

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

Chapter 81

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Sophie acted reluctant but was secretly thrilled , pulling out her phone to call Jaxon and deliberately putting it on speaker . The call connected , and Jaxon's deep voice came through : " Yeah ? " Sophie immediately went into full baby - talk mode : " Jaxon , when are you getting here ? Everyone's dying to meet you . " Brief pause , then Jaxon's flat response : " On my way . Ten minutes .

" Sophie practically purred : " Don't keep me waiting too long , I miss you ~ " Everyone immediately started making noise : " Ooooooh ~~~~ " Sophie smugly hung up and covered her face in fake embarrassment : " Stop it , you guys ~ " They'd all been drinking pretty heavily by now , and everyone was getting loose . Rachel had nursed a few glasses too - first day politics meant she couldn't be the antisocial one . But she'd smartly picked a corner spot where no one bothered her much . Sophie was eating up all the attention anyway and couldn't be arsed with her , which was perfect .

In her little ignored corner , Rachel had demolished half a plate of shrimp and three whole crabs . " Sophie , how come you're not touching the shrimp ? " Finally , Amelia noticed something weird . Sophie's plate was spotless while Rachel's looked like a seafood graveyard . These Leroix sisters were something else . Sophie smiled sweetly . " Jaxon always peels them for me . I've never had to do it myself . " She shot Rachel a pitying look . " Must be rough having to do all that work yourself . " Amelia cringed internally .

She'd assumed maybe Sophie had a shellfish allergy or something , not ... this . Way to make things awkward . She deflated in her seat and shut up . Yara sighed and peeled a shrimp for her . 15:49 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 72.1 % Meanwhile , Rachel just rolled her eyes at Sophie and grabbed another one . She'd specifically told Nicolas to double the shrimp order . Waste not , want not . The dig killed the vibe for everyone else , but given Sophie's connections , nobody called her out - just wrote it off as spoiled rich girl behavior .

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About ten minutes later , the door opened . Jaxon appeared in a perfectly tailored charcoal suit , looking stone - cold serious . His eyes swept the room and immediately zeroed in on Rachel in her corner - head down , sipping wine , long lashes casting shadows , looking completely disconnected from all the chaos . But before he could process that , Sophie was already wobbling to her feet and throwing herself at him . " Jaxon ! Finally ! " Her voice was all sugar and slur , cheeks pink , practically melting into him while her fingers played with his tie .

Jaxon went stiff , instinctively wanting to step back , but she was so wobbly he had to catch her to keep her upright . His eyes kept drifting back to Rachel , but she barely glanced over before going back to chatting quietly with Yara , like she couldn't care less . Sophie caught his wandering attention and felt victorious , deliberately tilting her face up and speaking loud enough for the whole room : " Jaxon , I'm so dizzy ... will you take me home ? " Everyone immediately started whooping- " Ooh ~ Sophie's using liquid courage to make her move !

" " Racing boy , our girl's been waiting forever ! " Jaxon's jaw tightened , tone flat : " You're wasted . " But Sophie wasn't backing down , leaning heavier into him while he kept her steady , though his gaze kept sliding to Rachel . " God , they're perfect together ! Relationship goals ! " " Such a power couple ! Sophie's living the dream ! " The crowd kept hyping them up , the earlier tension forgotten . Rachel polished off her last bite and stood . " Bathroom break .

" Maybe she'd had more than she thought - standing up made the room tilt slightly , and after one step she felt seriously unsteady , reaching out to grab something solid . Jaxon had been watching Rachel and seeing her stumble , immediately dropped Sophie and moved toward her . 15:49 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 72.3 % Chapter 81 But Sophie had been using him as her personal support beam , and when he suddenly bailed , she lost her anchor , wobbled , and crashed to the floor ! " Shit- " She yelped , the impact sobering her up fast .

Jaxon had made it maybe two steps when Sophie's crash made him freeze . Seeing her sprawled on the carpet , guilt hit him hard . He forgot about Rachel and rushed back to help Sophie up . Thank god for the thick carpeting - the fall wasn't too brutal , but she'd thrown her hands out to break it and her pampered skin was scraped red . Jaxon looked stricken , cradling her hands and blowing on them . " Fuck, I'm sorry . " Sophie's eyes

went glassy . " Jaxon ... " Everyone was totally blindsided . What the hell had just happened ? Why did Jaxon suddenly drop her?

Sophie was furious and mortified . Faceplanting in front of everyone was beyond humiliating ! Why had Jaxon just abandoned her like that ? What was so important ? She whipped around to see where he'd been heading . Rachel . Standing right there . Sophie's eyes burned but she couldn't let it show , so she buried her face in Jaxon's chest , whimpering about how much it hurt . " Excuse me . " While they were having their touching moment , Rachel suddenly appeared next to them . Sophie looked up annoyed , irritated that she was being so clueless . Then Rachel nodded toward the door .

" You're kind of blocking the exit . " " Snort- " Amelia had zero filter and couldn't help cracking up . Sophie was done being embarrassed and grudgingly scooted aside . Jaxon glanced at Rachel too , but she didn't even acknowledge him . Only after she'd completely disappeared did he look away . He stared down at Sophie clinging to his shoulder , something nagging at him , but didn't push her off . In the bathroom . Rachel ran cold water over her hands , studying her reflection . She looked perfectly composed except for the slight 15:49 He Stole My Ticket .

I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 72.5 % Chapter 81 tension in her jaw . Suddenly another figure appeared in the mirror . Nicolas was lounging against the doorframe , jacket slung over his arm , tie loose , looking completely at ease . He watched her with that trademark smirk : " Enjoying the dinner theater , Mrs. Rothschild ? " Rachel turned off the tap and slowly dried her hands : " Is Mr. Rothschild here to give me the third degree ? " Nicolas stepped closer , planting his hands on the counter behind her , boxing her in : " Pretty sure I mentioned ...

" He leaned down until his lips almost brushed her ear , " not letting me catch you playing happy family with your ex . " Rachel laughed softly , finger poking his chest : " Aw , is Mr. Rothschild getting all jealous ? " Nicolas's eyes went dark , about to respond when footsteps echoed outside- Sophie's sickeningly sweet voice getting closer : " Jaxon , seriously , I'm fine . You don't have to babysit me to the bathroom ... " Rachel and Nicolas locked eyes , and she suddenly grinned , grabbing his tie and pressing a quick kiss to his mouth : " Trust me , Mr.

Rothschild - the fun's just getting started . " 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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" Caught completely off guard , Nicolas stumbled backward several steps , his lower back slamming hard into the marble counter edge . He let out a pained grunt , genuine surprise flashing in his eyes . " Oh my god ! " Sophie shrieked , frozen in the doorway , not daring to take another step . Rachel calmly straightened her slightly mussed collar and tucked loose strands of hair behind her ears . " Mr. Rothschild had too much to drink and wandered into the wrong bathroom . I was about to call security .

" She spoke with righteous indignation , looking every bit the virtuous woman defending her honor . Nicolas : " ' " He never would've guessed Rachel's " good show " meant using him as a pawn ! Great ! Just great ! Fucking fantastic ! Hearing the commotion , Jaxon appeared behind Sophie to check what was happening . " Jaxon ! " Sophie's face cycled through several expressions before she spun around and threw herself at him , her eyes instantly welling up . " Look what they were ... " She bit her lip dramatically , looking like the victim who'd walked in on an affair .

