

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

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Madison watched him walk away, feeling as if a third of the broken pieces in her heart had been put back together. Even shattered and scarred, they were beginning to mend.

Was he waiting for her?

The rescue mission that Madison had been a part of resonated widely, though she was unaware of the stir it caused.

She continued her preparations and training tasks in peace after the

incident had settled.

However, the attitudes of the other pilots had changed markedly

towards her from that day forward.

They often sought her expertise on various matters.

Some pilots might never experience a thunderstorm or a tsunami in

their entire career.

Thus, such flight experience was invaluable.

Moreover, whenever there was something delicious to eat, they treated her like a beloved younger sibling or a cherished niece.

Madison had become the darling of the training base, shining brightly in their midst.

The second assessment was not carried out, yet when Madison saw her name at the top of the list, she was utterly baffled.

An old military pilot, now retired, chuckled, “This assessment was supposed to fly through adverse weather conditions, but due to an unexpected earthquake, our entire journey to Jingzhou was made into

a 3D simulation animation. Approved by the Civil Aviation Administration, you truly deserve the first place. Of course, we all agree. It's not just your professional skills, but also your bravery."

Madison looked at the nine pilots, each one more experienced than her, applauding her warmly, her eyes welling up.

It had been a long time since she had felt this kind of recognition.

This accomplishment also spread within the industry.

Many people knew of the young 25-year-old girl named Madison who had flown from Slandon Harbor to Jingzhou in just under an hour and led a helicopter squadron safely through harsh weather to Jingzhou during an earthquake, and then back again.

Her name had already become well-known."

In many places, including military aviation inquiries, Ethan replied with a statement: "She will definitely be Mukino Airlines' female captain, and I won't let her go."

Ethan's words effectively dissuaded everyone from trying to poach

Madison.

When Charlie learned of all this, he became very curious about the woman named Madison.

However, Mukino Airlines had sealed her information as confidential, making it inaccessible to others.

Subsequently, Madison trained peacefully at the base for nearly twenty days.

During those twenty days, she had no contact with Ethan. She trained earnestly with the other pilots, discussing flight techniques, and how to handle emergencies. Madison's days were fulfilling.

"Madison, did you ever get a chance to touch a fighter jet?" someone

asked curiously.

Madison paused mid-meal, then nodded, "My grandfather flew fighter jets."

"That explains it."

Then, an old military pilot spoke up, “Your grandfather is Meng Yachen?”

Madison was astonished, “You know him?”

The old pilot nodded, “He was my team leader back then. The first time I saw you, I recognized you. He always showed us your picture, bragging about how you were doing in flight school, often coming first in your class; he was very proud.”....

Thinking of her grandfather brought a sourness to Madison’s eyes.

She felt ashamed, having given up her dream for a man, failing her grandfather.

“But your grandfather wasn’t wrong; you’re excellent,” the old military pilot said.

The other pilots nodded in agreement, with one adding, “If you become a captain, we would be convinced. We hope you continue to

strive.”

Madison smiled broadly, “Thank you.”

The next day.

The twenty-plus days of training were drawing to a close.

Ranked according to three comprehensive assessments, the young pilot Madison astonishingly took second place, following only the old military pilot, securing a spot in the top three.

But as the ranking list was distributed, some at Mukino International’s management level raised objections-

“Even if she’s outstanding, we can’t disregard company rules. She’s never been a captain, nor does she have experience in handling

emergencies. We can’t gamble the safety of our passengers and the reputation of our company on her.”

“I disagree with her serving as captain.”

Another concurred, “I disagree as well.”

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It was an across-the-board veto against Madison becoming a captain.

Among the dissenters, there were two or three who stayed neutral, and one or two who quietly supported Madison.

The man at the head of the table had been silent throughout the meeting, leaning on the arm of his chair, a hand propped against his temple, perusing a document rested on his lap.

Only when the conference room fell silent did Ethan lift his gaze, landing it on a senior manager.

The focus of his attention was Frank, the Flight Department manager, in his forties with a jovial face and thinning hair, but his features retained a youthful appearance.

Frank was one of the few who supported Madison’s case.

Feeling the chairman’s eyes on him, Frank sat up straighter and cleared his throat, “The matter may not warrant such a heavy debate This recent refresher training at the base

was conducted according to military aviation standards. We had agreed beforehand that the top three performers would be directly promoted to captain. The Civil Aviation Authority has approved this. To pass such a rigorous test with top marks is a testament to a pilot's true skill."

"Every organization has its protocols. Mukino Airlines has never altered its standards. If she becomes a captain this time, what about the future? She hasn't even met the required 2,700 flight hours to apply for the captaincy. How are other equally stellar co-pilots supposed to feel about this?"

Frank chuckled, "If that's the case, then what was the point of the assessment? Why bother testing against military standards? Might

as well have told everyone from the get-go that regardless of their test scores, they wouldn't become captains."

After saying his piece, his smile faded, and he leaned in with an authoritative air, "Since everyone is referencing regulations, I shall too. It was clearly stated before the assessment that passing equates to a captaincy. If we don't honor that commitment, what would she think? That Mukino Airlines doesn't keep its word, or the Civil Aviation Authority doesn't? Bear in mind, several airlines are already courting Madison, including Air China. A senior official from Air China personally called to say that if we don't have a place for her, they would gladly offer her a position with a lucrative package."

"We at Mukino Airlines urgently need competent pilots, especially with the increasing number of international routes. Cultivating our own aviation talent is a boon. I fail to understand the fuss over

standards. She outperformed many skilled pilots, led her team. through sea fog to Jingzhou, and saved the entire Mukino Airlines crew. That's the mark of an exceptional pilot!"

His words had the others lowering their heads.

Madison had indeed become an overnight sensation.

Leading a helicopter rescue team through such treacherous weather, she risked her life to save their chairman and all crew

members. What more was there to debate?

To deny someone's efforts and excellence over mere technicalities was disheartening.

After Frank finished, he sneaked a glance at the chairman.

Seeing no reaction from the man, Frank spoke up again, "Let's vote once more."

Reluctantly, the executives who had initially disagreed now raised their hands.

Frank counted, “Good, that’s the majority. Then let’s proceed with the hiring process as per the regulations.”

The executive in charge of hiring nodded, “Understood.”

