

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

c 91-100

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

One hour and thirteen minutes later, the rescue team finally arrived,

and Madison personally saw Ethan onto the helicopter.

There she stood alone on the dark and dooming coastline, as if facing the apocalypse, yet her face was a portrait of smiles.

Ahead, dark clouds loomed ominously, behind, waves roared fiercely.

Yet Madison showed no fear.

Michael, witnessing the scene, looked at the lifeless man lying in the helicopter and said, "Maybe you were right."

An hour later.

At the capital hospital in country T.

Madison, upon her arrival, spent all the money she had.

“Use the best medicine!”

Stunned at the payment window, Michael had arrived at the hospital with Ethan, possessing nothing, not even a phone. Claiming Ethan was the chairman of Mukino Airlines, no one believed them without proof.

Michael glanced back at the imposing hospital entrance where the armed helicopter had just landed, his heart racing.

What woman travels the world in a helicopter?

“Do you even know how much the treatment will cost? How much will the hospitalization fee be?” Michael asked Madison, who had just squatted down against the wall, motionless as if exhausted.

It took her a while to answer, “No matter the cost.”

Just four words.

Michael's eyelids twitched....

T country's medical technology was among the most advanced globally, and so, naturally, the costs were the highest.

Madison had emptied her coffers, paying for all the expenses.

There, sitting on the ground outside the operating room, Madison was left penniless.

Outside the operating room.

The doctor briefly described Ethan's condition-

"The injury on the leg is severe; I'm not certain if the bone is damaged. We'll need further examinations to assess. Family members, please wait outside."

The leg...

The surgery seemed to stretch on forever.

Madison and Michael wouldn't budge from the operating room entrance, not a drop of water or bite of food passed their lips, they waited, parched and famished, through the dark and into the light.

Only then did Madison's phone chime.

Unlocking the screen, a glance was enough to freeze her.

Mukino Airlines...

They had grounded her.

The reason given was her abandonment of passenger safety and

unauthorized departure from the flight, resulting in being grounded

from flying.

Being grounded...

For a pilot, it was akin to a career-ending blow.

Madison clenched her phone, looking towards the operating room

door.

All she hoped for was Ethan's safety, everything else could wait until her return.

Michael, however, asked, "Weren't you supposed to fly back to your country? How come you're here? Is that okay?"

It mattered.

But Madison did not say a word.

She stayed silent, quietly waiting for Ethan's surgery to conclude.

After what felt like hours but were only a couple, the operating room doors finally swung open.

"Family member?" The hospital doctor spoke in the local language.

Understanding, Michael promptly pushed Madison forward and clarified, "She's the patient's girlfriend."

Madison was taken aback.

Before she could react, the doctor said, "The patient has deep

wounds, especially severe on the thigh area. He won't be able to walk for some time."

The examination results were handed to Madison.

Tears welled in Madison's eyes as she asked, "When can he come out?"

"Very soon," the doctor left.

The heart that had been stuck in her throat finally settled back in

place.

He was okay, he was all right...

"Don't worry now, the doctor said he's fine. An old fortune teller once told him he has a strong fate, won't die before eighty," Michael tried to comfort Madison with what little conscience he had.

Madison glanced at him, "He believes in that stuff?"

Fortune-tellers and wealth gods.

Michael chuckled, "The old man grabbed him as he passed by; I couldn't even pull him away."

Madison, letting go of some worry, ventured, “Did the fortune-teller say he would live a peaceful life?”

Michael paused before responding, “Didn’t mention that. But he did say Ethan has a good fate; he’d marry a good wife who’d ensure his safety.”

This time Madison didn’t inquire further because her attention was drawn to Ethan, who was being wheeled out of the operating room.

Given the circumstances, the medical facilities here were top-notch; a day’s hospitalization cost was more than double that of the premium hospitals back home.

Inside the ward.

Madison swiftly approached the bedside, naturally taking the role of the next of kin, communicating with the doctor about his injuries.

Dressed in her airport uniform, Madison’s presence elicited a notably

warmer response from the leading physician, who provided more detailed information than during a routine ward round.

Once the room had cleared, Michael went to arrange meals with the nursing staff a task he wouldn't typically concern himself with.

