

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

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Michael's gaze glued to the second floor as if it were tethered there, even as he conversed with others, his eyes didn't waver.

To think that Ethan, solo' since birth for over two decades, could possibly break his streak-what good soul could withstand that?

"Should we call Silver Helm's little sister over?" Michael pondered

aloud.

William collapsed back onto the sofa, still weary, and muttered lazily, "No one's sick, why call her over?"

The medic who had attended to Madison's arm wound that day at the Wood Lake Vistas was none other than Silver Helm's sister, Silver

Ginger.

They held foreign nationality and their surnames differed.

As they discussed, Madison descended the stairs, sleep still clings to her eyes, buttoning her cuffs as she went.

“You’re up, goddess!” Jessica was quick to greet her.

Madison nodded in acknowledgment.

After all, it was a new place and, combined with the previous day’s events, her sleep had been anything but restful.

Upon her arrival, Michael’s gaze swept over her from head to toe, appraising her as one might an expensive antique.

Madison, noticing his scrutiny, smiled back, “Is something wrong, Lawyer Zhou?”

“No, no, no...” Michael’s throat bobbed as he spoke, “Is... President Grant still asleep?”

Assuming that they hadn't seen Ethan yet, he should indeed be sleeping.

As Madison confirmed with a nod, Michael's heart thumped wildly. About to phone someone, he spotted a woman entering through the front door.

He immediately called out to her, "Evel, hey, get Silver Ginger on the line, and ask her to bring some stuff over."

This woman, known as 'Evel', had distinct mixed-race features at first glance. Her pupils were a light brown, her eye sockets more profound than those of most Asians, yet her other features didn't significantly differ from an Asian's-except for her notably cold demeanor and piercing gaze.

Hearing Michael's request, Evel looked up, placed the object in her hand down, and, without a word, walked away.

Michael, feeling slighted as she left, called after her with hands on his hips, "Hey, I'm talking to you! Evel? Evel!"

His voice echoed after her.

Madison watched, bemused by the interaction.

This was...

Jessica seemed accustomed to it, continuing with her cooking and serving up meals at the table.

Speaking of cooking, it was mostly reheated takeout!

Meanwhile, William was forcing himself to wake up fully.

Upstairs.

Ethan, having drunk heavily through the night, had only gone to bed at

dawn and had barely slept for four or five hours.

He stepped out with a cigarette hanging from his lips, donning one of Michael's shirts, only to encounter the aloof woman head-on.

She halted, then stood erect, her hands flush against her sides,

bowing at a precise forty-five-degree angle, her respectful demeanor impeccable.

"President Grant."

Ethan, with cigarette clamped between his teeth, his eyes still raw from sleep, methodically fastened his shirt's cuffs.

"Evel," he acknowledged quietly.

Evel, who dared give Michael the cold shoulder, dared not do the same to this man...

As Ethan descended to the first floor, Michael followed in hot pursuit, fuming but instantly altering his demeanor upon sight of Ethan, "Oh, Boss Jiang's awake, eh? Looking a bit off-color, aren't you?"

Ethan didn't quite grasp the jest and wasn't interested in engaging bypassing him as he continued on.

Michael proceeded with his search, "Evel!"

Thus, the entire breakfast time echoed with Michael's calling.

Ethan sat beside Madison, appearing to have little appetite, persistently serving her food despite this.

"I can't eat all this," Madison said, eyeing her bowl, piled high like a small mountain.

Ethan glanced at her wrist, "Eat more, you'll get used to it, you're a bit thin."

Madison took a sip of water, "Are you mistaking what 'thin' means?"

Her figure was indeed well-proportioned, far from thin, very symmetrical except for her collarbone and wrists, no obvious bony protrusions.

Such a physique, in anyone's eyes, was the epitome of perfection.

Without another word, Ethan dropped his chopsticks and casually pinched her waist, then commented, “Thin.”

“Cough, cough!” Madison was caught off guard by his sudden pinch, ending up choking.

Although it was just the side of her waist and through clothes, and his grip wasn’t heavy, it was...

Jessica saw the exchange, of course, but chose to play blind.

“Here, William, have some more. You love frog legs, don’t you?” Jessica kept adding frog legs to William’s bowl.

William’s face nearly turned green, struggling to maintain his polite facade as he forced the frog legs into his mouth.

When he finally could, he whispered a reminder, “Miss, I actually hate frog legs the most.”

“Really?” Jessica looked surprised and confused, “Then who likes them?”

“Your brother.”

“Oh.”

William had grown up eating frog legs. When asked about his childhood, his first response was always ‘my childhood was full of frog legs’, and once grown, he never wanted to eat them again.

“Isn’t Lawyer Zhou eating?” Madison inquired.

At that moment, Michael’s voice still echoed through the villa, calling’

Evel’.

“He has obsessive-compulsive disorder; he won’t stop until he finds Evel,” William explained.

“Is she that hard to locate?” Madison marveled.

The villa was much smaller than Ethan's Wood Lake Vistas; finding someone should be straightforward, right?

"Do you know what that woman does for a living, Captain Madison?" William queried.

Madison replied, "Of course not."

William glanced at the man opposite them but said nothing.

Then Ethan slowly spoke, "In the context of a novel, her profession would be termed 'assassin.'"

"Cough-"

"Splutter-"

Madison's shock was understandable, her gaze shifting to Jessica, who had practically sprayed her drink all over the food.

Madison and William, who hadn't finished eating, were speechless.

Jessica, struggling through a coughing fit, her face flushed red, eked out an apology, “I’m sorry... I’ll treat you to a meal... to apologize... cough, cough!”

Ethan gave her a reproachful glance before continuing, “About more than a year ago...”

William interjected, “President Grant, it’s been eleven months and

twenty-four days.”

The man’s gaze swept over him chillingly, but William nodded with a smile, “Please, continue.”

“She was here to kill me, but there were always people around me. So, she opted for Michael instead and, through a series of mishaps, failed. Michael initially wanted to send her to the international court, but after some thought, I convinced him to keep her here, up to this day.”

“Why keep her? Aren’t you afraid she’ll try again?” Jessica was also discovering the true identity of the mixed-race woman today.

“She was driven to desperation, younger than you, and backing her into a corner wouldn’t benefit me; there was no need for ruthlessness,” Ethan replied casually.

Jessica gave him a thumbs up, “My brother’s the epitome of kindness!

“Kind is kind, but why ‘epitome of kindness’?” Ethan furrowed his brow, “Speak properly.”

“Oh.”

Forget it, he laughed, “Besides, do you think I kept her here out of kindness?”

Madison didn’t understand.

William stepped in to clarify, “Michael is a lawyer; he babbles

incessantly all day long, nearly driving Evel insane. It’s akin to mental torture.”

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The subjects of the recent discussion made their entrance.

Michael was trailing behind, lecturing the woman in front: “Ever since I’ve known you, it’s been a game of hide and seek every day. Had the whole house remodeled just to prevent your disappearing acts, but who would have thought you’ve mastered the art of

contortion? Fitting into a shoe cabinet, you’re extraordinarily skilled, I must say.”