It was then that Ethan set his documents aside, scanned the room, and, without a word, stood up and left.

After the chairman’s departure, the room remained still.

Frank was the first to get up and leave.

“Hey, Frank,” the hiring executive called after him, “Aren’t you worried about shareholder dissatisfaction for supporting Madison like that?”

Frank scoffed, “Don’t talk to me about shareholders. Please remember who the real boss is. As the Flight Department manager,

my primary duty is to select the best pilots for the company. Secondly, as an employee, I do and say things the boss can’t handle or express. That’s how you survive in this world. Get it?”

The younger executive seemed to have learned a lesson, nodding repeatedly.

In that situation, it wasn't appropriate for Ethan to voice a personal opinion. But that didn't matter; Frank would speak on the boss's

behalf and fend off others with reason.

The boss being pleased meant good fortune for Frank.

Returning to the Flight Department, Frank received a call from

Finance, "Manager Xiao, your year-end bonus will increase by thirty percent."

Frank's smile nearly split his face, "Great, great! President Grant is too generous."

The finance manager chuckled, "Well, President Grant said you earned it."

"I'll keep up the good work!"

After hanging up, Frank flipped through Madison's file, grinning ear to ear, "My little lucky star! Don't worry; I'll make sure you're well taken care of!"

Madison heard about the strife her candidacy had caused within Mukino Airlines' management from somewhere.

She seemed utterly unfazed.

Now officially recruited by Mukino Airlines, the three successful candidates were dining in the restaurant, ready to leave the training

base after their meal.

The old military pilot, called Brian Jones, was addressed by everyone simply as Brian.

Brian consoled her, "Don't mind what others say or think. We just need to excel in our duties, and our records will stand out. Besides we didn't become pilots for fame but for love, for the dream. If you're good enough, no one can stop you from soaring high."

Madison felt a warm reassurance inside.

And having dealt with the bothersome affairs involving Lucas, her tolerance seemed to have reached new heights; these negations

couldn't touch her.

Leaning back in her chair, she idly tapped her water glass, "Don't worry about me, Brian."

A touch of arrogance in her voice.

Madison didn't give those dissenters a second thought.

During her time at the training base, with every flight, she felt her

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soul come alive.

In places unseen, Madison's spirit was indomitable, unshakable.

She was ready to fight for what she wanted, no longer submissive or patient.

“All right, you two take care on the road. See you at the company.”

Outside the training base, Brian bid farewell to the two younger

recruits.

The third-place finisher, Henry, seemed cheerful-a given,

considering he was only thirty-four.

After Brian left, Henry offered, “Where are you headed? Let me give. you a ride?”

Throughout their time there, Madison had almost become the

beloved of the group, her senior colleagues protecting her without a hint of competitive malice.

Madison didn't want to impose, "It's okay, I can manage. It's not and you..."

Henry suddenly pointed towards the distance to the right, "That over there, isn't it waiting for you?"

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Madison turned around.

The autumn in Slandon Harbor was crisp, with withering yellow leaves and desolate streets.

Henry flashed a smile, "Well, I'll be off then. See you at the company."

"Sure."

Henry drove away, and not far behind, a car with its hazard lights flashing slowly approached.

Its license plate was too conspicuous to forget after just one glimpse. As the car came to a halt the window rolled down slowly, revealing a bespectacled man.

The autumn wind seemed to offer a silent salute.

Ethan exhaled a plume of smoke, “Congratulations.”

Once in the car.

Madison finally turned her phone on. She wouldn’t have, if not for the urgent need to reach Ethan during the earthquake in Jingzhou. During the training, private phone use was forbidden.

As the phone booted up, it was flooded with messages, most signed by Lucas.

But before she could read them closely, Ethan, who was driving, asked, “Hungry? What do you want to eat?”

Madison put away her phone, looking at Ethan, unharmed and well. A smile crept onto her face involuntarily, “I can just make some

noodles when we get back.”

After all, he was a leader...

No, that’s not right.

The Chairman.

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Just thinking about Ethan’s true status made her feel choked up, Mr... President Grant, why didn’t you tell me you were the Chairman?”

“When did I ever not tell you?” Ethan raised an eyebrow.

He had come alone to pick her up for the celebration, driving himself.

The driver was shocked when he stepped out of the car.

They all knew how much their boss hated driving.

“I always thought you were just a senior executive.”

After all, what kind of chairman conducts interviews for pilots personally?

Or stays throughout the entire medical exam?

“You never asked. Besides, I never said I was some kind of senio

executive,” Ethan flicked off some ash, his glare softened by his glasses, “I asked you, what do you want to eat?”

“1...”

“If you don’t decide, I will.”

Madison fell silent.

He was the Chairman. Before, she might have had a conversation, but now she dared not.

What if she annoyed him and he fired her?

At the top of her phone screen,

One entertainment news headline after another popped up.

Some revealed that actress Sophia had secretly married and had a

child.

Others claimed Sophia was a homewrecker.

Madison was utterly disinterested and deleted them all with one

click.

On WeChat.

Lucas had sent a barrage of messages, one after another. The last one was from yesterday morning.

He said: [Madison, what's your deal? Too high and mighty to talk to people now that you've climbed up the social ladder? I guess you weren't so innocent after all, maybe you've been fooling around behind my back? And now you're ignoring me! Why aren't you responding to my messages? Don't you want to divorce anymore?]

Then he added: [Madison, you still love me, right? Nobody treats as well as I do, right? If you don't want to divorce anymore, I m consider it, but don't get your hopes up, because I still have...]

The rest of the content made Madison laugh out of irritation.

How could such shameless people exist in this world?

And she used to cherish someone like that?

She must have been blind.

Without even looking at the earlier messages from Lucas, Madison replied-

[The day after tomorrow, 9 a.m., I hope you will be on time at USCS.]

She had no interest in dealing with the narcissistic, sentimental Lucas.

At Huanmei Airlines.

Lucas, already troubled over pilot salary increases, was frowning

deeply.

He received a message on his phone but didn't rush to check it, instead listening to the executives discussing a recent development.

"The name of that pilot has been classified by Mukino Airlines, we can't dig it up. But it's said to be a young woman. Our airline needs capable pilots who can stand on their own. Should we try to poach

her?"

“How can we poach? Can we offer a higher salary than Mukino Airlines?”