Madison sat by the bed, gazing at the man with his eyes firmly shut,

his face pale from injury, devoid of his customary vibrancy and teasing smiles.

"Wake up soon, okay? Don't you enjoy teasing me? If you wake up before morning, I'll let you tease me forever. Deal?"

She clasped Ethan's cold hand.

The doctor had assured her it was nothing serious, but looking at Ethan's pallid face, memories of her lost family members resurfaced, enveloping her in the same helpless feeling she had had back in the hospital, fearing he might have an accident and never wake up again.

When Michael returned with the food, he found Madison with her face resting on Ethan's hand, the hair around her forehead stuck to her skin with sweat, her eyes closed, fast asleep.

He hesitated on his approach, then left the room with the meals in hand.

Madison stirred from her restless slumber, feeling someone touching her. As she opened her eyes to shoo the intruder away, she met

Ethan's deep gaze.

She stayed silent for a long while before she realized in surprise, Ethan, you're awake?"

The question turned into a single tear that fell uncontrollably.

Ethan caught it in the palm of his hand.

Still weak, his smile was faint, "Crying? Scared I'd die?"

Madison quickly wiped away her tears, her voice laden with emotion, "You're still in the mood to joke!"

"Why can't I smile?" Ethan closed his eyes, enduring the pain.

The silly girl was so scared. If she knew he couldn't move his legs right now, she'd probably cry even more.

"Ethan, can you promise not to be so reckless in the future?"

Emotions unchecked, Madison poured out her heart, "Can't you just go home safely? Why did you have to intercept that plane for me? What if something had happened to you? What if I hadn't found you yesterday?"

Visions of Ethan lifeless in her arms the night before tightened her chest with each recollection.

Ethan's eyes roiled with emotion as he asked-

"Did you say something else to me on the shore last night?"

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

The man lying in the hospital bed was still smiling, seemingly unaffected apart from his pallid complexion.

The thought that he still had the spirit for jokes irked Madison, who was usually of a mild temperament. She suddenly leaned over him.

Her abrupt movement caught Ethan off guard, causing him to blink.

Madison grabbed the collar of his hospital gown, her teeth clenched in anger, a storm of indignation swirling in the depths of her eyes, “I’m talking to you about something serious. Can you stop grinning like it’s a joke?”

“I am serious,” Ethan said, allowing her to grip his collar.

Madison’s brow furrowed, her voice raspy, “You don’t need to do this for me. Even if I believed those things you said are true, unrequited love doesn’t end well. Before you love someone else, you need to learn to protect yourself.”

Whenever she remembered how Ethan seemed to be at death’s door

in her arms, Madison felt a pain so vivid.

It was the kind of pain that didn’t suffocate you instantly but slowly shredded your peace of mind.

For a fleeting moment, she saw her past self in him, recklessly in love. and blinded by it.

It was precisely because Ethan was not like Lucas-a carefree playboy

that she couldn't stand to see him hurt.

Ethan's voice, tinged with earnestness, broke through her thoughts, Your giving in the relationship with Lucas was one-sided because he didn't love you."

His words were like a pointed needle, piercing the bubble of reality. However, Madison felt no pain; she had long since stopped caring.

"But as for me," Ethan smiled again, "it seems you don't dislike me either, so everything I've done is worth it."

"We're not even talking about the same thing," Madison let go of his collar, her expression troubled.

"Madison."

Suppressing the pain that surged as the anesthesia wore off, Ethan's voice was as steady as he could manage, "You said before you wouldn't compare me with Lucas. You've broken your word."

"When have I compared the two of you?" Madison objected.

"If you didn't compare, why would you say what you did?" Ethan looked directly into her eyes, "Just because Lucas was a scoundrel, don't project his wrongdoing onto me. It's unfair to set his offenses as a threshold for me."

Madison was left speechless.

Ethan went on, speaking slowly, "I lied to you once, I admit it, and I explained my reasons. And it wasn't to hurt you.

"Besides that, tell me honestly, where have I not been enough for you? Are you using that past experience to negate me?"

Madison replied without hesitation, "No!"

And immediately felt as though she might have fallen into a trap.

