

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

c 61-70

Chapter 61

Ethan pocketed his phone, "Is it not okay?"

"It's not that it's not okay, but..."

Madison always felt that their relationship as leader and subordinate meant it shouldn't be him taking care of her.

A partition suddenly descended, separating them from the driver in front.

Ethan spoke slowly, "Have you forgotten that I said I would pursue you? Do the nobles forget so easily?"

"I wouldn't dare claim to be noble in your presence." Madison could hold her own in a banter, she just hadn't let loose in a while after being homebound for two years.

Ethan nodded to himself, "That's right. I do wish you would start calling yourself Mrs. Jiang."

Madison touched her warming earlobes, changing the subject, "Can

t like Lucas, who nearly blew up the kitchen?

u'll know once you taste it."

Wood Lake Vistas.

Ethan was a man of action through and through.

Returning to Wood Lake Vistas, he changed and went straight into the kitchen. With just the two of them in the house, any noise was

10

easily attributed.

Madison washed off her uniform and headed to the kitchen.

The open kitchen exuded luxury.

The man inside moved with natural grace, each dish methodically prepared and served.

Just the aroma alone allowed Madison to imagine the flavor.

“I never knew you could cook.” She commented.

Ethan glanced back mid-task, “Do I look like a man who can’t cook?”

“That’s not what I meant.

“From now on, whatever you like, I’ll cook for you, ready for you when you get back from work.”

His words were so warm and grounded that for a moment, they seemed surreal to Madison.

“Are you coming down with a cold?” she suddenly noticed something odd about his voice.

“I shouldn’t be, just a bit of a sore throat.”

Soon, six dishes graced the table.

Ethan washed his hands and approached, “Care for a drink?”

er next shift days away, nodded, “Yes.”

about, a far cry from the privileged chairman persona, of his suit, he was just an ordinary man, not so high and mighty.

Contrastingly, the rather ordinary Lucas always acted superior.

As Madison’s mind wandered, Ethan returned with two glasses of red wine.

“Careful, it packs a punch. Drink slowly,” he cautioned.

Madison smiled and nodded.

As they sat down, Ethan raised his glass. Just as he spoke, the dining room lights went out, replaced by rows of dim purple floor lights casting a faint glow.

Glasses clinked, and he smirked, To celebrate Captain Madison’s wish coming true.”

Returning to the skies, a wish fulfilled.

A warmth filled Madison's heart, "Thank you."

How did it all become so muddled...

Living together?

She set her glass down, tasted the dishes, and praised the meal.

"Anyway, Ethan, there's something want to say."

Ethan nodded, "Go ahead, anything but moving out."

Madison, serious and stern, "Have you ever considered that being mineering might be why you've never been in a relationship?"

"???"

at all."

Madison was astonished.

How did Ethan suddenly become so thick-skinned?

"I'm single by choice, not circumstance."

A different light danced in Madison's eyes.

36

Before she could respond, Ethan added, "Like my liking you, it's my choice."

"Ethan, will you ever stop?" Madison was flustered.

Her ears burned hot, and her face felt aflame.

"Hmm?" he teased.

Madison took a deep breath, "I can't handle this kind of talk, please stop."

She had never been in love; talking planes, sure, but this...

“Who asked you to handle it?” Ethan moved his chair back and lit a cigarette.

He exhaled smoke, his eyes squinted with a smile, “Just listen. When your heart is ready to accept me, just nod. No matter where you are, I’ll come to you.”

His voice, husky yet utterly sincere, not a hint of flippancy.

Madison had her share of admirers at school and at Air China, but none as boldly straightforward as Ethan.

Madison.”

She looked up.

Ethan rested an arm on the table edge, the other on his knee with a cigarette, exuding the aura of a grown man.

Especially those eyes, gazing intently at her.

“I’m not joking with you; I’m telling you... my sincerity.”

Telling you, my sincerity.

Those seven words echoed in Madison’s ears long after, persisting till she descended for water at midnight.

The study light was still on, Ethan’s silhouette visible through the partially open door.

He seemed in distress.

Instinctively, Madison approached, knocking on the door.

No reply.

After knocking twice more, still silence.

She entered, “Ethan?”

No response.

Drawing closer, she noticed his flushed face under the light and touched his forehead.

Burning hot!

Madison recoiled, alarmed, “Ethan, wake up!”

Unfortunately, Ethan was unresponsive.

Heart racing, she didn’t hesitate to lift him up.

Maybe the jostling as she carried him downstairs roused him.

going?” His voice was frail.

ever; I’m taking you to the hospital. Stop moving; I can’t or long,” she said.

Outside, the wind was strong, but luckily she had only a sip of wine. earlier. Now past midnight, any alcohol was long gone from her

system.

She managed to start the luxury car after some struggle and sped to the hospital, pedal to the floor.

Ethan opened his eyes with effort, “Are you driving so fast because you’re worried about me?”

Madison gripped the steering wheel tightly, eyes fixed on the road.

“Why didn’t you say something if you felt bad?” she blurted out.

“And why don’t you tell me when you feel bad?”

Ethan could be stubborn when he wanted to be.

But Madison wasn’t in the best of moods either. At a red light, she turned, her gaze sharp, “Do you have a death wish?”

Ethan seemed surprised.

Indeed, he was surprised.

Surprised to see this fierce side of Madison.

After a long stare, Ethan closed his eyes, his voice hoarse with weakness, “Don’t worry, I won’t die. I promised to buy you a new plane, didn’t I?”

His speech was weak, and Madison was so concerned she broke into a sweat without realizing.

Later, Ethan called out, “Madison...”

shed, he retorted, “Are you snapping at me?”

“...Can you please be quiet and conserve some energy?”

All he did was chuckle with a hint of playfulness, “Why do I need to save all that energy?”

Chapter 62

The rogue’s movements were silent and stealthy.

Madison had no recourse; after all, he was a patient and deserved some indulgence.

Besides, Ethan’s sudden fever might have been caught in the rain on his way to Tang City.

The traffic light turned green.

On thi

des

ing in Slandon Harbor, a hazy autumn rain unexpectedly

ic droplets blurred the windshield, the neon colors in the eemed to swirl in the rain, magnifying and muddling.

enclosed car windows heightened the interior temperature.

an, feverish, unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt,

aling his robust, florid chest that heaved with each breath.

