

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

## Chapter 91

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" He let out a harsh laugh , tossing the certificate onto the deck . You think I give a damn winter Sophie's tears kept falling , but now she was more shocked than anything .  
" Dad , this was your gift to me ! You said the stone was priceless - how could you ... " "  
How could I what ? " David's voice shot up . " Drop twenty - eight mil on a fucking rock ?  
Sophie , do you think money grows on trees ? " Sophie was stunned into silence by his tone , lips trembling , unable to get a word out . David was losing patience . " So what if the stone's fake ? You can still wear it , can't you ?

" " But you told me it was one of a kind ... " " One of a kind ? " David scoffed . " There's no such thing as ' one of a kind ' in this world . " The words hit Sophie like ice water . She opened her mouth but found she didn't even have the energy to cry anymore . David straightened his cuffs , his tone returning to its usual cold calm . " Sophie , cut the dramatics . Whether the stone is real or fake doesn't matter . What matters is , " He paused . " Learning how to use it to your advantage . " With that , he had zero interest in explaining further and walked out .

Sophie crumpled to the floor . In this family , even Dad's " love " came with a price tag . She suddenly started laughing - at her own stupidity . She'd thought earning their affection meant she could replace Rachel . What a joke . Like Rachel had said , David was all about profit . He'd never invest in something that didn't pay off . Maybe someday she'd get tossed aside too , just like Rachel ... Hell no ! Not happening ! Even if she was

worthless now , she'd make herself valuable ! The Leroix family might be shit , but she still had Jaxon .

IM Drivate Revenge Served Sky - High 81.15 Chapter 91 Marry into the Rothschild family and she'd be set for life . Arthur stood frozen , watching the emotions play across Sophie's face , feeling sick to his stomach . Dusk was settling when Rachel walked out of the office building , only to have a warm hand wrap around her wrist . Nicolas was lounging against his black Maybach , suit jacket slung over his shoulder , tie loose , looking effortlessly hot . " Get in .

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" Before she could protest , he opened the car door and practically deposited her in the passenger seat , then slid into the driver's side . He didn't start the engine right away , instead leaning into her space until they were almost touching . " Taking you somewhere . " " Where ? " Her pulse was racing , but she boldly hooked her finger around his tie , tugging it toward herself like a mischievous cat . Nicolas reached across her to grab the seatbelt , pulling it slowly across her body . The metal buckle clicked as his nose nearly brushed her lips . " It's a surprise .

" Then he pulled back . Rachel watched him retreat , the anticipation deflating into unexpected disappointment . The car left downtown , cruising through tree - lined streets before stopping at an old Victorian house . Ivy crawled up the weathered brick walls , the house numbers were illegible - clearly abandoned for years . " What is this place ... " Nicolas didn't answer , just took her hand and pushed open the wrought - iron gate . In the overgrown courtyard sat a fire - damaged grand piano , keys missing and warped , but you could still see it had once been magnificent .

" Anthony grew up here , " Nicolas said , running his finger along the burn marks . " After the fire twenty years ago , he moved this piano here and left everything exactly as it was . " Rachel's breath caught . She knelt down and spotted a small metal nameplate by the piano pedals - a firefighter's badge engraved " Milo Fianti . " " Mr. Howard visits every year . " An elderly voice came from behind them . A white - haired man with a cane stood on the covered porch , face deeply creased with age . an Carved Sku High 31.3 Chapter 91 Nicolas nodded respectfully . " Albert , sorry to barge in .

" The old man's cloudy eyes suddenly sharpened . " You're ... the Rothschild kid ? " When Nicolas confirmed it , Albert broke into a gap - toothed grin . " When your old man sent that private jet for Miks folks ' medical treatment , I knew your family had heart . " Nicolas noticed Rachel's silence and instinctively pulled her against his side , explaining quietly , " Albert was the Howard family butler . He was here the night of the fire . " " Albert , " Rachel said , following Nicolas's lead .

Though Albert didn't know her , seeing her with Nicolas , he sized up their relationship and told Nicolas he had good taste . Rachel voiced what was bothering her . " You've been living here all this time ? Why not go back to the main house ? " He tapped his

cane and sighed . " Mr. Howard comes here every spring . Can't let go of what happened , so I stay to keep watch . Besides , I'm too old to deal with city life now . " Rachel's eyes welled up . She finally got why Nicolas knew so much about the Howard family history .

Nicolas's grandfather had been at that concert too , and when the fire broke out , Rothschild Industries helped coordinate the rescue . That night made the family's reputation . Anthony Howard and Nicolas's father - actually his grandfather - had been through hell together . " Mr. Howard had this piano shipped back from Vienna , " Albert suddenly tapped the charred leg with his cane . " Said Milo needed to hear the whole ' Moonlight Sonata . " " Rachel approached the piano , finger hovering over the burnt keys , when Nicolas caught her wrist . " Listen .

" He guided her finger to gently press a damaged C - sharp . Instead of broken noise , a pure harmonic tone rang out . Rachel was blown away - this seemingly destroyed piano had been carefully maintained , every surviving key perfectly tuned . " When the concert hall started collapsing , people were trapped everywhere . Mrs. Howard kept playing to guide them to safety - Milo followed the music to find survivors . " The old man's eyes got watery . " That kid gave Mr. Howard his oxygen tank and kept his own breathing mask . " Rachel's heart clenched .

She'd researched the incident , but the news reports were pretty surface - level , nothing detailed . 81.56 Chapter 91 Hearing Albert's account , she could almost see how horrific that night must have been . " My father was in a second - floor box when it started , " Nicolas said . " He led the fire department through the VIP exit . " 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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Albert seemed reluctant to dwell on these memories and changed the subject . " I've got some butternut squash soup simmering inside . Why don't you stay for dinner ? " Rachel was about to respond when Nicolas's hand settled lightly at her waist . " Albert , we should get going . " Albert snorted , " I've been cooking that soup for three hours - thick and creamy . You're missing out , boy . " Hearing this , Nicolas understood . The old man had been living alone here for so long , isolated for too many years .

Now that someone had finally come to talk with him , it was a chance to ease his loneliness . " Actually , that sounds wonderful . Thank you , Albert . " Albert was clearly delighted they were staying and bustled about preparing dinner . Rachel offered to help but he waved her off . The butternut squash soup was steaming hot and perfectly seasoned , warming them through . " These squash seeds came from Milo's mother last year , " Albert's cloudy eyes grew watery . " She said to plant them by the piano . " Rachel stirred the chunks of squash in her bowl .

She had noticed some vines in the corner but thought they were weeds . They chatted about other things , and as they were leaving , Nicolas rolled down the Maybach's window . " Albert , about tonight ... " He didn't want others to know , especially Anthony . " I'm getting senile , " Albert stood in the shadows by the gate , waving goodbye . " Can't even remember what day it is . " Nicolas nodded . Albert was smart - he understood the implication . Though he didn't know why Nicolas had brought this young woman to visit and ask so many questions about the past , he wouldn't pry .

The Rothschild boy might be serious most of the time , but he was trustworthy . No harm in sharing with him . Albert watched the car disappear into the distance with an indescribable feeling . Chapter 92 They were all getting old . New York was about to change . Three days later , Rachel finally completed her final design . Anthony was coming that afternoon to make his selection . This was her first project , so she was especially invested . But just as she saved the last version of her design- " Crash ! " Every computer screen in the office suddenly went black . " What the hell ?