Ethan's smile widened, "Ah, so you haven't negated me. Does that mean that what you said yesterday about us being together once we get back is true?"

At that time, he had been barely conscious, only dimly recalling.

perhaps hearing such words, uncertain if it was a dream.

Now, seeing Madison's reflexive look of worry, he realized...

Effort is bound to yield results.

He had no regrets.

Ethan didn't dwell on the matter, knowing just when to let go, masterfully easing off the topic.

"Madison," he said, transitioning smoothly, "can you please ask Michael to come in?"

Madison turned and left the room quickly.

Michael soon entered, his forehead and chin patched up with band-aids, his anxiety evident, "What's the matter?"

With Ethan alone, it seemed natural for Michael to assume he would

be needed.

"Did you make contact?" Ethan asked first.

"I did," Michael replied. "William chartered a flight over. We had no way to pay on the spot, so we're waiting for them to arrive to take care of the hospital fees."

Ethan raised an eyebrow, "They let us run up a tab?"

"We didn't owe anything."

Michael settled onto the bedside, a light laugh escaping him, "Madison paid. She really didn't hesitate; your surgery and hospital bill, not even one full day, and she's already put in over eight hundred thousand. I just checked our balance, and there's only about three or four hundred thousand left."

“Over eight hundred thousand in less than a day?” Though wealthy, Ethan was not immune to the concept of money.

– DUS:

Even the most prestigious global hospitals would charge at most six hundred thousand for a minor surgery and a day’s stay.

Michael eyed him intently, emphasizing each word, “She said she wanted you to have the best medications.”

“Remember when William investigated her? She had just that one. card, a little over a million in assets, and now it’s all been spent on your hospital fees.”

Ethan was silent for a long while.

“Shocked?”

Regaining his composure, Ethan said softly, “Help me change the medicine.”

“Why come to me? I’m not a nurse, I’m not professional. What if I end up hurting you?” Michael’s last words were said with a teasing, manly. bravado.

Ethan glared at him, “It’s near the thigh, it’s inconvenient.”

“Man,” Michael clicked his tongue but disapproved, “you can’t be shy about medical care. Especially not in that important area. If anything goes wrong, it could affect the rest of your life...”

“Can you do it or not?”

“Alright, alright, I’ll do it.”

Michael began unwrapping the blanket and took the medicine from the nearby cooler, muttering, “Big guy like you, and you’re shy?

Ridiculous.”

“It’s not about being shy,” Ethan shifted his left leg slightly. But the slightest movement sent a sharp pain through the wound on his back.

Just lying flat in front of Madison had been a herculean effort.

Now, with Michael's help to sit up, Ethan continued, "The nurses are women. I can't let other women see such a private spot. It'd be disloyal to Madison."

Michael was left speechless.

"Ethan, you're acting like a love-struck kid, you know that?" Michael said, then perhaps forgot to be gentle.

Outside the hospital room, Madison, lost in thought with her nearly dead phone in hand, had not mentioned her suspension to either

Ethan or Michael.

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

She didn't actively ask Frank for the reason nor did she offer any explanations.

There was no need for explanations.

As the captain, abandoning her passengers, who were all VIPs, was a dereliction of duty. Being grounded was the expected consequence.

For a pilot, being grounded was akin to an indelible stain on their career. It likely meant that Madison's aspirations to qualify for piloting the Airbus A380 next year were now out of reach.

Though being grounded was distressing, if given another chance, Madison would make the same choice again. The mere thought that Ethan might have died alone in some desolate place made her

involuntarily clutch at her heart.

Watching a couple walk down the hallway, she suddenly realized something shocking.

A fact that even she found surprising.

It seemed...

She might truly have fallen for Ethan

But how could this be, after knowing each other for merely two months? Typically, Madison was more inclined towards rationality.

Alone, she would silently analyze her feelings.

-

She didn't want to let anyone down, especially Ethan, who had always been helping her. Madison questioned herself was it because she hadn't felt warmth in a long time that she harbored these feelings for Ethan?

If it was just gratitude and being moved, that wasn't love.

Yet, facing Ethan's disregard for his own life to protect her, what spread through her heart was not rich, heavy gratitude, nor tears brimming in her eyes.

