

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

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Madison dreamt an entire night, a jumbled mess of incoherent sequences with no rhyme or reason. Characters who were out of touch in reality somehow shared the same frame in her dreams.

And just like before, it was Ethan who appeared last, silently accompanying her, not uttering a single word no matter what she asked. He always bore a smile, as if nothing she said could ever anger him.

In a rush of urgency, Madison awoke.

When her eyes opened to the real world, she couldn't recognize her surroundings at first.

It took her a while to realize she was in Ethan's residence.

Glancing at the time, it was only two-thirty in the morning, but she couldn't fall back asleep.

According to the contract Ethan had given her, she had three days left until she could report to Muking Aviation. These three days were. for tailoring her custom uniform and arranging her flight routes.

After a shower to freshen up and drying her hair, Madison slipped into the only new set of brown pajamas she had left and stepped out onto the open-air balcony.

The chilly breeze made her shiver, yet her body radiated warmth. With eyes closed, she embraced the wind.

Ethan's words from the previous night echoed in her ears, playing over and over like an endless loop.

She was startled when a suit jacket was draped over her shoulders.

Ethan had appeared silently.

His hand brushed against her wrist, a cigarette dangling from his lips, looking as though he hadn't slept at all: "You feel a bit cool. Aren't you worried about catching a cold before work?"

However, Madison's attention was fixed on his red eyes, "Haven't you slept?"

Ethan stepped back, continuing to smoke and glancing at her, "No, I haven't slept."

He couldn't rest easy, worried Madison might feel unwell in the middle of the night.

Jessica had already passed out drunk, and the other two, needless to say, were out of it as well; only he remained sober.

Madison tugged at her earlobe, not wanting to probe into why he was awake, "You should get some sleep."

But Ethan didn't move.

After a long silence, he abruptly said, "Did you know you were calling out my name in your sleep?"

"What?"

"Yeah."

His words struck her like a bolt from the blue, almost turning Madison inside out.

Had she called out his name in her sleep???

Could it be from the dream where she kept calling out to Ethan, trying to get a response from the Ethan in her dream?

That couldn't be right....

She didn't remember ever sleep talking.

But she had indeed dreamed, and Madison felt a twinge of guilt.

She rubbed her nose, "That can't be right? I don't talk in my sleep."

Ethan asked casually, "Who told you that?"

Madison paused.

Who had told her?

Who could tell her such a thing?

It had to be someone who shared her bed.

But she had never shared a room with Lucas. The few times she had stayed overnight at Lucas's parents' house, Lucas always found

excuses not to come home.

Now thinking back, Madison felt as if she really was missing something obvious, otherwise, how had she not noticed the signs?

But that was all in the past, the main issue was the present.

The way Ethan asked this question...

Every time she met his gaze, Madison always felt Ethan was very serious, heartfully sincere, and deeply focused.

He seldom gave off an impression of disdain.

Except when facing Lucas.

Leaning against the balcony railing, Ethan exhaled the last puff of smoke and changed the subject, “Did you dream about me? What did you dream?”

“Nothing,” Madison denied right away.

Ethan raised his eyebrows, “You didn’t dream?”

Madison pressed her lips together, I.

The mix of embarrassment and misfortune churned in her mind, thankful that dawn hadn’t broken yet, or her blushing ears would betray her unease.

“Come on, what did you dream about me?” Ethan suddenly moved a step closer, maintaining a polite distance.

In that moment, he was no longer the CEO of a listed company but appeared more like the typical sunny boy-next-door.

His proximity made Madison even more self-conscious, and she blurted out, “Why do I have to tell you?”

Ethan’s eyes flickered with triumph, tilting his head with a chuckle, They say our day’s preoccupations are the subject of our night’s dreams. The images that appear are what your subconscious is most concerned or afraid of. Especially if you dream something unpleasant, tell me, so I can avoid it in the future.”

Look at that his words put her in a dilemma, to tell or not to tell.

“Hey, did you study linguistics in college?” Madison asked, half her face resting in her hand, the amusement hidden in her gaze.

Ethan caught the warm current in her eyes, and his tensed heart

grad

xed.

minded that Madison was still hung up on that bastard.

long as Madison wasn't heartbroken over that Lucas, it was all

good.

"No. Do you like linguistics? There are adult education courses. I

could enroll when I'm free."

Madison quickly waved her hand, "Don't bother, your current eloquence is more than sufficient."

His flirting skill was something else...

Ethan was just teasing her, returning to seriousness soon after, drunk?"

"I've been sober for a while."

“Jessica’s carefree, you don’t have to indulge her in everything,” Ethan advised.

Madison looked over.

“Still

Ethan smiled, “I promised her. After you start flying, I’ll let her be your chief flight attendant. She’ll look out for you.”

The Jessica in the dream tore at Ethan: Is that looking out? That’s you having your sister take care of your sweetheart, right?!

Madison looked down, “Oh, that’s good. I like being with Jessica.”

“Since you’re a new captain, I’ve decided to have you fly domestic flights first. Once you accumulate enough hours, you can apply to pilot large passenger aircraft.” Ethan had already paved her way forward.

As long as she could walk steadily, there would be no issues.

Ma

ed her fist, “You must have helped me a lot already. s because...”

an cut her off, “Helping you and pursuing you are two

rent things. Helping you is also helping myself. After all, the

company’s mine. A pilot in good spirits ensures a safe and uneventful flight.”

Madison blinked.

After a moment, she laughed softly, “Ethan, I’ve discovered you have a great talent.”

s brows torsdufted, and he wore a smile, “Let’s hear it.”

an spin death inth into life.” Madison’s smile was forced.

rlie self-righteous demeanor was almost written on his face.

Q individuals are like that; you know they're spouting se, yet you still find it bit comforting, without a hint of resentment g deceived. Ved

; an exaggeration. if that that were the case, I wouldn't bother

an airline. Every wealthy pay person would line up at my door, for me to perform miraclescles."

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Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

He had stayed up most of the night, not just out of concern for Madison's discomfort but also fearing she might wake from a

nightmare, upset.

After all, divorce is a significant life event, and few can truly let go

without a trace of hurt.

Seeing her smile now, Ethan felt the tension unspooling from his

nerves.

Madison, however, slowly retracted her smile and glanced sidelong at him: “So you’ve been up all night just waiting for me, to see if I would cry over him?”

Ethan leaned casually against the railing, his voice rough with the weariness of the night, “If I said yes, would that score me some points in your eyes?”

Hearing this, Madison rubbed her ears vigorously.

They were burning hot to the touch.

Ethan thought it was enough and asked, “Could you make me a cup.

Without a word, Madison turned and went to make the coffee.

Escaping seemed prudent; otherwise, she wasn't sure what other heart-racing words Ethan might say next.

Having just come out of a failed marriage, Madison wasn't ready to dive into another relationship so soon.

One misstep was enough; she wanted to be more cautious in the future and not repeat past mistakes.

After making the coffee, Madison didn't find Ethan on the balcony but noticed light in the study and went there.

Indeed, Ethan wasn't resting but was scrutinizing a contract, flipping through pages with glasses perched on his nose and a pen between his fingers.

She dropped off the coffee and prepared to leave.

"Sit for a while," the man requested.