Jaxon's brow furrowed as his gaze swept between all three , finally settling on Nicolas . " Uncle , what's ... ? " Nicolas methodically adjusted his cuffs , glancing up at Rachel with an amused smirk , his low voice carrying playful undertones : " As you can see , I've been labeled a predator . " Rachel delivered the perfect follow - up , her tone so sincere it was impossible to fault : " I'd suggest Mr. Rothschild drink less next time . " She nodded politely , stepped around the shell - shocked Sophie , and before leaving , gave Nicolas a courteous nod . " Excuse me .

" Jaxon was still confused , but seeing Nicolas start to follow her , he instinctively stepped in his way . Nicolas glanced at him sideways , tone flat : " Jaxon , control your

people . " Sophie's face flushed red as she released Jaxon's hand and scurried into the bathroom . 15:49 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 73.0 % Chapter 82 Standing in front of the bathroom mirror , she reapplied her lipstick , still annoyed about falling earlier . She'd set so many traps for Rachel at dinner , but Rachel hadn't taken any bait - wouldn't even give her a mocking look .

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She needed another opportunity . Only by provoking Rachel could she make herself look better by comparison . When she returned to the private room after fixing her makeup , the atmosphere was strangely tense - Nicolas had somehow followed them back and was now sitting in the head chair , long fingers casually spinning his wine glass . His presence instantly killed the lively mood , making everyone noticeably uncomfortable . Even Amelia , the chatterbox , shrank back and could only frantically signal Yara with her eyes : What's happening ?! Yara shook her head - she had no idea either .

Jaxon's gaze followed Rachel constantly . When she sat down , he poured her a drink and pushed it over , saying quietly : " About earlier , don't take it personally . " Rachel wasn't sure which incident he meant . She didn't even glance at the drink , just gave a flat " Mm , " treating him like air . Nicolas's lips curved slightly as he suddenly leaned forward , running his finger along the rim of Rachel's wine glass . " What's this ? Your tolerance improving ? " Rachel's expression didn't change as she moved her glass away : " Mr. Rothschild's mistaken .

My tolerance has always been terrible . " Nicolas chuckled : " Really ? Because last time ... " Before he could finish , Rachel stomped hard on his foot under the table ! The look she shot him was pure warning . Nicolas wisely shut up . Sophie sat beside Jaxon , watching his attention stay glued to Rachel . She felt bitter and angry but had to maintain her sweet smile . She deliberately moved closer to Jaxon , cooing : " Jaxon , this dish is amazing - you should try it ? " Jaxon gave a distracted " Mm , " but his eyes kept drifting to Rachel . Sophie gritted her teeth silently .

Just as she was about to find another topic , Nicolas suddenly reached out and seemingly casually touched Rachel's hair , his tone lazy : " You got some sauce in your hair . " Rachel : " " She hadn't touched any sauce . 15:49 He Stole My Ticket I Flow Drivsto : Dovense Comred Clay Wish 72204 Everyone else : " ??? " Mr. Rothschild was being considerate ? Sophie sensed something wrong , her tone turning slightly acidic : " Mr. Rothschild is so attentive to his employees . " Nicolas looked up with that ambiguous smile : " Depends on the person . " Sophie : "

" The others were curious about Nicolas but didn't dare stare too obviously , so they focused their attention elsewhere . Since Nicolas had told them to relax and not be so formal , they gradually loosened up and the atmosphere slowly warmed again . But watching Nicolas and Rachel's interactions , they wondered - were these two really that close ? Jaxon silently observed Rachel from the side without speaking . Something felt

off , but he couldn't put his finger on it . " My sister has such great luck with men. Unlike me - I only have Jaxon , " Sophie smiled and said .

Hearing this , Jaxon suddenly realized their dynamic seemed strangely ... familiar ! Rachel slowly looked at Sophie : " You're too modest , sister - how could I compare to you ? " She paused , her gaze meaningfully sweeping over everyone present . " After all , not everyone can make a racing champion so ' devoted ' that he personally escorts them to the bathroom . " The moment she finished , Amelia spat out her water and quickly pretended to cough to cover it . Sophie glared at her , her face turning bright red : " I wasn't feeling well ! " " Oh ?

" Rachel tilted her head with a confused expression . " But just now in the bathroom , didn't you say quite energetically that you were ' fine ' ? " She mimicked Sophie's sugary tone perfectly : " Jaxon , I'm really fine ~ " Jaxon's grip on his wine glass tightened , his ears reddening slightly . If it were her calling him that ... His throat went dry . Sophie was trembling with rage , about to argue back when Rachel continued : " But you're right , sister . I should learn to be more reserved . " She pointedly glanced at Sophie practically plastered against Jaxon's side .

" After all , not everyone enjoys ... such enthusiastic interaction styles . " 15:49 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High Chapter 82 Sophie was furious , and remembering the bathroom scene , couldn't help blurting out : " What about you ? Weren't you the one throwing yourself at Mr. Rothschild ? " " Sister , you forgot - our families have always been close , " Rachel threw Sophie's earlier words right back at her . Jaxon frowned and suddenly spoke up : " Uncle has always kept business and personal matters separate .

" It wasn't clear if he was defending Nicolas or warning about something . Sophie was left speechless by both of them and shut up with an ugly expression . Chapter 83 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?

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was furious inside but couldn't show it , her face practically cramping from forced smiles . Under the table , Amelia was frantically pinching Yara's thigh and whispering in her ear : " These four definitely have drama ! Definitely ! " Yara calmly sipped her water and shot her a look : " Shut up and eat . " Near the end of dinner , Nicolas stepped out to take a call and never came back . Even though he didn't say goodbye to anyone , nobody minded - if anything , they were relieved he'd left . Sophie had regained her elegant composure .

She delicately dabbed her lips and raised her wine glass with a radiant smile : " I had such a wonderful time dining with everyone today . Now that we're colleagues , I hope you'll all look out for me ~ " Sophie stood up , grabbing her limited edition bag : " It's getting late , we should ... " Just then , there was a gentle knock and a server entered , carrying an elegant bill folder . " Distinguished guests , here's tonight's itemized bill . " The server bowed respectfully , then walked straight to Sophie and handed her the folder . " Miss Leroix , please review this .

" Sophie's smile instantly froze . She turned her head stiffly , repeating uncertainly : " Pay the bill ? " Seeing the server's confirming nod , she asked again : " Isn't this going on Mr. Rothschild's account ? " The server maintained his perfect professional smile and patiently explained : " I'm sorry , Miss Leroix . Mr. Rothschild didn't leave any specific instructions , so tonight's charges are your personal responsibility . " His gaze swept over the empty wine bottles on the table before adding : " Mr.

Rothschild also mentioned he really enjoyed the wine you selected and hopes you had a pleasant evening . " The air in the private room instantly turned suffocating . Sophie took the bill , and when she saw that string of numbers , the color drained from her face . The six - figure total made her dizzy . The most expensive item was the wine- " Heidsieck " at the top , priced at \$ 28,888 . " This ... this can't be right ... " She double - checked multiple times . " There must be a mistake . We never ordered ... " Chapter 83 The server politely explained : " There's no error , Miss Leroix .