His eyes were fever-burnt; the retreating streetscape outside the car window seemed to pass by as if in a dream.

“Don’t fall asleep just yet, we’re almost there.” Noticing his labored breathing, Madison kept her foot on the gas pedal without relenting.

“Shh-”

The car, which had nearly free rein over Slandon Harbor, finally appeared at the entrance of the People’s Hospital.

Madison swiftly got out, circled to the passenger side, and pulled at the person inside.

“Ethan?”

The man furrowed his brow, his eyelids seemingly heavy as lead. He obediently followed Madison’s voice and staggered out of the car.

Madison noticed his legs were weak. Just as she was about to speak, he collapsed toward her.

“Ah...”

Thankfully, Madison had a steady stance, or they both might have fallen in the autumn rain.

The duty nurse at the hospital door quickly called for colleagues to help support him.

Madison stood vigil outside, waiting for Ethan to undergo examination.

It didn’t take long for the doctor to emerge. “High fever, 40 degrees Celsius. Why did you wait so long to bring him in?”

Madison was stunned. “40 degrees?”

No wonder Ethan, usually so robust, was now weakened to the point of not being able to stand.

The doctor administered a fever-reducing shot and medication, which were promptly given to Ethan.

For the rest of the time, Madison kept him company.

Late into the night, it was awkward to call Ethan’s secretary.

On the hospital bed.

The man’s cheeks were still faintly flushed, lips whitened by the fever. Asleep, he didn’t carry his usual solemnity and severity.

Madison, both exhausted and sleepy, leaned against the bed and drifted off.

dreams, it seemed Ethan was holding her hand, gently patting

and urging her to sleep properly in the bed.

on mumbled so something indistinctly and let it be.

Him, quiet realty of the hospital room, Ethan propped himself the headboard, ftb holding Madison's hand, which she clasped in!

consciously.sly.

gaze was somewhathas distant.

se just moments ago, when he suggested she rest in the bed, she murmured, "cant an't need to take care of you."

"I a

So,

But

See

was

The

"WI

playf

lips curled into a gentle sense.ile.

But

ned for him, yet sleeping so so soundly

Eth

Madi

on his side, still holding Madison ons hand, watching the

who was only an arm's reach away.ay.

Ma

ish impulse struck him, and he reached out to carefully touch. 's eyelashes.

He

hes were so long, far prettier than Jessicsica's.

breat

Eth

ebrows were thick, much more so than those with semi-

nt makeup.

She

in was fair and tender; few would believe she was 25 or 26.

on was truly wonderful.

Mo

hat Lucas was such a foolish man not to see it. it.

Ma

can you not touch my eyelashes," Madison mumbledled cutely.

might

ha hand propped by his ear, Ethan raised an eyebrow and in a husky voice, "Aren't you asleep?"

She

arm

AAh

"I am," Madison replied, eyes still closed.

So, was she asleep or awake?

But Madison thought she was dreaming.

Seeing that she wasn't moving, Ethan guessed she must believe she was in a dream and his gaze softened. "Did you dream of me?"

The woman was silent for a moment before answering, "I did."

“What did you dream about me?” His voice was indulgent as he playfully pinched Madison’s little finger.

But

son didn’t respond.

pice was like a tranquil stream, inexplicably relaxing.” now about letting President Grant protect you from now on?

ison finally stirred.

er face, originally turned to the left, shifted towards Ethan, their, eaths seemed to entangle, indistinguishable from each other.

Ethan’s gaze was deep, falling on her still-closed eyes.

She was asleep, unaware of Ethan’s words.

Morning.

Madison awoke with a sore back and a stiff neck, suspecting she might have slept in an awkward position.

She was startled awake by Jessica, who entered carrying an armload of fruit.

“Ah, big brother is still alive, congratulations indeed.”

“Since I ran into you, how about breakfast?” Amelia was very enthusiastic.

“No, I still have a friend here.”

“Then let’s all go together!”

Jessica, at the door of the ward, saw Amelia and hurried back in panic. “Big brother, my goddess’s former sister-in-law is here!”

The man who was weak and lingering in bed just a second ago was already standing up, reaching for the suit jacket Jessica had brought.

Amelia blinked, taken aback by the sudden appearance of the man and woman.

She looked again at Madison. “Is this... your friend?”

How could Amelia not know who Ethan was???

He was the grandest romantic interest in the hearts of flight attendants from all major airlines!

Amelia caught on quickly. “President Grant, hello! Would you... like to join us for breakfast?”

Ethan, who had just received an injection, with a band-aid still on his hand, replied, “Sure.”

His gaze swept over Amelia twice, making her almost sweat.

Why was he staring at her with such a warning look?

Without much choice, Madison was dragged by Amelia to a nearby restaurant.

The four of them took their seats, and the Grant siblings’ glances at Amelia were anything but warm.

Vet Amelia seemed oblivious as she pushed the menu towards them “Please, go ahead and order first!

Today’s Bonus Offe

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Jessica didn’t hold back, ordering plenty from the menu.

Ethan had a poor appetite, so Jessica ordered him a bowl of porridge.

For Madison, she kept it light as well.

Finally, it was Amelia's turn.

Sitting beside her, Jessica watched as Amelia scribbled away with a pen, her brow furrowing: "Do you really need to eat meat first thing in the morning? Isn't it sickening? Just looking at those dish names makes me nauseous."

Amelia glanced at her: "Look at that disdain on your face. Don't you' know everyone should love animals?"

After handing the menu back to the waiter and facing Jessica's puzzled expression, Amelia offered a professional smile: "Especially when they're cooked."

Talk about hard work paying off!

Throughout breakfast, Amelia dominated the conversation with a gentle tone and friendly demeanor, never once grating on anyone's

nerves.

As expected of a flight attendant, her conversational skills were so spot-on that it was impossible to be annoyed.

It was then that CEO Ethan spoke up: “You like girls?”

“Hm?”

“Plunk-”

“Cough cough-”

The soul-searching question came from Amelia; Jessica was the one who dropped her chopsticks, and Madison almost choked on her food.

Three pairs of eyes fixed on him at the dining table.

Tilting her head, Amelia whispered to Jessica: “What’s gotten into him? What kind of illness makes him ask such shocking questions?”

Jessica instinctively tapped her temple: “Feverish.”