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" colleagues cried out . " Shit ! I didn't save my work ! " Amelia shouted . " Server crash ! " IT staff burst in yelling , " Cyber attack ! All company files are locked ! " Rachel's face went deathly pale . Her design wasn't backed up to the cloud . Anthony would be here in less than four hours . " What's going on ? " Maëlys emerged from her office , tone serious . The IT team repeated their explanation . After listening , Maëlys looked grim . "

Ms. Fontenot , all our work was on the computers . If it's lost , it'll be nearly impossible to recover , and Mr. Howard's coming this afternoon ...

" Amelia said carefully . Maëlys knew the situation was dire , but could only tell them to do their best to salvage what they could . While everyone was panicking , Sophie suddenly laughed lightly . " Ms. Fontenot , no need to worry . " She lifted her chin smugly . " I never keep my designs on company computers . Not secure enough . " Meaning she had backups . Maëlys felt slightly relieved and looked at Rachel . " What about you ? " Rachel's face was pale . " ... I don't think I do . " Hearing this , Sophie snickered and said with mock sympathy , " No worries .

Whether you or I get chosen , it's an honor for both sisters , right ? " Rachel bit her lip and said nothing . Chapter 52 It frantically worked to fix the problem while others raced to recreate their designs . Everyone was heads - down busy except Sophie . She went to the bathroom and texted Yvonne : ( Company computers are all down.) The reply came quickly : ( Got it . When I strike , their files vanish without a trace . ) Sophie : Just don't go overboard - don't want them tracing it back to you . ] Yvonne : [ Relax , I know what I'm doing . ] Sophie smirked and pocketed her phone .

If she couldn't deliver a perfect design , neither could anyone else ! She was about to leave when she bumped into Yara coming in . " Watch where you're going ! " Sophie rubbed where they'd collided , looking annoyed . Yara didn't look at her , expression unreadable . Sophie was about to lose her temper when she saw Yara's eyes and swallowed her words . Terrifying , Yara's look was absolutely terrifying ! " How lucky for you . Everyone else's designs are gone , but yours survived . " Her tone was measured , emotionless . Sophie broke out in a cold sweat .

Not in the mood to argue , she glared at Yara and left . After a few steps , she looked back . Yara was still standing there , staring at her . Sophie felt creeped out . Did she know something ? Impossible . She trusted Yvonne's skills , and besides , there was no evidence linking this to her . That afternoon . In the conference room , Anthony had taken his seat . After brief pleasantries with Maëlys , he looked at the designers . Chapter 97 Sophie paruped up first , atidedly presenting her work . T Howard , this is my design .

the opened the projection , displaying a set of rufig and denied jewelry . A Dame thaped nerbiace with a massive ruby centerpiece restated by diamond chips forming firm tonom Farnage designed as burning flames . A ring with a twisted metal band symbolizing fire scorched traces . " The rubies represent flames , diamonds represent eternity . The overall design highlights the fire theme , perfect for a birthday's passionate atmosphere while metaphorically representing ... " She paused dramatically . " Life's refinement through trials . " Anthony's expression remained completely neutral .

Yara frowned slightly and asked quietly , " Sophie , isn't this design a bit ... too literal ? " Sophie's smile faltered . " Being direct makes it easier to understand . Mrs. Howard will get it immediately . " The conference room fell silent . " What about the others ? "

Anthony asked , looking at Rachel's group . " Mr. Howard , the three of us collaborated on a design , " Yara stood up to explain . Anthony waited for her to continue , but Yara's throat tightened . " I'm sorry , Mr. Howard. Computer malfunction - our design file ... might be lost . " Anthony's expression instantly froze .

Sophie sat to the side , lips barely curving upward . " What a shame . " 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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" His words made everyone break out in a cold sweat . This was definitely their fault , and Anthony had every right to be pissed . Anthony looked directly at Rachel . " Miss Leroix , I won't lie - I had high hopes for you initially . But after something like this , I'm reconsidering that assessment . " Rachel took a deep breath and stood up . " I'm sorry , Mr. Howard . " At this point , that's all she could say . Anthony's stare was particularly intense , carrying an indescribable pressure . She'd only felt this kind of intimidation from Nicolas , but he'd never been this harsh with her .

" I think my collaboration with Ms. Fontenot might need to end early . " Anthony stood to leave . Maëlys jumped up too , never expecting such a massive fuck - up . Sophie saw

her chance and blurted out , " Mr. Howard , what about considering my work ? " Anthony shook his head . Her design wasn't even close to what he wanted - his wife would hate it too . " Mr. Howard . " Rachel spoke up , fearlessly meeting Anthony's eyes . " My design files may be temporarily inaccessible due to technical issues , but I can walk you through the concept directly .

" Her voice was steady , though Yara was secretly sweating for her . Sophie snorted . " Just words ? Where's the proof ? " Rachel ignored her and walked to the front of the conference room , pulling out a sheet of paper . She unfolded it- Her hand - drawn sketch ! Chapter 93 Rachel smiled slightly and explained , " The computer files are definitely lost , but I have this habit of sketching everything on paper first , then refining it into the final digital version .

" Anthony paused , renewed interest in what she had to say , Sophie clearly hadn't expected Rachel to have a backup plan and watched nervously . Instead of immediately showing the sketch , Rachel played an audio recording- " Crackle ... Fire in Section A contained ... requesting backup ... crackle ... " Anthony's fingers went rigid . This was the final radio transmission from the firefighter who died in that blaze twenty years ago . Rachel's voice was soft . " Mr. Howard , your wife's birthday is also that firefighter's death anniversary .

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" Her words sounded light but hit Anthony like a ton of bricks . " Where did you get this ? " Rachel didn't answer directly , just smiled . She opened her design sketch , facing it toward Anthony and began her detailed presentation : " My design theme is ' Listening . ' Fire can destroy , but it can also forge something more resilient and beautiful . Mrs. Howard has quietly supported firefighters ' families all these years . She's never forgotten that day - she chose to let pain grow into new meaning . " Anthony's expression finally shifted .

He said nothing , just looked at the sketch in Rachel's hands . A rose - shaped necklace with petals forged from silver - gray titanium alloy , surface marked with fine cracks like fire damage , but the center held a rare pale blue diamond . The earrings looked like two frozen tears , but closer inspection revealed they were teardrop - shaped flames . " Mr. Howard , Amelia came up with the necklace concept , Yara advised on materials , and I synthesized everyone's ideas into this final jewelry set . " She looked at Amelia and Yara , and they all shared a knowing smile .

Sophie's face darkened as she couldn't help interrupting . " Mr. Howard , jewelry design should prioritize beauty . Such heavy themes aren't suitable for birthday gifts , are they ? " Anthony looked up , eyes cold . " Miss Designer , do you think my wife should wear ' flames ' to celebrate her birthday ? " Sophie was speechless . 16:41 The Ho Stole My Ticket . I flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 83.1 % Maëlys sighed and said diplomatically , " Sophie's design does lack depth . " Rachel didn't pile on , just calmly added , " Jewelry isn't just decoration - it's an emotional vessel .