Evel approached with an indifferent face, bowed to the seated group with impeccable manners, a testament to her upbringing.

Ethan chuckled, “Sit down and have some breakfast. Jessica, please serve the meal we’ve set aside for our guest.”

The food Jessica sprayed on was certainly not fit for consumption.

Before long, Evel and Michael were sitting face to face.

Now that she was closer, Madison scrutinized Evel more thoroughly. Something flashed through her mind, too quick to catch.

“Evel, please eat. Don’t go saying around I’ve mistreated you,” Michael generously pushed the dishes towards her.

The woman’s hand, grasping her chopsticks, trembled slightly.

“Evel, you...”

“Evel, ah...”

“Snap!”

With an abrupt slap of her chopsticks, Evel’s icy gaze locked onto Michael, her first words sharp, “I do not accept this name.”

“You’ve got no human rights under my roof,” Michael replied

seriously. “Remember, you came here to kill me! I spared you from the court out of kindness! And now you’re getting choosy? Besides...

“What was so great about your original name?”

Michael's face contorted with disbelief, "Acao?"

"I renamed you Evel, isn't that fitting?"

Everyone: "..."

Even Ethan was just now learning Evel's original name was Acao.

Stunned, William tried to console Evel, "When you think about it, Michael did a decent job choosing your name."

Evel glanced at him, saying nothing.

As they left Michael's place, Madison noticed Evel tagging along.

In the car, Ethan informed her, "From now on, Evel will be your personal bodyguard."

Madison was surprised, “That’s not necessary. I’m no VIP, and I doubt anyone wants me dead.”

Ethan gave her a look, his unspoken words hanging in the air, and smiled, “Just follow President Grant’s instructions, okay?”

He patted her head, and Madison nodded, lips pursed, “Okay.”

Evel was indeed professional, extremely so.

If Madison closed her eyes, she wouldn’t even be aware of Evel’s presence in the car by her breathing alone.

Upon returning to Wood Lake Vistas, Madison, flustered by Evel’s

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constant shadowing, finally said, “You don’t have to follow me around all the time, relax when we’re home.

Evel simply stared back, silent.

“Alright then, follow if you must.”

Thus, for the next half a month, Evel was ever-present, except when Madison was flying. As soon as she landed, Evel would appear like a

phantom.

Amelia noticed Evel but wisely refrained from questions.

After her last domestic flight, Frank reminded her of the upcoming

international flight on the 23rd.

The day after tomorrow was the 23rd.

After returning, Madison cleaned up and began strength training and

yoga.

Evel stood like a statue, tucked away in a blind spot on the balcony.

“Buzz-”

Her phone vibrated on the yoga mat. Madison answered, “Hello?”

“Madison!!” Lucas’s scream was so piercing it almost deafened her

Annoyed, she retorted, “What’s the matter, Lucas? Going off the deep end again?”

“I’ll be damned! You’re asking for an even split of the assets!” Lucas, clutching the legal documents for the asset division, raged in the middle of the street.

That very morning, the division had been settled, and despite his “generous gifts” beforehand, the judge still ruled for an even split.

Madison was awarded assets worth nearly 190 million.

The rest, being premarital property, naturally wasn't subject to division.

And as if that wasn't enough, the judge also ruled that all the expenditures on his female friends during the marriage had to be rerepaid to Madison by forking over half of the money.

Lucas was livid, forgetting Ethan's previous lessons, he called Madison, venting his frustration first!

Madison was unaware of what had transpired with Lucas that night after being led away by Silver Helm.

His teeth were nearly ground to dust by Silver Helm!

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And when he left, they threw several hundred thousand cash at him, claiming it was compensation.

They beat him up and then just tossed money at him and left?!

Lucas couldn't swallow this humiliation. His tone menacing, he threatened, "You wait, Madison, I won't let you get away with this!"

After such a call, Madison's mood remained unaffected.

She had just hung up when Ethan sent her a WeChat document.

It was the verdict on the asset division, which would be transferred to her account within a week.

Ethan had indeed resolved this matter for her.

“Do we kill him?” A sudden whisper near her ear.

Startled, Madison exclaimed, “What?”

Evel had approached to within a meter of her, fixing her with a steady gaze, repeating, “Should we kill that man on the phone?”

Madison swallowed hard, “Ahem... My dear, we’re law-abiding citizens, no need for violence, all right?”

Lucas had no idea how close he’d come to meeting his maker.

That evening, Ethan arrived home late, long after Madison had gone to bed.

Evel was in the study.

Ethan, reclining in his chair, legs propped on the desk, instructed,

Ensure her safety on tomorrow’s flight.”

“Yes,” Evel nodded.

His words were precise, “If she dies, you go with her.”

Evel’s expression didn’t falter, “She won’t die.”

“No injuries either.”

“Understood.”

Ethan chose not to approach Madison tonight, fearing that mentioning tomorrow’s flight would add to her stress.

In reality, Madison’s mental resilience was robust.

She didn’t lose sleep but instead rested exceptionally well.

Waking promptly at 7:30 a.m., she prepared swiftly, then headed to the company with Evel.

Today’s mission was crucial, necessitating an earlier start for flight meetings.

In the briefing room.

Evel stood behind Madison like a secretary, masked, clad in white.

As captain, Madison went through the routine pre-flight checks methodically.

“Aren’t you nervous, Captain?” Jack rubbed his hands throughout.

Henry was tense, “I’m nervous, how come you’re not?”

“Why be nervous?” Madison stood, “Carry on as usual, treat today like any regular flight.”

She confirmed the flight path for the umpteenth time, mentally rehearsing several emergency escape routes.

Her nerves were taut all morning.

On the way to the terminal, Frank came to reassure the crew, “Relax, don’t be tense.”

Then he saw Madison laughing silently at a comedy on her phone.

He’d worried for nothing.

12:35 p.m.

Passengers boarded the aircraft in succession.

Many off-duty pilots watched from the terminal’s panoramic windows as the plane prepared for takeoff.

A concerned captain murmured, “Nothing can go wrong, right?”

Frank’s heart drummed, “The two oceans are the riskiest, especially now in the rainy season. It’s hard to predict.”

On the plane.

As the aircraft was about to take off, a woman’s calm voice filled the cabin-

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am the captain of this flight. We are bound for the capital of N country, with an estimated flight duration of 13 hours and 25 minutes. If you need any assistance during the journey, please contact us.”

Pausing, Madison added, “On behalf of Mukino Airlines’ crew, I wish you a smooth journey.”

Smooth...

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She replaced ‘pleasant’ with ‘smooth’.

As Madison steered the international flight into the sky, her heart ascended with the plane.

Was she afraid?

Perhaps a bit.

“Captain, I’m so nervous I can hardly breathe,” Jack swallowed hard.

Not just him, even the typically composed Landu grew solemn.

No one wanted any mishaps. Should an emergency arise near those vast oceans, their careers would be the least of their worries...

Their lives could be left in a foreign land.

