkling eyes , she found the girl genuinely entertaining . " It's cool , I get it . " She wiggled the diamond ring , lips curving up .

" The marriage thing wasn't exactly public , but- " She deliberately dragged out the suspense , making Amelia practically bounce off the walls . " But what ? " Amelia demanded . Chapter 78 Rachel winked mysteriously . " But my husband's the jealous type , so ... " Before she could finish , the elevator dinged at their floor . What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose. What Likely Comes Next Expect tighter tension and fewer safe options. Hidden truths may press forward.

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Besides the three new designers , several senior designers were already at their workstations - friends of Maëlys who'd followed her to help build her brand . When the newcomers entered , all eyes turned their way with curious glances . Amelia was about to excitedly say something to Rachel when Yara shut her down with a look . The three had just reached their assigned desks when commotion erupted at the entrance . Sophie swept in wearing four - inch Louboutins , dressed in Chanel's latest cream suit , carrying a limited edition Hermès bag .

She surveyed the room , her gaze lingering on Rachel for a loaded two seconds . " Hi everyone ~ " Sophie smiled sweetly as she walked to the center . " I'm Sophie , and I'm now a designer under Rothschild Industries . " She emphasized " Rothschild Industries " : " Looking forward to working with you all . " The studio went quiet for a few seconds , everyone staring with mixed expressions . Everyone knew Sophie had gotten in through connections . This was clearly a power play . But nobody dared cross Nicolas , so despite their thoughts , they couldn't show it openly .

Yara was first to smile welcomingly , with others following suit with polite murmurs . " I heard you had your own studio before ? " Yara blinked innocently . Sophie lifted her chin proudly . " My family knew I loved design , so they let me play around with one for practice . But now that I'm joining Maëlys's studio , I'm fully committed to this work . " She pointedly glanced at Rachel . " After all , amateur hour is different from the real deal . " Amelia nearly choked on her coffee . Of course - rich people could just casually " play " with studios !

Yara smoothly handed her a tissue , her eyes sharpening behind her glasses . " How fortunate for you . " Sophie kept bragging while Rachel ignored her completely , quietly organizing papers like Sophie was invisible . But Sophie wouldn't let it slide . " Oh my , if it isn't my sister ! " Sophie suddenly turned to her with fake surprise . " How wonderful - we'll be colleagues 15:47 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private ; Revenge Served Sky High 70.3 % Chapter 79 now . " She pointedly eyed Rachel's corner workstation . " But why is your desk way over there ? Want me to ask Mr. Rothschild ?

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Since I'm a Rothschild Industries designer now , I do have some pull , " " No need . " Rachel looked up with a faint smile . " I love this spot . " She glanced toward the windows . " Great natural light , nice view . " Sophie's expression tightened . Just as she was about to respond , the studio door opened . Matt walked in carrying several elegant bags . " Everyone , Mr. Rothschild sent coffee for the team . " The room erupted in surprised murmurs . Nicolas bought them coffee ! They'd never even been on his radar before , and now they were drinking his coffee ! Must be Sophie's influence .

Suddenly , everyone's attitude toward Sophie shifted, becoming much warmer . Matt dutifully distributed coffee to everyone . When he reached Rachel , he placed a specialty latte on her desk and lowered his voice : " Mr. Rothschild specifically requested this - your favorite caramel sea salt , lower sugar . " He added , " He said you've been working too hard and needed the caffeine . " Rachel immediately caught his meaning , her ears flushing pink . Matt didn't linger to avoid suspicion , quickly moving on to distribute the rest .

When he reached Sophie last , it was just a plain iced americano in a clear cup . Sophie stared at her drink , feeling unbalanced , but forced a smile . " How come everyone's are different ? " She'd clearly seen the others ' fancy packaging ! Why was hers just a transparent cup of iced coffee ? She could even see it was mostly ice . Matt replied professionally : " Mr. Rothschild said to prepare according to individual preferences . " Sophie had to swallow her irritation . After Matt left , others crowded around Sophie with flattery .

They'd all witnessed her apparent favor and benefited from it , now believing she really had influence at Rothschild Industries . Better not cross her going forward . 15:48 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 70.6 % Chapter 79 Amelia was frantically signaling Yara , who grabbed her wrist to stop her . Yara was naturally guarded and never trusted appearances . As long as she didn't offend anyone , she'd be fine . She could see the tension between Rachel and Sophie but didn't want to pick sides .

