

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

Chapter 36-38

Chapter 0036

At the base, Madison joined the line-up of ten pilots.

The instructor, clad in a flight suit, iterated the basic rules from the Mukino International Pilot's Handbook. He then added, "Other airlines might not have such an extensive retraining program. But Mukino International prioritizes passenger safety above all, so we ask for your patience and diligence during these drills. After twenty-odd days, those who qualify will officially become Mukino pilots."

"Sir, yes, sir!" they responded in chorus.

The unity and fervor in that response seemed to ignite Madison's competitive spirit.

She had never been someone to cower or be trampled upon, nor was she overly soft or forgiving.

She had always been a person with edges sharp enough to cut.

How could she have lost herself over someone like Lucas?

At the academy, Madison was top of her class. At National Air, even pilot, she was always the best.

as

er own sake...

d for Ethan's.

At the very least, she couldn't let him down.

"Madison."

She stepped forward promptly, "Here!"

The others glanced at her out of the corner of their eyes, slightly astonished.

2/0

This woman exuded an air of confident poise, her face devoid of smiles, tinged with an almost imperceptible fierceness.

“You have the least flying hours here. You’ll be piloting an Airbus A340. Can you handle it?”

Her reply was short and confident, “Yes, I can.”

“Good.”

“These flight paths are clear of other aircraft. You will each take this plane and follow the route I give you. The shorter the time without incidents such as turbulence, the higher your ranking, and so on,” the instructor explained.

The group was quickly led away.

Among the ten pilots, only Madison was female, and with the shortest flying hours.

The rest were seasoned pilots or those grounded for various reasons, all more experienced than Madison.

But the instructor issued a stark reminder as they took off, “We have made applications to the Civil Aviation Authority; thus, the retraining lasts over twenty days. Many of these training exercises are based on militar

tandards. Therefore, at the end of training, we will hire ee as official captains. Even those previously

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ll be considered. The rest, who qualify, will be relegated

yone disagrees, you still have the chance to withdraw. Should choose to leave during training, Mukino Airlines will permanently ose its doors to you.”

The other nine pilots murmured amongst themselves, their expressions uneasy.

2/6

These ten were undoubtedly skilled Among them were veterans

from military aviation, others who had flown hours eclipsing those of usual captains—a gathering of talent.

Failing to secure one of the top three spots meant settling for a co- pilot position.

No captain would willingly accept being demoted to a subordinate role.

So now, it was a choice-leave, or fight for it.

Observing the sole female pilot show no sign of backing down, someone from the instructor's side quietly began typing something on their phone.

“If there are no objections, let's wish everyone the best of luck. Now, who's first?”

After some hesitant glances, a young, eager man stepped up.

Madison wasn't foolish enough to be the first to volunteer-amongst this crowd, she was the junior.

The training was rigorous, reminiscent of military exercises.

A pas grade would be set by time-if completed within the limit specific set of obstacles on the flight path, the pilot

and

y tested a pilot's skill.

dison waited for over five hours, watching as the leaderboard Owed each pilot's number and score.

As the last to arrive, she was Number 10.

“There are three different false radar obstacles with varying altitudes,” someone muttered upon returning.

3/6

“It’s a challenge to keep the plane stable and make it through quickly. These requirements seem tailored for fighter pilots,” the complaints continued.

Of those assessed, four had already qualified.

To secure her place, Madison had to make it into the top three.

First place was Number 2, a veteran military pilot, with twenty-three minutes.

Second place, Number 6, landed safely in twenty-five minutes.

Third place, Number 4, finished in twenty-nine minutes.

And fourth, Number 8, in thirty-three minutes.

Meaning Madison had to fly within twenty-nine minutes to maintain a top-three position.

“Number 10,” called the instructor.

Madison stepped out at a slow pace.

Some held their breath, while others dismissed her prospects.

The one holding his breath was the pilot currently in third place.

As long as Madison didn’t break into the top three, his position in this exercise was secure.

The initial phase of retraining was assessment; what followed would be simulator training. Surviving the initial phase meant the rest

should be relatively smooth sailing.