Madison, at the helm, had successfully launched the aircraft skyward.

As the afternoon sun beamed down, the calm in her eyes transformed into a cascade of falling petals, resolute and determi

“What you need to do, aside from assisting me, is to trust me.”

Trust that I have the skill to bring us all safely home.

As she concluded, the plane, heading toward the international route, approached a growing expanse of dark clouds.

On Madison’s face, a resolute determination emerged, ready to stake everything on this flight.

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Believe it!

Of course, they believed it!

At this critical moment, all they could do was unite and help each other. They could only rely on themselves for good fortune.

Even the flight attendants on the same flight were in high spirits, and even Jessica refrained from arguing with Amelia.

They knew the difference of this flight mission and each of them brought their highest level of professionalism.

Throughout the flight that lasted for more than ten hours, Madison only rested for half an hour. She kept a close eye on every instrument panel in the cockpit to ensure everything went smoothly.

After Henry had been flying for a while, he said, "Captain, we're about to reach the air route where two oceans meet."

They weren't going to cross two oceans; it would take much longer than a dozen hours. Besides, it wasn't a direct flight.

According to the flight plan, their aircraft would pass through the intersection of two oceans.

When they reached that area, Madison took over the controls.

Henry sat in the co-pilot seat, constantly monitoring the weather and the status of the aircraft.

As they flew over the boundary of the two oceans, Jack and Landu in the back seat became fully alert.

As the sky grew darker, it meant they were flying directly over the

open sea.

The plane started to experience turbulence influenced by the airflow.

Jessica immediately reassured the passengers in the cabin, telling them not to worry and that it was just normal turbulence.

Henry furrowed his brow, "Visibility is getting lower."

Jack also reminded, "It's raining."

Madison promptly disengaged the autopilot and took over manual control.

Through the window, they could clearly see the vast ocean with rolling waves.

The deep blue ocean on the left and the black ocean on the right were like two distinct realms separated by a line.

At this moment, Madison's focus reached its peak. She furrowed her brow and carefully executed each step to ensure a smooth passage.

During this time, everyone remained silent, even their breathing seemed to have paused. Everyone's gaze was fixed ahead, anticipating the first light of dawn.

The turbulence lasted for over two minutes.

They all let out a sigh of relief the moment the plane returned to a stable state. Madison immediately re-engaged the autopilot.

The others also breathed a sigh of relief and slowly smiled.

When a drop of sweat slid down her cheek and fell onto the back of her hand, Madison became absent-minded.

Only heaven knew what her heartbeat was like during those short

minutes.

How could she not be afraid?

She squeezed her slightly trembling left hand and took a deep breath.

“Captain, are you alright?” Jack’s voice trembled.

Madison rubbed her eyelids and replied, “I’m fine.”

The most dangerous part was over, and the rest of the flight would not encounter any more issues.

After more than thirteen hours, the plane landed smoothly at the capital airport of Country N.

As they bid farewell to the passengers, Jessica’s smile was incredibly radiant.

After seeing off the passengers, Madison stepped out of the cabin and saw the flight attendants lining up at the entrance.

Each of them had a smile on their faces and spoke in unison, ” Captain, thank you for your hard work!”

Madison smiled gently and replied, “It’s my pleasure. Thank you

too.”

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and left the airport with joy laughter.

The local authorities had prepared a hotel for their early arrival.

Finally able to relax after being on high alert for so long, Madison, didn’t even glance at her phone. She entered the hotel, freshened up, and took the opportunity to rest.

They would stay here for two days, waiting for the passengers to complete their meetings before they returned..

However, due to the time difference, Madison didn’t sleep for long.

Coincidentally, as soon as she turned on her phone, she received a call from Jessica, asking if she was awake and if she could come over with Amelia.

The two women entered the room, looking exhausted.

“What’s going on?” Madison asked.

“I haven’t flown an international flight in a while, so I can’t adjust to the time difference,” Jessica flopped onto the bed like a zombie.

Amelia plopped into the sofa, “I can’t sleep. Every time I close my eyes, I feel the tension from yesterday’s flight.”

None of them had slept well, but luckily there was no rush, and they had a whole day to relax and rest.

“Buzz -”

Madison poured them glasses of water and checked her messages.

There were three in total.

President Grant: Make sure to adjust to the time difference.

President Grant: When you go out shopping, bring Evel with you. Th security there is very chaotic. If you don’t have local currency, let Jessica pay, and I’ll reimburse her.

The last message was a voice message.

Madison clicked on it and listened to the content by placing the phone near her ear.

In the next second, a tired and seductive voice came through the

earpiece-

“President Grant misses you.”

“Ahem...” Madison almost choked on her saliva.

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She quickly locked the screen, her gaze shifting to Jessica. “Jiang Jiang, can I ask you something?”

Jessica raised her cheap head weakly and replied, “Ah, go ahead.”

Madison sat down beside her and massaged her gently. Jessica hummed with contentment.

Slowly, Madison asked, “It’s just... what’s your brother like when he’s in a relationship? I’m not really curious, but... it’s just a bit baffling!”

Ethan... why... why does he not seem capable of blushing??

Madison couldn’t bring herself to recall that ‘President Grant misses you’ line a second time.

She didn’t want to admit it, but when she heard Ethan’s voice, her heart actually skipped a beat.

While Madison was lost in thought, Jessica answered her, “My big brother has never been in a relationship before. What’s he like? Well, he’s just the same as you’ve seen.”

Never been in a relationship?

Madison stopped massaging in surprise.

“Then how does he...” Madison carefully chose her words, “How

does he...?”

Amelia interjected, “How is he so good at it, you mean?”

Jessica turned around and sat at the end of the bed, staring at

Madison intently. “What did my brother do?”

Amelia, lying on the sofa, laughed, “He must be seducing my sister-in-law. Look how red her face is.”

Jessica immediately scrutinized Madison’s face, “Is it red? I didn’t

notice.”

“The way you’re looking...” Amelia sat up and handed Madison a glass of water, “You’re lucky you didn’t become a commercial pilot; you can’t even understand colors.”

“Why can’t I understand colors? Why can’t I become a commercial pilot?” Jessica protested.

“I suspect you’re a spy.” Amelia squinted her eyes.

Jessica: “???”

“The Underworld sent you to the mortal realm to do business, right?” Amelia beamed.

Jessica glared at her and then turned back to the previous topic, “Tell me, what did my brother do?”

“What else could he have done? He probably said some ambiguous words to my sister-in-law. Like...” Amelia put on a thoughtful expression, “Like ‘I miss you’ or ‘I can’t wait for you to come’.”

Madison felt her heart skip a beat.

It had to be said, Amelia had quite a bit of experience.

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Seeing Madison's expressionless face, Amelia leaned in as well, and the three women sat together like a gathering of close friends.

Amelia said, "Let me tell you, sister-in-law, when President Grant falls in love, he's the kind who warms your heart. He'll take care of everything, from food to entertainment, and show concern for you both at home and outside. Your main responsibility as his girlfriend is to be beautiful and successful in your career. Even in his busiest moments, he can split his heart into eight petals and give you one or two, making you feel incredibly warm, happy, and loved."