Sophie was getting a bit drunk on the attention , her confidence growing : " Since it's my first day and everyone's been so welcoming , how about I treat everyone to dinner tonight ? There's a great steakhouse two blocks west ? " " Yes ! I've been wanting to try that place forever but never had time ! " someone immediately agreed . " I went once - really good ! " The mood lifted instantly , and Sophie's eyes gleamed with satisfaction . She was always great at managing relationships . " Sister , want to join us ?

" Seeing Rachel's silence , Sophie put down her coffee and clicked over in her heels . Rachel knew she couldn't avoid this . She set down her work and stood slowly , unconsciously playing with the diamond ring on her finger . " Steakhouse ... nice choice , but- " She looked at Sophie with a meaningful smile . " Since a Rothschild Industries designer is treating , why not go to Le Bernardin ? I heard their chef just returned from France . " Sophie's face changed . Le Bernardin was Nicolas's restaurant - reservations required a week in advance . " That's ... " Sophie forced a smile .

" Might be difficult to arrange ... " Rachel sighed with fake disappointment . " What a shame . Though with Jaxon and Nicolas's relationship , I could ask him to pull some strings . " Since she and Nicolas were secretly married , she couldn't reveal that , so she had to use Jaxon's connection . She deliberately glanced at Sophie , who looked conflicted . Finally , Sophie gritted her teeth . " Let me ask Mr. Rothschild - maybe he'll make an exception . " Rachel said nothing more , just picked up her phone and texted Nicolas : " Sending you some business . Interested ?

" 15:48 What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it. The feeling is unfinished on purpose. What Likely Comes Next Expect tighter tension and fewer safe options. Hidden truths may press forward. The path ahead should feel earned and a bit sharper. Questions to Carry Which choice will echo the longest? Who revealed the most by saying the least? How might today's restraint become tomorrow's turning point? Context That Raises Stakes Rules, memory, and the setting frame each decision.

Inside that frame, even small moves gain size. The chapter belongs to its world as much as to its people. One-Line Exit With this chapter done, the story steps forward—quieter, clearer, and ready to show what those choices mean.

c 80

What This Chapter Changes This chapter makes a quiet but clear adjustment to the story. Small choices and brief pauses point the plot in a new direction. The shift is steady, not loud, and it sets up what comes next. Key Moments A few actions and reactions stand out. A held-back answer, a quick decision, or a look that lingers changes how characters see each other. These beats feel small now but carry weight forward. How It Feels Emotions sit just under the surface. The tone shows doubt, hope, or pressure even when the words stay measured.

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" A few simple words , and Nicolas already understood her plan . " Got it , Mrs. Boss . " Meanwhile , Sophie was racking her brain trying to figure out how to approach Jaxon . She'd excused herself to the bathroom to escape everyone's stares . Now she'd been staring at " Jaxon " in her contacts for ages before finally working up the courage . " Jaxon ... " The moment he picked up , her voice dropped eight octaves . " I'm in a bit of trouble ... " She gave him the basic rundown , carefully positioning herself as the victim . Jaxon was quiet after hearing it .

His uncle was unpredictable and hard to read - he wasn't sure he could convince him , but promised to try . Ten minutes later , Sophie emerged from the bathroom looking relaxed and confident . She smoothed her skirt and walked back to her desk with her head high . " Everyone ~ " She clapped her hands , voice sugary sweet . " Tonight's dinner is set for Le Bernardin at seven - I've already booked us a private room ! " The studio exploded . Amelia nearly spat water all over her keyboard . " Seriously ? Le Bernardin requires a week's advance booking , and dinner there starts at like a grand !

" Sophie shyly tucked her hair behind her ear . " Oh , it wasn't that hard ... " Feeling everyone's attention , she deliberately twirled her hair ends and said casually , " It's really not that big a deal . Last time Jaxon and I went there , the chef personally came out to greet us . " She looked down with a coy smile . " He said I never need reservations - just give my name . " Amelia's eyes went wide. " OMG ! Sophie , you and the racing champion are that close ? So the online rumors are true ? " " We're pretty tight ~ " Sophie waved her phone , showing her chat with Jaxon .