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" He opened the ordering record . " Twenty minutes ago , you specifically requested the finest wine and said you wanted to ' treat Mr. Rothschild to something special . " " He pointed to the circled items on the menu . " Plus the chef's special truffle foie gras , triple - preparation king crab , and ... " Jaxon suddenly stood up , frowning as he interrupted the server : " Put it on my account . " His voice carried undeniable authority . " Jaxon . " Nicolas had returned at some point and was lazily leaning against the doorframe . " Don't break the rules . " Jaxon's expression stiffened .

In Nicolas's territory , his word was law . Today Nicolas clearly wasn't letting Sophie off the hook , and there was nothing Jaxon could do . Sophie's eyes immediately welled up , tears hanging pitifully at the corners : " Mr. Rothschild , I ... " Her voice was thick with tears , fingers unconsciously twisting her skirt : " I thought ... " " Miss Designer . " Nicolas cut her off , his voice as calm as if discussing tomorrow's weather . " If you say you're treating , you should follow through .

" His gaze meaningfully swept over the limited edition bag she carried today , worth six figures : " This amount shouldn't be much for a socialite like you , right ? " Sophie bit her lip hard and looked up at Jaxon hopefully , wanting him to speak for her . But Jaxon just shook his head - he was powerless too . Sophie desperately let her hands fall , and under everyone's sympathetic or entertained gazes , she shakily pulled out her credit card from that limited edition bag , moving as slowly as if she were signing a surrender .

When the server took the card , Sophie's fingers clung to it tightly until the POS machine beeped , making her let go like she'd been burned . As the long receipt printed out , she stared at the final price with heartbreak , feeling like her heart was bleeding . Rachel elegantly smoothed her hair , her perfume scenting the air . She smiled slightly at everyone : " See you all tomorrow .

" Fiches I How Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 74.1 % Chapter 83 Passing by Sophie , she leaned in slightly to remind her : " Next time you're treating , remember to check the menu prices first ~ Oh , and , " she pointed at Sophie's handbag , " this season's new styles are already out . Your bag ... is so last season . " Nicolas watched his wife's graceful exit , his lips curving in an indulgent smile . Everyone else quickly found excuses to leave - nobody wanted to stick around . The moment the door closed , Sophie finally collapsed into her chair in defeat .

Maybe from the beginning , this had all been a carefully laid trap for her . She'd schemed to provoke Rachel during dinner , but Rachel simply wouldn't take the bait ! All her plots were useless ! And she'd ended up screwing herself over . Jaxon felt sorry for her and pulled her into a gentle embrace , softly patting her back : " It's okay , Sophie . I'll reimburse you . Uncle can be pretty stubborn . " His voice was 'impossibly tender , like he was comforting a frightened rabbit . Sophie sobbed against his chest , her tears dampening a small patch of his expensive suit .

She looked up with tear - blurred eyes , nose red : " Jaxon , was I really embarrassing tonight ... " " How could you think that ? " Jaxon used his thumb to gently wipe away her

tears , his expression impossibly soft. " I shouldn't have let you face all that alone . " Sophie was moved by his words and threw herself back into his arms . At an angle Jaxon couldn't see , her lips curved slightly upward . Though she'd wasted money , making Jaxon feel this protective was worth it . Just then , her phone buzzed .

A bank text alert glared at her : [Your card ending in 8888 has been charged \$ 28,888 ...] Sophie's face went white again . That money was half a year's allowance ! Jaxon noticed her tension and looked down with concern : " What's wrong ? " Sophie forced a stiff smile and turned off her phone screen : " Nothing ... nothing at all ... " She decided to talk to David tonight , saying the money was an investment in the studio . After all , Sophie Leroix never made losing deals ! In the dimly lit corner of the restaurant hallway .

74.3 % Chapter 83 Rachel had just finished organizing her bag and was about to leave when she was suddenly yanked into the emergency stairwell . Her back hit the cold wall as Nicolas's tall frame trapped her in the confined space . " Jax ? " Nicolas's low voice rumbled dangerously in her ear . " You called him Jax ? " Rachel didn't react at first , then remembered - she'd mimicked Sophie's tone at the dinner table . -Jax , I'm really fine ~ 15:49 What Remains The scene closes, but its pressure does not. Something has shifted, and the next step will have to meet it.

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" Nicolas tilted her chin up with his long fingers , thumb brushing across her lips . " What do you think ? " Nicolas suddenly leaned down and nipped her neck . " Maybe I need to remind you who you belong to ? " Rachel sucked in a breath but smiled even brighter . " Mr. Rothschild seems pretty riled up . Don't tell me ... " She deliberately stretched out her words . " You're actually jealous of your own nephew ? " Nicolas's eyes went dark as he pinned her wrists to the wall , lips almost touching her ear . " Tonight I'll show you exactly whose name you should be calling out .

" Before Rachel could respond , he crushed his mouth to hers . The kiss started rough but gradually melted into something deeper . Only when her knees went weak did Nicolas pull back , though he kept her caged against him . Jaxon drove Sophie back to the Leroix mansion , where Arthur was already waiting . He'd heard Sophie was taking the studio team out to dinner and hopefully bringing Rachel home afterward , which had gotten his hopes up . It was time for a real conversation with Rachel . The girl was carrying way too much resentment , and this couldn't go on forever .

Family was family - as long as she was willing to come back , he could overlook her past attitude . But instead of Rachel , he got a sobbing Sophie and a defeated - looking Jaxon . " What the hell happened ? " Arthur frowned , rushing over to catch his sister . Seeing her brother made Sophie cry even harder . " Arthur , Rachel ... she ... " She was too wrecked to get the words out . Jaxon cleared his throat . " There was a situation at dinner . " Arthur's face went stormy as he guided Sophie to the couch and grabbed tissues . " Slow down . What did Rachel do now ?

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" Sophie took the tissues , dabbing at her eyes . " Rachel set me up to look like an idiot in front of everyone ... and she tricked me into paying some insane bill - over twenty grand ... " " Are you fucking kidding me ? " Arthur shot up , face thunderous . " She pulled that shit ? " Jaxon quickly stepped in . " Arthur , there might be more to this- " He Stole My Ticket . icket . I flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 74.89 % Chapter 84 " More to this ? " Arthur laughed harshly . " I should've seen this coming . That girl's been trouble since day one .

Now she thinks she's free of this family and can do whatever the hell she wants ! " He pulled out his phone to call Rachel , then remembered - after she'd bolted last time , her phone got left behind . They had zero way to reach her now . Sophie grabbed his arm . " Arthur , just ... forget it . Maybe Rachel didn't mean it ... " " Sophie , you're too damn nice for your own good . " Arthur gently touched his sister's head . " This doesn't just slide . " After finally getting Sophie settled and tucked into bed , Arthur quietly closed her door and nodded toward Jaxon . " Study . Now .

" In the study , Arthur pulled out aged whiskey and poured two glasses . The amber liquid caught the light like his cold stare . " Jaxon , I need the real story about tonight . " He slid a glass across . " Sophie says Rachel and Nicolas teamed up against her ? " Jaxon took the glass , thumb tracing the rim . " It's more complicated than that . " He took a sip . " Nicolas doesn't mix business with personal shit . He wouldn't go after Sophie without a reason . " " Then what's his reason ? " Arthur slammed his glass down , the sharp crack echoing . " Because my sister had feelings for you once ?