Jessica silently handed over the water she hadn't drunk, "...Take a sip?"

She's such a smooth talker.

She's praising him so much!

Amelia shamelessly accepted the water.

“I have to ask, the way you described him, is it really my big brother? Jessica’s eyebrows furrowed. “My half-brother with the same father but different mother, and the opposite sex?”

“Of course! Besides President Grant, can you find another man in this world who is as wise and powerful as my magnificent boss?” Amelia said confidently.

Jessica pouted, “He has never shown me that kind of care. Can you stop with the false advertising? I’ll report you for committing a crime.”

Amelia lost her smile, “Are you two really siblings? Why do I feel like you’re even more unfamiliar with my brother than I am?”

“Cough, alright, I get it,” Madison quickly interrupted their argument.

Amelia refused to back down, “You’re his sister! His half-sister! She’s his future wife! Can you compare?”

Jessica felt her status being ignored.

The two fell silent for a while and then, quite in sync, shifted their attention to Madison, who was lost in her thoughts.

Seeing the two of them suddenly surrounding her, Madison

instinctively moved back.

“Do you like her brother?”

“Do you like my brother?”

“?”

Madison took a deep breath, “I’m tired, I need rest.”

“Your eyes are brighter than both of ours, why are you tired?” Amelia grabbed her.

Jessica grabbed one of Madison’s legs, “You have to explain! W did you suddenly ask about my brother? Did you start missing him o of nowhere?”

“I didn’t!” Madison denied.

As a result, Jessica instantly let go of her, took out her phone, and sent a voice message to Ethan right in front of Madison, “Big brother, Madison misses you, she can’t sleep.”

“...Jessica!” Madison exclaimed.

Amelia quickly got up, pulling Jessica along, “Let’s go, let’s go, we’re tired, let’s go to sleep.”

The two hurriedly left, and Madison didn’t even have a chance to

catch up and ask her to retract the message before her phone rang.

In her rush, she accidentally answered the call.

“Madison?”

Ethan’s voice came through, and Madison helplessly answered, Good evening, President Grant.”

There was a six-hour time difference between the two countries, so it was already early morning in the home country, and Ethan was still working in the office.

He seemed to be on speakerphone, and there was the sound of flipping pages of a book in the background.

Hastily, Madison said, “Are you busy? Then please continue.”

“Not busy.” The man’s voice was a bit hoarse, and laughter overflowed. “I heard you miss me?”

“...” Madison covered her forehead and let out a deep breath.” Jessica was just making things up.

“Oh.”

Ethan didn’t seem disappointed. His tone sounded casual. “Then

answer me again.”

“What?”

He lit a cigarette, took off the speakerphone, and his voice became

clearer. "You miss me?"

Even if it's just a little bit," he let out a breath, "do you?"

There was a moment of silence during the call.

Ethan chuckled lightly. "Alright, if you don't miss me, forget it."

Madison immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

But the next moment, she heard Ethan say, "But I miss you, and I just told you. Did you hear it?"

He asked so seriously.

With her heart pounding, Madison didn't respond until a long while later, "I heard."

Her voice sounded as soft as a bird, bringing Ethan's heart.

thousands of miles away to life.

He clicked his tongue. "If I had known, I wouldn't have let you go on this trip."

"Why? Don't you believe me?"

But Ethan replied, "It's so far away, can't catch up to see you."

Alone in the room, Madison finally allowed herself to touch her burning ears without inhibition.

"You... you should rest, too. I'm going to sleep. Goodnight!"

Looking at the disconnected call, Ethan smiled.

"Hey, Michael, wake up."

In the office, Michael slept like a log, and he groggily opened his eyes, “Huh? Are we done? Let’s go home...”

“Not going home.”

Ethan walked over and looked down at Michael, who had just sat up. “Will you accompany me somewhere?”

Michael looked confused.

Slandon Port, 35 minutes past midnight.

On flight GN1377 heading to the capital of Country N, the chief stewardess who was about to close the cabin door received a last-

minute notification.

Soon, the captain also received the same notification, “Delay the departure time by five minutes.”

The co-pilot was confused, “What’s going on?”

“They said we have a VIP.”

A VIP?

An important passenger?

Who?

The entire crew gathered at the cabin door, quietly asking the captain, but even the captain himself didn’t know.

After about three to four minutes, hurried footsteps grew clos

When they saw the face of the man walking in front, the cap the entire crew in a collective bow, “President Grant!”

“President Grant!”

“President Grant...”

Everyone witnessed the two men enter the aircraft, and the chief stewardess specially arranged two first-class seats for them, instructing all flight attendants to be on high alert.

Once seated, the plane quickly took off.

Wiping the sweat off his forehead, Michael exclaimed, “I can’t believe it... I can’t believe you! It’s amazing how you’re the owner of an airline and don’t even need to buy a ticket in the middle of the night.

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You just walk in and want to go to Country N!”

“I never thought you had a romantic side, Ethan!”

Ethan, who had just opened a file to read, put on his glasses and smiled politely, “Do you have a problem with that?”

“What can I say?” Michael sneered. “Except for the few times I had to run for my life with you, this is the first time we’ve rushed so fast!”

Leaning against the window, Ethan couldn’t stop smiling. He glanced at Michael, who was wiping sweat off his face, “Do I seem like a romantic?”

“What do you think? You’re going far, Big Brother! It’s a thirteen-hour flight!” Michael pointed at his watch.

Ethan nodded, licked his teeth.

After a while, he turned his head, looking serious, and his voice became low, “But I miss her, what should I do?”

Michael was taken aback.

He was a bit surprised.

Ethan had fallen so fast?

Sighing, Michael sounded like a helpless old father, “What can you

do? I’m accompanying you to see her, aren’t I?”

Chapter 0086

Fourteen hours later, at the capital airport of N country.

The crew bid farewell to two distinguished guests as they disembarked from the plane.

Michael, patting his chest and holding his back, trudged along, “I must have been out of my mind to agree to come with you. My back is about to break!”

Upon looking up, Michael couldn’t help himself, “Your back hurts too?”

Ethan, leaning against the glass door at the entryway, smiled wryly as he responded, “No, my back doesn’t hurt, it’s just a bit sore.”

“...Bro, is there even a difference?”

“A world of difference,” Ethan said as he stretched. “Mine will get better with rest, but yours is sickness. You need treatment.”

“Get lost!”

“Sister-in-law.”

Just after her meeting at the airport, Madison was about to check on the plane when Amelia caught up with her.

Madison had already learned to tune out her ‘sister-in-law’ title,”

Hmm?”

“Don’t rush off. Let’s grab something to eat. They’ve got a famous snack stand here,” Amelia suggested.

Reflecting on her time in N country, Madison

nothing but stay in the hotel.

calized she had done

“Sounds good. Where’s Jessica?”

Amelia, ever so considerate, said, “I’ll message her.”