" He just asked what I like to eat so the kitchen can prepare ahead . " 15:48 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 71.2 % Chapter 80 Everyone immediately crowded around , chattering excitedly : " Sophie , you're incredible ! " " By the way , someone very important will be joining us tonight " Sophie winked playfully . Amelia immediately got gossipy . " Who ? Don't tell me ... the racing champion himself ?

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" Sophie's cheeks flushed as she looked down with a shy smile , neither confirming nor denying , just pouting , " Don't you guys speculate ~ " Everyone immediately caught on and started teasing- " Wow ! Sophie , online they're saying you and Jaxon are getting serious - it's actually true ? " " No wonder Mr. Rothschild gives you so much respect - he's looking out for his nephew ! " " Sophie , you better take care of us in the future ! " " Oh stop it , you guys ! " She waved her hands bashfully , her gaze pointedly flicking toward Rachel . " Especially given our families ' relationship ...

" But Rachel seemed completely oblivious to the commotion , staring at her phone with a smile playing on her lips . Sophie was immediately annoyed . Le Bernardin was Rachel's suggestion - she was definitely trying to sabotage her ! Thank god Jaxon agreed to help , or she would've been humiliated today . She'd definitely get her revenge later . Just then , someone else called out to her . " Sophie , you're amazing ! I heard Jaxon never brings dates to private events ! " Sophie covered her mouth and giggled . " He just seems cold on the surface ... " She suddenly lowered her voice .

" Last night he insisted on driving me home, honestly ... " Amelia gasped , covering her mouth in shock . She hadn't expected the seemingly aloof racing champion to have such a tender side . She elbowed Yara beside her , Yara calmly adjusted her glasses and shook her head slightly , signaling her not to get too excited . Rachel stayed quiet but heard every word clearly . Sophie thought Jaxon had pulled strings to get them into Le Bernardin , not knowing this was all Rachel's setup .

She was busy texting Nicolas back , no time to deal with Sophie's little performance , Nicolas was delightedly asking what Rachel liked to eat so the chef could prepare .
15:48 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 71.49 %
Chapter 80 He could probably guess Rachel had cooked up some devious plan , but he didn't ask questions . When she needed him , he'd be there . The stage was already set - how the play unfolded was up to her . At closing time , Sophie touched up her makeup and doused herself in Chanel perfume .

She sweetly urged everyone along : " Come on , let's go ! " They quickly reached their destination . Le Bernardin's elevator required a special access code . Sophie pulled out her phone but couldn't find the reservation confirmation . " What's wrong ? Didn't Sophie already arrange everything ? " Amelia asked . Yara quickly tugged her sleeve , signaling her to stay quiet . Sophie had no idea what was happening . Jaxon said he'd handled it - there shouldn't be any issues . Why couldn't they get in now ? Sweat beaded on her forehead .

After standing by the elevator too long , others started giving her strange looks . Someone tried to smooth over the awkwardness . " Maybe ... we could go somewhere else ? This place is pretty pricey anyway - we shouldn't make Sophie spend so much . " Sophie didn't respond - she didn't know how to . If she agreed , it would basically admit she hadn't made a reservation . But if she didn't , they couldn't just keep waiting . While she was stuck , the restaurant manager suddenly appeared , walking straight to Rachel . He nodded respectfully . " You must be Miss Designer's party ? Mr.

Rothschild has everything arranged . " This got awkward fast . Someone clarified , " Um ... you've got the wrong person . This is Miss Sophie Leroix . " They moved aside so he could see Sophie clearly . But the manager just nodded politely and smiled at them all . " This way , please . " Nobody dared say anything else and awkwardly followed him . Sophie looked the most uncomfortable , walking last and shooting Rachel a vicious glare . Everyone entered the private dining room and was immediately stunned by the luxury - crystal chandeliers casting

15:48 He Stole My Ticket .
I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 71.6 % Chapter 80 brilliant light , silver tableware and fresh white roses on the table . Amelia excitedly whispered to Yara : " Holy shit ! This place is impossible to book normally . Sophie's got serious pull ! " Sophie smiled proudly and gestured for everyone to sit . " Jaxon's busy with work - he might be late . Let's order first- " After a few drinks , the atmosphere warmed up . Someone suggested : " Sophie , call the racing champion and hurry him up ! We're all dying to meet him ! " What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not.

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