Ethan's approach to pursuit was hardly the domineering CEO type, instead placing himself on an even keel with Madison, negotiating with a gentle and understanding demeanor.

It was hard for anyone, man or woman, to resist such an approach, let alone Madison, fresh from heartache and in need of comfort.

With the chair pushed towards her, Madison had no choice but to

sit.

Her eyes were sharp, “Are you reviewing my contract?”

“Yes.” Ethan turned the page, “I found some discrepancies and made some revisions. We’ll reprint it and sign it again tomorrow.”

on immediately suspected it was the annual salary that was market, and she agreed, “The salary doesn’t match the market

rate.”

But no sooner had she finished than she received a light tap on the

forehead.

Ethan retracted his pen, peering at her through his glasses, “Who said anything about changing the salary? I revised other terms, granting you more freedom to protect your interests in case of any company upheaval.”.

The new terms ensured that no matter what changes occurred within the company’s management, Madison’s flight duties would always fall directly under the jurisdiction of the Flight Department Manager.

Frank, that was, Ethan’s man.

Meaning, even if some unforeseen event left Ethan unable to run the company, Madison wouldn’t be subject to anyone else’s whims.

Of course, it was just a precaution, with the likelihood being slim.

Ethan, however, was accustomed to planning ahead, anticipating potential issues and having solutions ready-that’s what brought him. peace of mind.

“Refill this pen for me, would you?” Ethan placed the pen in front of her, took a sip of coffee, and leaned back in his chair, half-closing his eyes as he stirred his brew.

Madison took the pen, unscrewed the ink bottle, and did as he

asked.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of Ethan's handwritten

the contract and raised an eyebrow.

early had practiced calligraphy; his strokes were forceful, ular, almost menacing.

Distracted by this realization, Madison accidentally dipped her finger into the ink bottle, staining her fingertips black.

As she looked around for tissues, her wrist was suddenly grasped, and she was pulled toward Ethan, her chair wheeling along with her.

Ethan took off his glasses and began meticulously wiping the ink. from her fingers with a wet wipe.

Even with such proximity, there was no hint of flirtation in his touch,

just a firm hold on her hand, nothing more.

Madison tried several times to pull away without success.

“Are you that afraid of me?” Ethan didn’t look up.

Madison exhaled, “It’s not that-I just don’t want to trouble you.”

“What’s there to be troubled about?” Ethan released her, his smile playful, “Familiarity breeds comfort. Trouble me a few more times, and you’ll get used to it, right?”

Madison couldn’t remember how many times she’d been left speechless by his words.

Frowning, she showed her displeasure, “Ethan, can you not be like this?”

But Madison’s displeased expression was dangerously close to pouting.

Ethan propped his hand against his forehead, shadow partly covering his face under the dim light.

His smile seemed gentler than ever, “What did I do?”

“Just...” Madison hesitated, “Like what you just did.”

“Wipe your hand?”

“No, it’s those things you said.”

Ethan feigned confusion, “So I can’t even talk to you? Madison, aren’t you being a bit tyrannical?”

Madison’s irritation turned into laughter before she realized it.

Seeing her smile, Ethan joined in.

He patted her head gently, “Alright, I’ll stop teasing you.”

“I should go; you’re busy,” Madison said, standing.

Ethan, however, had another request, “There’s a tape measure over there. Could you measure your bust, waist, and hips and give me the numbers? The HR department keeps asking for your measurements, and I haven’t provided them yet.”

Madison stopped in her tracks.

Slowly, she turned back to look at Ethan.

After a few seconds, she started searching in the direction Ethan

had indicated.

Ethan, sipping his coffee, watched Madison with the scrutiny of a

bona fide CEO.

“Can I... take the measurements at home?”

Ethan glanced around, “Is my study too small to contain you?”

Madison’s face seemed to grow thicker, “You’re staring at me; it’s

uncomfortable.”

mensions needs comfort?” Ethan stood up with a measure; I’ll turn around!”

Madison couldn’t grasp why it had to be done right here.

Yet Ethan seemed to read her mind!

He murmured, “I’m worried you’ll forget the measurements in your nervousness if you have to come back and tell me. Did you know my overtime is expensive?”

“You get a salary as a boss?” Madison measured as she spoke.

“Of course. Otherwise, I wouldn’t want to work.”

“But isn’t the money you’re making all yours?”

Ethan took a sip of coffee, “That’s true. But when I’m in a good mood, I’ll deduct a little from the other shareholders to give myself a bonus for the extra hours.”

Madison was taken aback, “Would the shareholders agree to that?”

His tone was nonchalant, “You think Jessica would dare to disagree?”

Jessica: ... The tragic fate of having a brother who’s a relentless debt collector.

At this point, Ethan slightly turned his chair and suggested, “In the future, I’ll spend my overtime on buying you pretty clothes and bags. Don’t all women love those things?”

Madison instinctively replied, “Who said that? I’m not particularly fond of them.”

With his back to her, Ethan’s chuckle was silent, his voice increasingly tender-

“Then we’ll save it up and someday buy you a big plane to fly.”

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Madison had the distinct impression that Ethan had imbibed more than her. Otherwise, why would his words be straying so far from

sense this evening?

Minutes later, she scribbled three numbers on a piece of paper and handed them to him.

“Alright, go get some rest.”

Ethan didn’t look up until after she had left the study. When the door shut behind her, he relayed the three numbers to HR, ready to hit send, but in the end, he erased them.

He later found his female secretary, entered the three figures, and added: [Arrange the uniform yourself, without going through anyone else.]

The secretary replied overnight: [Understood, President Grant.]

However, the next day, the secretary scrutinized the chat log with her boss from the haze of the previous night, her eyes glued to the screen.

After a long pause, she cracked a smile: “These measurements...”

She glanced down at her own cup size and sighed.

Forget comparisons; there was none to be made.

No wonder President Grant had insisted on bypassing

intermediaries. Any man would let his imagination run wild with those

numbers.

Madison was about to start her new job and had much to prepare. Thankfully, Jessica was with her, lending her many new items to use.

Jessica had overindulged the previous day and still felt foggy- headed.

Over afternoon tea, she asked Madison, “You’re reporting for duty tomorrow, feeling nervous?”

Madison responded, fiddling with her pastry fork, “Not really.”

“Not even a bit?” Jessica was surprised: “If I were you, I’d be too nervous to sleep for days.”

“I’m not nervous because I’m not afraid of making mistakes,” Madison told her, “The more nervous you are, the more likely you are to err. Just relax.”

Jessica gave a thumbs-up, impressed: “Deserving of being Mukino Airlines’ second female captain. Such composure is unparalleled!”

Speaking of which...

Madison suddenly leaned in, whispering, “Jessica, that female captain from Mukino Airlines with the surname Wei, she’s pretty formidable, right?”

After a brief pause, Jessica replied, “Well...”

she just entered the field before you. At your respective risen to captain much quicker,” she said, “She comes litary academy.”

Military academy...

The dream institution for all pilots.

Graduates go straight into military aviation and get to handle fighter jets.

“Now, she’s here?” Madison was curious.

Jessica mimed with her mouth, a grin spreading across her face,”

She’s a bit of a fool.”

She wasn’t entirely truthful; she didn’t want Madison to get the wrong idea.

After all, her brother seemed to have set his sights on courting Madison's idol.