However, in the next second, she felt as if her soul was being

scrutinized and immediately slammed the table: “What are your

ering about? My brother is perfectly fine!”

lia uttered an ‘oh,’ her face blossoming into a smile as she essed the stoic man: “If I may be so bold to ask President Grant, my female attributes not evident enough?”

How could she like women???

Ethan was exceptionally calm: “Then what’s with all the fuss around Madison?”

That sense of unshakeable poise made even the crafty, people- pleasing Amelia feel a tinge of fear.

“You’ve misunderstood, President Grant.”

Amelia set down her chopsticks and sauntered over to Ethan’s side, wedging herself between him and Madison, ready to give a report with

utmost seriousness.

Ethan, leaning against the armrest with one leg crossed over the other, appeared all set for a subordinate's briefing.

Amelia began-

“First, let me clarify-my sexual orientation is perfectly straight. Secondly, the reason I hover around Madison is out of admiration. You have no idea how long I've yearned for the day she'd kick Lucas to the curb.”

All those years...

It had only been two!

Madison listened, dumbfounded.

Amelia continued: “Not to hide from you, I feel I'm on the same side as President Grant. I certainly don't want Madison to foolishly turn back. That thick-skinned Lucas will probably come crawling back. someday. As the virtuous heiress of the Zhuo family, it's my duty to

ent this.”

So...”

At this point, Amelia pulled out-a brand new resume from her bag, passing it over with a beaming smile.

“So would President Grant kindly give it a glance? I’ve already applied for resignation at my current job. Would you consider letting me join Mukino Airlines with Madison? I promise to stand guard, Lucas won’t get the chance to interfere, nor will he mess with your plans!”

Her impassioned speech made even fellow flight attendant Jessica concede defeat.

Ethan glanced at the resume, chuckling lightly: “Been carrying this around waiting for me, have you?”

“Not at all.”

Amelia smiled: “Just a coincidence. It’s all about fate, after all. I’ve long wanted to contribute to Mukino Airlines, but the timing was

never right. Now heaven has given me a grand opportunity, and I'm always ready."

Ethan gave some face by taking the resume, casually flipping through it.

Consequently, poor, innocent Jessica found herself on the receiving end of an inexplicable glare.

Jessica: What! Why are you glaring at me!

As former students of the top flight academy, Jessica still hadn't obtained her commercial pilot's license.

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

And now, as a flight attendant, Amelia had passed her third-class exam while Jessica remained at the first level.

Ever since, the Civil Aviation Administration had introduced a ranking system for flight attendants.

Level four was the highest, and one had to achieve it to become a chief attendant.

it wasn't for her own family's airline, Jessica might have struggled

to be a regular attendant.

Which is why Ethan found it increasingly irksome to even look at Jessica.

"What do you think?" After reviewing the resume, Ethan set it aside, consulting Madison.

Madison was taken aback.

Why was he asking her?

"You're the boss; you call the shots"

"I'll take your word for it." Ethan glanced at Amelia, "After all, she's your ex-sister-in-law."

Amelia twitched her nose.

There seemed to be a sour scent in the air.

Taking her word for it....

Madison cleared her throat.

Amelia quickly latched onto her arm: “Dear little sister-in-law, you must trust me! I’m certainly not in league with Lucas. Think about it,

once Lucas realizes how amazing you are, he’ll surely come looking. for you. You wouldn’t want to see his vile face again, right? That’s where I come in! I can bear the disgust and chase him away for you. Besides, I’m not afraid to fight him! What do you say?”

She batted her eyelashes eagerly.

Madison swallowed her food: “Maybe you should have some water first? You’ve got... foam at the corners of your mouth.”

Such eloquence.

Truly unparalleled.

Jessica covertly sent out a WeChat message on the side.

-To Attorney Zhou, I believe you've met your match in oratory.

Michael: Who? I'm ready for the challenge.

Jessica: Right in front of us, I feel calling her skilled at debate is an

understatement.

Later, with Madison's resigned smile, Ethan declared: "After

resigning, come straight over to report for duty."

Amelia stood promptly, bowing formally: "Thank you to my future generous benefactors!"

No one could resist a sweet-talking, non-irritating employee who might also be an ally.

Especially not Ethan.

After parting ways, Amelia, clutching all her savings, returned to her former workplace.

Slapping her bank card on the personnel department's desk, she

demanded, "Swipe it now for the breach of contract fee, and give me

a resignation letter. I'm leaving."

The personnel manager was dumbfounded: "... What are you on about?"

Amelia smiled sweetly: "This fairy has found a new home. See you around, Manager Hao!"

In less than ten minutes, she floated out of the office, resignation

letter pinched between two fingers.

The other flight attendants were astounded as she passed by.

“Amelia, are you... resigning?”

ked, her smile radiant: “Sorry, sisters, I’m taking off.

a new job? Where at?”

no Airlines.”

My goodness!!!”

Mukino Airlines was known for its high requirements for pilots and even higher standards for flight attendants!

Even if they wanted to apply, there was no guarantee of acceptance.

Rumors had it that the current top-flight pilots and attendants were divided between the national carrier and Mukino Airlines.

Those flight attendants waving goodbye to Amelia were simply too tired to express their envy.

“On our way home, you really took in that woman?” Jessical grumbled under her breath.

Ethan glanced at her, later adding: “No offense, but in terms of qualifications, you do fall short. Once Madison starts flying

international routes, she’ll come across various emergencies. Amelia may seem carefree, but she’s more composed than you in a crisis. She’s better suited to protect Madison.”

“So, in the end, it’s all about looking out for my goddess, huh? I’m no longer the dear sister, am I?” Jessica feigned strangling him.

was

Ethan’s voice, hoarse from sickness, slow and deliberate-

“Be precise in your speech; we’re only half-siblings. The mere fact I’ve offered you a job is me digging into the scant remains of my kindness for you. You should learn to be content.”

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

After the trio returned, Jessica promptly set about preparing lunch

for her brother.

Ethan was in good physical condition and felt considerably better after two injections. But with the company’s affairs piling up, he couldn’t afford to rest for too long.

“Should I put it here?” Madison, almost like a transformed nanny, placed the laptop and a glass of water on the coffee table.

tu

Eth

on the living room sofa, engrossed in work. He wore a gray weater, his hair cropped short, and his face, post-illness,

even paler.