The three women quickly met up and headed to an airport shop to buy snacks. M...

Madison was the first to make a purchase, with the others behind her placing their orders.

She examined the treat that resembled a candied hawthorn stick yet wasn’t, pondering over it.

She was never much for sweets.

“Why aren’t you eating?” Amelia, having placed her order, walked over.

Her order wasn’t ready yet; it would take a while.

Madison twirled the stick in her fingers, “I don’t like sweets much.”

“I heard President Grant has a sweet tooth. If he weren’t too far away, you could bring this back for him to try,” Amelia said.

Just as she finished speaking, her order number was called, and s

hurried to collect it.

Madison looked at the snack in her hand, murmuring to herself, “For Ethan? Would he even like something this sweet?”

No sooner had she muttered this than her vision darkened, and a hand covered her mouth, yanking her backward.

Madison’s heart skipped a beat as terror and panic flooded her mind.

Her captor gave her no chance to cry out, swiftly whisking her away.

“Shh,” a particularly raspy voice whispered.

Madison felt something pressed against her back and dared not resist.

But this was an airport!

Could security really be this lax?

In broad daylight, at the airport, such audacity?!

Holding her breath, Madison nodded silently, indicating her willingness to cooperate, just as she had with Ethan.

Whoever was bold enough to do this must be confident, and she wasn't about to act rashly.

When she was pushed against a wall, Madison's nerves suddenly eased.

Because...

She recognized a scent.

A familiar fragrance.

Before she could ponder any further, her captor spoke fluently in local tongue, “This is a hold-up.”

Madison didn't understand the language well but got the gist and raised her hands, signaling the robber to search her.

Expecting a pat-down, she was surprised when the hand covering her mouth withdrew, replaced by a whisper at her ear-

“May I have what you're holding?”

That voice...

Madison's heartbeat surged.

Then, the blinding hand vanished, and alongside the returning light...

There was Ethan's face, grinning as he took a bite of the treat she

held.

Ethan frowned, "It is a bit too sweet.

Madison's breathing was erratic.

After a long pause, she couldn't hold back and slapped his shoulder.

"Ethan, you scared me to death!"

Ethan chuckled nonstop, "I've warned you about safety. Why didn't you carry something for self- defense?"

Madison glared at him, her face still pale.

After a moment, Ethan's smile faded, and he stepped forward, wrapping her in his arms. He soothed her gently with his hand. caressing her head.

"I was wrong to scare you," he said. "Don't worry."

"Didn't you consider Evel was nearby? If someone approached you, wouldn't she intervene?"

Madison finally relaxed her voice, "I didn't have time to think that much."

Having never encountered a kidnapping, she naturally panicked at the first encounter.

Realizing something, Madison asked, "How are you even here?"

Ethan leaned back against the wall with her, "I came to see you."

"Travel nearly ten thousand miles just to see me?" Madison asked, bewildered.

Ethan finished off the sweet treat in a few bites, despite its cloying sweetness making him want to cry. He raised an eyebrow in question, "Is that a problem?"

Madison didn't believe that was the reason, assuming he had.

business to attend to.

Unexpectedly, Ethan leaned in closer, seeking a whisper, “Are you not happy?”

“Huh?”

He was forthright, “I want to know if you’re happy to see me.”

“Don’t brush me off.”

Under Ethan’s unyielding gaze, Madison lowered her eyes and murmured softly, “Yes.”

As a group of new hotel guests arrived, Ethan frowned, “What? I didn’t hear...”

“I’m happy.”

Madison looked up at him, eyes clear, “Ethan, I am happy you came to see me. But don’t do this again. It’s too far, the journey is dangerous, you...”

She hesitated, her face burning, “Just wait for me at home.”

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

The smile on Ethan’s face completely disappeared.

When Madison noticed, she thought she had said something wrong, I... I don’t mean to stop you from coming. What I meant was that you can wait for me at Slandon Port, and I’ll come to find you after I fly

back. I...”

“Say it again,” he said with a serious expression, taking out his phone and pressing the record button. “I’ll record it.”

#

“What?” Ethan said, “I’m recording it so that you can’t go back on your word.”

“Did I promise something?” Madison was confused.

Ethan enunciated each word, “You said for me to wait for you at home, and you’ll come back to find me.”

“Quickly say it again!”

Hearing his serious tone, Madison instinctively complied, repeating obediently into his phone’s microphone.

“... You just need to wait for me at home, and I’ll come back to find you?”

Ethan saved the recording with satisfaction, and his smile returned.

As they entered the elevator together, Michael glanced at him. several times. “Did you strike it rich?”

“Do I still need to get rich?”

“Fair enough.”

When they stepped out of the elevator, their accommodations were in different directions.

When Madison turned right, her wrist was pulled, forcing her left ear to meet the man’s low, gentle voice.

“Let me tell you a secret. When you said that sentence...”

“President Grant’s heart was about to shatter.”

By the time she snapped out of her daze, Ethan had already walked left, side by side with Michael.

His voice seemed to linger in her ear, enchanting her, like the perfect. trap waiting for her to fall into.

And he was already deep within the trap, waiting to catch her.

After resting at the hotel for a while, they returned to the airport with their belongings. The return flight was ready for takeoff.

Everything went smoothly from boarding to takeoff.

The weather forecast showed no thunderstorms in the area, and it was a sunny day at Slandon Port. Everything was beautiful.

The flight attendants finished serving the passengers and quietly discussed where they should go to celebrate.

Because before takeoff, they received a group notification.

The chairman promised them three days off and double the bonus for the month once they safely returned to Slandon Port.

That was worth celebrating!

On another plane taking off twenty-five minutes later.

Michael was lying comfortably. “The luckiest thing in my life was meeting Ethan.”

“I also got to ride a chartered flight across the country.”

The man on the other side, with his eyes closed, said, “That’s not what you said four hours ago.”

Michael selectively forgot, “It never happened. It was just another personality of mine talking nonsense. Don’t believe it.”

Perhaps to make up for the trouble Michael went through, Ethan arranged for the chartered plane they came on to be empty and fly back, compensating the passengers who were originally on the plane with half of their ticket fare.

So, all the crew members on this plane were there solely to serve the two of them.

The foreign flight attendants had attractive figures and were enthusiastic. They came over repeatedly, asking if the two distinguished passengers needed any drinks or meals.

Michael chatted with them enthusiastically, “Chairman Jiang, are you going to take a look? Their figures are amazing.”

Ethan had already narrowed his eyes and didn’t even bother to open them when he heard that. “If you dare to ask one of them out after we land, you don’t have to appear in front of me again.”

“You...” Michael retorted.

“Aren’t you afraid of getting sick?” the man asked with a smile.

Michael explained, “I’m not doing anything.”

“If you’re not doing anything, what’s wrong with your back?” Ethan

asked.

“Oh, you’ve become a rich man, but your personal life is so dull. Most importantly, your personal life doesn’t match your thoughts at all. Your personal life is as clean as a blank sheet of paper, but your thoughts are so murky.” Michael teased.