Rachel can't handle that ? " Jaxon's expression darkened . " Arthur , you need to chill . " " Chill ? " Arthur's laugh was bitter . " My sister got humiliated in public and you want me to chill ? " He stalked to the window , shoulders rigid . " Rachel's completely off the rails now . " " I think ... " Jaxon hesitated . " Rachel's out for revenge . " " Revenge? " Arthur spun around . " For what ? " Jaxon met his stare head - on . " She fucking hates us . " Dead silence filled the study . Arthur's face went blank , fingers slowly clenching .

The memory hit him - walking Rachel into that courtroom three years ago , watching her get sentenced . " Hate ... but I didn't have a choice back then . Sophie couldn't get hurt . I owed that much to Mom and Dad . " His voice was barely audible . " Arthur , Rachel's different now . Really different . It's not an act , " Jaxon said quietly . 15:49 He Stole My He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 75.1 % Chapter 84 Arthur stared into space for a long moment before heading for the door . Jaxon blocked him . " Where are you going ? " " To bring her home .

" He had this desperate need to see Rachel , like everything depended on getting her back . " You think I haven't tried ? " Jaxon's tone went sharp . " Look , I'll be honest - I had my own reasons for going tonight . But she was gone before I could even react . Completely vanished . " Arthur's momentum died . He dropped into his chair like all the fight had left him , head in his hands . " Jaxon , " his voice cracked , " what the fuck do you actually want ? Both my sisters are hung up on you . " Jaxon looked uncomfortable but his answer was crystal clear . " I'm going to marry Rachel .

" Outside the door , Sophie's nails bit deep into her palms . " Do you hear yourself right now ? " Arthur's voice was incredulous . Then came Jaxon's flat response . " I've never seen Sophie as anything but a sister . And I never promised her shit . " Sophie stood frozen in the hallway , not bothering to listen to whatever came next . Only when her legs went numb did she finally move . But as she turned away , pure venom flashed in her eyes . The next morning , Rachel walked into the studio sensing something was off . " Morning !

" Before she could finish , she spotted Sophie coming out of the conference room with a familiar figure trailing behind . Stella Green 75.4 % 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?

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Now Sophie had shut down her own studio under the pretense of wanting to " learn in a better environment , " so Stella probably had nowhere else to go . Funny how quickly they'd crossed paths again . Sophie dragged her everywhere - truly a loyal dog . Stella looked perfectly composed as she extended her hand to Rachel , wearing a fake smile . " Rachel , long time no see . Sophie needed an assistant , so I'm here to help her and learn a thing or two . " Rachel looked at the outstretched hand and suddenly laughed softly .

Instead of shaking it , she calmly pulled out a pack of wet wipes from her bag and carefully cleaned her fingers . " Sorry , " she said cheerfully , " I'm a bit of a germaphobe . " Stella's smile froze , her hand hanging awkwardly in mid - air . But within seconds , she'd recovered and smoothly withdrew her hand . Since Sophie was Nicolas's signed designer and not under Maëlys's management , bringing an assistant wasn't an issue . Even if others had opinions , they wouldn't voice them . The tension was broken when Maëlys emerged from her office , clapping to get everyone's attention .

" I wasn't here yesterday due to personal matters , but I assume you all got acquainted . " gaze swept over the group , noting their various expressions , but she didn't comment . " Since everyone's here today , I have an important project to announce . " Maëlys looked around the room , lightly tapping her tablet . " Anthony Howard , CEO of Howard Industries , has commissioned us to design a birthday jewelry set for his wife , Serena . " She paused deliberately for effect . " All studio designers can participate .

In three days , you'll present your designs directly at the Howard estate , where Mr. and Mrs. Howard will make their selection . " The room immediately buzzed with excitement . Amelia grabbed Yara's sleeve , whispering excitedly in her ear . " Mr. Howard has specific requirements , " Maelys said , clicking on a projection showing a photo of the couple . Despite being in their fifties , they looked like young lovers , sweetly embracing . " He wants the design to incorporate elements of their love story . Mr. Howard specifically emphasized wanting something that breaks traditional boundaries .

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" 15:49 He Stole My Ticket | Flow Private : Revenge Served Sky . High 75 306 Chapter 85 Rachel studied the photo , noticing how Mrs. Howard unconsciously touched her right ear - a subtle detail that made her raise an eyebrow . " This afternoon at three , Mr. Howard will send a car to take you to their private music room , " Maëlys closed her folder . " You'll get to understand this couple's story firsthand . " After the meeting, Sophie quickly caught up with Maëlys . " Ms. Fontenot , this selection will purely be based on design merit , right ? " " Of course . " Maëlys's smile was enigmatic .

" Good luck . " Amelia , being naturally upbeat , immediately started brainstorming with Yara after Maëlys left . Noticing Rachel nearby , she wandered over to include her . Rachel , still thinking about the photo , said thoughtfully , " Bring recording equipment . I have a feeling we're going to hear quite a story . " At , a black stretch Lincoln pulled up outside the studio . Rachel was organizing her recording equipment when she noticed Sophie touching up her makeup in a compact mirror , the Chanel perfume so strong it was overwhelming . Amelia wrinkled her nose and elbowed Yara .

" Look at her - you'd think she was going on a blind date . " Yara adjusted her glasses . " According to my research , Mr. Howard despises heavy perfumes . " She deliberately raised her voice as a warning . " Especially ones with musk . " Sophie's hand froze mid-application , her face darkening . Too proud to admit her mistake , she huffed coldly , put away her perfume , and patted her clothes to air out the scent . Mrs. Howard loved piano , so Anthony had created a dedicated music room where she spent most of her time . The music room was simpler than expected .

A Steinway piano sat quietly by floor - to - ceiling windows , with a faded firefighter figurine resting on the keys . Mrs. Howard , elegant in a qipao dress , sat on the piano bench . When they entered , she started to rise but her husband gently pressed her shoulder . " Please forgive Serena for not standing . " Anthony explained to the group . " The fire fifteen years ago ... her right ankle ... " " Anthony , " Mrs. Howard shook her head , cutting him off , seemingly reluctant to discuss the past . " Please , feel free to explore the music room . Ask any questions you have .

" Sophie immediately pushed to the front , eyeing the necklace at Mrs. Howard's throat . " Mrs. Howard , what's your favorite gemstone ? That piece you're wearing must be worth a fortune ? " 15:49 He Stole My Ticket , I Private : Revenge Served Sky High 75.9 % Chapter 85 But as soon as Sophie got close . Mrs. Howard began coughing violently

, her hand covering her nose as if in distress . " I'm sorry , my wife is allergic to perfume , " Anthony said , stepping between them . Sophie stood awkwardly under his unfriendly gaze before finally backing away . As she retreated , Mrs.

Howard's condition improved . She placed her hand on Anthony's arm , signaling him to stay calm , then offered them an apologetic smile . Her fingers gently traced the pendant at her throat - a rare Paraiba tourmaline on a silver chain , glowing with an electric blue hue . " This was Anthony's first gift to me . " Her voice was gentle as she traced barely visible marks at the stone's base . " He found the rough stone at a Brazilian mine and specifically asked the cutter to preserve this natural flaw .

" Rachel's attention was drawn to the gemstone , which sparkled with tiny stars that seemed to pulse with Mrs. Howard's breathing . Amelia whispered in amazement , " Is that ... ? " " Star effect tourmaline , " Yara pushed up her glasses . " Worth over twenty thousand per carat , and ... " Before she could finish , Mrs. Howard coughed again , and the tourmaline's color visibly faded . Anthony immediately offered a handkerchief , and everyone realized the stone actually changed color with body temperature . Mrs.