In't have to fuss," Ethan said, "Go rest for a while."

s Jessica clattered around the kitchen preparing lunch,

ison felt it unseemly to be served without contributing,

rticularly as she was essentially an employee. So she settled on he separate sofa nearby, ensuring she'd be available should Ethan need anything.

Yet, it wasn't long before Ethan heard Madison's steady breathing. She was truly exhausted. The nerve-wracking flight she piloted the day before, followed by a restless night sharing a room with Ethan and then a vigil at the hospital had taken their toll.

"Jessica," Ethan called out softly.

Jessica, happening to pass by for something, heard her brother instruct, “Cover her with something.

She glanced at Madison, already asleep, and quickly fetched a blanket to drape over her.

“Why didn’t you let her go back to her room to sleep?” Jessica asked.

Putting on his glasses, his voice still raspy, Ethan replied, “She didn’t go.”

Jessica squatted down, examining the scene, “Could it be my

goddess is concerned about you? Worried that you, the patient, would be left uncared for?”

At her words, Ethan’s gaze lingered on Madison’s peaceful face, a slight smile curling at his lips.

But quickly, he shifted his attention to Jessica, his expression turning stern, “I’ve been told you’ve been quite close with a certain individual of the opposite sex lately?”

Jessica blinked innocently, “How close?”

“Don’t play dumb,” Ethan’s gaze cooled.

“Ah,” Jessica stammered, “I’m grown up now, can’t I have friends of the opposite sex?”

“But I’ve also heard that this person leads a colorful personal life,” Ethan diplomatically refrained from getting too explicit.

“Ah, a flight attendant, you know, friends are plenty,” Jessica tried to justify.

Flight attendants...

How many flight attendants have a small circle of friends?

Not only are their circles not small, but their personal lives are often quite messy.

It was fortunate that Jessica lived under his watchful eye, or who knows what trouble she might get into.

“I don’t want to meddle in your private affairs. But make sure not to

create a mess and then come crying to me for help. I’m busy and don’t have the time to clean up after you,” Ethan threw a sharp, no- nonsense pitch.

Jessica frowned, “Big brother, am to take it that you disapprove of me associating with this person?”

The man squinted, “Is your reading comprehension that poor?”

The implication was clear: Yes.

Jessica pouted and kept silent.

“I’ll be traveling out of town for an inspection in the next few days. Remember to take good care of her during the flight,” Ethan

instructed.

“Okay, got it,” Jessica responded.

As a result, from the moment Madison fell asleep on the sofa until the time she had to operate a flight, she never saw Ethan. Nor did she inquire about his whereabouts, assuming he must be busy.

Arriving at the airport early with Jessica, Madison had to attend to various pre-flight preparations and meetings.

“Madison, you look so cool in your captain’s uniform,” Jessica admired more the longer she looked, especially when Madison wasn’t smiling, her first impression was stunning.

Madison’s uniform was genuinely custom-made, tailored to fit her figure, unlike the standard-issue uniforms that simply varied in size.

Madison glanced back, “You’d look great in it too.”

“Oh, you’re such a charmer,” Jessica grinned, linking arms with her.

After Madison went into the office for the meeting, Jessica chatted

with the cabin crew girls.

And then, a strikingly tall and beautiful figure appeared.

Jessica's lipstick application froze, "You... you actually came?!"

Amelia, dragging a black suitcase, was already dressed in Mukino Airline's flight attendant uniform- a white blouse paired with a dark blue pencil skirt, accented by a dark blue striped tie, her hair elegantly coiled at the back of her head, and black heels that elongated her figure.

Amelia smiled sweetly, "Yes, we're colleagues now, so please don't be shy."

Everyone was taken aback by the sudden addition of the new flight attendant. They had indeed heard about a new hire coming on board, but none had expected it to happen so fast.

Amelia took a seat, waiting.

Jessica, head down, furiously scrolled on her phone.

Amelia hadn't intended to peek at someone else's mobile, but the girl was practically smashing the screen, stirring her curiosity with a glance.

Was it WeChat's step counter?

Jessica huffed, her mood clearly not cheerful, and upon noticing Amelia's gaze, inquired, "What do you think... how can one rack up over ten thousand steps in a KTV?"

Upon hearing this, Amelia's smile slowly faded, replaced by her widening, bewitching peachy eyes.

After a moment, she queried, "What song could possibly amass ten thousand steps? Even a singing-and-dancing performer wouldn't have

such energy.

Jessica's heart sank further.

Where had that flight attendant brother of hers gone off to?

Seeing her expression, Amelia guessed the gist, "What, caught in the act?"

“Who’s catching who? Don’t talk nonsense!” Jessica pocketed her phone, giving Amelia a sideways glance, “Do you have a boyfriend?”

“No,” Amelia admitted truthfully.

“Ha.” Jessica smirked, “So you’re unwanted.”

Amelia clicked her tongue, disagreeing with Jessica’s conclusion, “Love is occasional; if it’s an everyday affair, it feels like work.”

“So you break up with your boyfriend after some time and then make up? Break up again and get back together?” Jessica thought this woman’s thought process was slightly short-circuited.

“One can tell you’ve never been weathered, a delicate flower shielded by the greenhouse’s plastic wrap,” Amelia mused while touching up her makeup.

Jessica was about to retort when the office door opened.

Madison was the first to emerge, just as the door to the opposite office swung open.

When the two female captains and their respective flight crews faced each other, the newly joined Amelia could sense an

undercurrent of rivalry.

The cabin crew stood in formation, five flight attendants and two stewards, along with a co-pilot and captain, forming a ten-person

team.

Charlie's gaze found Madison without fail.

She hadn't expected the other woman to be almost as tall as her. In her captain's uniform, she indeed possessed the icy allure others had mentioned, coupled with an impressive demeanor.

Charlie smiled, "Captain Madison."

Madison, keen not to lose face, extended her courtesy, "I've long admired Captain Charlie."

“You’ve heard of me?” Charlie’s short hair gave her a particularly sharp look.

Madison smiled, “Of course, Mukino International’s sole female captain is well-known, and I’ve had the honor of watching your flight

videos.”

This acknowledgment visibly pleased Charlie.

She glanced at Madison, “Safe travels.”

“Thank you, same to you.”

Charlie led her team away first.

Jessica sidled up with a grimace, “Goddess, why were you so humble with her? Didn’t you notice her animosity toward you?”