Ethan opened his eyes at that moment.

He looked at Michael seriously. "I suddenly feel grateful that I've stayed pure."

"Are you being ironic?"

Ethan lowered his gaze. "Otherwise, when facing Madison, I would feel unclean."

"Can you stop mentioning Madison every three sentences?" Michael was going crazy.

Ethan closed his eyes again, enjoying himself. "You're right. You wouldn't understand the joy of someone who is just beginning to

in love."

The word "beginning" hit Michael like a brick, accurately and speechlessly.

Michael screamed, "Why wouldn't understand? Come on, we're the same age!"

“But you’re like a dying flower, how can you compare to me?”

On the plane that was half an hour into the flight.

Just after Madison switched to autopilot, she heard an urgent message from international air traffic control, “Call sign 1976! Call

sign 1976!”

It must be something urgent.

Madison responded to the air traffic control immediately, “This is 1976, go ahead.”

International air traffic control urgently said, “There’s a self-flying plane approaching your flight path. Please be cautious of nearby routes. You are allowed to deviate from the flight path.”

Approaching her flight path?

Henry and Jack immediately took action and coordinated.

“1976, you are allowed to deviate from the flight path,” international

air traffic control said.

They didn’t explain why Madison had to avoid it. If it was to allow other time-critical flights to pass, she could have simply circled in the air until the other plane flew away.

But now they were asking her to avoid it as quickly as possible,

“1976, we have contacted air rescue for interception. Please maintain safe flight,” international air traffic control said.

Madison frowned, her tone becoming serious, “I think you need to tell me what exactly is happening so that I can make a series of judgments.”

There was a long silence on the other end of air traffic control before they said, “The person flying that plane is a fugitive from Country N who escaped six days ago. He has an unstable mental state and intends to stop your cooperation with Country N.”

That explanation was clear enough

The other person was trying to collide with them, so Madison needed to escape quickly.

However, air traffic control said something that shocked everyone, " He used to be a top pilot in Country N. 1976, be careful and delay as much as possible for interception!"

A top pilot!

At the same time, all the planes on the same frequency heard their conversation and were asked to alert their current locations if they noticed a plane not following air traffic control's instructions.

"What's going on?" Michael noticed the flight attendants becoming nervous and repeatedly reminding everyone to fasten their seatbelts.

Ethan also opened his eyes.

After questioning Michael without any answers, he eventually revealed Ethan's identity, and the co- pilot personally explained.

After hearing a long explanation, Michael's face changed. "Someone is trying to collide with Madison's plane?"

Wasn't 1976 the plane Madison was piloting?

Ethan suddenly stood up, his gaze as deep as a pool of water. me to the cockpit."

The co-pilot was stunned and tried to object.

Ethan's eyes glinted with coldness and he uttered a few words, "I'm telling you to open the door."

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

As he burst into the cockpit, the captain protested, "You can't do this, sir! You're not allowed in here!"

It was then that another command came from air traffic control, "All aircraft on the same flight path, please evade immediately, evade immediately!"

"Ethan, what are you doing?!" Michael watched in disbelief as Ethan actually responded to air traffic control, all the while preventing the captain from diverting the flight path.

“What model is the other aircraft?” Ethan demanded from air traffic control.

The co-pilot was frantic, “We need to evade it! If we don’t, it’ll hit us first!”

Ethan shot a fierce look, “Shut up.”

This was a Mukino Airlines plane; he had every right to comm

but....

“We haven’t detected the radar signal of that plane yet. Descend safe altitude and have your crew bail out.”

Ethan caught the instruction from air traffic control that allowed a aircraft on the same flight path to divert away from the dangerous target.

“Ethan, how many years has it been since you last piloted a plane!” Michael was sweating bullets.

But even he couldn't stop Ethan from yanking the captain away from his seat.

With the captain pushed aside, a desperate Michael barked orders, ” He'll descend to a safe altitude for bailing out. You need to get ready to escape!”

Michael shoved the flustered pilots out of the cockpit door.

The speed of descent was too fast, and the three men nearly tumbled to the floor but thankfully didn't flip over.

Michael clutched his head and roared, “Hurry up! Do you damn want to die with him?! If he survives, he'll explain it to your company; it won't reflect on you. If he dies, just say we hijacked you!”

No one knew where that perilous aircraft had gone.

No one is unafraid of death.

The whole crew scrambled in panic to prepare for their parachute

escape.

Michael crawled back to the cockpit, the plane swaying as if on a high- speed elevator.

Soon, Ethan commanded, “Let them jump, quickly!”

Michael relayed the message loudly.

At the emergency exits, the crew, well-trained and undaunted, began. to parachute out one by one...

Michael hustled over, struggling to close the door with the press of a

button.

Clutching his chest, he dashed back to the cockpit during a brief lull in the turbulence, plopping into the co-pilot’s seat and securing his seat

belt.

“Jiang... Ethan, I can’t fly a plane, I can’t assist you...” Michael was scared too.

Ethan’s forehead was slick with sweat as he calmly piloted the plane, racing back to the previous flight path, re-entering the air channel.

Just as they tuned in, another pilot’s voice from a different channel. announced, “Target sighted.”

They gave a latitude position.

Michael shivered as he looked at the flight path map, “It’s... it’s right in

front of us... Ethan...”

That meant Madison’s 1976 was out in front, the dangerous plane

was in the middle, and they were behind.

Ethan suddenly glanced at Michael.

Michael's heart skipped a beat.

"Michael, I owe you my life. If I don't make it..."

Ethan pushed the throttle forward, "In the next life, I'll be your ox and

horse."

"Damn it-"

As the aircraft surged forward at full speed, Michael felt his heart swinging wildly in his chest!

Was this the thrill of flying a fighter jet?!

On the channel...

Madison was accelerating, preparing to dodge the other's assault.

At the same moment, a voice in the channel left her stunned-

"CM3766 requests to take the offensive for interception."

That was...

Ethan?!

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Madison's eyes widened as she glanced at the radar map.

On the same flight path, only two distinct red dots remained.

One was hers, the other was the plane Ethan was on.

Madison roared back, “Ethan, don’t be insane!”

The entire channel could hear their conversation.

Ethan’s laughter sounded relaxed, “Madison, it’s about to catch up to

you. Listen, veer quickly to the left, it won’t react in time.”

Madison didn’t respond immediately, watching for any strange aircraft that might suddenly emerge from the clouds.

“Detected! Detected!!” Henry suddenly shouted.

On the radar map, between her and Ethan, another red dot appeared out of nowhere, flickering in and out of visibility.

The dot moved at an astonishing speed.

It was charging full speed at them.

Through the windshield, Madison and the other pilots saw it too.

At the critical moment, Ethan yelled, “Evade to the left!”

As she heard the command, Madison clenched her teeth and forcefully maneuvered the plane to veer sharply.

The sudden evasive action turned the cabin upside down, throwing the passengers about.

Jessica and the flight attendants were strapped in their seats, loudly reassuring the passengers.

The cabin was filled with screams and frightened cries.