It was worry, fear, and anger.

Worry for his well-being.

Fear that he would never return.

Anger that he was so reckless with his life.

Madison closed her eyes, her emotions and principles battling it out

in a silent war within her mind.

When she opened her eyes, only clarity remained, crystal clear as a flowing stream.

Madison had never feared any challenge or difficulty, a trait that had made her an outstanding pilot.

So...

She accepted the ridiculous fact that she had developed feelings for another person only two months after her divorce.

And what came next was simple.

If she liked him, she liked him; there was nothing to hide.

That afternoon.

William arrived in the corridor with an entourage of bodyguards, looking harried and travel-worn.

“President Grant!”

As Ethan saw William enter, his first words were, “Make sure the bills are paid.”

“It’s been taken care of,” William circled around to him. “How are you, President Grant? Are the injuries serious?”

“I’m fine,” Ethan shook his head.

No life-threatening injuries, but the external wounds to his lower back and legs were severe. It might be impossible to walk on his own for a while.

William immediately had someone fetch a wheelchair.

“Oh, right.”

He recalled a matter of urgency, “President Grant, Captain Madison... she’s just been grounded by the company.”

The room fell silent at these words. After a while, Ethan asked, “Say that again?”

“Captain Madison has been grounded. The notice has been issued and the document should be at the Civil Aviation Administration

tonight,” William said. “It was your father...

With Ethan incapacitated, the company lacked a leader. To prevent any stir within the board of directors, Mason rushed to Mukino International to handle the situation personally, trying to appease the important passengers.

Otherwise, if those passengers took offense and sued Mukino International, it could impact the Grant family’s vast empire.

After all, the incident had already caused a media stir domestically, attracting significant attention.

Sacrificing Madison to save the entirety of Mukino International was the most cost-effective solution.

Ethan's face was expressionless, "Why didn't you stop it?"

William faltered, "I was rushing over here, I couldn't be in two places at once, President Grant. Besides, I'm just a secretary, even if I

wanted to stop it, I couldn't. Julius was at the company too, and all the shareholders were flocking to him."

Madison's grounding document would likely be delivered to the Civil Aviation Administration that evening.

Once received by the Civil Aviation Administration, no one could change Madison's grounding.

Biting his lip, Ethan sat up despite the IV in his hand, "I'm going back to the country."

“Ethan!” Michael tried to stop him, “Your injuries haven’t healed yet! Do you not care about your legs?”

“Didn’t you hear she’s been grounded?” Ethan pulled at Michael, “She was grounded because she went looking for me!”

Mason and Julius dared to cause trouble while he was away.

Michael sensed Ethan’s suppressed rage, the man’s eyes even flashed with murderous intent.

“Ethan, don’t...” Michael said, “Don’t be rash! Call the company first to stop it.”

“Stop?” Ethan laughed coldly, “If they were afraid I’d stop them, they wouldn’t have done it. They really think they’ve lived long enough.”

“Ethan?”

Madison, returning from the restroom, was surprised to see Ethan actually leaving the hospital room.

Ethan, ignoring his pain, pulled her along as he walked out.

William pushed the wheelchair, “President Grant, use the wheelchair!”

Madison, not understanding what was happening, urged, “You should sit in the wheelchair.”

Ethan remained silent, his presence heavy.

He gripped her hand tightly, a bit too strongly, causing her pain, but she didn’t speak out.

The atmosphere was wrong, and she felt it best to remain silent.

Only once they were aboard the Mukino Airlines plane and seated, Ethan finally turned to her with a grave tone, “Madison, what do you mean by this? What am I to you?”

His tone frightened Madison.

She opened her mouth, confused by his question, “What do you mean, what are you to me?”

“Why didn’t you mention the grounding?” Ethan’s gaze was almost terrifying.

Dark clouds swirled in his eyes, bringing a whiff of a chilling air with them.

When Ethan was truly angry, it wasn’t readily apparent; only his eyes conveyed the depth of his feelings.

Madison instinctively shrank back, “The reasons for my suspension are solid. I have nothing to argue or excuse for. What could I say to you? That you’d make an exception for me?”