The smile on Madison’s face held a hint of intrigue as she responded with words Amelia hadn’t expected-

“Respect and humility are courtesies owed to a senior. But should the day come when she becomes my rival, I won’t hold back.”

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

It was at this moment that Madison’s strong influence gradually surfaced.

What do we call a wolf in sheep’s clothing?

Madison is the archetype.

Two flights took off at the same time. Madison’s plane followed Charlie’s. Not until Charlie’s plane was airborne did Madison set off.

Since Amelia already had flight attendant experience, she didn’t need orientation training – just carrying out her duties according to the usual process.

It was then that Jessica noticed Amelia's steady demeanor at work, quite unlike her usual playful and light-hearted nature. Each passenger seemed to hold a good impression of her.

"Hey," sighed Amelia as she picked up a blanket, "I am too excellent to be just an ordinary flight attendant."

Jessica glanced at her, "What, you want to be the chief stewardess?"

"Is that not possible?" Amelia's eyes were clear, "Those with ability should sit in high positions."

"In your dreams!"

"I am indeed dreaming," Amelia laughed sweetly, hugged her blanket, and departed.

Passengers were gradually boarding the plane, Madison checked all the equipment, and then sat in the pilot's seat, waiting.

On her phone.

Ethan suddenly sent a message.

– Have you eaten properly?

Madison's heart skipped a beat. After a long hesitation, she replied: I

ate.

– I'm going to Hayes. Where are you flying today?

By the time Madison saw the message, all the passengers had boarded. She didn't have time to reply, turned off her phone, and prepared for takeoff.

This time, her destination was Nianzhou City.

Was he going to Hayes for a business trip?

Once Charlie's plane was safely in the air, five minutes later, Madison's plane also departed from Slandon's airport.

Nearby, another plane also rose into the sky.

Madison took a glance, a hint of sharpness in her eyes.

The flights taking off there were international flights, while hers was a domestic one.

After activating autopilot, Madison asked, “Why is Captain Charlie flying a domestic route?”

Jack thought for a moment, “I think she didn’t want to fly an

international route.”

She didn’t want to?

Was that a valid reason?

Usually, doesn’t the airline company assign which route to fly?

At this moment, Jack leaned over and whispered, “Domestic routes are shorter, with fewer takeoffs and landings, which makes it easier to accumulate flight time. I heard Captain Charlie wants to pilot the Airbus a380 that our company is applying to operate next year, so she intentionally stayed on domestic routes.”

Speaking of which, Charlie has not been a captain for a particularly long time, just about half a year.

Mukino Air’s requirement for captains flying large long-haul aircraft is a minimum of five hundred hours of captain flight time.

By early next year, Charlie should have enough.

ndred hours may seem like a lot, but the longest domestic capped at six to seven hours, which might be due to delays, ually around six hours.

gle trip takes a day, and if they can return the next day, it’s only ve hours in two days, which is a best-case scenario.

But this is already highly efficient.

If you fly an international route, it takes more than a dozen hours for a single flight, but you may have to stay in a foreign country for two to three days. So, after calculating, it’s not worth it.

That's why Charlie applied to fly domestic routes till now.

According to Madison's current short-haul flights, it would take at least half a year to accumulate five hundred flight hours. If the frequency of flights is not high, eight or nine months is likely.

Does Captain Charlie also want to compete for the main pilot position of the Airbus a380?

Right, no captain would resist the temptation of that aircraft.

As Madison was lost in thought, a cacophony of commotion came.

Madison looked through the peephole in the cockpit door and saw Jessica and Amelia immediately rushing towards the economy cabin.

In the aisle, a man was clutching his chair and had already collapsed on the ground.

A little boy next to him, who looked about three years old, was scared into crying by the sight of his mother collapsing.

“Captain...” Jack was startled.

Madison opened the door and walked out.

The passengers in the cabin were all attracted by the sudden

essing that a passenger had a sudden illness.

ino

ady in the pilot’s uniform immediately drew all attention e appeared.

s Bonus Offer

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

“Jessica, make way.” Madison said,

Amelia and Jessica stepped aside together, Amelia reassuring the surrounding passengers, “Nobody panic, please remain seated and do not move around.”

After Madison went there, she immediately knelt down and started emergency rescue procedures, chest compressions.

She looked serious, her eyes filled with worry for the female

passenger.

Everyone watched as the captain knelt on the ground, working hard to resuscitate.

“Jessica, medical kit.” Madison shouted.

Jessica had already gone to fetch it.

The unconscious woman woke up quickly under Madison’s rescue, gasping weakly for air.

Amelia, having gone through professional training, immediately asked the female passenger about her condition and quickly gave her the emergency medicine equipped on the plane..

Madison stood up, picked up the crying little girl first, “Don’t cry, don’t cry, your mom’s alright now.”

Everyone watched her patiently coaxing the kid.

A female passenger nearby gave up her seat, “Sit here, sit here.”

Madison thanked with a smile, “Thank you.”

She sat down, comforting the sobbing little girl in her arms, “Don’t

cry, sister has candy here. Let’s eat a piece and stop crying, okay? Let’s stay with mom, alright?”

“Thank... thank you, sister.” The little girl thanked in a babyish tone.

Madison took a moment to look back at the passenger whose face had gone pale.

Although she wasn't a doctor, she gained some experience from her grandmother over the years. It was a heart disease.

It was extremely dangerous and could be fatal at any time.

Especially when the female passenger woke up but still couldn't move much, her face was full of sweat.

Madison handed the child to Amelia and quickly returned to the cockpit.

She contacted the tower, "Mukino Airlines 3131, we have a passenger with heart disease who needs aid. Requesting to divert to Hayes."

There was silence from the tower for a while before they replied, "Permission granted."

Madison immediately changed course according to the navigation.

Soon, a voice came from the tower, "Mukino Airlines 3131, descend

to 3600 feet.”

After a series of operations, Mukino Airlines 3131 safely landed at Hayes airport, where a medical team was waiting.

Amelia opened the cabin door, and the medical team quickly boarded the plane and took the critically ill female passenger down.

The little girl waved at Madison who just came out, “Goodbye, sister!”

Madison smiled, “Goodbye, sweetheart.”

The news of Mukino Airlines 3131’s emergency landing reached

someone’s ears.

Because of the emergency landing, their flight would be delayed. Madison personally addressed the cabin, “Good afternoon, everyone. I am the captain of this flight. As you all saw just now, a female passenger suddenly fell ill. Therefore, I made a temporary decision to land in Hayes, which caused inconvenience to everyone. I deeply apologize. I am sorry.”