For some reason, hearing that the pilot was a woman made Lucas think of Madison, which he dismissed with a laugh, thinking he must

be overwhelmed with work.

How could Madison possibly be a pilot?

It seemed utterly absurd.

In two years of marriage, he had never heard her mention anything remotely related to flying, despite owning an airline himself.

But the thought of her possibly cozying up to some tycoon left a

bitter taste in his mouth.

He wouldn't admit it was jealousy, anger, or a possessive trait of his male ego.

Even if he didn't like Madison, he didn't like the idea of her moving on without him, much less the possibility of her doing better than

himself.

When Lucas returned home from the company, he was immediately confronted with Sophia's angry face, "The media is full of scandal about me. Have you done anything to get it under control?"

Worn out, Lucas slumped onto the sofa, "I paid for it."

"You spent the money but it's still not contained? How incompetent can you be?" Sophia was irritable, "Hurry up and spend more, hire some internet trolls to defend me! The news about my

marriage and child absolutely cannot be confirmed!"

Suddenly, Lucas saw Sophia as a stranger, and his thoughts flew to Madison.

Compared to Sophia, Madison's qualities began to stand out.

Madison was more genuine, more composed and quiet. Despite her seemingly frail appearance, she was far more level-headed in crises.

Most importantly, she never yelled at him. When problems arose she would comfort him, help find solutions or tackle the issues,

unlike Sophia who only pointed fingers.

Considering Sophia was pregnant, her emotions might be unstable, so Lucas relented, "Calm down, I'll contact someone to buy more

internet trolls."

Lucas headed to the kitchen.

When he saw the messy kitchen, he frowned, "You've been home for days, don't you do anything?"

Sophia, preoccupied with her phone in the living room, monitoring news about herself, retorted, “Why should I? I’m not your nanny. If you don’t like the mess, clean it up yourself!”

Confronted with the disarray and smoky air at home, Lucas found

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his thoughts lingering on Madison.

He didn’t know what got into him, he took out his phone intending to contact Madison, but the message she sent an hour ago infuriated

him.

Madison still wanted a divorce?!

Had she really climbed the social ladder?

So even with the opportunity he offered her, she refused to step

down?

Fuming, Lucas stepped onto the balcony to call Madison, but on the other end, Madison was sitting face to face with Ethan, enjoying a quiet dinner.

The space was so silent, and Lucas was so loud, Ethan could make out most of what he said.

Madison placed the phone on the table, looking upset.

Lucas was berating her, accusing her of infidelity and of being

better than...

Her gaze inadvertently met Ethan's, who gestured towards the phone with a nod, asking in a low voice, "Need help with that?"

Hesitant, Madison was about to speak when Ethan had already grabbed her phone.

His gaze darkened, “Your prowess lies in affairs and getting pregnant out of wedlock, and yet you have the audacity to accuse

others?”

Lucas, on a rant, was stopped in his tracks by the voice.

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Lucas had heard this voice before during a red carpet interview.

Yet, Lucas still could not believe that Madison managed to rope in the chairman of Mukino International.

He figured Madison must have used some cunning tricks to get herself involved because she knew he would be attending the red

carpet event with Sophia.

And just to show off her presence!

At this moment, Lucas refused to believe that the man across him. was Ethan, even if he recognized the voice. He assumed Madison must have exchanged something to get this outcome.

So, Lucas boldly questioned, “Do you realize that Madison is my wife?”

Ethan glanced at the woman staring at him and chuckled, “I had idea.”

He was curious about what kind of outrageous things Lucas could say.

“Oh?” Lucas, seeming to have grasped something, continued to press, “What did Madison give you to play this act with her? Or is Madison your lover now?”

Ethan, caught by surprise, paused, “Lover?”

He wouldn’t mind that.

Ethan laughed, “Mr. Lucas, you overestimate me.”

Lucas was puzzled, “Aren’t you Ethan?”

“Yes, I am.”

Ethan returned to his seat across the table, where Madison was calmly eating her meal.

Who could imagine such a scene?

Ethan, the chairman of Mukino International, helping his employee deal with her soon-to-be ex- husband?

In the past, Ethan would never have considered such a thing.

He would never meddle with a woman who was married or

committed to someone else.

Even if he was deeply attracted, he wouldn't show any interest.

This was his principle and his limit.

But now, Ethan not only did it, but he also enjoyed it.

Did this mean that in Madison's eyes, his relationship with her was much closer than with Lucas?

Ethan softened his tone at this thought, "I am Ethan. But I still

believe...

"I don't deserve Madison."

Madison, caught off guard, looked up from her meal. She seemed to forget how to chew, staring blankly at the man before her.

On the other end of the phone, Lucas struggled to breathe in his fury, “You... Are you really Ethan?”

He had thought Madison was playing a trick on him with a random

man.

How could Madison possibly know someone of such high social

status?!

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At this moment, Lucas was convinced that Madison must have

cheated on him!

“Mr. Grant.” Lucas’ tone suddenly improved, “Madison is my wife. Do you think this is appropriate? Aren’t you afraid of the public accusing you of meddling in other people’s marriages? And with your status, being with a second-hand woman...”

Ethan abruptly interrupted, his eyebrows furrowing, “Where are you?”

Lucas naively thought Ethan wanted to discuss the matter in person.

Considering the important points he had just made, Lucas quickly gave him his address.

Once he got the address, Ethan smoothly hung up the phone, then took out his phone to send a WeChat message to Michael.

Caught off guard by the sudden end of the call, Madison put down her cutlery, “You just...”

Ethan continued eating, “Hmm?”

He was playing dumb.

“You know what I’m asking.” Madison said coldly.

Ethan slowly nodded, “Hmm.”

What did he mean by ‘hmm’?

Madison was confused, but she didn’t know how to ask.

What did he mean by ‘I don’t deserve Madison’?

Did something happen between them?

“What you heard is what it is.” Ethan didn’t elaborate, fearing it might

scare her.

Madison then assumed Ethan was just trying to agitate Lucas.

After all, he seemed to have witnessed everything that had happened between her and Lucas.

“Take a look.”

A contract appeared on the dining table.

Madison picked it up and flipped through a few pages.

It was a contract agreement.

She would sign with Mukino International as a captain for one year.