But Ethan’s retort left her speechless, “Why not?”

Ethan felt like he was about to explode with anger. His fingers curled, striking the armrest between them with force.

“I’ve made it clear to you. Whatever happens, I can protect you! And as the boss of Mukino Airlines, if I can’t even take care of the person I like, then what’s the point of pursuing you?”

He almost roared the final words.

“Once the grounding document reaches the Civil Aviation Administration, Madison, you won’t be flying for a while. Do you understand your career might be over?!”

Madison blinked.

So, his sudden haste to return to the country was because of her suspension?

She lowered her gaze, recalling her previous thoughts.

After a moment, she cautiously placed her hand on his, “Don’t be angry, okay? I just didn’t want to worry you anymore. I’m sorry.”

Ethan felt as if his heart had been cleaved open. He stared intensely at the woman beside him.

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Ethan’s throat moved, his voice softening, “Are you trying to pacify

me?”

As he spoke, he glanced at the woman’s hand resting on the back of his own.

Madison’s heart was racing, the beat so erratic that the metaphor of a deer prancing about hardly seemed apt.

She couldn’t recall feeling this way even when she married Lucas.

After a moment’s silence, Madison’s hand slipped into Ethan’s palm, her fingers intertwining with his, their hands locked together.

“Yes,” she admitted.

That single, concise word seemed to fill Ethan’s heart to the brim in an instant.

He tightened his grip and, to Madison’s astonishment, lifted their hands to kiss the back of hers.

His action was full of reverence, as if a long-held wish had finally come to fruition, suffusing him with joy.

“So now, are we officially a couple?” Ethan asked again.

Madison turned her face slightly away, murmuring in a low voice, “...I

suppose so.”

“What do you mean ‘suppose’?” Ethan took hold of her chin, turning her face toward him, insisting on her direct gaze.

Their eyes met, and Madison was greeted with Ethan’s intoxicating smile.

He was indeed handsome.

Even wounded and pale, he was undeniably attractive.

“We’re boyfriend and girlfriend,” she corrected herself.

Ethan checked the time on the new phone provided by William.

Local time in Slandon Harbor, September 27th.

The man who was once seething with rage was now all smiles.

Madison couldn't help but see him as a big kid. Before they got to know each other, she thought of him as a stately and sage scion of a noble family.

But once she got close, Ethan's inner purity shone through.

He was the type of person who could be easily cheered up with a few

kind words.

Madison didn't realize that this was only true for her.

Ethan wasn't known for his good temper, yet his tolerance for Madison was surprisingly high, sometimes even he was amazed by it

No wonder Michael teased him about being lovesick.

Their hands remained clasped together until the plane landed in

Slandon Harbor.

Now September 28th, Ethan was unsure if the documents had been delivered to the Civil Aviation Authority and asked William to drive them directly there.

Madison noted Ethan's change into a suit, concealing his wounds.

Before getting out of the car, Ethan instructed, "Let William take your

200

back first."

He was about to turn away but then looked back, bending down despite the pain to caress Madison's cheek, his voice soft and reassuring, "Don't worry, your boyfriend will make sure you keep your wings."

With that, Ethan closed the car door, sweat breaking out with each step he took away.

Madison's eyes followed his retreating figure.

For the first time, she knew someone was willing to go through great lengths for her.

"Captain Madison?" William asked tentatively, "Shall we return?"

"I'll wait for him," Madison said firmly.

She would not leave Ethan to face this alone.

"President Grant?" Deputy Director Ye was astonished at the late-

night visit, “Aren’t you...”

“It’s a long story,” Ethan said, spotting the document from Mukino International in Ye’s hand.

Ethan snatched it away.

Deputy Director Ye was speechless.

Could he just take it like that?

Flipping to the last page, Ethan sighed in relief, seeing no official

stamp from the Civil Aviation Authority yet.

Handing the document to Michael beside him, Ethan asked, “Deputy Ye, may we talk?”

Deputy Director Ye smiled, “Let’s go.

They conversed in the office for nearly an hour, the specifics unknown to everyone, even Michael.

By the time they emerged, both men were smiling.

Outside, Ethan shredded the document before Deputy Director Ye's eyes, tossing it in the trash.