True remembrance isn't about form , but whether it can make lost voices heard again . Mrs. Howard deserves better design . " Anthony stood up , fingers gently tracing Rachel's sketch . -Make lost voices heard again . Her words kept echoing in Anthony's mind . He thought of Milo , that firefighter . After the accident , his wife had insisted on bringing the damaged piano home and demanded it be repaired , maintained every year . She wanted Milo to hear the music . " Thoughtful concept . " He looked at Rachel , eyes penetrating . " You understand her well .

" After a few seconds of silence , he suddenly asked , " How do you know these details ? " Rachel smiled and explained , " This information isn't hard to find online . " Clearly , her explanation didn't fool Anthony . " But that recording isn't something just anyone can get their hands on . " He stared at Rachel , that familiar pressure returning . Rachel lowered her gaze slightly , trying to think of a plausible excuse that wouldn't raise suspicion . " Don't bother making up excuses . If I want to investigate you , it's easy enough .

" Anthony seemed to read her thoughts and cut off her escape route . Maëlys had just relaxed and tensed up again , about to defend Rachel when Anthony interrupted . He stared intently at Rachel , seemingly determined to get the answer he wanted . " Back then , the media suppressed most of the information . What got reported was just a fraction , and this recording you have definitely wasn't in the public domain . " Hearing this , everyone else understood completely . Rachel had obviously used some special means to get that recording !

16:41 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 83.3 % Chapter 93 Sophie was the most excited . Just when she thought she had no hope left and Rachel's victory seemed certain , this twist appeared ! " Sister , what methods did you use ? Why don't you just tell us ? I'm sure Mr. Howard won't be too hard on you . " She tilted her head , blinking innocently . Hearing her words , Anthony turned to look at her . Sophie managed only one second of eye contact before looking down - that pressure was suffocating ! But she couldn't help gloating internally .

Rachel was about to get screwed ! Amelia opened her mouth , the breath she'd taken in not yet exhaled when Yara grabbed her arm . This wasn't the time for Amelia to say something stupid . " Mr. Howard , " Rachel took a deep breath , looked into his eyes , and said word by word , " Someone helped me . " 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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" She left it at that , quietly watching Anthony's reaction . Hearing " Rothschild , " Sophie went completely stiff . Someone with that name - who else could it be ? Jaxon ! She clenched her fists involuntarily , eyes burning into Rachel . But Rachel stayed totally cool , continuing to address Anthony . " Sorry , Mr. Howard , his full name ... I can't say . " She kept it vague for two reasons : first , Nicolas had specifically told Albert to keep quiet that day . Second , her own selfish reason - she wasn't ready for everyone to know about her and Nicolas yet .

Knowing the Leroix family , if they found out she was connected to Nicolas , they'd probably stick to her like parasites , trying to leech off his success ! Better to wait it out . Once she completely cut ties with the Leroix family , then she could go public . By then , even if they tried to cling on , it would be pointless . Anthony suddenly chuckled . He could probably guess who it was . Only one Rothschild had both the resources to dig this up and was around Rachel's age . He just hadn't expected Nicolas to help her . What a lovesick fool .

Since it was Nicolas behind this , no point pushing further - would just make him look petty . He stopped staring at Rachel and turned to Maëlys . " Ms. Fontenot , your studio's got some real talent . " Maëlys was still processing Rachel's bombshell . This new batch was proving to be a total nightmare to manage ! 16:41 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 83.8 % Chapter 94 " Ms. Fontenot , I'll take both designs back for my wife to decide . " " Absolutely , Mr. Howard . Whatever works . " After Anthony left , everyone scattered back to their desks .

Only Sophie stayed frozen . After a moment , she headed to the bathroom . Jaxon was on set when Sophie called . Hearing her crying voice made his chest tighten . " Sophie , what happened ? " He ignored the director and called for a break , focusing on her . Sophie's tearful voice poured through the phone , accusing him of everything under the sun . Jaxon listened for ages before finally getting it - Sophie thought he'd been secretly meeting Rachel and helping her win over Anthony . " Sophie , " he finally got a word in as her rant wound down , " I haven't talked to Rachel at all .

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" He hadn't seen Rachel since that disaster of a dinner . Not because he didn't want to , but because he was scared to . Scared of those cold eyes , afraid to face her . As for Sophie's accusations about Anthony - total bullshit . Sure , his grandfather knew Anthony , but Jaxon had never dealt with him personally . Clearly , Sophie wasn't buying his denial . The waterworks continued . Jaxon felt a migraine coming on - nothing he said was working . Finally , desperate , he came up with a solution . " Sophie , Grandpa and Anthony go way back .

What if I ask him to put in a good word , get Anthony to pick your design ? " Sophie's crying stopped immediately . " Really ? Thank you , Jaxon ! " Relieved that she'd finally calmed down , Jaxon hung up and immediately tracked down his grandfather . The old man listened to his request and snorted . " Hell no! Fair competition means fair competition . Can't go begging for favors . " Jaxon sighed . He knew it was a long shot , but this was about Sophie . " Grandpa , just mention it casually .

Sophie worked her ass off on this - maybe it wasn't exactly what Anthony wanted , Chapter 94 but that's not her fault . " He had no idea Rachel was involved . Sophie's selective sob story made him think Anthony had publicly humiliated her . " Grandpa , Sophie's really sensitive . Anthony embarrassed her in front of everyone - she's devastated . " The old man was fed up with his grandson's spineless behavior . All for some girl . " That's her own damn fault ! If you're gonna design , you better research what the client actually wants .

Now there's a problem and she's running around begging for help - what's the point ? " Jaxon rubbed his temples , feeling caught in the middle . Grandpa was being stubborn as hell , and he couldn't stand seeing Sophie upset . " Grandpa , please . I'm asking you as a favor . " The old man clutched his chest dramatically , lecturing him for what felt like hours before finally saying , " Fine . I'll ask Anthony what he's thinking . But I can't make his decision for him . " Jaxon had to settle for that . That afternoon , word came from Anthony .

Maëlys got his message and called everyone together for a quick meeting . She looked around the group before dropping the news- " Mr. and Mrs. Howard have decided to go with Sophie's design . Sophie , you've got two weeks to make it happen . " " Thank you so much ! I won't let you down . " Sophie beamed , practically glowing with satisfaction . She already knew the outcome . Jaxon had gotten his grandfather involved , and while

she didn't know exactly what the old man said to Anthony , Jaxon mentioned they were tight . For his grandfather's sake , Anthony pretty much had to pick her design !

That's how the world worked - connections trumped talent every damn time . Amelia was stunned . Based on Anthony's reaction that morning , she'd thought Rachel had it in the bag . This flip was totally unexpected . But she kept her mouth shut . Respecting client choices was Design 101 . Chapter 94 " Congrats , sister . " Rachel started the applause , others gradually joining in . Sophie lifted her chin , shooting Rachel a look of pure triumph . She studied Rachel's face , hunting for signs of bitterness or rage , but found nothing . Rachel was weirdly calm . That pissed Sophie off .