Before boarding, the instructor added, “I forgot to mention, your results for each exercise will be transmitted directly to the Civil Aviation Authority. Everything is transparent and fair, so no one should rely on luck or try to pull strings-it won’t work here.”

435 BONUS

Madison was no stranger to the captain's seat.

When the old captain rested, it was she who steered the aircraft.

This control panel and these instruments were her true familiars.

As the undercurrent of blood surged through her body, Madison felt a surge of combativeness.

She never allowed herself to be the one left behind.

The ground crew signaled for taxiing and take-off.

The plane gradually accelerated along the runway, ascending into the sky.

Her operation was flawless, without any hint of rustiness or error.

"Her take-off is as good as the number one old military pilot," someone whispered.

Another retorted, "But what good will that do? She's still a woman. Her reaction in a real situation will be weaker, and she'll likely falter at the obstacles."

Only the veteran military pilot remained silent, his gaze fixed on the radar tracking the A340's trajectory.

M

ached cruising altitude and soon encountered the virtual dicated on the radar.

*le, these required pilots to navigate around without a visible
it of reference.*

To maintain safety would inevitably extend flight time.

But Madison was aiming for the top three.

On the ground, the nine pilots who had completed the challenge had started chatting, especially the top three.

+25 BONUS

The veteran pilot said little, focusing intently on the radar screen.

“Damn!” The ground crew member couldn’t contain his surprise, blurting out a curse.

Following his gaze, the rest of the group gasped in unison!

“How is she so fast?”

At that moment, the other pilots stood up, the reality of the situation dawning on them.

And it was then that the true Madison finally came alive.

Today’s Bonus Offer

Chapter 0037

But the veteran military pilot simply smiled, his eyes reflecting a sense of relief.

Simultaneously, at the Civil Aviation Authority, observers also noticed the aircraft flying at an unusually high speed.

“Who’s piloting that?” a senior official asked.

A staff member replied, “It’s tagged as number 10.”

The official was astonished: “She came down in free flight?”

“Believe it or not, just a regular co-pilot.”

Back at the training base.

Madison executed each maneuver flawlessly, steering the plane steadily as she chased the top three flight durations.

In her mind, she meticulously replayed the flying techniques her grandfather had mastered to avoid obstacles, applying them as if she copied and pasted his exact moves.

The seasoned airman tilted the plane no more than twenty-eight percent, while Madison, not even a captain, managed a mere thirty. percent tilt to successfully navigate the obstacles.

The moment the A340 piloted by number 10 touched down safely, the third-place pilot turned pale.

It was over.

The instructor, equally shocked, reported in fits and starts: "Pilot number 10, flight duration twenty-seven minutes and thirty-two seconds, successfully evaded obstacles, zero errors!"

Zero errors...

125 ORUS

Even now, among the top three, aside from the old military flyer, both second and third place had grazed a virtual obstacle.

When number 10 was entered into the system, Madison's name. secured the third spot firmly.

Only the top three were highlighted in gold.

Madison brought the plane to a halt and glanced at the big screen as she disembarked.

Her smile radiated brighter than the blazing sun on the horizon.

That unshakeable confidence was dazzling.

Civil Aviation Authority.

This rookie pilot's achievements had already caught the higher-ups' attention.

In recent years, the scarcity of pilots with exceptional qualifications. meant that talents like hers were being closely watched.

“A female pilot?” The deputy director, known as Ye, himself a former distinguished pilot, inquired.

“Sho

r file.”

Madison’s resume, Ye clicked his tongue. “What a waste. without flying. Keep a close eye on this one, see if she can d all the training.”

derstood.”

At that moment, Deputy Director Ye personally reached out to Ethan.

+25 BONUS

After the first assessment, ten pilots stood side by side.

Even amongst women, Madison wasn’t short, but next to the men, she still appeared the most petite.

Despite this, her presence in her flight suit was no less commanding than the rest.

The instructor, looking at the top three separated on the big screen, was at a loss for words. “Congratulations to the top three pilots for such outstanding performances. Especially number 10, truly a woman to rival men.”

Madison responded: “Thank you for your trust, instructor. But everybody here has more experience than me; I was just lucky.”