Deputy Director Ye, still cheerful, offered a parting courtesy, "Take care, President Grant. We should have tea when you're free."

"Agreed."

Stepping out of the Authority building, Ethan stood motionless, his forehead slick with sweat, his left leg trembling slightly.

After a few seconds, he took a step, but pain in his leg caused him to buckle, and he began to fall down the steps.

Michael reacted quickly but could only grab the edge of Ethan's jacket before losing his grip.

As darkness closed in, Ethan braced himself to roll down the stairs.

But just as his knee hit the edge of a step, before he could tumble further, a figure caught him.

The silver-haired William, who followed hurriedly, was shocked.

This woman's reflexes were even faster than his?

Madison knelt below Ethan, her hands supporting him. As their skin brushed, she frowned, "You have a fever."

Infection was likely, given the repeated aggravation of his wounds.

Ethan shook his head with a smile, 'It's nothing. I need to go back to the office... You should head home.

Pushing himself up, he exhaled heavily.

Seeing the worry in Madison's eyes, Ethan wrapped his arms around her, cheek to cheek, unconcerned with the onlookers.

In a whisper, he said, “Be good, don’t be afraid. Wait for me at home.”

Ultimately, Madison conceded to his insistence and was driven home by William.

At Mukino International.

The executive office was busy, with many managers and Ethan’s secretary asked to work overnight.

Their faces showed fatigue, but none dared to challenge Julius’s

orders.

After all, Ethan’s father called this man son; they were merely employees, hardly in a position to dispute.

Only the HR and PR heads stood at the back.

Julius frowned, "Why haven't you two submitted the quarterly report

With Ethan abroad and likely facing death, Julius and his mother, Charlotte, were elated all night, arriving early to seize Ethan's office.

Julius perched arrogantly, leg tossed over the desk, full of self-importance.

The HR manager, a woman with neat short hair and single-lid eyes, spoke coldly, "I don't want to."

The PR director, a woman with a completely different demeanor, alluring and smiling, said, "Too busy to bother with such things, please excuse us."

Julius exploded, blotted, "Do you know who I am?"

Director looked genuinely courteous, "No, who are you?"

Chapeau

She caught off guard, "You're fired!"

anager neatly adjusted her sedmerashod hair, Chidmon leave ut can't processphate three daysée days."

"I

b

ten had been promoted by Prediocresident Great himself. He Ethom E

bted theme for their gender or youtooovo gaybut gave them ample

row.

How

F

fi

ude they felt for his mentorship meant he gave them no intention of favor with this interloper, who resembled some mythical creature more than a human being.

defy me!" Julius stood up, furious.

, the door swung open- open-

walked in slowly, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth as he defied
whom?" "hmm?"

The st

chain g

for the

Ethan E

left leg le

A

HE

The

“This re

“Presider

“Presider

Ethan rai

understa

for any d

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

“Ethan?!” Julius collapsed back into his seat, aghast.

“You... you were in an accident, weren't you? You were supposed to

be dead!”

Ethan approached the desk leisurely, “So, you're hoping I'm dead?”

Julius broke out in a cold sweat, his face etched with fear.

However, Ethan didn't deal with him first but turned his gaze to the front row of people.

The Silver Helm, following inside, forcefully pulled Julius out of his chair, and the other bodyguards wisely brought a new executive chair

for the boss.

Ethan eased himself into it, bracing against the desk, the pain in his left leg leaving him expressionless.

The office was so silent you could hear a pin drop.

After a long pause, Ethan tilted his head slightly towards the back,

HR Director.”

The HR Director approached, respectfully, “President Grant.”

“This row...” Ethan gestured, “let them all go, with triple severance pay.

Π

“President Grant?”

“President Grant!”

Ethan raised his hand, silencing their attempts to explain, “I

understand your helplessness. So, please understand my intolerance. for any disloyalty.”

10.

“If others can command you when I’m not here, I can’t trust your loyalty to the company.”

“President Grant, you can’t do this! You know that he... we didn’t really want to...”
someone started to explain.

Ethan didn’t say anything more, just motioned for the HR Director,” We’ll hire at higher salaries.”

It was his first time laying off employees.