That Charlie was a year older than Ethan, but she started flying young, taking to the skies at 16 and making her first solo flight at 19. Now with nearly a decade of flying experience, she was a semi- veteran in the field and, as a female captain, had an intimidating

presence.

"Madison, I'm not sure if you'll be on the same team as her, but if you do meet, try not to clash with her. She's a bit odd."

Madison just smiled: "Don't worry. If we end up in the same squad, I'd be happy. She's from a military academy; she must be very skilled. I could learn a lot from her."

"You're really optimistic," Jessica said, taken aback.

Madison continued to enjoy her pastry, smiling.

Word of Mukino Airlines' new female captain had already made its rounds within the company.

Numerous young male captains and co-pilots were inquiring about her age, her background. Frank didn't indulge them with answers.

Mukino Airlines had six squads, and while the first five were staffed, the sixth remained vacant. The airline was in dire need of experienced captains.

So, on Monday morning, with a big meeting scheduled, all the flight crew gathered, awaiting Frank's announcement of the new squad

assignments.

In the large conference room...

The last few rows were reserved for the Flight Department. Captains sat in the front row, co-pilots in the second and third, and the back was for the crew.

Within ten minutes, towering and poised captains and crew

members, dressed in Mukino Airlines' exclusive uniforms, quietly entered and took their seats, each carrying a work case, sitting ramrod straight.

Frank took his place at the forefront, and by the glass wall, a man

sat in a chair.

Many of the crew members were seeing their CEO in person for the

first time.

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They had always known their boss was young, but they hadn't expected him to be this young!

Ethan wore a dark blue suit with a black shirt and striped tie that day. His hair was neatly trimmed, and he wore gray-framed glasses. He was penning something on a contract resting on his lap.

He didn't fit the image of a typical boss, never presiding over meetings he didn't host, nor sitting in the central seat-more like a

spectator.

Yet, even from his corner, no one dared overlook him....

Seeing that everyone had arrived, Frank began, "You've probably heard about the new captain joining our Flight Department. I won't keep you in suspense."

"Come in."

Ten pilots waiting outside entered one by one.

The crowd's gaze swept over them, searching for the rumored new female captain.

moment, Ethan looked up.

ot nine were all men in white shirts and black slacks. Then, the last to enter, a woman with a high ponytail, made Charlie sit up straight.

A murmur rippled through the crowd.

They were astounded by how young and beautiful the new female. captain was.

They had expected someone middle-aged, but the male pilots' eyes

lit up at the sight of her.

One by one, Frank introduced them,

“Hello everyone, I’m Henry, the new captain...”

“Hello, I’m Kedel, the new captain...”

“Wait, really?”

Someone quietly counted. Only two had introduced themselves as captains so far. Could it be the remaining woman...

Madison faced the curious eyes and stepped forward, flashing a confident, proud smile at the microphone.

“Hello, everyone. I’m Madison, the new captain.”

“Wow!”

“No way!”

“A female captain?”

She’s so young, this...”

Doubts and murmurs arose, though none were openly challenged.

Charlie kept her eyes on Madison.

She remembered her from Mukino Airlines’ recruitment event.

Not only that, they had collaborated once and Charlie still remembered it vividly...

How could it be her?

Madison, in her fitted white shirt and black tie, radiated vitality, and

her trousers accentuated the length of her legs, with matching boots lending her an air of sharpness.

Now seated, Madison's non-smiling face exuded an unapproachable

aura.

In the back rows where the crew sat, there was an uproar of excitement, especially from Jessica, who was thrilled: "That's my idol! Doesn't she look striking in her captain's uniform? She's even a bit taller than Charlie!"

The others could only silently agree, not daring to voice their

agreement too loudly-after all, Charlie was seated right at the front.

re was

Indeed, Madison's superior; she was dazzling in uniform, a queen among women.

Ethan toyed with his pen, his gaze lingering on Madison, unfazed by the many eyes on him.

Madison felt his stare and finally shot him a glare.

That glare took Ethan aback.

early, he hadn't expected Madison to glare at him.

ank was speaking when a sudden chuckle from beside him made him halt, "President Grant, any instructions?"

The man withdrew his gaze, shaking his head leisurely, "No, continue.

'Ah,' Frank vocalized, then resumed, "The remaining three captains. will be placed in Squad Six, and the crew has already been assigned. Check the list later to see where you belong."

“As for the leader of Squad Six...” Frank paused.

Everyone perked up their ears.

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“Madison.”

Even Madison was taken aback, “Me?”

Frank raised an eyebrow, “Lacking confidence in yourself?”

At this, dissent arose: “Manager Xiao, it’s not that we don’t welcome a new colleague, but given her youth, this arrangement...”

How should the pilots who’d strived for years without becoming squad leaders feel?

Frank played a prepared PowerPoint presentation.

Eyes were drawn to the screen.

In the darkness, only the sounds from the flight recorder played.

The background noise was chaotic

“What do we do?!”

“The second engine is out, the third is alerting.”

Then a calm female voice filtered through: “It’s too late for an emergency landing.”

Many recognized Madison’s voice.

ea nearby, we don’t know how long our last engine will

‘t have enough fuel to reach the nearest body of plot analyzed.

Madison said, “Focus on saving the captain, I’ll pilot. We’ll try to get through that thunderstorm.”

“Get through... the thunderstorm?”

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“Beyond here lies the desert. There’s no time to seek the ocean, and below us is a residential area- we can’t risk it.” Madison’s voice

trembled slightly, yet she strived to remain calm.

“We’re entering the thunderstorm area...” the co-pilot shouted.

“Just give me two minutes... I can make it through... before the thunderstorm fully forms, if I can just fly through it now...” Madison muttered to herself as if in a trance.

Someone screamed at the top of their lungs, “Lightning! There’s lightning!!!”

“Ah-”

The violent turbulence blurred the recordings in the black box.

One could only imagine the chaos that had engulfed the plane then.

A jumble of fragmented voices filled the room.

“The first officer...” the co-pilot was frantic.

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Madison shouted, “Hold the captain steady! If we can’t fly

all die...”

ords were immediately followed by a burst of intense noise in ne black box recording, so loud that even the distant rumbling of thunder was audible.

Everyone in the conference room instinctively furrowed their brows, their hearts clenched.

About a minute later, the black box captured someone gasping with tearful joy, “We made it through! We’ve made it!!!”

Despite trembling with emotion, Madison’s voice was orderly as she arranged, “Prepare for an emergency landing in the desert, contact rescue teams. Once the plane stops, evacuate women, children, and the captain first. Maintain order and wait for rescue.”

“Yes!” the co-pilot and the crew responded, their voices laced with tears.

The recording ended there.

On the large screen, the last thing to appear was a line of text-a news headline.

-On July 23rd, at 16:23, flight CA1869 made a successful emergency landing in the Gobi Desert. All 426 passengers survived, piloted through the storm by CA’s first officer, Captain Meng.

In that moment, there was silence among all present.

Even Madison herself sat quietly, watching the screen, unable to recall exactly what she had said back then, her fear having led to a momentary memory lapse.

only remembered that she had saved the lives of more than undred people on the plane.

The first to break the silence was a veteran captain from Mukino Airlines, his eyes red as he began to applaud vigorously.

His applause was the signal for everyone else to join in.