Hearing her humility, those who hadn’t scored as well softened their expressions a bit.

The next assessment would be in three days, and until then, everyone had standard training tasks. The evening dormitories were private.

Unknown to Madison, the day’s assessment had already made

waves in the industry. Especially those who had been outflown today kept replaying Madison’s flight path, trying to pinpoint their shings.

Madison herself paid no mind; once she returned to her quarters, showered and went early to bed

Due to the mental strain, she was exhausted and slept soundly through to the next day.

Mukino International.

Chairman's Office..

+25 BONUS

"What are you looking at now?" Michael asked, noticing William absorbed in his tablet.

William whispered, "Thinking of Miss Clark."

"Thinking?!" Michael was shocked.

Such a peculiar description... Had he really fallen for her?

William gestured 'no further comment' with his eyes.

Michael sat down and lit a cigarette. "I heard your helicopter pilot's making waves in the circuit?"

"Military

ary and national airlines have asked about her, and even the Civil Aviation Authority is keeping an eye on Madison," William responded.

Ethan, having finished the video, looked up: "What brings you here?"

"To see if you're neglecting your duties over a spring fancy," Michael said bluntly.

Ethan shot him a cold glance.

But Michael wasn't wrong; Ethan was indeed lost in...

Thoughts of spring.

son's departure, his already quiet home felt even emptier

he found himself sitting at her bedroom door all evening.

uldn't understand why he was so unsettled when they hadn't together long.

Meanwhile, Madison, immersed in training, couldn't shake the image

of a certain man from her mind.

Not only that, his voice of encouragement and protection caused her heart to beat irregularly

Four days into training, Madison hadn't contacted Ethan even once.

The ten pilots gathered at the training field, expecting the next flight assessment announcement, when the instructor abruptly said: "We're taking a break today."

After dropping this bombshell, the instructor hurried off.

Curious, someone asked a nearby staffer: "What happened?"

The staffer's expression was grave: "There's been an earthquake in Jingzhou. Some of our people are trapped there; the flight rescue team is heading out to help."

Hearing this, everyone fell silent.

An earthquake???

"Doesn't Mukino Air have several rescue teams? Are they all going?"

asked number 4.

The staffer hesitated, finally admitting: "Our chairman is also in

Jingzhou."

chairman was in Jingzhou...

Suddenly, Madison remembered Ethan mentioning he'd be int Jingzhou in two days. With four to five days since then, he might already be there.

She abruptly asked, "How severe is the earthquake?"

Everyone glanced at the quiet woman who had just spoken.

The staffer said solemnly, "Magnitude 6.2. Many planes can't take off."

+25 BONUS

Due to severe damages and signal failures, planes were grounded, unable to fly without navigation.

Besides military rescues, many organizations headed towards

Jingzhou. The entire nation was united in the effort to assist their fellow citizens.

Ethan...

Madison turned and ran towards her quarters, digging out her phone to dial Ethan's number.

Two attempts went unanswered.

Her expression grew grim as she scrolled through her call history and discovered Ethan had called her twice that morning.

He had called her?

Clutching her phone, she rushed downstairs to find everyone fixated on the large TV in the lobby.

The broadcast displayed the devastation in Jingzhou. Skyscrapers leaned precariously, tsunamis triggered by the earthquake had submerged the beaches, and people were filmed fleeing in

desperation.

Rescue teams were en route, but their numbers were nowhere near enough to save so many.

Chapter 0038

At Jingzhou International Airport, Ethan faced his first earthquake. The aftershocks had yet to come, and experts warned they could be substantial.

Three planes from Mukino Airlines were stranded; one had its left wing damaged by the quake.

Ethan chose not to leave. Instead, he orchestrated a calm evacuation for Mukino's crew aboard the rescue team's aircraft.

Mukino Airlines had a professional rescue team ready for emergencies like this, dispatching six helicopters for the task.

"Get on board first," Ethan urged William.

William was incredulous. "Are you joking?"

"Three planes can't return. Someone needs to stay back and manage the situation. You go ahead, I'll leave when the other rescue teams arrive," Ethan said, his voice steady.

The airport was in chaos, teeming with stranded passengers desperate to leave at the sight of any departing aircraft.