The nearby passengers all shook their heads and smiled,

“It’s okay, Captain. You were trying to save a life. We understand!”

“Yes, you don’t need to apologize.”

These were all voices in support of Madison, but there were also dissenting voices in this world.

“I am in a hurry to attend a meeting. This has caused me too much trouble! It’s really annoying.”

Madison could understand and walked to the male passenger’s side, bowing again, “I’m really sorry for causing you trouble.”

However, the passenger was unrelenting and Jessica couldn’t stand it anymore.

However, at this moment, a staff member from the local Mukino Airlines boarded the plane, “Where is passenger number 53?”

The male passenger who was giving Madison a hard time was taken aback and looked up at his seat number overhead, “What’s wrong with me?”

The staff member approached him, his voice neither high nor low,” Hello, according to the instructions of our Mukino Airlines Chairman, we have a VIP card for you that offers a fifty percent discount on all

flights for a year. Within a year, all flights you take with our airline will be half price.”

“Our captain is committed to being responsible for each and every life, unfortunately, we had to make an unplanned landing in Hayes, which brought inconvenience to everyone. We are truly sorry. In this regard, our company has prepared a small gift, we hope you will accept it.”

This is...

The cabin crew behind them widened their eyes.

Is this the chairman backing up their Captain Madison?!

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Madison stood frozen in shock.

Was the treatment always this good?

With other airlines, a passenger's complaints would often lead to nothing more than a few grumbles. The staff might apologize, and that would be the end of it.

The male passenger looked a bit embarrassed by the situation.

Nearby passengers chimed in, "They've given you face, so let it go. You say on the phone earlier about going to karaoke after the What's the rush?"

ed."

hot-headed man spoke up, "Aren't you afraid it'll be you in

able next time? Can't you be a bit more accommodating? The captain personally apologized to you, gave you a membership card, and even a small gift. What more do you want?"

Red-faced, the male passenger bowed his head, no longer daring to make a sound.

Madison quickly said, “Thank you everyone for your support of our work, much appreciated!”

“Don’t mention it! We all saw you kneeling on the floor to save someone. Don’t mind the few nuisances!”

“Exactly! Mukino Airlines is great, and I’ll definitely fly with Mukino from now on!”

Madison disembarked amidst a chorus of praises.

A diversion landing didn’t require all passengers to deplane, just a

wait until the local control tower gave the signal to proceed.

As Madison inspected the plane for any issues, a staff member

called her over.

“What’s up?”

She had barely finished her question when a figure appeared beside her.

Ethan was dressed in a dark brown suit today, looking particularly gentlemanly. Concern was evident in his eyes, “Are you okay?”

He had just landed in Hesu and heard that a Mukino Airlines jet made an emergency landing there. Upon inquiring, he found out it was Madison’s flight.

Learning that someone on the plane had accused Madison, Ethan sent a heap of gifts over.

It wasn’t that the matter was troublesome; these incidents could happen any day. But if that passenger complained about Madison, it could directly affect her chances of competing for the Airbus A380 pilot qualification.

Ethan leaned forward a bit, “Has anyone bullied you?”

Madison knew he was in Hesu city but hadn’t expected him at the airport.

“Is your flight delayed?”?”

“No.” Ethan took her wrist, leading her to the VIP lounge, “I asked you, did anyone bully you?”??

“No.” Madison arched an eyebrow, “Do I look that weak to you?”

“Yes.”

Michael and William, who were accompanying them, could hardly keep their composure.

Couldn’t you be a bit more tactful?!

Yet, surprisingly, Madison didn’t get angry at Ethan’s blunt answer. Instead, she laughed, “President Grant is quite honest.”

Ethan’s features softened, the frosty demeanor melting away as the corners of his eyes lifted gently, his gaze filling with a teasing allure, like a siren that could devour a man whole.

“So, is there a reward?”

He was close, his masculine cologne wafting over, causing Madison's heartbeat to skip.

But she didn't retreat. A competitive spirit urged her to meet his advancing gaze.

Only Ethan saw the subtle enchantment in Madison's eyes bending into a seductive curve. She smiled gently, "There is."

Ethan was clearly taken aback.

In the past, such teasing would make her uncomfortable, even angry, telling him to behave. But today...

In the moment of distraction, Ethan's lashes quivered.

William, noticing, swiftly turned Michael around, who had been staring intently.

WWhat are you looking at!

By the couch, Madison leaned forward, her lips mere inches from Ethan's. If either spoke, it seemed as if their lips might touch.

Ethan didn't move.

Madison faced him, her gaze landing on his lips, a mischievous glint in her eyes, "Would it be okay to kiss you?"

Boom-

Ethan's mind exploded with the suggestion.

His breathing erratic, he stared at the smiling woman before him.

Madison raised her eyebrows, "Not willing? Then forget it... How about I treat President Grant to dinner after we return to Slandon Port? My colleagues are waiting; I should go."

She stood up with a smile and waved to the two at the door, "Goodbye."

William responded with an enthusiastic smile, "Captain Madison, goodbye!"

Back in the lounge.

As the two men returned, Ethan was still in a daze.

Michael waved in front of his face.

Ethan suddenly exhaled sharply and yanked at his tie, cursing, “F***...

Michael was stunned.

The man stood up and left abruptly

Was this...

Confused by the flirtation, regretting his lack of response?

Elsewhere.

Madison, now regrouped with Jessica and others, wore a light smile.

Out of sight, the playfulness in her eyes faded.

Ethan had teased her many times. This time, she had played him in return, hence her cheerful mood.

She had to report at Hesu airport and prepare to continue flying to Nianzhou. She couldn't delay too long and inconvenience the

passengers.

Half the day passed.

Ethan was finally done with his tasks, but the image of Madison playfully approaching him kept flashing in his mind.

This woman.....

Quite a player, isn't she?

"Can you snap out of it already?" Michael spoke, "Your illegitimate younger brother has moved into your house, and your dad wants you!

to come home for dinner."

Ethan didn't respond.

Michael rambled on, "Your dad really couldn't care less, huh? Every time I see his bastard son, I think he has no aspirations in life."

William puzzled, "What does that have to do with it?"

Michael, with a cup in hand and the car window ajar, was about to spit out the goji berries he was chewing through the open window.