Among them, not everyone had experienced a thunderstorm, and even fewer had managed a successful emergency landing under such dire circumstances, preserving the lives of all on board.

That glory deserved their applause and their admiration.

Ethan's eyes gradually turned to the woman at the edge of the row of captains.

The woman he admired was indeed as remarkable as a deity.

Frank spoke up, "So, does anyone have any objections now?"

A hush fell over the crowd-no one dared to utter a word.

Frank made the final call, “From now on, Madison will lead the sixth squadron. Captain Song has stepped down from the election due to his age and the demands of being the captain.”

Brian chuckled at this moment, “Yes, I’m getting on in years and can’t worry about too much anymore. It’s good for the young ones to gain some experience.”

Madison looked at Brian with indescribable respect in her eyes.

Brian winked at her, offering a protective gaze as if shielding a junior.

“All squadron captains, please stand,” Frank commanded.

As ordered, the six captains slowly rose to their feet.

Madison glanced around and noticed Captain Charlie among them, presumably the captain of the second squadron...

pilots seated behind her looked at the two female captains in nt and sensed that Mukino Airlines was in for some interesting times ahead.

In the flight department office.

Frank called Madison over.

As she entered, he graciously offered her a cup of hot tea, “Please, have a seat.”

“You’re too kind, Manager Xiao, you are the superior here,” replied

Madison humbly.

Frank chuckled heartily, “These are the routes you’ll be flying.

They’re not long, considering you’re new here. You’ll start with these to get acclimated. Once you’re settled, we’ll move on to the longer routes.”

Madison understood and accepted gratefully, “Thank you, Manager Xiao. I’ll do my best not to cause any trouble.”

“You’re too polite. It’s me who is counting on you to keep things running smoothly.”

Madison didn’t dwell on his words and stood to leave.

Her flight was taking off at seven that night, and she needed to prepare for departure.

The flight crew would have a meeting, review weather forecasts, estimate potential emergencies, and check all equipment.

She spent the entire day at the company until it was time, around five, to head to the terminal.

Her assigned first and second officers, both from the training base, had more flying experience than she did, but perhaps their luck had been less favorable?

They lacked any standout achievements.

Madison herself felt a bit unworthy, unsure if she was really cut out to be a captain and squadron leader!

Her assigned first officer, Jack, had served as a captain for a small

carrier for six months.

He said, “In our line of work, ability speaks for itself. I’ve flown longer than you, but to be honest, I’ve never encountered real danger. Faced with a situation like that, I might freeze completely. That’s

when we need an experienced captain to lead, and you should be more confident about that.”

The second officer was ranked seventh, a man of few words, a few years older than Henry, who looked very honest and straightforward, so everyone called him Calabash..

LanduLandu, they’d say.

Calabash nodded silently, “What does it matter who’s captain? I’m here to earn my keep. As long as we take off and land safely, that’s. enough for me.”

Entering the terminal building.

Passengers and airport staff all noticed the striking woman leading the way.

Her long, curly ponytail, straight back, and graceful stride all spoke of a distinguished air.

Especially her uniform, which differed from those of the first and second officers and the cabin crew behind her.

The distinction lay in the four shiny stripes adorning her shoulders and cuffs, signifying her status as captain.

With each step forward, Madison felt she was moving towards the light.

The plane-carrying countless dreams-awaited her.

This time, it was tasked with carrying her own.

At the gate.

Passengers waiting for the seven o'clock flight were astonished: "A

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female captain? She looks so beautiful and poised."

"She's simply stunning."

At 19:30 local time.

The cabin door closed, and the passengers heard, for the first time from Captain Madison, the pre-flight announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, good evening. I am the captain of this flight. We are en route to Tang City, China, with an estimated flight duration of 3 hours and 25 minutes. If you require any assistance during the journey, please do not hesitate to contact us. We wish you a pleasant flight!"

After signing off, Madison saw a recent WeChat message from -Ethan just before turning off her phone.

It was too late to reply, but she read his words.

Ethan:

[Wishing Captain Madison a safe flight, waiting for you to come home.]

As the plane soared into the sky, Captain Madison smiled faintly.

he heavens were within reach;

And somewhere, someone was waiting for her to return home.

Just then, the cockpit door opened, and Jessica, acting as captain, poked her head in.

With a teasing smile, she whispered, “Goddess, here’s a little secret for you-my brother postponed several business meetings and has been waiting at the airport to watch us take off. You can only imagine how worried he is about you.”

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This was Madison's very first time as a captain, in charge of a passenger airplane. The importance was palpable.

After engaging the autopilot, as per protocol, Madison was allowed to switch with her co-pilot and rest in the lounge. However, given the excitement of the inaugural flight, she felt as if she had never seen the blue sky before, remaining in the cockpit gazing out at the cotton candy clouds.

Like a majestic castle painted across the heavens, their curving lines left her in awe, pierced by the sun, the lantern of the earth.

"Captain Madison, why did you decide to become a pilot in the first place?" the co-pilot, Jack, asked.

Their plane was cruising smoothly, so they could afford some idle

chatter.

Landu, the second officer, was also listening attentively in the back.

Madison, gazing out at the clouds, said, “My grandfather was a pilot. I

grew un

nded by model airplanes and stories of his flights. Ever le, I wanted to be like him. I thought carrying people sky, and safely getting them to their destinations was an le deed.”

Her tone was gentle and measured. It belied her young age of only

twenty-five or twenty-six.

“Captain, if I may ask...” Even though Jack was older than Madison, she was still his superior.

Madison glanced over at him: “Go ahead.”

“Do you have a boyfriend?” Jack asked, grinning cheekily.

That made Landu, sitting behind them, perk up his ears.

The image of her freshly issued divorce certificate flashed through Madison's mind, and she chuckled: "No."

"Whaaat?!" Jack's exclamation carried a tone of disbelief and

perhaps some joy, "How is that possible? A woman of your capability, and your beauty... you should not

be single!"

Landu chimed in unexpectedly. "Jack, the captain said she has no boyfriend, but she didn't say she doesn't have suitors."

And that was spot on.

Jack blinked, taken aback.

Landu added, "I suggest you behave."

Otherwise, he might find himself out of a job without even knowing

why.

Jack and Landu had worked together before under different captains, so they were quite familiar with each other and didn't hold back their words.

Madison was a bit surprised by Landu's insightful remark and gave him a second look.

Landu noticed and gave her a big smile.

When Madison went to the lounge to take a short break, Jack took over the captain's seat, and Landu moved to the co-pilot's. That's when they started gossiping.

"Hey, what did you mean by what you said earlier?" Jack asked.

Landu was checking equipment as per routine, "I'm amazed that someone with your intellect made it to first officer."

"No need to wonder. If I were smarter, I would have been a captain by

now.” Jack retorted, unfazed by Landu’s jab.

Landu nodded seriously, “Fair point.”

“So spill it!”

Landu checked the back row before whispering, “Haven’t you heard about the female helicopter pilot who has been seen with President Grant?”

“Uh,” Jack paused, taken aback.

“And about a month ago during the earthquake in Cleansville, when President Grant and some crew members got trapped, a female pilot led a helicopter team to rescue them.”

Jack nodded, “Uh.”

Landu was frustrated, “Still not catching on? I’m saying Captain Madison might be President Grant’s rumored girlfriend!”