" Sister , aren't you even a little mad ? " Rachel's lips curved slightly . Mad ? Of course she wasn't genuinely happy for Sophie , but getting angry wouldn't change anything . This was Anthony and Serena's call - she couldn't control their decision . More frustrated than anything . Not getting the reaction she wanted , Sophie rolled her eyes and smirked at everyone before turning to Maëlys . " Ms. Fontenot , I better get started on the actual jewelry . Clock's ticking ! " Everyone could hear the smugness dripping from her voice , but nobody called it out .

She was a colleague with serious backing . Smart to stay on her good side . After she strutted out , the meeting broke up . Rachel was packing up when Maëlys flagged her down . " Rachel , hang back a sec . " 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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" Actually , she did . She wanted to ask why Anthony had suddenly changed his mind . He'd clearly been satisfied with her design before - why the sudden about - face ? But she knew asking would be pointless . She had no right to question a client's choice . Maëlys chuckled softly , as if reading her mind , and patted her shoulder gently . " Rachel , do you know why Anthony actually chose you ? " Rachel looked up , meeting her eyes with surprise . " What ? " Instead of answering directly , Maëlys pulled a document from her drawer and handed it over . " Take a look at this .

" Rachel opened it and her pupils contracted slightly . It was a photocopy of an old newspaper from ten years ago , the headline about that fire . In the corner was a blurry photo - a young Mrs. Howard standing before the ruins , holding white roses , her expression grief - stricken . " Anthony gave me this newspaper . Mrs. Howard visits that firefighter's memorial every year , but never makes a show of it , " Maëlys said softly . " Anthony's been searching for years for a designer who truly understands this story , not just some craftsperson who stacks pretty gems .

" Rachel's fingertips trembled slightly . She finally understood why Anthony's expression had changed when he saw her design , He wasn't choosing jewelry . He was choosing someone who could understand his wife . 16:41 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 84.7 % Chapter 95 Maëlys looked at her and suddenly smiled . " Rachel , you're way more talented than you realize . " Rachel was quiet for a moment before asking softly , " What about Sophie's design ..." Maëlys snorted . " Her design ? " She paused , giving Rachel a meaningful look .

" You think Anthony actually cares about those flashy flame motifs ? " Rachel pressed her lips together and said nothing . " You don't need to know everything . Just know that Mrs. Howard loves your design . " Rachel's heart skipped a beat . Maëlys stepped back , returning to her usual demeanor . " Alright , get to work. Anthony's waiting to see the finished piece . " Rachel nodded and turned to leave , but Maëlys stopped her . " Oh , and , " Maëlys smiled mysteriously , " next time something like this happens , give me a heads up .

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I don't want another heart attack , and I definitely don't want to see you pulling all - nighters until you're pale as a ghost . " " ... Okay . " Rachel was startled , her ears warming as she quickly left the office . She didn't see Maëlys watching her retreating figure with intense eyes . Though she didn't know why Anthony was playing this two - faced game , it wasn't her business and she wouldn't pry . She didn't announce this news publicly but did tell Yara privately . After all , it was a collaborative design , and Yara's eye for materials was spot - on .

With her oversight , nothing should go too wrong . But Amelia was less sophisticated than Yara - too naive . Telling her too much might cause problems . Yara was reliable . Learning the news , she showed no major emotional reaction , just pushed up her glasses and nodded . " I'll handle the materials . " While they secretly worked on the design , Sophie had been having a streak of bad luck . First her internet went down , then her design database mysteriously got wiped . All her accumulated design files , client data , even personal inspiration notes - everything turned into gibberish .

Finally , her coffee mug inexplicably cracked , spilling americano all over her freshly printed designs . The ink spread into a black stain that looked eerily like fire damage . 16:41 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 84.9 % Chapter 95 Sophie stared at that stain , a chill running down her spine . " Who did this ?! " Rachel knew nothing about any of this . She was busy with Yara selecting gemstones . Yara's finger paused on a rare blue diamond rough . " This would work perfectly for the rose's center .

" Rachel nodded , about to take a closer look when she heard Amelia's voice message to Yara about Sophie's office meltdown . After listening , Yara calmly put away her phone , showing no emotional reaction . Rachel looked at her suspiciously . " Why's Sophie been so unlucky lately ? " Yara : " No idea . Couldn't say . " A few days later , Rachel finally finished the design , and that's when Maëlys suddenly informed her- Mrs. Howard wanted to meet her . She stepped into that music room again .

Sunlight streamed through the floor - to - ceiling windows , the piano still standing in silent testimony . But this time , instead of Mrs. Howard , Nicolas sat on the piano bench . He sat there with his long fingers casually resting on the keys , playing a few simple notes . Seemingly random , but it formed a beautiful melody . She hadn't known he could play piano . Mrs. Howard smiled at Rachel . " Rachel , come meet Nicolas . " The man looked up at the sound . Even though she saw that face every day , it still made her heart skip .

His features were aggressively handsome - sharp eyes and brows , a hard jawline , dark eyes that seemed bottomless and unreadable . Rachel was confused . Why was he here ? Mrs. Howard seemed oblivious to any tension in the air , continuing her introductions . " Nicolas happened to be here today , so you're in luck - he can preview your design. " The latter part was directed at Nicolas , her tone full of praise for Rachel . 85 19 Chapter 95 Nicolas stood and walked slowly toward Rachel . His gaze fell on the velvet jewelry box in her hands , lips curving in an ambiguous smile .

" I've heard so much about the talented Miss Designer . " His voice was low and teasing . " Do I have the honor of seeing this jewelry set ? " Rachel's fingertips tightened , but her expression remained calm as she opened the box . The necklace , bracelet , and earrings gleamed in the sunlight , crack patterns and gemstone brilliance intertwining as if truly reborn from ashes . Nicolas's gaze lingered on the necklace before he reached out , fingertip lightly tracing the patterns on the petals . " Interesting . " He said quietly . " These cracks ... deliberately made ? " Rachel nodded .

" Symbolizing fire damage , but the heart still blooms . " Nicolas suddenly smiled , though it didn't reach his eyes . " Mrs. Howard loves roses , so you designed roses . But if it were for me ... " He leaned closer , close enough that she could smell his cool cedar scent . " What would you design for me ? " 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 96

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" Actually , I asked you here because there's something I need to tell you . " Rachel stepped back slightly , putting some distance between herself and Nicolas . Not because she didn't want to be close to him , but because being near him made her brain go completely haywire ! Mrs. Howard took her hand and they sat down together . When she saw the jewelry Rachel had brought , her eyes absolutely lit up . Mrs. Howard suddenly set down her teacup , the porcelain making a sharp clink against the table . She looked up at Rachel , her smile carrying hidden meaning .

" Rachel , the real reason I called you here is to ask- " " Would you dare steal Sophie's deal ? " Rachel's fingers nearly fumbled the jewelry box . Nicolas was lounging against the window and chuckled at this , casually adding , " Or better yet - would you let me steal it for you ? " The tension in the room spiked . Rachel looked between them and

suddenly grinned . " Is Mr. Rothschild offering to be my muscle ? " His eyes went dark as he moved closer , casting her in shadow . " Depends if Miss Leroix can afford my rates . " Mrs. Howard could feel the energy shift and jumped in .