Howard seemed frail - just those two coughing fits had drained most of her energy . She leaned weakly against the chair back . " I'm sorry . Please explore the music room freely - perhaps it will inspire your designs . " Understanding the hint , they scattered to give the couple privacy . Rachel walked to the piano's inner frame , where " Anthony & Serena 3.21.2012 " was engraved . Just as she reached out to touch it , Anthony's voice came from behind : That's the date of the conservatory fire . " Rachel's hand froze . Mrs.

Howard's fingertip paused on a piano key , her right ear twitching involuntarily . Noticing Mrs. Howard's subtle reaction , Rachel sensed there was definitely a story here . Fire - the second time she'd heard that word today . She stepped forward , bowing slightly with sincere expression . " Mr. and Mrs. Howard , excuse the intrusion . I couldn't help noticing the date on the piano and this special tourmaline - they must carry precious memories . If you're comfortable sharing some of that story , it would help us capture that unique sentiment in our designs .

" She paused , gazing warmly at the stone at Mrs. Howard's throat . " Like this ' breathing ' tourmaline - every mark has 15:50 He Stole My Ticket I Macs Deluate : Devanga Yorard Sky Illat 76.1 % Chapter 85 meaning . " 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 86

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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Howard squeezed back reassuringly . After a long pause , Mrs. Howard finally spoke . " I was performing at the Golden Hall that night . " Her voice was barely a whisper . " When Anthony ran into the fire , ceiling debris came crashing down on my right ankle . The accident also damaged my ear - my hearing's never been the same . " This wasn't exactly a happy memory . For years , she'd avoided thinking about it , and Anthony rarely brought it up , not wanting to upset her . " We want jewelry that tells this story , " Anthony said , looking at the group . " Not some flashy decoration , but ...

" " Living memory , " Rachel found herself saying . The room went dead quiet . Mrs. Howard studied Rachel intently , her right hand unconsciously moving behind her ear - where a faint scar was hidden . Rachel realized she'd been too blunt and was about to apologize when Mrs. Howard slowly turned toward her . Sunlight filtered through sheer curtains , casting delicate shadows across her face , her usually warm eyes now surprisingly intense . " Miss Designer , " Anthony suddenly said , his thumb absently tracing a faint scar on his wife's hand . " Why ' living memory ?

" Rachel felt everyone's eyes on her . Yara looked curious , while Sophie looked like she was enjoying the awkwardness . " Because ... " Rachel walked to the Steinway , fingertips lightly touching the keys . " Real remembrance isn't about dwelling on past sadness , but ... " She pressed middle C . " Memory that flows like music . " The note echoed through the room . Mrs. Howard's pupils widened slightly , watching Rachel's fingers on the keys , something stirring inside her . " Interesting . " Anthony suddenly let go of his wife's hand and pulled a small velvet bag from his jacket .

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" So what would you do with this ? " He poured out a damaged rough tourmaline - brilliant blue but riddled with cracks , ash embedded in one of the 15:50 He Stole My Ticket . I Flow Private Ravence Served Sky High 76 60 Chapter 86 fissures . Amelia sucked in a breath . Yara's mind raced - Paraiba tourmaline this quality was worth a fortune per carat . Even more valuable than what Mrs. Howard was wearing ! Rachel didn't answer right away . She took the stone and held it up to catch the light , which cast web - like shadows through the cracks across her palm . Anthony's gaze sharpened .

" You know why we've been searching twelve years without finding the right designer ? " Sophie jumped in eagerly . " Because they weren't good enough ! Our studio has the latest- " " Because they were too good , " Mrs. Howard gently cut her off , fingers tracing her necklace . " They all designed perfect jewelry , " she looked at Rachel , " not what I was actually looking for . " Sophie awkwardly touched her nose , grateful nobody was really listening to her anyway . She backed away , not wanting to embarrass herself further . Today was just cursed - everything out of her mouth was wrong .

Meanwhile , Rachel kept accidentally saying the right things and really connecting with Mrs. Howard . Whatever . She'd find other angles and design something even better . " When the ceiling came down , the first thing I grabbed ... " Mrs. Howard's voice was barely audible . " I thought ... it was Anthony's hand . " Yara suddenly got it . She pointed to the faded firefighter figurine under the piano bench . " Anthony wasn't the only one doing rescue that night , was he ? " The room went silent again . Everyone stared at the figurine , and Rachel suddenly saw how all the pieces fit together .

" Firefighter Danny Chen , " Anthony finally said . " He shoved me out of the flames , but he got ... " His voice broke , the normally composed CEO's throat working hard . Mrs. Howard picked up the story . " Before he died , he said at least all the concert - goers got out safely . " She suddenly struck a loud note . " This is the only note I can still play with any real force . " Rachel noticed when the note rang out , Mrs. Howard's right ear barely trembled .

15:50 He Stole My Ticket I flow Private : Revenge Served \$ 1 76.9 % Chapter 86 " So Serena and I think real jewelry should tell stories , " Anthony said , back to his usual composure . " Mine , Serena's , and ... " His gaze fell on the figurine . " That hero who never made it home . " Sophie's face changed . She hadn't expected this design to be so complicated . She glanced around , then tugged Stella's sleeve , mouthing : " How the hell do we design this ? " Stella had never dealt with clients like this either .

Everyone else just wanted the fanciest , most expensive pieces to show off their status . This was a whole different level . Rachel smiled slightly . " Real remembrance means telling those we've lost - we're living well . " Mrs. Howard suddenly stood up , the abrupt movement making the piano bench screech . She walked to the window , shoulders shaking slightly . When Anthony moved to comfort her , Rachel said quietly , " Mr. Howard , maybe give Mrs. Howard a moment ? " Anthony stopped , looking at his wife . Her silhouette looked so alone .

All these years , they'd both carried this weight , especially her - the incident had become like a wound that wouldn't heal . He nodded and led everyone out of the music room , giving Serena space to process . As they left , he glanced back at his wife one more time . Anthony brought them to the sitting room and pulled out the tourmaline again . Then he looked directly at Rachel . " Three days . Bring me your design . " " Hold on , Mr. Howard . " Sophie suddenly spoke up . " Giving that to just Rachel isn't fair . Everyone's supposed to have a shot at this project .

We should compete on equal terms . " 15:50 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.

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c 87

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The issue was his wife's severe allergy to it . Earlier in the music room , Sophie's scent had made Serena cough for ages . At least she'd had the sense to keep her distance afterward , so he'd let it slide . Now , hearing her speak up with that defiant look , he found himself curious about this girl . " Oh ? " He chuckled , something unreadable in his eyes . " Then I look forward to seeing what you all come up with . My wife will make the final selection . " Sophie's face lit up with confidence . " Thank you for the opportunity , Mr. Howard . " He didn't stick around long .

Once he'd laid out all the requirements , he headed back to the music room . As the butler escorted them out , Rachel glanced back one last time . Mrs. Howard still stood by the window , her shadow stretching long across the floor all the way to that scarred piano . Anthony was carefully placing the faded figurine back on the piano stand . Back at the studio , the atmosphere was heavy . Maelys was out again , working on another deal . The other studio designers were busy with their own projects , leaving just the returning group feeling deflated .