Jack was slow on the uptake, “Rumored girlfriend...”

“Which in essence means girlfriend.” Landu said gravely.

Jack frowned, “Your speculation is a bit over the top, isn’t it?”

“It’s not. Didn’t you see President Grant personally attend this

morning’s

?That should speak volumes about our captain’s

to me, we should support our captain

either way we can’t go wrong. Even if I am

g, we won’t offend anyone, get it?”

don't. If you are so smart, why are you still second officer?" Jack was skeptical of his conjectures, it seemed too much like a fairy tale.

Their captain was indeed exceptional in every way, a standout among her peers, but their company president...

He was the crème de la crème, a bachelor at the top of the pyramid.

The whole scenario sounded too much like a Cinderella story, it couldn't be true, could it?

"I lack ambition, I don't have your drive, I'm engaged, I just want to earn a steady income, buy a nice house, secure a stable job, and settle down in Slandon harbor." Landu was content with his life.

Jack scoffed at him, "A man should be ambitious, how can you..."

Landu cut him off, "Our company is highly competitive, look at the envy in the eyes of others when our captain took over. It seems like she is the only one who can handle it, she acts as if those envious glances don't exist and carries on with her job. So don't underestimate our captain. Despite her young age and seemingly harmless demeanor, she might actually be a fierce tigress."

When Madison returned from her break, Jack stood up and said, "Captain, Landu called you a tigress."

Landu nearly kicked him.

Madison laughed, “Really? This is the first time someone compared me to that animal. Quite intriguing and nice.”

They all laughed and talked, and safely arrived over Tang City after more than three hours.

wer: “Mukino Airlines 3131, descend and prepare for

adison guided the plane to descend, preparing for landing.

Jack and Landu beside her were fully focused on assisting Madison’s first landing as captain.

They all remained silent.”

Until Mukino Airlines 3131’s Airbus 330 smoothly touched down at

the Tang City Airport, and during the brief taxi down the runway,

Madison finally let out the breath she had been holding.

Madison reported to the tower-

“Mukino Airlines 3131 has concluded its flight.”

The Tower: “Good job.”

Barely had Madison stood up when she heard Jack and Landu in unison: “Captain, congratulations.”

She gently adjusted her tie, smiling as brightly as the Tang City’s sunshine, “You guys worked hard too, thank you for looking after me.”

Her humility was always comforting

Once all the passengers and the crew had left, Madison, as the captain, had to inspect the aircraft with the ground crew to ensure there were no problems before she could leave.

When Madison entered the flight building, hundreds of queued passengers outside the boarding gate turned to look at her.

Perhaps it was the first time they had seen a woman in such a uniform, they looked on in curiosity, admiration, and awe.

Jessica had been waiting for her: “Here, goddess!”

From a distance, Jessica watched as the woman in a white blouse, black pants, and boots, carrying a black carry-on case, strolled leisurely toward her.

Her aura, with that faint smile on her face, was as intimidating as a

cold blade.

“We don’t fly back until tomorrow morning, so we can stay here for the night.” Jessica linked arms with her as they walked out.

Their appearances and outfits drew many eyes.

Just as they were passing the third floor on the way to the escalator,

a shocked voice came from behind-

“Sister... Sister-in-law?!!”

Madison turned her head at the familiar voice.

From three or four meters away, her ex-husband’s sister- Amelia

Brooks, was staring at her, suitcase in hand.

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Amelia had just landed from a flight planning to grab some late-night food with her colleagues, when she caught a glimpse of a figure that was all too familiar.

At first glance, Amelia couldn’t believe her eyes.

But at a second look, she was sure.

It seemed to be her sister-in-law, Madison!

How could it be?

How could Madison be a pilot?

Yet the uniform on her and the insurmountable four stripes were

undeniable.

Dragging her suitcase, Amelia approached, examining Madison from head to toe, “Sister-in-law, you...”

Madison’s first words were: “I divorced your brother.”

Stunned, Amelia managed a shocked “Divorced?!!!”

sy with her job, Amelia rarely went home. She had overheard her other muttering something over the phone some days ago, but she hadn't taken it seriously, convinced that her gentle sister-in-law would

never divorce her brother.

What a turn of events....

Amelia felt the world flipped upside down. "But... but this uniform..."

For her, the divorce was not as shocking as Madison's current identity.

"The captain, the flight report requires your submission later," Jack

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and Calabash approached, adding to the scene.

Amelia was thoroughly bewildered.

Madison was truly a captain!

A real pilot, flying the big machines!!

The elevator doors slid open, and a group of people stepped in.

Jessica, wearing a wide grin, observed Amelia squeezing her way in, feeling a hint of rivalry brewing within.

“What are you doing?” Jessica positioned herself in front of Madison.

Amelia, more beautiful than Jessica wouldn't have been a flight

attendant otherwise. She smiled, “Hi, I'm Amelia. Nice to meet you.

“Not particularly eager to make your acquaintance,” Jessica smiled back, declining.

The former sister-in-law clashed with the potential future one, neither yielding an inch.

Amelia, acting as if she belonged, chimed in, “Where are you all

heading? Mind if I join? We’re all colleagues, after all.”

think you’re the one who should keep her distance,” Jessica

remin.

Standing tall, Amelia shot back, “That’s not possible. After all, your captain and I were family once.”

But Amelia indeed had no qualms. From leaving the terminal to getting into a taxi and then to the restaurant where they decided to celebrate their successful first collaboration, Amelia was there, all

smiles.

Their group’s arrival instantly drew the restaurant’s patrons’ attention.

After all, each member was attractive, and they were all pilots.

Seated at the table, Amelia leaned close to Madison, “Little sister-in-law, spill the beans.”

Madison had corrected her on the way here, but Amelia acted deaf, prompting Madison to give up, “Spill what?”

“How did you suddenly regain your sight and finally see Lucas isn’t worth it and kicked him to the curb?”

The others stared at her as if she was a ghost, but Amelia seemed unfazed.

Madison hesitated, “It was your brother who initiated the divorce.”

Jessica added, “Your brother cheated. He even brought her home. They have a child now.”

Amelia rested her chin on her hands, “That does sound like him.”

Madison had heard that the Brooks siblings were not on good terms, but she hadn't realized the extent of it.

In two years of marriage to Lucas, she had met Amelia only three or four times, and each visit was fleeting, with almost no conversation.

Is this what siblings are like?

Even so, Madison was keen to distance herself from the Brooks family, "Miss Zhuo, I don't think we know each other well, not in the past nor now."

Amelia grinned slightly, "We weren't close before, but we can be now. I take a liking to anyone who sees through Lucas."

Her twinkling eyes left Madison perplexed, who asked, "Lucas is your biological brother?"

"Yes," Amelia smiled, "but also my nemesis. From a past life."

The siblings had been at odds since childhood, labeled by the elders as fated adversaries, clashing without reason, simply unable to stand each other, fighting from youth into adulthood.

“I can imagine Lucas turning green the moment he finds out you’re actually a pilot,” Amelia maintained her professional smile.

Jessica, worn out by the display, interjected, “Can you not smile like that? It’s fake. You’re off duty, so stop annoying us, please.”

“Oh.”

Amelia dropped the professional facade, but then...

After a while, she burst out laughing!

The abrupt laughter startled Landu, causing him to drop his chopsticks.