After the sharp turn, Madison’s pupils shook.

On the radar, she saw the threatening dot that was nearly overlapping them was forced to dodge to the right.

All because the CM3766 plane Ethan was on had suddenly rushed in, gambling their lives in a desperate ploy.

On board the CM3766, Michael clung to the handrails, his face creased with tears, but he remembered to stay silent, fearing any noise might distract Ethan.

The whining of the engines filled the air.

His mother...

Ethan kept his eyes forward, piloting the commercial jet as if it were a fighter jet, performing maneuvers beyond its usual capabilities.

After forcing the smaller aircraft away, he didn't continue forward but reduced his speed, hovering in place, using his plane as a shield against another attack.

However, everyone had underestimated the desperate recklessne of the dangerous pilot.

The aircraft turned and came back, dodging Ethan while trying to

strike at 1976 again.

Michael's body swung wildly, but the seatbelt kept him anchored. He felt his eyeballs were about to pop out!

In the channel, at such a close distance, Madison could clearly see the skirmish behind her.

The massive airliner was flipping in the sky, circling the smaller plane, trying to slow its progress.

"Ethan... Ethan, get away!!" Madison screamed into the channel.

Ethan's voice was chaotic, intermittent.

After a long silence, she finally heard his hoarse voice-

“Madison, don’t be afraid. I trust you with Jessica and my passengers.

“You... just fly forward, don’t look back.”

Before the channel went silent again, everyone could hear Michael’s

piercing scream:

“Ahh-Dear God-”

Henry stared at the mirror that showed the rear view, not just him, everyone in the cockpit could see, just a second ago-

The small plane emerged suddenly from the bottom right corner, but before it could collide, a much larger aircraft shot through the clouds, its vast body blocking the smaller plane’s approach.

Then, the thick clouds obscured their view.

No one knew what happened beyond the clouds.

Did they collide?

On the radar, in an instant, the signal of the dangerous aircraft vanished without a trace.

And with it, the signal from CM3766 disappeared too. On the entire flight path, only Madison's 1976 remained.

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

Madison's hands began to tremble instantly.

She quickly hit the autopilot button, "Henry, take over..."

Sweating profusely, Henry took her place.

The woman's legs gave way as she stepped down from the pilot's seat, collapsing to the floor.

“Captain!” Jack and Landu shakily came to her aid.

With unprecedented pressure weighing on her, Madison’s voice barely concealed her tremble, “Contact ground control below, find the

nearest airport for an emergency landing, hurry!”

“Yes!” Jack urgently made the contact.

Within minutes, the nearest airport arranged for their priority landing, while other planes were instructed to circle in the air and wait.

When the plane touched the ground, the jolt felt like her heart was tearing apart.

She stood up, “Henry, you’re in charge now. Contact local authorities for a pilot to assist you. Disperse all passengers and have them leave

in batches.”

“Where are you going?” Jack clutched at her.

As soon as the plane steadied, Madison, having arranged everything,

bolted outside.

Her eyes rimmed red with urgency, she dashed out of the cockpit only to be stopped by a pale- faced Jessica.

It seemed Jessica had guessed what was on Madison's mind, "You

can't go back! You can't!"

During the plane's descent, Jessica had caught a few exchanged

words.

It was her brother who had intercepted the plane, so Madison...

Madison's gaze was incredibly intense, "Alive or not, I must go back

for him.”

If not for his intention to see her, this wouldn’t have happened.

What was it about her that warranted Ethan doing all this?!

Madison shoved past everyone trying to stop her and sprinted outside.

Upon reaching the local airport, she flashed her work ID, quickly explained the situation, and requested a large rescue helicopter.

The local airport, having received the distress signal from the nearby airspace and considering Madison’s ordeal, immediately arranged a helicopter for her.

Cleared for flight, Madison raced to the helicopter.

She took no one with her, slipping into the craft, donning the communication headset, and as the rotors began to spin up, she entered the channel.

Passengers aboard Flight 1976 all noticed the local green Mi-24 helicopter taking off from the nearby open field, soaring into the air with authority, heading in the opposite direction.

She was resolute, not a moment of hesitation.

In that instant, Madison seemed to merge with the powerful helicopter, as if only she could truly command it forward..

At the same time, everyone in the nearby airspace was calling out to

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CM3766.

Regrettably, there was no response.

Below was a small stretch of sea and a residential area. If the plane. crashed, it would likely be seen, but there were no emergency calls or leads, which suggested CM3766 had possibly not yet met with

disaster.

Unless, it had truly plummeted into the sea.

Upon learning of the incident, the national airline immediately dispatched all available rescue aircraft from the vicinity to search.

It was later learned the plane was piloted by Mukino Airlines'

chairman.

To save Flight 1976, his act of bravery touched and moved all passengers aboard.

United, they pleaded for a full-force rescue.

Within the broadcast channel.

"Tower calling CM3766."

“Tower calling CM3766.”

“Tower calling CM3766.”

Over and over, yet still no answer.

Madison listened intently, her focus entirely on the sea’s surface

nearby.

As long as she didn’t see smoke or fire, she took it as a good sign.

It meant, at least, Ethan was still out there.

But as time passed without a response, her heartbeat quickened.

Ethan...

Piloting a local armed Mi-24 helicopter, the woman flew in tight. circles across the sky, drawing the attention of many in the residential area below..

At a small coastal line.

“Cough, cough, cough...”

When Ethan dragged Michael to shore, a shell was expelled from his mouth.

Michael looked up at the ominous sky, “Is this... hell?”

Not too far away, Ethan, drenched to the bone, was kneeling on the ground, gasping for air.

He had maneuvered into a dense cloud bank to evade the smaller plane, which immediately lost its bearings.

Ethan then circled back, deliberately drawing the small plane’s

attention.

Apparently enraged, the pilot of the small plane charged straight at him.

Being smaller and more agile, it had an advantage.

Ethan led it off course, hoping for support.

But the pilot seemed crazed, aiming for his plane's tail.

Ethan's reflexes allowed him to avoid most of the impact, but the tail was still clipped.

The plane momentarily lost balance.

The smaller plane, unable to withstand the collision, tumbled and fell from the sky.

Ethan used every skill his mother had taught him to keep the plane from crashing.

Noticing the sea ahead, he sped past residential areas, aiming for the water.

Finally, the half-tailed plane, shuddering violently, plunged into the sea.

As they neared the surface, Michael heeded Ethan's instructions to open the door.

On autopilot, Ethan and Michael, equipped with small parachutes, leaped out.

The plane continued its unsteady flight before crashing into the sea two minutes later, bursting into flames on impact.

Whether it exploded beneath the waves was beyond Ethan's concern as he lay gasping on the shore.

The area was deserted; without any belongings, their only ho

rescue.

But Ethan was injured.

His legs and arms were lacerated from struggling against the parachute cords in the shallow waters, striving to keep his head above water.

Michael was injured too, not severely, but not lightly either.

He shakily rose and tore off his shirt to bandage the wound at the root of Ethan's thigh.