They'd designed jewelry with conceptual depth before , but never anything this complex . Plus , they weren't just collaborators anymore - they were competitors . Only one design would be chosen . " What the hell are we supposed to do ? This is impossible , " Amelia blurted out , voicing what everyone was thinking . " Relax . " Rachel turned on her recording device , playing back their conversation with the Howards . She'd gotten Anthony's permission beforehand , so the recording was totally above board . They listened carefully , hoping to catch details they'd missed .

Rachel had also recorded a short video of Mrs. Howard playing piano , with her consent . 15:50 He Stole My Ticket . I flew Private . Revenge Served Sky High 77.5 % Chapter 87 The video was only three minutes long . At one point , the piano tone suddenly went flat . Yara paused the video . " That key change is really unusual . " " Right , remember that heavy note Mrs. Howard played ? " Rachel prompted . Amelia's eyes lit up . " I get it ! Mrs. Howard was performing when she hit that exact moment - that's when the accident happened .

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Everything after that was beyond their control , including the firefighter ... " Meanwhile , Sophie was scrolling through photos Stella had taken , looking frustrated . " What's so special about a damn piano ? " Stella stayed quiet , studying the photo details closely before zooming in on her phone . " Look at that firefighter figurine . We could do a firefighter theme ... " " Are you insane ? " Sophie snatched the phone , rolling her eyes . " Who wants to wear fire hydrant jewelry to their birthday party ? " Her voice wasn't exactly quiet - the others heard everything .

They exchanged glances , all seeing the same thought reflected back . Sure , the Howards had shared their story , but they couldn't seriously design firefighter - themed jewelry , right ? That would be tacky as hell . At the end of the day , this was Mrs. Howard's birthday jewelry . It needed to tell their story while still being appropriate for the occasion . " This is brutal , " they all agreed - probably the first time they'd been unanimous about anything . " Maybe we should work together , " Yara suggested , looking around the group .

" We could organize our ideas tonight , then pool everything tomorrow morning . Collaboration might give us better results . " Amelia was down for it , but Sophie immediately shot it down , her voice going shrill . " Absolutely not ! " " Why should we collaborate ? Mr. and Mrs. Howard made it clear - may the best designer win ! " Stella

quickly jumped in . " Exactly ! What if someone steals our ideas ? " Amelia snorted . " Who'd want to steal your ideas ? Fire hydrant jewelry ? " " You- " Amelia immediately regretted opening her mouth , smacking herself . 15:50 He Stole My Ticket .

I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 77.7 % Chapter 87 Shut up , mouth ! Yara was used to Amelia's bluntness and just quietly stepped between her and Sophie , blocking Sophie's death glare . Sophie's face went red with rage , but she quickly composed herself and laughed coldly . " Fine . Since you're so confident , let's each do our own thing . Can't wait to see whose design actually gets picked . " She grabbed Stella and stormed off , heels clicking sharply on the floor . She was confident her design would blow everyone away ! The studio went quiet .

Yara adjusted her glasses and looked at Rachel . " What do you think ? " Instead of answering immediately , Rachel walked to the whiteboard and wrote down key words : Fire , Music , Tourmaline , Firefighter , Birthday , Memorial . " Mrs. Howard doesn't want just jewelry , " she said quietly . " She wants something that can hold memories . We don't need to literally recreate their story - we need to capture the core emotion . " Amelia leaned in , head tilted . " So ... what's the core emotion ? Grief ? " Rachel's pen hovered between " Music " and " Memorial . " " Rebirth .

" In the break room , Sophie and Stella both looked pissed . Stella actually wanted to suggest working with Rachel's group , but seeing Sophie's expression , she swallowed the words . Watching Sophie stew , she tried to smooth things over . " We'll definitely do better than them . " " Obviously , " Sophie snapped . Not taking offense , Stella lowered her voice . " They're probably planning how to sabotage us . " Sophie snorted . " So what ? We've got a better approach . " She pulled up research on her phone . " I looked into this . Mrs.

Howard's favorite color is navy blue , and she's obsessed with moonlight imagery . " Stella's eyes lit up . " You mean ... " " We're not doing the firefighter thing . We're doing ' Rebirth Under Moonlight , " Sophie's lips curved into a smile . " Sapphires and diamonds - jewelry that changes color with the light . " " Isn't that kind of ... basic ? " Stella hesitated . 15:50 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 77.9 % Chapter 87 Sophie's smile turned cold . " Basic ? No , we're making it extraordinary .

" She showed Stella a photo of an extremely rare color - changing sapphire that shifted from deep blue to violet under different lighting . "This is from my dad's private collection . Only three exist worldwide . " Her voice was smug . " With this as our centerpiece , we can't lose . " 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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c 88

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" " Money ?" Sophie's lips curved dismissively as she pulled her phone away before Stella could touch the screen . " That's never been an issue . What matters is that Mrs. Howard will love my design . " Without another glance at Stella , Sophie left the break room with her head held high . She'd caught every bit of awe and envy in Stella's expression . What a small - town girl . It was late into the night , and Rachel was still hunched over her desk , carefully sketching something on paper . A steaming cup of tea appeared beside her hand . " Still working ' this late ?

" The deep voice came from behind her . Rachel didn't need to turn around to know who it was . Nicolas had somehow appeared behind her , his tall frame casting a shadow over her , carrying the faint scent of shower gel . " Just need a bit more inspiration . " She rubbed her temples and took a sip of tea - perfectly sweet with just a hint of mint . " It's eleven PM . Peak melatonin production time , and someone's busy murdering her brain cells . " He was standing so close she could feel his breath on her hair .

Rachel tilted her head away but found herself trapped by his arm braced against the desk . Nicolas leaned down to look at her design sketch , practically encircling her in his arms , his warm breath brushing her ear . " Hearing the Sound of Flames ' ? Nice title . " Rachel's ears grew warm as she instinctively scooted aside , " Why aren't you sleeping ? " " Came to catch a disobedient cat , " his fingertip tapped the desk , voice tinged with displeasure . " Don't designers ' lives matter ?

" Rachel thought he was making a big deal out of nothing and was about to argue when Nicolas seemed to remember something . " You probably heard about that concert from twenty years ago . " The sudden topic change caught Rachel off guard . She shook her head , not understanding why he'd brought it up . Nicolas sighed softly . " Right , you were too young . Plus it happened in another city , too far from New York .

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" 15:50 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 78.4 %
Chapter 88 Rachel realized he was talking about the Howards ' story and quickly pressed , " Do you know something about it ? " She had a feeling Nicolas knew more than he was letting on , but he didn't seem inclined to elaborate . Nicolas reached out , his thumb brushing the faint dark circles under her eyes . His fingertip was warm , the slight callus . making Rachel's heart skip . Just as the atmosphere grew more intimate , she suddenly turned away , pretending to organize her sketches . " I ...

I should get back to work . " Nicolas chuckled and suddenly grabbed her wrist , pulling her up . " Miss Designer , your current assignment is- " " Sleep . " Without waiting for an answer , he turned off the desk lamp . In the darkness , Rachel found herself half - guided toward the rest area . She struggled briefly . " Nicolas ! My design is almost- " " Shh . " His breath brushed the top of her head . " Tomorrow's problems are for tomorrow . " Rachel was about to argue when he suddenly swept her up in his arms .