“It’s so satisfying!” Amelia gasped for air, “I always thought you were blind to marry Lucas. Leaving him was the best thing you could do!”

The table fell silent.

“You’re not sisters...” Jessica coughed, “I wanted you to drop the fake smile, but you didn’t have to let loose like that. You scared the kids at the next table.”

Amelia frowned, “Sister, you’re quite high maintenance.”

“Who’s your sister?” Jessica retorted with hostility.

“Never mind.”

Amelia sighed, “Just these few minutes of shocking reality have dulled my sharp edges. I’ve decided not to stoop to your level.”

Under the table.

Jessica was frantically messaging her half-brother –

-Reporting to President Grant, your former rival’s sister has appeared!

-I think she might have some hereditary issues in her brain.

Ethan: ?

-What if she's an informant sent by Madison's ex-husband!!!

After dinner.

They all headed to the company's affiliate hotel to check-in.

Amelia clung to Madison the entire way, sticking like glue.

Jessica couldn't push her away, "Can you keep your distance from our captain? You belong to another airline; isn't it inappropriate to be so close?"

"Oh." Amelia's gaze was indifferent.

"What does 'oh' mean??"

"It means I can't be bothered with you but have to at least pretend."

Jessica kept a straight face, "Thanks for pretending."

“You’re welcome.”

After much persuading, Amelia didn’t end up sharing a room with Madison. Jessica snuck in, hands on her hips, ready to vent.

“What’s wrong?” Madison chuckled at Jessica’s puffed-up demeanor.

“I’m furious! Tell me, are you with me or with that thick-skinned woman?” Jessica stomped her foot.

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Madison coaxed her with laughter.

In both emotion and reason, she had always been closer to Jessica.

Jessica was just having a temper tantrum, jealous as a child, and

would soon calm down.

Madison had been on edge all day and quickly fell asleep after

sending Jessica back to her room, especially since she had to wake up early to give a report and return on a flight.

“Buzz-”

The phone vibrated for a long time, but Madison didn’t stir.

“Ding-dong-”

The doorbell rang too.

Madison sat up as thunder rumbled in the distance. Tang City was fully in the South, and despite it being August, the rains were

relentless.

She climbed out of bed to the door, “Who is it?”

A breathless voice came from outside-

s me, Ethan.”

When the door opened, a wave of cool air and Ethan’s rushed. breathing greeted her.

His expensive suit was spattered with rain, his eyes still holding a trace of unease.

Madison thought she was dreaming, “Ethan?”

The man’s forthright question hit her-

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“Did Lucas come to see you too?”

Within twenty minutes of receiving Jessica’s message, Ethan had used his privileges to board the next plane to Tang City.

To find her.

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

He feared that Madison might reconsider, after all, they had been together for two years, a duration that might surpass anything he could offer.

Unable to think of any other way to intervene, Ethan showed up in

person.

Madison’s heart skipped a beat, her mind racing: “You found out Lucas’s sister is here, and you thought he might come too? So you came overnight...”

He interrupted her abruptly, an edge of urgency in his voice-

“Even if Lucas is despicable, I’m aware that he was by your side for two years. And I’ve only known you for a little over a month; I’m well aware of my shortcomings. But I will try, try to be worthy of the time. he spent with you, so could you possibly...”

Breathless from the rush, Ethan propped himself against the doorframe, lowering his voice: “Could you not give Lucas another chance?”

He couldn’t fathom why he was so concerned about Madison.

Ethan

re beyond his years, understanding the matters of the young age. Yet, from his first crush to the brink of ot met a woman who stirred his heart.

sn’t for lack of beautiful, capable women, but in Ethan’s eyes, ney were merely excellent, with no impact on his heart.

Only Madison.

Perhaps it was her few comforting words on the plane years ago, or maybe her experiences resonated with his mother’s, or it could be

that...

Fate deliberately brought them together.

Regardless, Madison had left a profound mark on his heart.

He was even selfish enough to wish that Madison had no connections with any other men.

And jealous enough to want Lucas to vanish entirely.

Madison's drowsiness was instantly dispelled by his words. She shifted to the side, "Do you want to come in first?"

The hallway was drafty and cold.

Ethan's coat was soaked through. He had come alone, taken a cab from the airport, and ascended a long flight of stairs from the street to the hotel. The brief journey had drenched his coat, hinting at the intensity of the rain outside.

Since meeting Ethan, Madison had never seen him so disheveled. Rainwater dripped from his hair tips, lightly falling upon the carpet.

She leaned back, her hair cascading freely, exuding an allure tinged with detachment: “I won’t forgive him, not in this lifetime. I didn’t expect to encounter his sister.”

She couldn’t explain the impact of Ethan’s sudden appearance.

Did he care about her that much?

Why?

They had only known each other for a little over a month; it shouldn’t have come to this.

His response left Ethan’s breath half-caught: “Even if one day Lucas comes back, weeping and begging for forgiveness, softening his stance, would you remain unmoved?”

He was scared.

Scared to a degree that even surprised himself.

But Ethan was not one to dwell on trivialities. Having these feelings, he chose to face them head- on. As to where they came from, his

heart would give him the answer.

His heart would not betray him, its master.

Seeing the turmoil in the man's eyes Madison felt an inexplicable sense of pity, as if she saw her past self reflected there.

That fear and trepidation...

That cautiousness.

It was as if she was consoling herself, as well as this man who was neither kin nor obligated, yet had supported her considerably.

Madison took a step forward to brush off the rainwater from his

shoulder.

“Ethan, you’re exceptional; you don’t need to do this for me. You should prioritize yourself.”

She looked at him: “It’s late, and the storm is raging in Tang City. afraid of an accident? Next time, don’t...”

do the same next time.”

than’s tone was steady, “Madison, I have a strong possessive streak. If anything I do or say upsets you, let me know immediately. I’ve never been in love, so my first instinct was to appear before you. To try

once more.”

Finally wiping the rain from his face, he continued, “Even if it

happened again, it wouldn’t just be a storm-I’d come even if it were raining knives.”

“Boom-”

The thunder rumbled again, mirroring the stormy night.

Lucas’s words had once pierced her heart like a thousand arrows.

But Ethan now...

Madison averted her gaze, silent for a long time: “You’re soaked. Go take a shower, I’ll arrange a room for you.”

Watching her head toward the bathroom, Ethan’s lingering impulse blurted out: “Could I... sleep on the sofa?”

He didn’t want to leave.

Madison paused, looking back.

The door light wasn't bright, but in the flash of lightning, it briefly illuminated the dimly lit room.

Separated by a neither near nor far distance, Ethan stood there, drops of water still trickling from his coat, waiting for her reply.

Madison clenched her fist, then turned around.

"You sleep on the bed."

Ethan let out a sigh of relief, his tension finally easing, and he leaned against the wall.

"The water's ready; go wash up so you don't catch a cold."

Without another word, Ethan pulled off his tie, that raw and powerful gesture leaving a lingering impression in Madison's eyes.

In another room.

Amelia was on the phone with Lucas, her voice dripping with

satisfaction: "Lucas, I have something to tell you."

"Speak," Lucas responded coldly.

"Do you have any nitroglycerin pills by your side?" Amelia asked considerately.

Lucas was annoyed: "Are you sick?"