“All pilots at Mukino Air sign a one-year contract. Here, you have – absolute freedom. If you feel it’s not right for you, you can leave at any time. If fate allows, we’ll work together again.” When Ethan talked about work, his seriousness was a stark contrast to Lucas.

Madison had seen Lucas’ arrogant demeanor at work.

But not Ethan.

He took into account the employees first in every condition. His tone was moderate, showing his consideration.

Who else could succeed if not him?

Madison pointed to a part of the fourth page, “Is the annual salary signed here three million eight hundred thousand?”

That was way too high.

Even the captains at Air China only got around one million eight hundred thousand, including all kinds of subsidies.

She didn’t want Ethan to give her any special treatment.

Over time, people might start to question her professional

competence.

“Mukino Air’s lowest salary for pilots is around four to five hundred thousand. As a captain, over five million is not much. Besides...”

Ethan scanned her from top to bottom, “You’re worth it.”

Perhaps to others, a CEO throwing around several tens of millions or even billions wasn’t a big deal.

But work should follow its principles and should not mix with personal life.

It was as if Ethan could give Madison an antique worth tens of billions one day without batting an eye.

But salary was a different matter.

“Firstly, according to the summary from several instructors at the training base, you’re excellent in every aspect. Excellence should be rewarded, otherwise wouldn’t everyone be complacent? And

secondly...”

Ethan tapped on the table, “If it weren’t for you risking your life lead the helicopter team to Jingzhou, I might have died there.”

It was gratitude, and also a token of his affection.

A token for their chance encounter.

Madison pinched the corner of the contract, “Do others know about this contract?”

“Of course.” Ethan lied.

With such a high salary, of course, he arranged it privately. Other captains only got two million.

He gave Madison double the amount.

People all have their favorites and biases. It’s human nature, and no

one would leak the information.

“Also,” Ethan took out a key.

“This is the independent residence allocated by Mukino International to the pilots. You can keep it as a backup. You should still live with me since my place is closer to the airport.”

He seemed to have arranged everything for her. All Madison needed to do was to safely fly each flight.

Ethan asked the waiter for a pen.

Madison held the pen, remained silent for a while, then finally signed her name on the contract.

What she didn't know was that once her name was marked on this paper, she would never be able to separate from Ethan for the rest of

her life.

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Elsewhere, Lucas paced restlessly through his house after being hung up on. He suspected that the chairman of Mukino International would personally seek him out. If the chairman had indeed taken a fancy to Madison, perhaps Lucas could leverage this to extract some benefits from Mukino International through her. He hadn't expected Madison to be so capable, to have ensnared such a catch.

Reflecting on her alluring figure, Lucas regretted not having pursued her earlier, instead of foolishly clinging to Sophia. He mulled over how he might negotiate with the chairman.

Unbeknownst to him, Ethan had no intention of meeting him. If it weren't for the slight connection to Madison, why would someone of Ethan's stature bother with a minor aviation company?

The doorbell rang.

Lucas rushed to answer it, putting on a grave expression before opening the door. To his surprise, it wasn't the person he had anticipated.

Michael stood there, the epitome of a lawyer in his professional suit, greeting Lucas with an exceptionally friendly smile.

"Mr. Zhuo?"

"That's me," Lucas replied, poised for confrontation. "You are...?"

"I've been entrusted by President Grant to meet with you."

What? Ethan didn't come himself?

Michael stepped back. "Mr. Zhuo, may I speak with you privately?"

Not daring to offend Mukino International, Lucas agreed, "Of course."

He followed Michael a hundred meters from his home when suddenly Michael stopped.

Gone was Michael's friendly smile. His expression deadpan, he asked, "You're with Sophia, right?"

Lucas was taken aback.

Before he could answer, William and his men shoved Lucas car, covering his mouth.

Within minutes, the car sped away.

into a

William stood on the side of the road, seemingly on the lookout but not quite, puffing on a cigarette with a sly smile.

“Mr. Bai, our lawyer can’t beat the guy to death, right?” The driver fretted.

William waved dismissively, “He’s a lawyer, he knows restraint. Even if Lucas tries to sue later, he won’t win anything.”

Michael had been harboring resentment over this matter. Now, a legitimate reason to confront his sister-in-law’s lover, he would

hold back.

Grant had only sent Michael a message: [Find Lucas at this location. Just make sure he doesn’t die.]

So, Michael knew his limits.

Lucas, bewildered by the beating, was powerless to resist. Why was this seemingly gentle man so heavy-handed?

After venting, Michael straightened his tie, pointed to Lucas's bruised face, and laid out two conditions: "First, you'd best grow old with that harlot Sophia. Second, if I hear you've gone near Miss Clark again, your infidelity will be tomorrow's news, and you'll be left with nothing."

"Got it?"

In legal matters, Lucas was no match for a lawyer.

A smart man knows better than to fight a losing battle.

Despite his resentment, Lucas could only nod in agreement.

"There's more..."

Michael stepped out of the car, turned, and warned, "Don't try

anything against President Grant. If you do anything to harm him or Miss Clark, I'll make sure you die an uglier death."

A threat. A blatant threat.

Lucas, blood still dripping from his nose, wiped it away and nodded through gritted teeth.

Satisfied, Michael ordered, “Alright then. Take Mr. Zhuo home.”

The driver promptly returned Lucas to his residence.

On WeChat:

Michael: [President Grant, the task is complete.]

Ethan: [I want to hear the results.]

Michael: [I hit him with all I had. His mother wouldn't recognize him!]

Ethan: [You didn't have that much strength as a baby.]

Michael: [???

The two had grown up together, as close as brothers could be.

Watching Michael preen in the mirror, William asked, “What are you doing?”

“Just fixing my dashing hairstyle.”

“I fail to see where you’re dashing.”

Michael rolled his eyes at him.

“You were against President Grant’s decision before, weren’t you?” referring to Ethan’s interest in Madison.

Michael paused, then sighed, “He’s been my lifelong friend. He even scrimped to help me through college. If he’s set on doing this, and I can’t dissuade him, I can only walk with him.”

Michael wouldn't stand for anyone attacking Ethan.

That's why he initially tested Madison with a contract.

But clearly, Madison rendered his usual tactics unnecessary.