With a startled cry , she instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck , hearing the amused rumble from his chest . " Keep being difficult and I'll personally make sure you fall asleep . " The next day . Sophie arrived at the studio early . Around 8:50 , Maëlys called a small meeting to discuss initial design concepts . Sophie flipped her hair and clicked over in her heels , confidently slapping her design sketch on the conference table . " My initial draft is complete . " Her red lips curved up as she tapped the sketch with her fingertip .

Her announcement caught Maëlys's interest , The project timeline was generous - they had a full week to complete initial designs . She was genuinely surprised that Sophie had finished in just one night ! Maëlys looked at Sophie with newfound respect . Sophie definitely caught that shift in expression and smiled with satisfaction before opening her design presentation . " Moonlight Rebirth ' - featuring a color - changing sapphire as the centerpiece , complemented by diamonds and pearls , with an overall design interweaving flames and musical notes .

" She'd put together a PowerPoint that projected onto the screen . Everyone looked up to see- An exquisite necklace centered on that rare color - changing sapphire , surrounded by delicate diamonds that looked like dancing flames . Chapter 88 " The stone appears deep ocean blue in natural light but shifts to violet under artificial lighting . " She proudly displayed the color - change effect images . " Only three of these sapphires exist worldwide , and my father happens to own one .

" She clicked to a video showing the stone actually transforming from blue to pale purple under specific lighting angles ! The conference room buzzed with amazement as everyone stared at the color - changing effect on screen . " That's incredible ! " Amelia couldn't help exclaiming . " That color change is absolutely stunning ! " Maëlys adjusted her glasses , showing rare approval . " Very creative indeed . The fusion of fire and music elements is quite clever . " Stella immediately chimed in . " Sophie worked all night on this design ! " Then she pointedly looked around .

" Hmm , where's Rachel ? She's not here yet ? " Sophie's gaze also fell on the empty seat . " Looks like my sister can't even produce an initial draft . " The comment was purely sarcastic . Amelia couldn't help defending , " Rachel worked really late last night , she must be- " " Must be what ? " Sophie laughed lightly . " Must be out of ideas ? " Stella added fuel to the fire . " Maybe she knows she can't compete and just gave up . " Amelia felt helpless , knowing it was pointless to argue further , so she shut up . Just then , the studio door opened .

Rachel walked in carrying a stack of materials , dark circles still visible under her eyes . " Sorry I'm late . " Maëlys glanced at her watch and covered for her . " Not late at all . Work starts at nine , and it's currently 8:60 . " Rachel managed an awkward laugh . What cold humor . She set her materials on the table and nodded to Maëlys . " I need to do more research . " Sophie walked over to her , looking down at her empty hands . " Research ? Don't tell me you're cramming at the last minute ? " She deliberately raised her voice .

" Sister , I finished my initial draft in just one night, and even Ms. Fontenot praised it ! " Rachel had seen the PowerPoint when she walked in and could guess what had happened . 15:50 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 78.8 % Chapter 88 Sophie's red lips curved in victory . " Some people just take themselves too seriously . Thinking they can just sketch a few lines and ... " Chapter 89 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.

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" Sophie lifted her chin proudly . " You think it's beautiful too , sister ? " Her saccharine tone carried obvious bragging . " Dad said since I loved it so much , he'd give me the stone . " She deliberately blinked innocently . " Oops ! Sorry , sister. I forgot you and Dad aren't on good terms anymore . " Tension crackled between them . Sophie thought she'd finally scored a victory and felt unusually pleased. Rachel just stood quietly , sunlight filtering through the curtain gaps , outlining her slender silhouette . " Sophie . " Maëlys frowned in warning .

She didn't care what personal issues they had , but this was work , and they needed to maintain professional attitudes . The studio wasn't a place for petty drama . Rachel noticed Maëlys's displeasure and didn't pursue the matter further , but there was one thing she had to address- She looked up at Sophie , her gaze calm as a deep pool . " I'm curious about something . Could I see this color - changing sapphire's certificate ? " Sophie hadn't expected this question , her smile freezing . " Certificate ? What certificate ?

" " The GIA identification report , " Rachel's voice was gentle but crystal clear . " Rare stones like this should have exclusive serial numbers . " The conference room atmosphere suddenly grew tense . Maëlys wasn't sure what Rachel was getting at but gave her the floor to continue . Stella quickly jumped in . " Something that valuable - you can't expect her to carry the certificate around ! " " Really ? " Rachel pulled out her tablet and opened a page . " I tend to remember rare stones like this . Only three of these exist worldwide .

" Rachel turned the tablet toward everyone , the screen clearly displaying auction records for three top - tier color - changing sapphires . " The first was acquired by Saudi royalty in 2018 , the second is housed in the British Museum . " 15:50 He Stole My Ticket , 1 Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 79.3 % Chapter 89 She swiped to display a jewelry authentication certificate . " And this third one ... " She paused deliberately , scanning Sophie's suddenly pale face . " Was sold at a Geneva auction last year to an anonymous buyer for twenty - eight million .

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" " Moreover , this stone's color change should be blue to pink , not blue to purple . " Gasps rippled through the conference room . Amelia's sharp eyes caught that the certificate's internal stone characteristics were completely different from what Sophie had shown . " This isn't even the same stone ! " " Impossible ! " Sophie shot to her feet , nails digging deep into her palms . " Dad clearly said- " " Said it was authentic ? " Rachel chuckled softly . " I don't know who the real buyer is , but I'm certain it wasn't David Leroix .

" " Sophie , after all these years , haven't you figured it out ? David is purely profit - driven . Do you think he'd spend twenty - eight million on a stone that serves no purpose to him ? " " Though I must say , this forgery is quite good - good enough to fool even a designer like you . " Rachel sighed . While Sophie lacked real talent , years of exposure had taught her something . She would have spotted an ordinary fake stone immediately . But this particular fake was worth considerable money itself , almost perfectly deceptive !

If Rachel hadn't frantically studied recent auction house gemstone records after getting out of prison , she might not have caught it either . This was just a lucky coincidence - she never expected Sophie to use a replica . Sophie's face went ghostly white . She had harbored doubts , but considering how favored she was in the Leroix family, she'd thought it possible . Maybe David had spent the fortune just to make her happy ? More gasps echoed through the conference room . Amelia suddenly exclaimed , " So the stone in the video is ...

" " Synthetic , " Yara pushed up her glasses with clinical precision . " Cobalt - doped corundum . Market value under ten thousand dollars . " Her words left Sophie's mind completely blank . Under ten thousand ... 15:50 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 79.5 % Chapter 89 Had David really deceived her ? " You don't understand anything ! " Sophie was clearly losing confidence . " Dad specifically brought this for me . " She pointed a shaking finger at Rachel , as if trying to convince herself . " You're just jealous that Dad loves me !

You're deliberately slandering me ! " Rachel had said her piece and didn't want to argue further , just shook her head and offered final advice . " Feel free to go home and ask David about it . " She took one last look at the fake stone on the projection , then turned to Maëlys . " Ms. Fontenot , I need more time to perfect my design . As for Sophie's submission ... " She paused , revealing a meaningful smile . " Might I suggest renaming it " The Emperor's New Gemstone ' ? " Suppressed laughter rippled through the conference room .