" Nicolas , stop being intimidating . " But instead of backing down , Rachel tilted her chin up defiantly . " What's your going rate , Mr. Rothschild ? Just so you know , my design services don't come cheap . " Nicolas stared at her for a beat , then reached out and brushed her ear with his fingertip . " I'll add it to your tab , " he said quietly , Just then Anthony walked in . Seeing the weird tension between all three of them , he smiled and came over , draping a light throw over his wife's shoulders . " What's got everyone so worked up ?

" Nicolas casually went back to the piano bench , randomly hitting keys while saying offhandedly , " Just talking about Anthony's brilliant choice to go with Sophie's design . " Anthony looked caught off guard , then laughed . " Politics , you know ? When your grandfather personally asks for a 16:41 He Stole My Ticket 1 Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 85.6 % Chapter 96 favor , you've gotta play ball . " Nicolas suddenly stood up straight and walked behind Rachel . " So Anthony , shouldn't this favor actually be on my tab ? " Anthony looked confused . " How's that ?

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" Rachel sensed danger and tried to get up , but Nicolas put his hand on her shoulder . " Because- " He leaned down close to Rachel's ear but spoke loud enough for everyone to hear . " Rachel's my wife . " Dead silence . Rachel went red and shot to her feet . " Nicolas ! " How could he just drop that bomb ? She'd barely stood up when Nicolas pushed her back down into her seat . Anthony looked stunned , but seeing Nicolas's dead - serious expression , he had to ask , " You two are ... ? " With both their eyes on her , Rachel smiled awkwardly . " Mr. and Mrs.

Howard , Nicolas and I are married ... but we've been keeping it quiet . " Nicolas suddenly dropped the playful act , his expression turning intense . " So Anthony , maybe we should recalculate this favor ? " His fingers gently played with a strand of Rachel's hair . " Because screwing over my wife is way worse than pissing off the Leroix family . " Anthony finally processed what he'd just learned and pointed at Nicolas with a laugh . " You little bastard ! So you came here today to fight for your woman ? " Nicolas's mouth curved slightly as he straightened up , casually fixing his cuffs .

" Come on , Uncle Anthony . I'm here for business , obviously . " Anthony snorted and deliberately pushed back . " Fine , business it is . Sophie's deal is already locked in . Your wife's design- " Nicolas didn't even blink . " Then we add another showcase . " " Add a showcase ? " Anthony raised an eyebrow . " Based on what ? " Nicolas finally looked up , his eyes sharp with amusement . " Based on me expanding Howard Industries ' international market by thirty percent next quarter . " Anthony's eyes narrowed . The two men stared each other down for a moment , then both suddenly grinned .

" You sneaky little shit , " Anthony shook his head , nodding toward his office . " Alright , let's talk about your thirty 16:42 He Stole My Ticket , 1 Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 85.8 % Chapter 96 percent . " Meanwhile , Mrs. Howard guided Rachel over to the floor - to - ceiling windows . " Ignore their dick - measuring contest , " she patted Rachel's hand gently . " What I really wanted to tell you - working with Sophie is definitely just political bullshit , but I absolutely love your design and I'm keeping it for myself . Hope you're not offended .

" Rachel smiled and shook her head . Offended ? She was honored that Mrs. Howard actually liked her work . " Anthony has so many business relationships , sometimes he has to play politics . " Even without the explanation , Rachel got it . She could read between the lines from Anthony's attitude . " I just never expected Nicolas to suddenly show up like this . " Rachel looked surprised . Nicolas had made the first move ? Just because of the design thing ? Seeing her confusion , Mrs. Howard smiled warmly . " Don't stress about it .

They already had business together - they'd planned to meet here today anyway . He just showed up early , and after hearing about this whole mess , asked me if I'd dare steal Sophie's deal . I never thought someone so controlled could have such an impulsive side . " Rachel's ears burned . " Mrs. Howard , we ... " Mrs. Howard cut her off with a smile . " That boy's been ice - cold since he was little . You're the first person who's ever made him lose his cool like this . " She paused , lowering her voice . " But ... watch your back with the Leroix family . " Rachel's expression grew serious .

" What do you mean? " Mrs. Howard didn't elaborate , just warned , " Some debts always come due eventually . Nicolas's little show today wasn't just about defending you . " The words left Rachel feeling unsettled , her mind racing through possibilities . While she was lost in thought , something cool was pressed into her palm . Looking down , she saw Mrs. Howard had slipped her a jade pendant . " Keep it - consider it a wedding present . " Rachel was about to protest when Nicolas's voice came from behind her : " What's got you two looking so conspiratorial ?

" 16:42 He Stole My Ticket , 1 Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 86.0 % Chapter 96 He'd appeared without her noticing , holding half a glass of whiskey , eyes locked on their joined hands . Mrs. Howard's eyes twinkled mischievously . " Just sharing stories about how certain someone used to run around naked when he was little- " Chapter 97 Chapter 97 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.

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Rothschild has time to kill ? Don't need to stick around and talk about that thirty percent deal with Anthony ? " Nicolas chuckled and caught up to walk beside her . " What , are you mad ? " Rachel quickened her pace . When Nicolas matched her speed , she gave up trying to lose him and cut straight to the point : " This makes me feel like Mrs. Howard only chose me because of whatever deal you promised them . " " That's what you think ? " Rachel stopped abruptly and spun to face him . " Nicolas , what the hell was that back there ?

Blurting out our business in front of the Howards , and now you're ... " Nicolas suddenly reached out , thumb brushing the corner of her mouth . " Now I'm what ? " Her heartbeat skipped , but she forced herself to stay calm . " Now you're getting handsy . " She wasn't really angry at Nicolas - more frustrated that her validation might have come from someone else's influence rather than her own merit . Of course she wanted this project , but on her own terms , not as someone's favor . But Nicolas was staring at her with that infuriating half - smile that made her inexplicably nervous .

Did this man even realize how devastatingly attractive he looked when he stared at people like that ? Nicolas chuckled and not only didn't let go , but gripped the back of her neck , leaning closer . " You do realize I could be way more inappropriate ? " Rachel's ears burned but she refused to back down . " Is Mr. Rothschild threatening me ? " " No , " his eyes went dark , " I'm giving you fair warning . " They were close enough to feel each other's breath . Just when Rachel thought he was going to kiss her , Nicolas suddenly let go and stepped back , returning to his usual aloof composure .

" Even without my intervention , Mrs. Howard appreciates your work . With or without my thirty percent deal , your talent won't be buried . Rachel , the most important thing right now is believing in yourself . " 16:42 He Stole My Ticket | I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky High 86.50 % Chapter 97 Hearing him say this , Rachel was momentarily stunned . It seemed like no one had ever said anything like that to her . Back at the Leroix house , they'd only ever told her to defer to Sophie . No matter how good her work was , they'd always put her down .

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Over time , she'd gradually stopped believing in herself . " Let's go home . " He turned toward the car , tone as casual as discussing the weather . Late that night , Sophie's social media suddenly updated . Sophie V : " So honored to be invited to design for Mrs. Howard's birthday celebration ! This piece incorporates so many new inspirations - grateful for Mrs. Howard's appreciation ~ Can't wait to share my new work with everyone . " The post included her design sketches and photos of the finished piece .