"Good if you're not." Amelia spoke leisurely: "Do you know what Madison did before?"

"Madison?" Lucas was surprised she mentioned Madison, "What about her?"

"Do you know she's now with Mukino Aviation? I bumped into her today. Guess where I saw her?"

Lucas felt an ominous premonition.

Sure enough, Amelia revealed, “Madison used to be a pilot. Now she’s a female captain at Mukino Aviation”

This revelation was like nailing Lucas to a pillar of regret.

He gripped the phone, stunned, “What... what?”

Amelia laughed triumphantly: “Lucas, oh Lucas, you’re blinder than Madison. She was blind to marry you, and you, even blinder, dallied

with flor

de! I’ll tell you, if it were me, you’d never have a

as fumed.

call me. We agreed years ago not to reveal our sibling

relationship to anyone; I don’t know you! Oh right, you better not bring that mistress back to mom and dad’s place. If I see her, I won’t be as nice as Madison. Wish you a happy life, Lucas!”

With that, Amelia hung up.

Meanwhile, Lucas had taken the call in the washroom, and Sophia was in the bedroom, munching on an apple.

“Lucas, are you done in the bathroom yet? Come and trim my toenails!

Sophia commanded arrogantly.

H

For some reason, Lucas snapped, flinging open the door and glaring

at her coldly: “Don’t you have hands? Why do I need to do everything for you? What do I need you for, then?”

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Sophia threw her half-eaten apple to the ground in a huff, “Lucas, how can you speak to me like this? I’m carrying your child! Isn’t it right that you should take care of me?”

Lucas was preoccupied, his mind reeling with the revelation that' Madison was a female pilot'..

A pilot?

A captain!!!

How is that possible?

During the two years they were together, Madison had never hinted at her ability to fly an airplane. She confined herself to household duties and whenever asked if she had any ambitions, she'd dismiss the

notion.

She seemed content with no aspirations beyond being a homemaker.

How then, after the divorce, had she transformed into a female captain?

And a captain for Mukino Airlines, no less?

As someone involved in the airline business himself, Lucas knew all too well the high standards of Mukino Airlines; they only hired the

best of the best.

Or could it be...

Did that man pull some strings to get Madison the job?

Lucas's head was swirling with conjecture, his thoughts twisted and muddled, making the sight of do-nothing Sophia all the more irksome.

"You keep saying you're a big star, yet you haven't filmed a single movie. The only people who come looking for you are from low-tier production crews." Lucas couldn't help but scoff.

The couple had a major fight yesterday and had only just had a meal. with friends that morning, but now the atmosphere was tense again.

Sophia stood up, furious, “And whose fault is that? I told you to invest in my movies, and you kept talking about risks. When did I ever realize you were so stingy?”

“Stingy?” Lucas was in disbelief, “I’m stingy? During the two years I was married to Madison, I gave her a monthly allowance of fifty thousand yuan, and she never spent it all! And you? Since we’ve been together, I did the math-you’ve spent seventy or eighty million yuan of my money. And you have the nerve to call me stingy?”

“Oh, Lucas, so now you’re keeping score? Are you even a man?” Sophia exploded, “Madison might tolerate you! Fifty thousand a month, are you paying off a beggar?”

“You...”

Lucas took a deep breath, “You’re being unreasonable!”

As he slammed the door behind him, Sophia was so agitated that she

threw here on the ground.

oo bothered by the possibility of Madison catching a or. After all, she was in show business, and what hadn’t en? Objectively, Madison was beautiful and would probably be pular if she became a celebrity. There was jealousy, but Sophial didn’t want to dwell on it. She didn’t want to bring up Madison too much in front of Lucas for fear he’d constantly be reminded of his ex- wife.

But now, Lucas kept bringing up Madison on his own.

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Sophia stormed out after him, “Lucas, stop right there!”

Lucas had headed to the room where Madison used to spend her

time.

“Are you missing Madison? Do you regret it?” Sophia grabbed his sleeve, “Now you think she was better than me, don’t you?”

Lucas frowned, “Sophia, what’s gotten into you?”

“How am I behaving? You were the one who didn’t want me! Your parents didn’t like me, and you didn’t even fight for us!”

“How could I fight for us?” Lucas’s gaze was fiery, “Do you think I don’t know about your affairs? Sophia, do we really have to lay everything on the table?”

Sophia froze.

What... what?

Did Lucas...

With a slam, Lucas shut the door behind him.

This room, where Madison used to stay, was where she claimed to practice her stitching skills. Now, devoid of her belongings, it stood

save for a few household items.

Lucas suddenly felt the stark reality: Madison had truly left his life. She hadn’t even glanced back.

Gritting his teeth, Lucas wondered how could Madison be so

heartless? How could she deceive him like this? She was a pilot-why hadn't she said so before?!

Tang City, Hotel.

After a shower, Ethan, still radiating warmth, wrapped in a towel, dried his hair as he picked up his constantly lighting up phone.

Madison lay on the sofa, eyes closed beneath a blanket, pretending to sleep.

Ethan, having replied to his messages, sat on the edge of the bed facing Madison, "Go sleep in the bed."

Madison opened her eyes, "No need, I'm fine here."

"Do it," Ethan insisted, "You have a return flight tomorrow. It's dangerous if you don't rest properly."

Finally, Madison complied and moved to the bed, while Ethan took her spot on the sofa.

With some distance between them, Ethan lit a cigarette. The window cracked open enough to whisk the smoke away from her.

Madison, aware of another presence in the room, struggled to find sleep. But exhaustion won out, and she eventually drifted off.

The next day.

ison arrived at Tang City's terminal ahead of time according to ght schedule, handed in her flight report written that morning, began her pre-flight preparations.

"Hello, may I introduce myself?"

A man, dressed in a crisp white shirt, greeted Madison as she was signing documents.

His smile was bright and full of vitality.

Jessica, quick on her feet, stepped forward, "Sorry, this is my sister-in-

law.”

The captain paused, “My apologies for the intrusion.”

Madison was baffled, “What sister-in-law?”

Jessica grinned, “Just a way to ward off advances. Whoever you are to me, as long as you reject the other person, that’s all that matters, right?”

Madison didn’t make much of it and led the crew to board the plane

on time.

Jessica greeted each passenger with a warm smile at the cabin door.

The last passenger sauntered in, and Jessica cheerfully warned, “Watch your step.”

Ethan glanced at her grin.

Jessica rubbed her fingers together, signaling something.

Ethan walked past without a word.

In less than two minutes, Jessica received a transfer notification.

One hundred thousand yuan.

Jessica felt as if she had struck gold, “Ladies, from today on, your chief attendant has a side job.”

to shield Madison from all the unwanted advances-

n each block earning her a cool hundred grand.

obery couldn’t match this efficiency, right?

Madison easily handled the taxiing, take-off, and flight of the plane.

Once stable, she rose and told Jack, “You take over.”

She then exited the cockpit.

The passengers couldn’t help but watch as the woman emerged.

The seasoned ones recognized Madison as the captain, their astonishment palpable.

Madison found Ethan in business class without error.

Jessica had informed her that her brother couldn’t book an economy seat-only business was available.

The head of Mukino Airlines sitting in business class-Ethan had hardly slept all night, and once the plane took off, he succumbed to exhaustion.