At Ethan's place:

Upon return, Madison found her room pristine, and now, filled with several stuffed toys.

"Are these misplaced?"

Ethan, loosening his tie and exuding post-work relaxation, glanced

her bedroom.

"No," he said. "They are for you."

Madison froze.

Ethan glanced at her. “Don’t you like the Big Mouth Monkey?”

Madison blinked. “How did you know?”

He remained silent for a moment before responding, “Your keychain and the charm on your bag, they’re Big Mouth Monkeys.”

He had noticed from the start, especially after accidentally entering

her home, where even the living room had Big Mouth Monkey dolls. Surely Lucas wasn’t the fan, was he?

Just then, Michael returned. Ethan ceased speaking and joined Michael downstairs.

Madison dozed off in her room, only to be woken up by Jessica’s

video call.

Thirsty, she took her phone downstairs for water.

“Madison, congratulations on becoming a captain!”

After hanging up with Jessica, who would be back next week, Madison spotted a figure lying on the sofa.

She whispered to Ethan, poking his arm, “Are you asleep?”

He seemed unresponsive, as if in deep slumber.

She reached for a blanket to cover him, but before it could touch him, Ethan’s eyes snapped open.

Caught off guard, Madison’s gesture froze in mid-air.

Meeting Ethan’s reddened, deep gaze, she felt uncomfortably intrigued and retracted her hand.

Then, from the air hung Ethan's inebriated, enticing voice- "Can you hurry up with the divorce, please?"

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Madison was jolted to her core.

Was he truly intoxicated or not?

If not, why would he ask such a question?

Perhaps exhausted, Madison didn't think much before she sat down on the edge of the coffee table next to him, her elegant legs resting on the ground.

Her hair fell loosely around her, and she suddenly laughed-a languid sound tinged with indolence: "Does it bother you?"

Ethan rested a hand on his forehead, his already handsome features intensified by the flush of alcohol, exuding a raw, captivating charm-

"It does."

Madison's smile froze for a split second.

In the silence of the night, there was only the exchange and col of their gazes.

Madison's nature was a blend of softness and resilience. Despi her seemingly tender and gentle exterior, she harbored the spirit of lone wolf slowly awakening within her.

If provoked, even her gaze could become a forceful weapon.

Like now, in the quiet of the night, her eyes focused solely on Ethan.

"Why does it matter to you whether I divorce or not? Ethan, what are you thinking?"

She had to ask.

To her surprise, Ethan was silent for a full second before bursting

into laughter.

He rose to a sitting position.

His tall frame dominated the space, and upon sitting up, he was face to face with Madison, leaving no distance between them.

A single breath could be felt by the other.

This time, Madison didn't awkwardly dodge away; instead, she met Ethan's gaze directly.

His elbows rested on his knees as he leaned in slightly, his intense eyes focused directly on her face: "Can't you see why?"

He felt surprisingly sober.

Yet, he didn't know how he ended up voicing the thought, laying it

bare for both to see.

He knew that once said, the consequences might not be what he

desired.

But with forthrightness countered by forthrightness, there was nowhere left to hide, leaving Madison's heart in a frenzied panic.

Among adults, some things didn't need to be spelled out clearly you're smart enough, you'd understand.

Like Ethan's words just a moment ago.

After a long pause, Madison ran her fingers through her hair, laughing hollowly as a tinge of bitterness spread through her gaze: "I am someone who has undergone a failed marriage. I have achieved nothing remarkable in my career, I have no special qualities. I can't understand."

She couldn't grasp why Ethan would...

Be interested in her?

Ethan was silent for a moment before speaking: “Who cares if you’ve been married before? Who cares if you don’t have a shining career?”

Madison looked up: “Then why do you care about me?”

She was too embarrassed to voice the words ‘you like me.’

It wasn’t just embarrassment, but deep down, she truly didn’t believe Ethan could fancy someone like her.

To be slightly vain, Madison believed that aside from an acceptable appearance, there was nothing about her that was deserving of Ethan.

“I like you,” he blurted out unexpectedly.

Madison was stunned, “What?”

Ethan furrowed his brows, his gaze intense as he spoke each word deliberately: “I like you. Did you hear me clearly?”

Madison felt like she was losing her sense of hearing.

Under his oppressive gaze, she could only respond stiffly, “I you.”

Ethan stood up and walked away before lighting a cigarette, leaning against the couch back, his voice trailing over-

“I don’t care about what you just said. It’s not because of your looks, and definitely not out of pity. If I must have a reason, well, even a toad will lust after a green bean.”

Madison’s features scrunched in confusion: “Toad?”

Ethan turned sharply, casting her a chilling look.

She immediately zipped her lips, motioning for him to continue.

A hint of a smile spread across Ethan’s face as he watched her subdued expression, “So, I’ll wait for you to get divorced.”

???

Wait for me to get divorced for what?

“No, that’s not right.” Ethan corrected himself, “You’re going to USCS the day after tomorrow, right?”

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

“Yeah.”

“I’ll accompany you.”

Madison’s mind was a whirlwind of question marks.

She couldn’t fathom how things had escalated to this point.

Nothing had happened between her and Ethan, yet he just...

Abruptly...

And so Madison found no reasonable explanation well into the night, and of course, Ethan offered none.

Gradually, her mind wandered off into sleep.

s

The next day, Ethan seemed very busy, and Madison didn't im at all.

But not seeing him was a relief-it spared her the awkwardness

She spent an entire day alone in the vast mansion, and manage clean the place from top to bottom, almost exhausting herself to collapse.

But it was good physical training.

In the afternoon, Madison stepped out to buy some fitness equipment. The house likely had a gym, but that was Ethan's domain, and she wasn't comfortable meddling with his things.

So, when Ethan returned home at 9:30 pm after a full day, he encountered the sight of Madison in the upstairs living room, which was directly across from her room. She was dressed in tight workout

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clothes, effortlessly lifting a pa

deeply.

Her impressive figure was on full display.

Ethan's brow furrowed as he pulled at his tie and half-turned away,

You..."

Hearing movement, Madison looked over and saw him, promptly turning off the soft music, "You're back."

She felt awkward now.

Ethan, sensing this, looked down to hide the glint in his eyes, Continue your workout.”

But just as he was about to leave, he turned back abruptly.

“Have you eaten?”

“What’s your uniform size?”