Social media exploded instantly : #SophieMrsHowardBirthday #SophieGeniusDesigner The comments were flooded with fan praise : [ Sophie's Little Angel ] : OMG my girl is crushing it ! [ Sophie's Bow Ties ] Sophie fly high , fans forever ! [ Only Love Sophie ] : Didn't some people say Sophie's design wasn't as good as some studio " genius " ? Who's getting slapped now ? Some comments subtly dragged Rachel : [ Sophie Sugar ] : Heard some " genius designer " also submitted , but Mrs. Howard didn't even look before rejecting it ?

[ Strawberry Ice Cream ] : @Sophie Sugar Well , connections can't beat real talent ~ Sophie scrolled through the comments , lips curving as she liked several of the obviously shady ones . Mrs. Howard's birthday party was in three days . She'd be wearing Sophie's jewelry for her debut . So what if her design was direct and lacked depth ? It was still her moment to shine ! This victory would bring tons of resources her way . Her bet with Nicolas ? She had it in the bag ! She excitedly messaged Yvonne , who replied instantly : " Congrats babe ! " Sophie grinned and called her on video .

When it connected , the woman on screen was heavily made up , surrounded by the chaotic atmosphere of a club . " What's up , Sophie ? " Sophie's expression darkened slightly . She really couldn't stand places like clubs . If Yvonne wasn't always hanging out there , she'd never set foot in one . " About that company hack you did for me - I already transferred the money . " Though she and Yvonne were friends , Sophie had never been able to read her . Flashy and over - the - top , seeming to dabble in everything .

16:42 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 86.7 % Chapter 97 Yvonne helped her often , but Sophie always paid her handsomely each time . Money solved the simplest problems . After a few more words , Sophie hung up in disgust . Even through the phone screen , she felt contaminated by the club's toxic atmosphere . The next day at work , Sophie was unusually cheerful . She'd had a string

of terrible luck lately - computer crashes , mysteriously cracking cups , random petty annoyances that nearly drove her insane .

Each incident alone was just bad luck , but having them all happen together was suspiciously convenient . Hard not to think someone was sabotaging her . She had suspected someone , Rachel being first on the list , but after having Stella observe for days without finding anything unusual , she'd chalked it up to bad luck . Finally , despite all the setbacks , she'd finished her design on schedule . Now even the office air smelled sweet . Pushing through the design department's glass doors , she deliberately glanced at Rachel's desk .

The other woman was studying gemstones , not sparing her a single look . Perfect . Seemed like the bitch was behaving lately . " Sophie , your coffee . " Stella obsequiously handed over a Starbucks cup . Sophie's red lips sipped the latte as she caught sight of Yara walking down the hallway with a stack of files . The woman wore a sharp suit , eyes cold and distant behind her glasses . Passing Sophie's desk , her folder " accidentally " knocked over the pencil holder . Crash- " Sorry . " Yara bent to pick things up , her fingertip " coincidentally " brushing Sophie's wrist .

Sophie jerked her hand back. The sudden movement made her bump the desk , spilling coffee onto her chiffon skirt . She looked up ready to explode , but Yara had already straightened , staring directly at her . " You've been drinking a lot of coffee lately ? " Before Sophie could process Yara's meaning , Stella suddenly gasped quietly : " Sophie , your computer's blue - screening again ! " As Yara turned to leave , Sophie clearly saw her lips curve in the slightest smile .

16:42 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 86.996 Chapter 97 By the time Sophie rubbed her eyes and looked again , Yara had returned to her usual impassive expression . " Need IT help ? I can call them over . " " No. Thanks . " Sophie forced out the words through gritted teeth , nails digging into her palms . She suddenly remembered that look Yara had given her in the bathroom . " It was you , wasn't it ? " Sophie blurted out . Yara looked genuinely confused . " What are you talking about ? " Sophie was furious .

This was exactly the damning feeling - knowing it was her but having no proof ! Fucking hell ! Yara seemed oblivious to Sophie's murderous glare and suddenly leaned closer , fingertip brushing away nonexistent dust from her shoulder . " Bad luck usually targets people with guilty consciences . " 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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Sophie found this completely pointless . She couldn't understand why they'd invite so many people when she was clearly the star designer . Her presence alone should've been enough - what was the point of inviting the other designers ? Especially that bitch Rachel ! But since it was the host's decision , she couldn't say anything . She'd just treat it like giving those studio peasants a chance to see how the other half lived . Come to think of it , Rachel used to steal the spotlight at events like this . Now it was finally Sophie's turn to be the center of attention . How satisfying !

She'd finally trampled Rachel underfoot ! Today she planned to make her debut with Jaxon , so she'd started getting ready three hours early . The vanity lights illuminated her face as Sophie tilted her head back , watching the makeup artist carefully dot gold powder at the corners of her eyes with a fine brush . " Make it brighter , " Sophie frowned critically . " I want an effect that makes people unable to look away ! " The makeup artist's hand froze mid - air , but she pressed on with a warning : " Miss Leroix , this is Mrs. Howard's birthday celebration .

If your eye makeup is too bold , it might upstage the hostess ... " Smack- Sophie slammed her hand on the table , expressing her displeasure . Upstage ? Where she was concerned , she was always the star ! The makeup artist broke into a nervous sweat and applied more gold leaf fragments to Sophie's eyes . Seven or eight lipsticks lay scattered across the vanity - true red was too vulgar , rose was too flashy . After much deliberation , she finally settled on a luxury brand's limited autumn edition " Flame Rose , " supposedly only three tubes left in all of North America .

Jaxon had been waiting outside for ages before finally deciding to check on her . Knocking and entering , he caught Sophie just finishing her lipstick . 16:42 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 87.4 % Chapter 98 The vivid color made him instinctively frown . " Sophie , that's enough . We're not the stars of tonight's show , so let's not steal the hostess's thunder . " Sophie set down the lipstick and took Jaxon's arm , agreeing verbally . But internally , she scoffed . She was half the star of tonight's event .

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If she could make a name for herself today , clients would come flooding in for jewelry designs , and she'd easily win her bet with Nicolas ! Jaxon took in her outfit - a deep V - neck red gown covered in crystals , with a thigh - high slit that showed glimpses of leg with every step . " You sure you want to wear this ? " Jaxon asked quietly . Sophie released his arm and spun around . " Don't I look good ? " When Jaxon didn't respond , Sophie grabbed his hand urgently . " Come on , Jaxon , let's go . " Mrs. Howard's birthday party had invited nearly half of New York society .

Maëlys and all the studio designers were included . Rachel arrived early . She and Nicolas had come separately - with so many sharp - eyed reporters around , the slightest hint would be blown up into headlines . She'd dressed very conservatively today in a cream silk midi dress with three - quarter sleeves , her hair in a low chignon secured with a pearl comb , giving her an understated elegance . After some thought , she put on the jade pendant Mrs. Howard had given her . When Rachel arrived , only a few servers were making final preparations in the ballroom .

She chose an inconspicuous corner to sit . " Rachel . " Mrs. Howard appeared behind her , holding two glasses of wine . Coincidentally , Mrs. Howard was also wearing cream - an elegant long - sleeved sheath dress with minimal makeup , yet radiating aristocratic grace . " Mrs. Howard . " Rachel stood quickly but was pressed back down by Mrs. Howard's hand on her shoulder . " Try this wine , " Mrs. Howard pushed a crystal glass toward her . " It's a vintage Bordeaux I thought you'd appreciate . " The wine caught the light as Rachel looked down . Mrs.