"Where else?" Michael's voice trembled.

"Speak up! Where else are you hurt?"

Ethan, lying on the ground, merely gasped for air, silent.

"Ethan?"

“Ethan!” Michael held his head and wept aloud, “You left me alone in this godforsaken place; you might as well have taken me with you!”

“Ah... I’m not ready to die yet...”

“Your saliva...” Ethan’s weak voice broke through, “Wipe it... wipe off your saliva...”

He pushed Michael away, frowning with distaste, “It almost landed on my face.”

Michael, disheveled with tears on his lashes, looked at him expressionlessly.

“How much bad karma did I accumulate in my last life to know you?”

Ethan leaned against a rock, his face and lips gradually draining

color.

He hadn’t removed his clothes, not letting Michael know that something seemed to have punctured his back.

Otherwise, Michael would probably cry even harder.

He stayed with him, at least until someone came to rescue him.

The weather by the sea was as fickle as the pages of a book, changing with each turn.

Soon, the sky darkened with the threat of a storm.

Michael clung to Ethan, his voice breaking, “Ethan, hold on a little longer, someone will come.”

He bit his lip, sneakily glancing at his left palm, now stained with Ethan’s blood seeping from his back

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Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Ethan hadn’t passed out yet; he was just dizzy from blood loss and

felt an all-consuming chill.

Michael held him close to share his warmth.

“Let’s talk for a while, Ethan.”

He nodded slightly and began, “I have a regret.”

“So do I. I haven’t even worn my new tie yet.”

“I haven’t had the chance to date Madison.”

“At a time like this, you’re thinking about women!”

“Your concern for your tie is even more absurd than mine.”

I was trying to lighten the mood.”

“Who do you think can be happy at a time like this?”

“You have a point.”

The sky loomed oppressively dark, a blend of black and blue, as if the heavens and the sea were conspiring to overturn the world.

They had no idea how long they had been stranded; escape was impossible. Looking around, no signs of life were visible, and wandering aimlessly would just deplete their energy.

They were, essentially, waiting to die.

Time lost meaning.

Eventually, Ethan spoke up, “Michael, do you think Madison will come

rescue me?”

“Don’t dream.”

“I’m serious. I think I see a helicopter in the clouds.”

Michael let out a weak, cold chuckle, “You might as well tell me your see Aunt Fang. I’d believe that more.”

Aunt Fang, Ethan’s mother, had been a pilot, a formidable woman who flew fighter jets.

Suddenly, Ethan pushed him away and looked towards the dark

horizon.

“Michael, look.”

Michael’s gaze followed Ethan’s.

After a tense few seconds, he sprang up like a Jack-in-the-box, jumping and waving frantically, “Over here! There are people here!!!”

“Someone’s here!!!”

The helicopter nearby slowed down, but in the darkness, with nothing to signal their position, it was a shot in the dark they’d be spotted.

Michael seemed to realize this too the hope that had ignited in hi heart promptly extinguished.

If they had to stay here overnight, Michael could manage, but with Ethan’s injuries, he was...

Doomed.

Michael’s arms fell lifelessly to his sides.

Ethan’s expression, however, had remained unchanged from the start.

He kept his eyes fixed on the green Mi-24 helicopter, inexplicably convinced that the pilot was Madison.

There was no rational explanation for his intuition.

“Michael, stop shouting. They can’t hear us.”

As the helicopter flew away, Ethan whispered, “As long as she’s alive, that’s enough.”

As Michael turned with a retort about Ethan’s resignation, a

searchlight suddenly bathed them in light.

Both of them looked up simultaneously.

The beam of light seemed to tear through the pitch-black sky, spilling onto the earthly shores.

It was like a glowing staff or a cigarette lit by nature itself.

The light wavered nearby, and before Michael could react, it shone directly upon them.

The brightness forced Michael to close his eyes...

But Ethan faced the intense light head-on, staring as the helicopter rapidly approached.

Never had the military green been so magnificent in their hearts. Or those who felt its radiance could truly understand its pride and

sanctity.

The deafening sound of the helicopter's rotors filled the air, its downdraft churning the coastal waters.

Michael was blown off balance, forced to kneel.

The immense helicopter soon landed on a nearby spacious shore.

A figure emerged, carrying the resolute glimmer of humanity, heading

towards them.

At that moment, Ethan glanced at his watch, surprised to find it still ticking – the advantage of water resistance.

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Nine hours and forty-six minutes.

They had been trapped for nearly ten hours.

He looked up again as footsteps approached rapidly, followed by the embrace of warm arms.

Ethan staggered back.

The familiar scent of her hair brought a smile to his face.

In this moment, the sea breezes and waves witnessed the tears they had held back for nearly ten hours.

Madison's voice was hoarse, "I've finally found you..."

For ten hours, Madison had consumed nothing, her fuel was nearly depleted, and she desperately needed to return for refueling. Yet, as she passed this area, she had an inexplicable urge to look one more

time.

Even with the fuel indicator light on, she couldn't give up.

Returning for fuel would waste precious time. If Ethan was injured even an hour's delay could cost him his life.

So Madison circled this small coast twice, sweeping the searchlight

back and forth.

Spotting two figures on the ground, Madison was grateful for her sharp eyes.

Letting go of Ethan, she brushed away her tears and pulled out her phone to call for the rescue and medical teams.

She smelled blood.

And the Mi-24 was out of fuel; it couldn't make it out of this area.

After the call, Madison kneeled and wrapped her own jacket around

Ethan, "Show me where you're hurt."

"It's no use looking." Ethan leaned into her, showing vulnerability for the first time in front of someone other than Michael.

Madison stiffened, then gently held him, rubbing her cheek against his forehead, trying to impart some warmth.

Ethan's energy seemed to be reaching its end, his lips deathly pale.

His face buried in Madison's neck, he laughed softly, "I knew you'd

find me.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know.”

He couldn’t explain his certainty.

They weren’t even lovers, and she had never expressed any sentiment

for him.

Madison clutched his icy hand, breathing heavily, “Ethan, hang on a little longer. The rescue team is nearby, not far. They’ll be here soo Can you keep talking to me?”

“You start.”

Ethan’s consciousness was fading; he was cold, in pain, and drained

of strength.

“Do you have any dreams?” Madison searched for a topic as tears fell silently from her eyes.

They landed on Ethan’s cheeks. He struggled to open his eyes and reached out to wipe her tears away.

He didn’t have the strength for many words, so his comforting had to be downplayed.

So Ethan answered her question, “It used to be about making money,

but later...”

He paused for so long that Madison became anxious.

Finally, Ethan continued, “Later, it became... protecting your dream.”

His dream had become safeguarding hers.

To see her soaring in the sky again, free from harm, piloting the planes she loved.

He would escort all of Mukino Airways' aircraft for that woman named Madison.

As Ethan's hand fell, Madison choked up, suddenly holding him tight, " Hang in there, and when we get back, we'll be together, okay?" Watching him fall silent, Madison's eyes reddened with pain, "Ethan!"