Their words collided unexpectedly.

Ethan fully removed his tie, leaning against his bedroom door gaze lingering on her.

After a moment, he nodded with a husky voice, “I’ve eaten. Have you

He had instructed William to ensure fresh vegetables and meats were delivered daily, so she wouldn’t go hungry at home.

This morning, guessing that Madison might feel embarrassed to see him, Ethan had opted for an unnecessary social engagement that also concluded in a decent business deal.

“I have.”

Madison stood there, feeling out of place.

II

Unfortunately, Ethan’s empathy didn’t always surface when needed.

At that moment, he bluntly asked, “Did what I said last night make you uncomfortable?”

Madison looked at him, unsure what expression was appropriate for this confrontation.

Was he really being this direct?

“Madison,” he called her.

Her silence implied she was listening.

Ethan took a seat on a nearby sofa, draping one leg over the other, exuding a languid superiority.

Faced with his imposing manner, Madison spoke hastily, "Ethan, this isn't right. Regardless of the reasons, I'm not the most suitable person for you."

She was afraid of Ethan saying something she couldn't fathom she had to cut him off.

Ethan, however, was not one to be influenced easily.

Playing with a lighter on the armrest, he spoke, "My principle in doing things is to act from interest, to take the risk if it's worth it, and from capability, if I should do it. From the outcome, to see if it pays off. Not for others to tell me..."

"If she's the right one."

Ethan seldom preached, yet today he was relentless-

“If I think she’s worth it, then she is. Even if she’s not right, I have the power to make her right.”

His straightforwardness was domineering but also offered Madison endless respect.

Madison nearly buckled under his words.

She slowly crouched down, hugging her knees.

She hadn’t yet fully retreated from that humiliating marriage but had met someone who gave her boundless courage.

Ethan didn’t seem to wait for her to say anything. He merely reached out to ruffle her hair.

Then, as if exhausted, he leaned back and said with a laugh, “Why do you look like a bullied little wife? I haven’t tricked or hurt you. I just...”

“Want to keep you company.”

His tender smile once again infiltrated the night, reserved for Madison alone.

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Faced with his tender yet domineering words, Madison found herself without the ability to speak, unsure of where to even begin.

Her own affairs were unsettled; what could she possibly say?

Ethan, a man of action and business, noted the silent dilemma etching Madison's face.

"Focus on your work. We'll talk about the future when it comes."

He offered Madison a way out.

"I'm feeling a bit unwell; I'll rest up. Knock on the door if you need anything." Ethan stood and walked toward the bedroom door.

Just before closing it, he added, "Or knock on the wall, that works

too."

So the proximity was just for convenience in case of need?

Madison hardly slept that night.

So much so that when she arrived at the gates of the USCS the next day, she was still in a foggy state of mind.

Outside the USCS.

“Go ahead.”

Ethan stayed true to his word and accompanied her, not just that, he personally drove her, with her in the passenger seat.

Madison stepped out of the car and had barely reached the USCS entrance when another car pulled over.

Lucas, clutching his left eye, strode toward her and immediately accused, “You really are heartless, aren’t you? Inciting your new man to gang up against me, right? You must’ve been cheating all along, how else could you agree to the divorce so readily?”

Even now, Lucas failed to recognize his own faults.

Madison looked at the well-dressed figure before her and could only think how the once calm and gentle image was gone forever.

Once love fades, the rose-colored glasses shatter, leaving nothing but the stark reality. He seemed repulsive, utterly revolting.

Madison took a step back, her voice steady, "Lucas, you really are disgusting."

"What did you say?"

"Are you deaf? Can't you hear what I said?"

Suddenly, Madison stepped forward, her formidable aura resurfacing, "The cheater was you, the one who abandoned for a mistress was you, the one who squeezed everything from his wife for his mistress was you. Even during the coo period, you wanted me to help with your work. And you probably me to leave the marriage without a penny, right?"

"What do I matter to you anyway? By what right do you question.

me?”

wife

d

Madison couldn't help but point at a passing dog by the roadside, laughing coldly, "You're even less than that."

Lucas was taken aback by this version of Madison.

He always knew her as a woman who was submissive and dutiful, a woman who never talked back to him.

But now, everything had changed.

Lucas was convinced that Madison must have found someone else, which emboldened her.

As the cooling-off period ended, they just had to stick with the divorce to proceed.

When Lucas and Madison sat in that place again, unlike a month ago, Madison was utterly calm, even eager to get the proceedings over with.

The clerk worked quickly, sensing Madison's urgency, and in moments, two maroon divorce certificates lay before them.

Madison snatched hers without a second glance at Lucas and stood to leave.

As Lucas clutched his divorce certificate, a mix of resentment, anger, and oblivious regret spread within him.

He felt that once Madison walked away, he might never see her

again.

"Madison, I..."

Just as she stepped through the USCS door, one foot out, her arm were seized by two men.

Lucas caught her left arm, and the man outside held her hand firmly, along with the divorce certificate.

Under both their stunned gazes, Ethan pulled the certificate from her hand and slipped it into his suit pocket.

He glanced at Lucas, his expression far from friendly, before looking down to ask, “Will you come with me?”

The question was laden with respect and an immense sense of

power.

As if to say: Just nod, and no one can stop me from taking you away. Madison’s eyes held a restrained glimmer.

After all, divorce is a significant matter, even though her heart had died, it wasn’t without impact

Lucas, still clinging on, challenged, “Madison, you can just forget everything we had?”

Ethan waited in silence, giving her time.

After four or five seconds, Madison yanked her hand free.

Both men seemed to freeze, hardly believing what had just happened.

As Lucas stared at his empty palm, then at the undivided hands of the man and woman before him, he felt a pang of regret.

His relationship with Sophia had soured; she was temperamental, constantly complained, obsessed with money, neglected the ho and never cared to visit his ailing parents.

Lucas increasingly appreciated Madison.

But it seemed it was too late

Ethan, whose hand hadn't been shaken off, felt his heart skip.

He then pulled Madison behind him more firmly and announced, From now on, Mr. Zhuo has nothing to do with..."

He glanced back at her,

Miss Clark anymore. I hope you won't

disturb her life again, not even a phone call."

"What does any of this have to do with you?"

Lucas's competitive nature wouldn't let him lose face before Ethan.