Maëlys's gaze swept over everyone , forcing them to stifle their amusement . " Yara , " Maëlys suddenly spoke , unconsciously fidgeting with her pen . " You seem quite knowledgeable about gemstone identification ? " The designer who usually stayed quietly in corners was now seriously cleaning her glasses , as if the drama had nothing

to do with her . Yara put her glasses back on , her gaze calm behind the lenses . " My father worked at the Gemological Institute for thirty years . I've learned less than half of what he knows .

" Rachel looked over , noting Yara's completely matter - of - fact expression with no trace of boasting . If half his knowledge was this impressive , what must her father be like ... Amelia's eyes went wide . " So you knew all along ! " " Knew what ? " Yara casually organized her materials . " I just happen to know the data . " Rachel studied Yara thoughtfully , She remembered that at the Howards ' , Yara had also accurately stated the gemstone's value . Maëlys tapped her fingertips on the table . " Yara , starting tomorrow you're in charge of material authentication for all projects .

" Yara readily accepted . After the meeting , Amelia linked arms with Yara , grinning as she congratulated her on winning the boss's favor . Yara didn't react much , while Amelia kept chattering in her ear . 15:50 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 79.7 % Chapter 89 " Yara , look , " Amelia nudged with her chin . Yara followed her gaze to Sophie . Stella was trailing after Sophie , and whatever they were discussing , Sophie seemed to have snapped at her . " Mission accomplished - Sophie's the only one hurt in this whole mess .

" 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 90

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.

What is not said guides the scene as much as what is spoken. What the Past Brings In Earlier choices and old tensions shape how people act here. History does not repeat, but it limits and nudges. The present is easier to read when the past is kept in view. Where Relationships Move Trust, distance, and leverage shift by degrees. Roles adjust,

and the space between characters changes shape. By the end, connections are not exactly what they were. Details That Mean More Objects, gestures, and setting notes do quiet work. They mirror the mood and hint at motives.

Finally , as his last cigarette burned out , he crushed the butt and tossed it in a nearby trash can before getting out . The elevator numbers climbed steadily . Arthur watched the floor indicators , unconsciously tapping his knuckles against the metal handrail . He'd originally planned to wait downstairs , but had a feeling if he didn't come up , she'd bolt again . Her escape skills had reached expert level . The elevator dinged to a stop . He stood at the doors , hesitating . Only when they started to close did he step out with long strides .

It was near closing time , so the office atmosphere had relaxed . Arthur lingered at the entrance , reluctant to interrupt . Rachel was sketching when she heard people discussing the man at the door . She glanced over . That one look revealed Arthur . She instinctively assumed he was there for Sophie , but his gaze was too intense , focused entirely on her . She suddenly realized Arthur's target might be her . Rachel quickly looked down , pretending to be busy and acting like she hadn't seen anything . But Arthur was patient , continuing to wait at the entrance .

When closing time arrived and colleagues began leaving , Rachel started packing up . Looking up , Arthur was still there . She sighed in resignation . Fine . She'd deal with whatever came . Arthur wouldn't start something here . Walking out with her bag , Arthur intercepted her as expected . " Come with me . Mom and Dad really miss you . " 15:50 He Stole My Ticket . I Flow Private : Revono Served Sky High 80.2 % Chapter 90 Rachel ignored him . " They want to see you , " Arthur repeated , his voice much quieter than before . Rachel finally faced him , laughing softly .

" Since when do they want to see me ? " Arthur suddenly found himself unable to answer . His throat tightened as he tried to respond , but was interrupted by the sharp clicking of heels . " Arthur ! " Sophie stumbled into the office , her carefully styled curls disheveled , makeup streaked with tears - a complete mess . She clutched Arthur's sleeve desperately , voice hoarse from crying . " Where's Dad ? Where is he ? " Arthur frowned .

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" What happened to- " Sophie cut him off : " I need to see the authentication certificate!" Her voice was hysterical , mind clearly scattered as she desperately sought answers . " That sapphire ... the one Dad gave me ... I need to see the certificate ! " " What certificate ? " Arthur was confused . They'd given Sophie many gifts over the years - he didn't know which stone she meant . But seeing her panic , it must be important to her . " Sophie , calm down . Tell me slowly - what certificate ? I'll help you find it !

" He gripped her shoulders , trying to soothe her , but Sophie was too emotional to listen . Rachel found their noise irritating , her indifferent gaze sweeping over Sophie before

returning to Arthur . No need to stick around for this . She turned to leave . Arthur noticed her movement and instinctively blocked her path . He'd come specifically for Rachel - he couldn't let her slip away . " Sophie , calm down . " He held Sophie back while watching Rachel . " Deal with her first . We can talk when you have time , " Rachel said , not wanting further entanglement as she headed for the elevator .

" Wait ! " Arthur called out , wanting to grab her but realizing his hands were full . Sophie was too unstable - he was afraid releasing her might lead to self - harm , so he kept holding her . 15:51 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 80.4 % Chapter 90 Rachel stopped but didn't turn around . " You ... " He opened his mouth but found himself speechless . The elevator doors opened and Rachel was about to step in when he released Sophie . Then immediately grabbed her again the next second .

" I'll take Sophie home first , " he said quietly , part explanation , part compromise . Rachel laughed softly and stepped into the elevator . At the Leroix mansion . The moment Sophie got home , she frantically searched the study . All day at work , she'd been thinking maybe it was just a misunderstanding . She'd found countless reasons to convince herself , but none worked . Still , she couldn't bear leaving work early - others would definitely gossip and mock her ! She absolutely couldn't let them look down on her !

Finally , at the very bottom of the safe , she found the deliberately hidden authentication certificate . [Item : Synthetic Corundum (Cobalt - doped)] 【 Market Value : \$ 7,800 】 She collapsed to the floor , ears ringing . So it really was all fake . Sophie's fingers clutched the certificate , crumpling it in her palm . Under the light , the certificate's edges had yellowed , the date showing three years ago - her twentieth birthday . She suddenly remembered David's shifty expression when he'd given her the stone .

" Sophie , only three of these exist worldwide , " he'd said , stroking her head with a smile full of complexity she couldn't read . " Take good care of it . " Now she realized that wasn't love - it was dismissal . Trembling , she flipped to the certificate's back where small text caught her eye- Replication Commission : David Leroix . Purpose : Substitute . " Substitute ? " Sophie whispered , mind blank . 15:51 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 80.6 % Chapter 90 Suddenly , the study door opened . Arthur stood in the doorway looking worried .

" Sophie , what are you looking for ? " When their car had pulled into the Leroix driveway , Sophie had immediately jumped out and run inside . He'd had to park before following , only to find this scene . Sophie looked up through her tears . " Arthur , the gemstone Dad gave me is fake ! He lied to me ! " Arthur's gaze fell on the certificate in her hands , pupils contracting . He strode over and snatched the paper , face darkening as he read . He never expected their father to give Sophie a fake stone . Sophie lunged for the desk , grabbing car keys to rush out . Arthur caught her arm .

" Calm down ! " " How can I calm down ! " Sophie screamed , shaking him off incoherently . " They humiliated me in front of everyone ! I'm going to- " " You're going to what ? " A cold voice came from the doorway . David had returned and stood in the shadows , face terrifyingly grim . Sophie's rage instantly extinguished , replaced by dread . She'd never seen her father look like this . " Dad , " her voice shook , " I was just ... " 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.

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