There were three captains, four co-pilots, and dozens of crew members stranded in Jingzhou.

The Mukino Airlines rescue team arrived in the nick of time. "President Grant, we've got to go now! The aftershock warning has been issued; it's due in thirty minutes. The fog is thick near Jingzhou, making flying conditions treacherous."

Their implication was clear: this might be the last batch of rescue teams to arrive before the next shake.

And then

"Evacuate all crew members first especially the captains. Holo that plane that can still take off, load as many passengers you can before it's too late, Ethan instructed,

William wanted to protest, but Ethan's gaze silenced him.

The rescue team could only follow orders.

As Ethan watched people being escorted onto planes and

helicopters lifting off one by one, he finally sat down, the last Mukino airliner disappearing into the sky. And then the ground began to shake.

The aftershock was ferocious, buildings on the brink of collapse trembled, and waves surged onto land. The might of a natural disaster made human strength seem trivial

Inside the airport, thousands of stranded souls screamed and cried) praying for the shaking to stop.

Many lay flat on the ground, including Ethan, held tightly by William.

The aftershock lasted an agonizing five minutes.

When the ground stilled, people, come hysterical and others in tears, embraced each other in relief.

Ethan rose, unafraid as he gazed at the dark clouds above.

"Let's head back, President Grant. Our rescue team will come later William suggested.

"Look over there," Ethan suddenly pointed.

To the far left.

It was the sea connecting to Slandon Harbor. Far out, dark clouds pressed down, stirring massive waves-a towering, thick wall of water.

A tsunami.

+25 BONUS

If it hit, the airport would be submerged in an instant. Not only that, a third of Jingzhou, already small, could be underwater.

They had nowhere to hide..

Judging by the waves' pace, in less than half an hour, they would hit land-specifically, Jingzhou International Airport.

Panic set in. "We need to move-now..."

Others saw it too and ran in the opposite direction.

At that moment, Ethan unexpectedly felt the urge to call Madison.

He wasn't sure what he wanted to say.

"[?]

But the call wouldn't connect.

Images of Madison's tear-streaked face and their first meeting on the plane flashed before him.

"Go, William," he said, pocketing his phone, lighting a cigarette despite the wind and waves.

"You..." William clenched his teeth.

As the waves drew nearer, Ethan said, "There are still crew members left. How could I, as the boss, leave first?"

People fled past them, some bumping into Ethan's shoulder.

The remaining eleven Mukino crew members gathered around." President Grant, please go. We won't complain if we're stranded.

You've done enough organizing our evacuation."

They all stood behind Ethan.

He exhaled smoke and turned to them. "When you joined Mukino International, we promised to protect every one of you in any work-related danger. We'll do everything to keep you safe."

At that moment, tears welled in everyone's eyes.

This was why Mukino International dominated the skies, not just valuing passengers' lives but also their crew members.

+25 BONUS

Jingzhou International Airport was in utter disarray.

Smaller airlines hadn't sent planes, and other companies' staff had lost hope.

Thousands knew the approaching water meant certain death. They understood there was no escape; Jingzhou was surrounded by the sea.

Within minutes, they'd be erased from this world.

Even William sat down, his face a mix of calm and bitterness.

Those no longer fleeing sat with staffers from various airlines, quietly watching the sea, some making final calls, shedding tears.

The closer the water, the more violent the wind, forcing eyes shut.

Countless eyes searched the surroundings, hoping for a miracle.

fi

*Even local airport staff knew evacuation was impossible. The
nd fog made takeoff unfeasible.*

oomed large.

n stared at the last, unanswered call on his phone, Madison's ne on the display.

The signal was dead, and calls wouldn't go through.

The sky churned with clouds and wind, day and night indistinguishable.

+25 BONUS

"What's that?!"

"Is that a helicopter?!"

Someone shouted suddenly.

Everyone looked up.

About a hundred meters away, a helicopter fought against the storm, struggling to make its way through the clouds and wind.

William squinted, trying to identify it.

Leaves and debris blurred the vision, but a Mukino captain shouted, "President Grant! It's your helicopter!"

Mukino Airlines was sending more help?

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