"It didn't before, but it does now."

Ethan never let go of Madison as he stepped forward, confronting an indignant and bruised Lucas.

He whispered by his side, "Before you think of starting trouble next time, I suggest you guess whether I can afford your life."

Madison felt disoriented, silent even as Ethan led her to the car.

"Michael will handle your divorce settlement. Knowing your character, you won't leave him with nothing, so it will be an equal

division. Whatever is yours, Michael will ensure it's returned to you," Ethan said.

Madison slowly looked up.

Her eyes reflected Ethan's profile.

Facing Lucas, his broad back had appeared like a mountain, seemingly shielding her from all storms.

As she gazed at him, Ethan mussed her hair with a smile, "I'm a businessman; I rarely make a losing deal. So every move I make is profitable, and you shouldn't feel pressured."

“What’s your return then?” Madison asked back.

The car stopped at a red light, Ethan handed back the divorce certificate and turned to look at her.

His smile was light but his gaze was earnest-

“I’m investing in the chance that when your heart opens up again,

you might consider that man named Ethan.”

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Fresh off a divorce and already the target of a corporate president’s courtship?

Isn’t that kind of fantasy best left to the pages of a novel?

Madison was at a loss for words, unable to respond in the heat of the moment. Thankfully, Ethan, ever the empathetic man, didn’t press her for an answer. He was simply conveying his feelings, and he knew she understood.

Their car was parked on the street, with other vehicles keeping a respectful distance-not due to anything, except for the astronomical repair costs if they so much as scratched Ethan's expensive ride.

As they crossed the intersection, Ethan said, "I'm taking you home."

Those four words were laden with an indescribable promise.

Madison didn't overthink it. Once the car stopped, she prepared

enter the mansion.

No sooner had she stepped inside, than a series of handheld fireworks burst into life, showering her with a cascade of sparks and

confetti.

Stunned, she watched familiar faces emerge.

Michael and William, and... Jessica.

It had been years since she'd seen Jessica, who had changed quite a

bit.

She didn't particularly resemble Ethan, except for their shared tall

stature.

Jessica, nearly Madison's height, exhibited a serene composure, whereas Madison was the embodiment of vivacity and cheer.

Jessica's greeting was loud and enthusiastic as she hugged the dazed Madison, "My goddess, congratulations on your joyful divorce!"

She'd heard about Madison's situation from her big brother but had never pried.

Personal matters should stay private, and anyway, it's not usually a cheerful topic, so it's best left alone.

But from today, no more need for secrecy!

Stunned, Madison asked, “Jessica, you’re back? Didn’t you say...

“Surprise! Are you surprised or what?” Jessica cradled her face.

“Surprised.”

As emotions welled up, Madison finally hugged Jessica back.

They met at the flight academy, enduring the toughest times together. Even though their paths diverged, they never cut ties.

And now, they reconnected in such an extraordinary way. Mad was both surprised and grateful.

Jessica pulled Madison inside, “I’ve been waiting here for Happy to be single again, right?”

you.

Any lingering gloom instantly dissipated, and Madison nodded with a smile, “Happy.”

“By the way, big bro, can I fly with Madison’s air...” Jessica blurted out before realizing her slip-up, but it was already too late..

Ethan’s gaze settled pensively upon her.

Madison’s eyes moved back and forth between Jessica and Ethan.

Big brother?

The cigarette Ethan was holding seemed to tremble like Jessica under scrutiny.

He pinched it lightly, and it broke.

Jessica inhaled deeply, “Um...”

“Are you siblings?” Madison asked first.

Jessica had mentioned being ‘particularly acquainted’ with someone from Mukino International, and they both shared the last name Jiang.

Ethan knew he couldn’t hide it any longer, and frankly admitted, “Yes, she’s my sister.”

As he confessed, the living room fell silent.

They expected Madison to be upset.

After all, keeping this from her could suggest a lack of trust.

To their surprise, Madison turned to Jessica, “Why did you pret to be poor when you were at school?”

Jessica: “...”

Aren’t you supposed to be questioning my brother???

Goddess, why are you asking me?!

Ethan hadn't expected that, but seeing his sister's expression, he

explained, "She was afraid of being targeted for her wealth, so she kept it a secret."

Madison nodded in understanding.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief at her lack of further questions.

The lunch table was already laden with a bountiful spread.

Madison sat next to Jessica, with Ethan naturally pairing up with Michael, and William sat alone.

At the table, Jessica chatted nonstop, filling Madison in on the recent years. Madison listened intently, laughing and nodding along.

Jessica coaxed her into drinking too.

The three men frowned as the two women downed glass after glass.

“How come I didn’t know you could drink like this?” Ethan frowned.

Jessica’s cheeks flushed, “I’m a product of the flight academy! Did you know we had alcohol tolerance tests? If you didn’t have a good capacity, you had to build it up! It’s to ensure nobody’s incapacitated by a single drink in case of emergencies.”

So Madison can hold her liquor too?

More than just that!

Jessica was tipsy, yet Madison, seated beside her, remained as composed as when she first sat down, resting her chin in her always appearing deeply engaged in the conversation.

Madison excused herself to the restroom midway.

With Jessica slightly inebriated, her speech became disjointed, “Le me tell you, don’t underestimate my goddess. She looks gentle and reserved, but she’s fearless. All of you combined couldn’t outdrink her! Hic...”

The men she pointed at didn’t respond but exchanged knowing glances.

Jessica probably wasn’t boasting about the drinking.

As for the other claims, well, that remained to be seen.

The group enjoyed a relaxed meal, but all the while, Madison felt an

intense gaze fixed on her. No matter how she tried, she couldn’t escape it.

She even covered her face with her hand, but still, she couldn’t block that persistent stare.

Finally, a tipsy Jessica challenged Michael and William to a game of poker, and the two employees couldn’t possibly decline their boss’s daughter.

Madison wasn't immune to the alcohol, but she hadn't reached the point of babble. She was bold enough now to lean against the sofa arm, her long legs clad in jeans, elegantly crossed, and her hand cupped around her chin as she watched Jessica's cards from afar.

Pilots never had poor eyesight; even from three meters away, she saw Jessica's hand clearly.

At that moment, someone sat down beside her.