Howard's gaze lingered on the necklace at Rachel's throat before she smiled . " That pendant suits you perfectly . " Rachel's fingertip lightly touched the stone , warmth spreading through her eyes . 16:42 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 87.7 % Chapter 98 As they talked , the ballroom gradually filled with high society - names Rachel recognized from the social pages . Mrs. Howard's laugh lines softened as she suddenly lowered her voice : " Whatever happens later , don't take it to heart .

" Rachel was about to ask what she meant when the ballroom doors burst open . Sophie entered on Jaxon's arm , her red dress sparkling blindingly under the lights . Mrs. Howard patted Rachel's hand and stood , whispering in her ear : " Remember , the best counter - attack is making her punch cotton . " Sophie strutted in wearing four -

inch Jimmy Choos , immediately surrounded by reporters firing questions about her and Jaxon . Sophie's red lips curved as she leaned against Jaxon's shoulder like a devoted girlfriend , playing up their relationship .

Jaxon didn't want to linger , answered a few questions briefly , then steered Sophie past the media toward Anthony . As Jaxon led her through the ballroom's center , Sophie spotted her jewelry piece displayed prominently under the lights , gleaming like molten gold . Something seemed off . Why was her work displayed in the center hall instead of being worn by Mrs. Howard ? Then again , center placement meant more people would see it - basically free advertising . Either way worked in her favor .

These events were mostly for men to talk business , so after greeting Maëlys , Sophie made an excuse to leave Jaxon's side . " Sophie , all the media's here , " Stella rushed over with champagne . " The trending topic's ready : # Sophie's ' Flame Series ' Dazzles Howard Birthday Gala # . Guaranteed to explode on social media . " " Flame Series " was Sophie's collection name . Sophie sipped her champagne with satisfaction , scanning the room before spotting Rachel in the corner . That bitch was wearing a simple cream dress with just a necklace - not a single other piece of decent jewelry .

Pathetic . Sophie snorted coldly. Dressed so plain , you'd think she was attending a funeral . 16:42 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 minded her own business , but trouble came looking for her . As Sophie clicked over in her heels , Rachel stood to leave . She didn't want any drama with Sophie here . But she'd barely taken half a step when a voice stopped her- " Sister , where are you rushing off to ? " Rachel's outstretched foot froze mid - step . " Some people just can't stand seeing others succeed , " Stella deliberately raised her voice , drawing stares from nearby guests . " After all , not everyone can pull off such bold designs . " Rachel turned around with a fake smile .

With so many media watching , she couldn't lose her temper - no telling what they'd write . The two sisters already had a contentious relationship , and reporters were already sniffing around with their cameras clicking away . " Well , well ! How lively ! " A voice suddenly cut in . Rachel looked over to see Sienna Devereux , whom she hadn't seen since Grandfather's funeral . Sienna looked Rachel up and down before offering what could barely be called praise : " Finally dressed like a human being this time . " Then she glanced at Sophie and snorted . " It's Mrs.

Howard's birthday , and you're here putting on a show dressed like a feather duster . What's all the fuss about ? " Her words made Sophie's face turn green . Sophie clenched her fists , forcing down her anger . After struggling to compose herself , she forced a smile and politely greeted Sienna . But Sienna ignored her completely , continuing her conversation with Rachel . No matter how dissatisfied Sophie felt , she didn't dare show it . Sienna was Jaxon's cousin - crossing her would bring £ 8.3 % Chapter 99 no benefits .

She needed to build a good relationship with her for when she married Jaxon . Sienna had always been a " legend " in their social circle , never mincing words even with so many reporters present . She stared directly at Rachel , making her wonder if something was wrong with her appearance . Just as Rachel was about to check herself , Sienna delivered a merciless taunt : " Heard you couldn't even beat Sophie and ended up losing to her . " Rachel smiled awkwardly . Three years ago , she would've argued back indignantly , but now she really had no energy for these petty competitions .

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She just wanted to escape this drama . " Ladies , the media would like to interview Miss Sophie , " the butler appeared at the perfect moment , breaking up the tension . Sophie snorted and placed her hand on Stella's arm , following the butler to another area for interviews . Under the flashing lights , Sophie struck perfect poses . When reporters asked about her design inspiration , she tossed her hair : " Flames represent female passion and power . " She glanced meaningfully toward the corner . " Not everyone dares attempt such a bold style .

" Reporters held up cameras , frantically photographing and recording her every word . Just as she finished speaking , the ballroom suddenly went dark . " Distinguished guests , " Mrs. Howard stood on the spiral staircase , her voice warm and melodious , " thank you all for attending my birthday celebration . " She descended slowly , still wearing that emerald dress , but the cracked necklace at her throat was particularly striking under the lights . The silver chain was covered in delicate fissures , but tiny diamonds were embedded at each break point , like stars reborn from ashes .

" Today holds special meaning for me . This jewelry carries so much precious sentiment - I must especially thank Rachel for her creativity , and designer Yara for her exquisite craftsmanship in bringing this piece to life . " All attention was drawn to her words , with some guests gasping in admiration . Sophie stared fixedly at the necklace at Mrs. Howard's throat . That was Rachel's design ! Why ? Hadn't they chosen her design ? Why was Mrs. Howard wearing Rachel's piece ? Where was her design ? " Sophie , your design must be the grand finale , " Stella whispered .

Conred Slay High 88.5 % Chapter 99 Sophie took a deep breath , calming herself . Stella was right - she'd clearly seen her work displayed prominently in the center for admiration . It was probably being saved for the finale ! " Mrs. Howard , I heard Miss Sophie's ' Flame ' series was also selected . Why don't we see it displayed ? " The questioner was Sienna . She wasn't afraid to stir up trouble . The room immediately grew quieter . Sophie straightened her spine , red lips curving in a triumphant smile . Mrs. Howard elegantly sipped her champagne , laugh lines spreading : " Sophie's work ...

" She gestured gracefully toward the sparkling champagne fountain in the ballroom's center . " Isn't it right there ? " A spotlight hit the champagne tower . Sophie's red lips suddenly froze - her Flame series jewelry had somehow been moved and was now embedded in the champagne glasses ' bases ! Among the towering layers of glasses , the necklace was wrapped around the top as decoration , earrings hung from glass rims like charms , and the ring was fitted around the neck of the server's champagne bottle .

Her carefully designed flame motifs had become mere accessories to glassware , bobbing with the bubbles like circus props . " Oh my ! " someone gasped quietly . " Isn't that jewelry ? How is it being used as ... " " What marvelous creativity , " Mrs. Howard smoothly took over , her tone gently devastating . " Sophie's design is full of passionate vitality , perfect for accenting tonight's champagne . See how the flames on the necklace flicker in the liquid ? Doesn't it have a unique charm ? " Mrs. Howard's words appeared to be praise but actually demoted her work to party decorations .