Hearing those spitting sounds, Ethan, already irritated, snapped, "Can you stop that? You think you're a goji berry shooter?"

Michael, scolded, lashed out at William in the passenger seat, “If his dad had any aspirations, his bastard son wouldn’t look like a damn. alpaca!”

William, caught off guard by the sudden yelling, wasn’t angry but confused, “How does that bastard son resemble an alpaca?”

“He’s changed his hairstyle, probably celebrating finally moving into the Grant family mansion. Got himself an explosive hairdo and a slanted fringe. Ha! Looks like a monster that crawled out of some

emo graveyard, hilarious.”

Listening to Michael’s ranting, Ethan felt some of the irritation dissipate.

He opened WeChat and sent a message to Madison.

Madison saw the message after arriving in Nianzhou.

President Grant: Have you confirmed your return flight?

Madison: What’s up?

President Grant: I'll wait for your plane. I want you to take me home with you.

Isn't this petulance a bit sudden?

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

Madison did not reply, but Ethan had not expected her to. After all, checking flight arrangements was a trivial matter for him.

Madison's return flight from Nianzhou was scheduled for tomorrow. Today's detour necessitated an oral report, which delayed her return. By the time she settled into her hotel that evening, exhaustion had set in, and she fell asleep without even dining.

Meanwhile, the video of her saving passengers aboard the aircraft had gone viral online.

s were all abuzz:

a beautiful lady captain!!!”

menter #2: “Which airline? Flight number? I must take that

Commenter #3: “She looks so young and yet so composed. Mukino Airlines’ high standards are no joke!”

Commenter #4: “This captain seems familiar...”

As the internet buzzed with the news, Madison remained blissfully unaware, lost in her dreams.

However, someone else had seen it for her.

Lucas, stumbling upon the video, recognized Madison’s face immediately.

She was wearing the Mukino Airlines uniform, its four bars on her shoulder and sleeve shining unmistakably.

Madison was actually a pilot?!

His hands trembled as he gripped his phone, disbelief and regret swirling in his eyes.

How had he not known Madison was a pilot?

Why hadn't she ever mentioned it to him???

Had he known she was a pilot, he never would have divorced her!

Lucas immediately began an online search for Madison's name... but found nothing.

Even with a friend's help to comb through Mukino Airlines' records,

nothing came up blank.

One suddenly rang.

It answered: "Hello?"

Lucas, we've discussed your proposed collaboration at our board meeting, and the shareholders have unanimously decided against working with you, I'm afraid," the caller said crisply, hanging up before Lucas could ask why.

Many of Huanmei's employees had been whispering about salary raises. Lucas, having boasted unattainably, was now facing humiliation.

Desperate for a partnership with other airlines to expand his business, he found himself stymied because his mother had retaken control of the company. Though he could no longer make major

decisions, he could still reach out for partnerships. Yet, after a week of attempts with several larger airlines, he faced rejection after rejection, each with their own tale of hardship.

Lucas was fuming.

Sophia breezed in, chatting on her phone, unaware that Lucas was home. After hanging up, she kicked off her heels and shades, her eyes skimming over the cluttered living room: "Why don't you clean up a bit?"

Lucas, absorbed in thoughts of Madison's newly revealed career, ignored her.

He had harbored a glimmer of hope that Amelia's story was a lie meant to provoke him.

But the video confirmed the truth, and Lucas felt the sting of loss.

a, throwing down her purse, flopped onto the sofa with regal “There’s a new handbag I want. Buy it for me. Two colors, not pensive-just three million for both.”

s’s irritability flared: “Can’t you buy it yourself? Must you start millions every time you open your mouth? Do you see me as a nk?”

Sophia, caught off guard by his outburst, stood with rising

indignation: “What? Playing poor now? Didn’t you promise you could afford me? You run an airline. Can’t afford it? Sell a plane!”

“You...” Lucas clenched his jaw, “Do you have no concept of managing a household?”

“Why should I?” Sophia shot back, “You said you had the money for

me.”

Lucas, done with the conversation, turned to leave.

Sophia, in a fit of rage, threw her water cup at him: “Lucas!”

He dodged, shouting: “The company is under my mom’s control now! Where am I supposed to find your money? And part of it is frozen, soon to be given to Madison. Can’t you stop causing trouble?”

“What?” Sophia was stunned, “Why give it to Madison?!”

Lucas, impatient, retorted, “Does it concern you?”

With that, he stormed upstairs.

Sophia glowered at the closed door, her eyes brimming with icy

contempt.

She regretted her choices.

She had been blind to marry such a failure like Lucas!

And the mere mention of Madison fueled her resentment.

Would that woman climb the ranks to wealth and power?

as Sophia lacking?!

had just returned to Yenjing, but Jessica mentioned they were at the airport.

“President Grant, there’s a cocktail party for the nationwide hit reality show we planned to invest in, William reported.

With Madison away, Ethan felt no rush to go home.

“Let’s go,” he said.

Upon arriving at the event, Ethan was immediately drawn into discussions with the director and other flatterers.

Excusing himself to the restroom, the director eagerly escorted him down the steps.

After washing his hands in the restroom, Ethan paused to dry them. As he turned, a figure brushed against his arm and then collapsed at

his feet.

Looking down impassively, Ethan saw Sophia struggling to rise.

“Sorry... Could you help me up, please?” she asked, her voice feigning vulnerability.

She looked up at him with what she hoped was an irresistible blend of charm and desperation.

Most men might have obliged a beautiful actress without hesitation.

Unfortunately...

Ethan knew her.

He smiled, extending a hand wrapped in a discarded paper towel.

Gratefully, Sophia used his assistance to stand, her coyness palpable: “Thank you, President Grant. I’ve dirtied your trousers. Perhaps we could find a place, and I could buy you a new pair?”

Even in heels, Sophia had to look up at Ethan, who casually tossed the soiled towel into the bin.

Sophia stumbled backward against the cold wall, her heart racing with a mix of fright and excitement.

Securing favor with President Grant could set her above the rest in the entertainment circle.

As she felt the wall at her back, she lifted her eyes shyly: “President Grant, you...”

Ethan chuckled softly, “Trying to seduce me, are you?”

Sophia, taken aback, gulped nervously, “You misunderstand, I...”

Before she could finish, Ethan laughed outright: “Save those little tricks for someone else.”