A cup of clear tea followed, its steam curling up into her gaze, accompanied by a hand with distinct knuckles.

But the hand was marred.

Across the second joint of the ring finger was a scar, not de

noticeable.

Madison accepted the cup, "Thank you, President Grant."

She'd reverted to calling him President Grant.

Ethan noted the change.

He tilted his head slightly, the smile on his face not fading.

Seizing a quiet moment from the boisterous card game, Ethan asked, “Are you angry?”

Madison met his gaze, “Why would I be angry?”

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“You’re angry with me,” Ethan stated with certainty

Madison smiled but remained silent, holding her tea as she ascended the stairs.

Watching her leave, Ethan furrowed his brow, trailing her to the second floor.

They reached the second floor, and just as Madison set the hot tea on a nearby cabinet, Ethan followed suit.

He intended to clarify things, but suddenly felt himself being pushed against the wall.

This version of Madison was starkly different; even the light in her eyes was dark and perilous.

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Pinned against the wall by her, Ethan didn't dare to move.

Madison's heels made her nearly as tall as him today, reducing their height difference to almost nothing.

"Ethan."

This time, she called him by his name.

For some reason, the way those three syllables slipped from her lips had a different flavor, making Ethan willing to endure anything.

He nodded with a smile.

Her eyes slightly hazy, she confessed, “I’m not afraid of much. But detest being manipulated. I’m not the sort to develop a lifelong phobia from a single snake bite, nor will I compare you to Lucas.”

She tilted her head, seemingly troubled, yet truthful, “Mainly be Lucas doesn’t hold a candle to you.

Little did she know, that single statement filled Ethan with emo

Because of her words, he felt that no matter what Madison said.

next, he wouldn’t get angry.

He was all ears.

“I can’t fathom what you’re thinking or how you come up with those ideas. Regardless, I hope you’re not looking to use me.”

One Lucas was enough to scare her.

Madison managed a smile, “Of course, I can’t stand against you.”

She couldn’t even withstand Lucas, let alone Ethan.

After her speech, Madison released his arm, straightening up to leave with a surge of strength.

However, Ethan didn’t let her go. He seized her wrist and pushed her against the desk edge.

True to his name, Ethan was wild in his pursuit.

What he wanted, he’d fight to the ends of the earth to obtain, against

all odds.

Ethan gazed deep into Madison's eyes, "I can't guarantee much. But infidelity is out of the question for me; it will never happen. And I can't promise my life will always be smooth sailing. Maybe one day, a crisis will bankrupt me."

Infidelity?

Madison's gaze floated for quite a while.

Before she could speak, Ethan gently covered her lips with his hand smiling softly, "I know you don't believe in promises of fidelity. But when you said you wouldn't compare me to Lucas, that made me happy. At least you're still rational."

Madison might have been tipsy.

She suddenly pouted, mumbling with her head down, "Ethan, not more lies, in public or private."

She hated deception, perhaps even despised it.

Fueled by the alcohol, Madison thought if it weren't for her

grandfather's hopes of her becoming a female captain, she might have really lost control and hurt Lucas.

Such thoughts had surfaced countless times, but likely due to her profession, Madison never let them show.

Some used to say Madison was too tolerant. She could utterly mask

her emotions.

The room grew silent.

For about ten seconds, Madison found herself enveloped in an

embrace.

Her reactions were slow from the alcohol.

Ethan's voice soon followed, "It won't happen, it definitely won't."

At that moment, he knew he had a chance.

Despite his wealth and status as a CEO, Ethan felt no superiority. Money could solve trivial issues, but the truly desperate situations were beyond its reach.

Ethan looked down at her and asked gently, “So, may I try to pursue you?”

Madison saw the uncertainty and subtle nervousness in Ethan’s eyes.

She couldn’t understand why Ethan was nervous. Handsome, a successful businessman in his prime, weren’t women at his feet?

Yet Ethan said, “I know what you’re thinking.”

Madison was puzzled, “What am I thinking?”

Their proximity allowed them to feel each other’s warmth through

their clothes.

“You think I must have plenty of women, so you don’t trust me. You haven’t even considered it deeply, right?”

Correct.

Madison did think that way.

Regardless of her recent divorce or if she were single, she’d struggle to believe a man like Ethan could be interested in her.

Ethan smiled, “That’s why I’m about to compliment you. First, I have no Oedipus complex, and I feel no pity for you. Your strength and independence in dealing with Lucas impressed me. Second, your excellence, including your capabilities and your appearance and eloquence. And most importantly... when you came to my rescue.”

He paused there.

After a long moment, he continued, “The last time I had an accident, it was my mother who came to save me in a helicopter.”

“All these reasons are sufficient to make me want a long-term -relationship with you, understand?”

Ethan spoke slowly, hoping the tipsy Madison would comprehend.

“Madison, don’t feel inferior. And certainly not because of Lucas; he was blind. But I can see, do you understand?”

He even bent down so Madison could easily see his sincere eye

Ethan understood the decay that came with divorce.

So he was prepared to personally help Madison recover, even if it

took time.

“I see.”

As the alcohol took hold, Madison’s eyes grew misty. She gently

touched his eyelid.

That light touch electrified Ethan.

He gazed at her endearing appearance, chuckling, “You’re tired. How about President Grant takes you back to bed?”

Madison kept her eyes on his and remained silent.

Testing the waters, Ethan lifted her in his arms, thankful she didn’t

resist.

In the bedroom.

Madison lay under the covers, only her head peeking out, looking like a cuddly doll with flushed cheeks.

Ethan sat by the bed, soothing her like a child, “Work hard, and I’ll get you your favorite big plane.”

“Really?” Her speech was slow.

Ethan nodded, “Absolutely. Once you’re qualified, I’ll buy you a brand new Airbus A380 to fly.”

Madison slowly fluttered her thick lashes, smiling.

Ethan couldn’t resist; he stroked her forehead gently, as if comforting a kitten.

He added, “On the day you officially join, Mukino Airlines’ 863 planes will add a special route just for you. Wherever you land, my flight crew will bring you back to me.”

As his words settled, Madison’s eyes closed.

She fell asleep with a smile on her face.

Meanwhile, Mukino Airlines issued a request for a temporary route to all airlines worldwide that very afternoon at four.

This was the security only Ethan could provide, irreplaceable by any other.