Whispers began rippling through the crowd : " So Rachel's design is on Mrs. Howard , and Sophie's is just ... " " Shh , keep it down . But talk about a clear hierarchy . " This champagne tower idea is genius - gave face while delivering a slap . " Sophie gripped her dress so tightly her nails nearly tore the expensive fabric . She looked at Rachel standing beside Mrs. Howard , who was looking down modestly without sparing her a

glance . Chapter 99 Sophie's ears were ringing as she clearly heard someone whisper :  
" Isn't that just a fancy coaster ?

" " Miss Leroix , " the editor of Jewelry Appreciation approached , " your design as drink accessories - is there some special meaning ? " Hearing this , Sophie's foundation was practically cracking . " Oh my , what avant - garde design philosophy , " Sienna laughed mockingly . " Setting million - dollar gems in cup holders - does Miss Sophie think wealthy people need something to hold down their wine glasses ? " Chapter 100  
Chapter 100 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 100

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.

I just wonder if the wine residue might cause it to tarnish ? " Sophie's face cycled through shades of green and purple . Camera shutters clicked incessantly as reporters immediately pulled out their phones to draft breaking news stories . Sophie watched helplessly as her million - dollar jewelry became a laughable meme under the flashing lights . The hashtag #EliteCoasters shot to trending status at lightning speed . @FinanceGossipGirl : BREAKING ! Sky - high coasters make shocking appearance at Mrs.

Howard's birthday gala - Leroix heiress design disaster caught on camera [ Video ]  
@GossipGuy\_Wei : LMAO , this is what fans called " Design of the Year " ? Suggest renaming it " Coaster of the Year " [ laughing emoji ] @JewelryDesignBot : Speaking from a professional standpoint , Sophie Leroix's design actually looks better on a wine glass than worn as jewelry [ doge emoji ] Sophie's fan groups instantly exploded :  
@SophiesSweetTreats : This is slander ! Mrs. Howard clearly has no appreciation for art !

@SophieSugar Rush : Our Sophie's design is obviously creative - those people just have no taste ! @SophieFairyPrincess : Who does Rachel Leroix think she is ? She must have used underhanded methods to get where she is ! But they were quickly overwhelmed by public ridicule : @RandomObserver : Just a bystander here , but am I the only one who thinks Sophie's design isn't actually that unique ? @DessertVending Machine : @RandomObserver You're absolutely right . When everyone was praising her before , I didn't dare speak up ...

@SocialMediaTruthSeeker : Does Rachel Leroix have some special background ? [ popcorn emoji ] As the evening wound down , servers began distributing gift bags to each guest . Sophie stood there with a forced smile , watching helplessly as distinguished guests received their gift boxes containing miniature brooches inspired by Rachel's designs. " Miss Leroix , this is for you , " the butler suddenly approached with a plain white box . 16:43 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 89.2 % Chapter 100 Sophie opened it and her face went ashen .

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Inside lay twenty pristine white napkins , neatly stacked , each corner printed with her prized " Inferno " series design , with small text in the bottom right reading : " Howard Group Special Edition . " " What is the meaning of this ? " She maintained her smile , though her voice trembled . " This was specifically requested by Mrs. Howard , " the butler explained with a beaming smile . " She mentioned your design was perfect for everyday use . " The butler continued with professional courtesy : " Mrs.

Howard specifically instructed us to print extras so all the service staff could use them . " The remaining guests burst into suppressed laughter . Sophie's fingers gripped the box so tightly her knuckles turned white . Before she could explode , the butler added : " Miss Leroix's jewelry pairs excellently with wine indeed . " " You ... ! " Sophie was livid . How dare a mere butler criticize her ? Yet the butler maintained his cheerful demeanor , leaving her rage with nowhere to go . With reporters watching for her reaction , she forced herself to swallow her fury .

She absolutely could not break character in front of the media ! Meanwhile , Sienna had moved to the champagne tower , impatiently tapping her crystal glass . She surveyed the room with cold eyes - when she spotted Rachel , she rolled her eyes . Who was that act of worldly detachment supposed to fool ? And Sophie wasn't much better - what exactly did she think she was ? Her red lips curved into a mocking smile as she threw

back the last of her drink . " Penny for your thoughts ? " Nicolas suddenly appeared behind her , his gaze meaningful .

Not realizing who had approached , Sienna instinctively responded : " A bunch of drama queens . " Her eyes swept over Rachel as she lowered her voice : " That woman clearly has the ability to crush Sophie , yet she insists on playing the innocent - it's nauseating . " Nicolas's lips quirked slightly : " Oh ? Frustrated on her behalf ? " 16:43 He Stole My Ticket , I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 89.4 % Chapter 100 Sienna didn't answer , but when she turned and saw Nicolas's face , she nearly dropped her glass in shock , her dress sweeping across napkins printed with flame patterns .

" Uncle ... ? " Nicolas hummed acknowledgment without even glancing at her , his attention fixed entirely on the woman standing beside Mrs. Howard . In a corner of the ballroom , Jaxon stared at the trending topics on his phone , his expression dark as a storm cloud . He looked up at Sophie being cornered by reporters , let out a cold laugh , and turned to leave . " Leaving so soon , Mr. Rothschild ? " Arthur Leroix emerged from the shadows of the corridor . " Not planning to play the knight in shining armor ? " Jaxon paused : " Rather nosy , aren't we , counselor ?

" The Leroix family had naturally been invited to the gala , but Arthur had been nowhere to be seen since the event began . Now he suddenly appeared . Jaxon chuckled coldly : " Two sisters - which one will the counselor choose ? " This was exactly Arthur's dilemma . He glanced toward Sophie's direction , then at Rachel . Jaxon waved his phone , displaying the #SophieCoasters trending hashtag : " Perhaps the counselor should consider how the Leroix family plans to handle this PR crisis ?

" In that moment of eye contact , Arthur caught a fleeting emotion in the other man's gaze before striding decisively toward Sophie . Jaxon watched Arthur's retreating figure , his expression darkening . He had warned Sophie repeatedly not to be so ostentatious , but she wouldn't listen . Sophie was becoming increasingly disobedient . Meanwhile , Rachel found herself surrounded by reporters . " Miss Leroix , what are your thoughts on Sophie's design being used as coasters ? " " You and Sophie are sisters - is this incident family infighting ?

" The reporters ' questions grew increasingly pointed . Just as Rachel was about to respond , she was suddenly pulled behind someone , " Excuse me , " Yara Adams appeared out of nowhere , her eyes behind her glasses emotionless . " Miss Leroix needs to examine her work - the piece around Mrs. Howard's neck . " Invoking Mrs. Howard's name immediately silenced the reporters . 16.43 He Stole My Ticket . I Flew Private : Revenge Served Sky - High 89.6 % Chapter 100 The two women seized the opportunity to escape .

Seeing their prize slip away , the reporters turned their attention to Sophie : " Miss Leroix , you've lost to Rachel multiple times now . Social media is questioning your ' genius designer ' credentials - any comments ? " As Sophie found herself surrounded by reporters , Arthur suddenly burst through the crowd and forcibly pulled her away .

Before leaving , Arthur glanced toward Rachel's position , ensuring she was safe before relaxing . That girl had good luck - she always found a way to escape trouble . But Sophie was different .

Sophie was gentle and obedient ; she couldn't handle such sticky situations . Sophie needed his help first . 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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