The lady sitting next to Ethan, an erudite-looking woman, realized who Madison must be the moment she saw the tall woman in a white shirt.

An attendant happened by and respectfully addressed, “Captain.”

Madison whispered, "Please get me a blanket."

The attendant quickly fetched one.

Madison unfurled the blanket over Ethan, offering a shallow smile to

seat neighbor before leaving.

nan woke up during breakfast service.

As his eyes opened, Jessica was precisely placing the meal in the pouch in front of him.

The woman beside him smiled, "Your girlfriend is the captain, huh? She's both beautiful and impressive. She came by earlier and covered you with a blanket."

Ethan's heart fluttered wildly at the news.

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

The blanket Madison had covered him with? Ethan glanced at the familiar pattern of the blanket he had personally selected and felt an incomparable warmth envelop him.

"Sir, what drink can I get you?" Jessica's voice interrupted his thoughts.

Ethan glanced up slightly, "Has she eaten yet?"

Jessica smiled, "She's eating now."

The in-flight meals provided by Mukino Airlines were reputed to be the best in the industry, diverse and guaranteed in quality.

"Give her this," Ethan suggested, removing a foil-wrapped chicken leg from his meal box. "She didn't eat much this morning."

Jessica looked surprised, "And you?"

"This is enough for me," Ethan said, gesturing to the remaining food.

Jessica admired her brother for his adaptability. Despite his wealth, he could live luxuriously or simply as the situation demanded. After

all, any

He would have simply chartered a private flight rather

business class. But this plane was piloted by

the

arning from delivering the chicken leg, Jessica again offered. n a beverage as she passed by, but he declined.

“How’s my goddess handling the flight?” Jessica beamed with pride.

Ethan raised an eyebrow, a hint of pride in his eyes: “Much steadier

than the others.”

“Cough, cough...” A cultured woman nearby couldn’t suppress a cough.

“Sorry about that.”

Ethan waved off the apology.

Indeed, love does wonders. While the flight felt the same to others, Ethan sensed a superior level of stability.

“Perks of being a captain, eh? A second chicken leg,” Jack noted,

eyeing the additional piece on Madison’s tray.

Madison offered, “For you?”

Quick to refuse, Jack gestured, “No, no!”

The flight attendants mentioned that their very own CEO was on this flight. This costly piece of poultry must have been a gift from the CEO to their captain.

Unlike Jack’s, Madison’s meal was different; it was specially prepared according to the pilots’ tastes to prevent simultaneous discomfort in case of a problem with the food. If meals were the same, the captain and the first officer would eat half an hour to an hour apart.

Jack’s meal, unlike Madison’s, included the same kind of chicken leg, fter Landu had finished his, confirming it was safe.

rief rest and ensuring all aircraft equipment was functioning

rectly, Madison left for the pilots’ rest area.

However, no sooner had she stepped in than she was pushed from behind. She turned swiftly, barely stopping herself from retaliating.

“Surprise, right?”

Madison, her heart still racing, didn't understand.

Ethan closed the door behind them, "Just a leader inspecting."

2/0/

"Inspecting what exactly?" Madison questioned, her eyebrows knitting together. What was there to inspect in a rest area?

The rest area was cramped, leaving little room for Ethan to maneuver.

"Is anything here uncomfortable for you?"

"It's quite fine," Madison sat down. "You need to rest?"

"I've just woken up," Ethan said, looking around. "I just came to see

you."

“To see me...”

Feeling awkward, Madison urged, “Get some rest, then.” Ethan left, pulling the door open.

“Ethan, why cram into business class? There’s another flight to Slandon Port in forty minutes,” Madison suddenly asked.

Ethan, one leg already out the door, turned back, pausing before saying, “Isn’t it obvious?”

“Because you’re on this flight.”

Madison didn’t sleep well the previous night, and this rest was ten minutes longer than usual. Her mind was foggy, filled with Ethan’s last words in her dream.

“Sorry, I overslept. Your turn to rest,” she told Jack.

Jack chuckled, “No worries, slept early, not sleepy.”

Still, Madison insisted Jack take a break, and she piloted alone.

Three and a half hours later, with a cheery “Have a pleasant journey, goodbye,” Mukino Airlines Flight 3131 returned safely, landing smoothly at Mukino’s domestic airport.

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Many colleagues congratulated Madison on safely completing her first flight as captain. She too felt delighted.

Yet, there’s always someone to dampen spirits, like Lucas calling

from an unknown number: “Madison, what’s the meaning of this? After marrying me, you still had secrets? Why didn’t you tell me you were a pilot?”

Lucas rambled on the other end of the line.

Madison, signing off on the flight report, barely listened, her attention on the echoes of “Captain Madison” filling the air.

Enraged, Lucas bellowed, “Madison!!!”

“Are you calling spirits?” she retorted, her lost sharpness reclaimed from the skies above.

Dragging her black suitcase, she sauntered forward, her voice

carefree: “You didn’t know about my past, yet you dare remind me I was married to you? What does my flying have to do with you?”

“If you’d been a pilot, why didn’t you tell me earlier? If you had, I wouldn’t have...”

“Lucas.”

adison, poised at the escalator, spoke with calm authority, “Don’t overestimate yourself. If your wife’s unemployment is a reason for your disdain, I’d suggest you better accumulate some good karma, or I fear for your latter years...”

“You might end up on the streets.”

“By the way, we’re divorced now. I’d appreciate it if you didn’t call me unless it’s about the asset division. Harass me again, and I’ll sue for sexual harassment, alright?”

“Madison, you...” Lucas was incredulous.

The woman stepped into the elevator, laughing lightly, “What about me? I just didn’t want to be too harsh, but I’ve underestimated your thick skin. Every penny you spent on Sophia during our marriage, I’ll be taking it back. Be prepared.”

She hung up promptly, just as a new WeChat message from Ethan. appeared on her screen.

-I’m at the work passage exit.

-I’ll take you home.

The words “take you home” stirred something in Madison’s heart.

She hesitated, not responding immediately.

It was Jessica, who had been quietly standing aside, who took the phone and replied with a simple “Okay!”

Madison: “.

Jessica was earnest, “Madison, I know my brother is pursuing you, and I’m not trying to force anything on you. I just really think he’s a good guy. Of course, I won’t pressure you into a decision. You should give yourself a chance to be happy, right? Try it out, and if it doesn’t work, dump him. What do you have to lose?”

After a long look at Jessica, Madison reclaimed her phone, y, “Jessica, you’re quite the matchmaker.”

W*****p.

Jessica was seeking sympathy.

-Big brother, my future sister-in-law called me a matchmaker.

-I demand compensation for emotional distress.

Ethan: If she insults you, you have to endure.

[A P**** notification for 50,000.00 yuan]

A crisp female voice announced the transaction, and Jessica immediately felt better: “Ah, that’s comforting.”

At the work passage.

At the end of the corridor, Madison spotted Ethan waiting. Jessica nudged her gently forward.

Ethan naturally took her suitcase, “The car’s this way.”

Jessica didn’t follow; she waved them off with a professional smile.

Once in the car, Madison’s tense nerves finally relaxed.

After wrapping up some work, Ethan turned to her, “I had William buy some fresh groceries. I’ll cook you a meal when we get home, okay?” Madison opened her eyes wide in disbelief, “... You’re cooking for me?”