In an instant, Sophia’s face flushed with embarrassment and

humiliation.

Ethan now appraised her as one might assess a cheap object, his expression reflecting disdain as he uttered two crushing words-

“Too poor.”

Too poor!

It was as if he had slapped Sophia across the face, shattering her pride into a thousand pieces.

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Ethan took a step back, creating a distance between them, a sly twinkle in his eyes: “I heard that Director Qin’s wife is quite fierce?”

Sophia’s face drained of color instantly, her eyes revealing an

unmistakable panic.

Only after the man sauntered away did she slide down against the wall to the floor.

How could she have impulsively tried to seduce Ethan!!!

or Qin had warned her, stay away from Ethan, he’s too ruthless,

redictable!

ia was terrified, what to do...

ald Ethan really tell Director Qin?

Or Lucas?

In turmoil, Sophia scrambled up and dashed out.

Madison was in the car when her phone rang.

“Captain Madison.” It was William.

“Secretary Bai.”

“Where are you now? President Grant asked you to stop by where we are.” William mentioned a location.

Madison glanced at Jessica beside her, who was merrily scrolling through videos, “Alright.”

After hanging up, she said, “Your brother wants us to stop by where

they are.”

“Sure.” Jessica showed her phone to Madison: “Look, your video has gone viral.”

Madison was stunned: “...Viral?”

“Yeah, the comments are all praising your looks, and some people want to fly with our airline.” Jessica chuckled: “A goddess is a goddess, beloved wherever she goes.”

Some people are just born blind.

But Madison had other thoughts about this, as she didn’t like the idea of sensationalizing such matters online.

Saving passengers was her duty as a captain, and besides, it could cause unnecessary complications for her future work.

Can this video be taken down?" Madison inquired.

Jessica pondered for a moment: "You don't want it?"

Madison nodded subtly.

Understanding Madison a bit more, Jessica quickly surmised the reason, "I'll talk to my brother later, have someone take down this video from the internet."

Putting away her phone, Jessica was particularly curious: "I've always wondered, everyone seeks fame and fortune, and many people want to go viral these days for more money-making opportunities. Why do you dislike all that? Is it just because you're inherently upright?"

Madison responded with a question of her own: "Who told you I'm inherently upright?"

"Do I need someone to tell me?" Jessica spread her hands, "I can feel it from your actions."

Madison suddenly leaned closer, “Have you seen ‘The Legend of

Sword and Fairy 3’?”

“Of course.”

“You know about the Evil Sword Immortal?”

“Yep.”

Madison’s gaze shifted subtly, revealing a cryptic smile to Jessica: ” Everyone harbors evil thoughts, so do I. I just choose to keep them hidden, not wanting them to destroy me.”

The callousness at the core of a person isn’t considered evil.

t, it’s merely a means of action.

it is an evil thought?

other words, it's desire, all kinds of desires.

Who can truly not love money?

Jessica watched her intently for a long time, feeling a strange tingling sense.

In that fleeting moment, it was as if she had a vision of Madison unleashing all her evilness one day.

That would be...

Terrifying.

The taxi stopped at the location given by William, outside an eight- story grand banquet hall, its facade encircled with dim lights.

"What's my brother doing here?" Jessica asked William as they got out of the car.

William, hands clasped in front of him, smiled in reply: "President Grant had a small gathering, it's just finished now, he's coming out."

As he spoke, Madison's peripheral vision caught a man stepping out from the dimly lit entrance of the banquet hall.

One hand in his pocket, the other holding a cigarette, followed by two sharply dressed men.

Several others seemed to be seeing him off.

Quite the entourage...

Ethan had been drinking. He waved them off casually, "Head back."

The others bowed respectfully, "Take care on the road, President

Grant."

Ethan turned around, his gaze fell upon Madison standing in the night breeze.

He snuffed out his cigarette, a bodyguard taking it away with ease.

The man approached steadily, and as he drew closer, Madison saw his figure grow larger in her eyes.

Halting half a step away, Ethan gave her a once-over, then chuckled lightly, "Let's go, head home."

His gesture to take her hand was all too natural.

Before Madison could gather her thoughts, the car had already started.

Jessica joined William in the car behind.

"You asked us to get out just to wait for you?" Madison asked.

Ethan, leaning to the side, glanced over at her.

His eyes were deep; narrow-lidded yet piercing, a soft chuckle escaping his lips: "Yeah."

Just wanted to see her, then wait for her to go back together.

"How much did you drink?" Madison noticed something off in his

gaze.

"I don't know." Ethan didn't open the window, afraid the wind would hasten his inebriation, "Wasn't in a good mood, so I drank a few more.

Not in a good mood?

Madison hesitated before asking, "What happened?"

Ethan kept his eyes on her, the smile deepening, slightly hazy, his voice low: “Worried about me?”

“Tch.” Madison frowned, “Are you going to tell me?”

“Yes.”

Ethan shifted, loosening his tie, “I met someone.”

Madison awaited details.

“That woman, Sophia.”

Madison’s eyelid twitched, impulsively asking, “And then?”

“She actually tried to seduce me, which is unbelievable.”

Madison blinked, “...Did you use the wrong word?”

Shouldn't the phrase be 'shameless' or 'brazen'?

Ethan, hand behind his head, squinted, "Unbelievable indeed. Where does her confidence come from?"

Then, came the self-deprecating remarks from the aviation mogul himself: "Not as pretty as you, not in shape like you, not as educated, not as capable. Her confidence is truly unbelievable."

Madison turned her face towards the window, "I'm at a loss for words."

Ethan paused, then unexpectedly laughed out loud. Sitting up straight, he lowered the privacy partition, leaning towards Madison-

"Madison."

She turned her eyes towards him.

re you teasing me at Nianzhou Airport?"

adison blinked, "No."

“Say it again.”

“I wasn’t.”

“I’m not looking to pursue it.”

Madison raised an eyebrow.

Ethan’s smile reached his eyes, now clearly drunk: “Could you tease

me once more?”

As the words fell, he felt a cool touch on his forehead.

“Still not recovered from the fever?” Madison asked earnestly.

Ethan silently gazed at her.

Madison pursed her lips into a faint smile, withdrawing her hand and leaning forward slightly.

Their proximity mirrored the moment at Nianzhou Airport.

In a soft whisper, she offered, “Shall I help cool you down?”