He didn’t care how they judged him; he just wanted loyal people, regardless of their status.

What does it mean to have unspeakable hardships?

What does it mean to have no choice?

In Ethan's world, those things don't exist.

It's like if one day he faced a powerful adversary who threatened bankruptcy to make him leave Madison or implied Madison would be in danger if they didn't separate.

Ethan would first ask Madison what she wanted, and as long as she

was willing to stay with him, even if it meant a fierce struggle, he would never let go.

The idea of 'it's for your own good, so I'm breaking up with you' was

mere nonsense to Ethan.

Resolute, not allowing a single grain of sand to stir up trouble, that

was his true nature.

Only for business did he have to become diplomatic.

In the business world, everyone was shrewd, and there was no such thing as a true friend, so naturally, he didn't have to be sincerely

cordial.

Besides two department heads, the rest who were laid off soon reached Mason.

Mason's long-awaited call was not to inquire about his injuries, but to start with a scolding.

"Impulsive! Are you even an adult? And what exactly did those people do wrong, merely following orders from above! Do you know how much damage you're causing to the company?"

The office was deathly quiet.

Ethan lit a cigarette, the phone on speaker, placed in front of him.

The full-length office windows reflected Slandon Port's dawning sky.

The pale blue sky was cloudless. High-rise buildings left only faint. speckles on the glass.

Only one light caught Ethan's mood.

He didn't shout or argue, just asked lightly, "Mason, did you ever love my mother more than me?"

This question silenced Mason on the other end of the line.

"If you didn't love her, why waste her time? Why have me? Neglecting me, favoring your illegitimate son. The business I built from scratch was nearly lost in an accident, are you even human?"

Ethan's questioning was calm.

Mason stayed silent.

“If you never loved my mom, why have a child with her? Were you that desperate for women? Weren’t you a playboy from a young age? Didn’t you have the money to find someone? Why do you harm people?”

“Ethan.” Mason warned him.

376

“Don’t call my name.”

The man’s fingers clutching the cigarette trembled slightly, “If I could, I wouldn’t even want to share your last name. Since we’re talking...

“Mason, let’s sever the father-son relationship. You like Julius so much, let him take care of you in your old age. I’ll liquidate your 12% share in Mukino International into your account within half a month. Then I will file for legal separation.”

“Ethan, shut up!” Mason shouted.

The man extinguished his cigarette silently, whispering, “I won’t take Julius’s life this time, but if there’s a next time, you’ll be picking up his corpse.”

As the cigarette was crushed out, Silver Helm outside holding Julius received a message from his boss.

Reading the contents, Silver Helm signaled his men with a look.

The dawn in Slandon Port was especially enchanting, with layers of fog entwined over the city.

Planes crossed paths, some leaving, some arriving.

The neon lights dimmed, and the roads filled with increasing traffic.

Ethan sat in his office, smoking for hours until nausea and dizziness

overwhelmed him.

“Knock, knock.”

The man responded, “Yes?”

Silver Helm entered, reporting softly, “Should we send Julius back?”

Still gazing out the window, Ethan confirmed, “Yes.”

Forty minutes later.

At the hospital...

Charlotte collapsed, pale as a ghost, “No... impossible! You...”

The doctor shook his head with regret, “Too unrestrained, alas.”

Just moments before, the doctor had told Charlotte that Julius’s excesses had left him impotent, likely unable to father children.

anymore.

Only Julius knew what he had gone through before then.

Charlotte was in despair, as if soulless.

If Julius was incapacitated, unable to provide Mason with a grandson,

what use were she and her son?

She dialed Mason, her cries heart-wrenching, “Mason, Ethan was so

cruel, he’s ruined Julius!!”

At 8:30 a.m.

Madison, who had not slept, was greeted by Ethan entering the door.

She went to him, checking his forehead first.

Leaning against the door, Ethan asked weakly, “Madison, can you

hold me?”

His tone was weary, tinged with a desolate feeling of being abandoned by the world.

A pang of sympathy surged in Madison’s chest, and she immediately opened her arms to embrace his waist.

The man rested his head on her shoulder, his weight bearing down.

Madison gently patted his back, unsure of what had happened, but through what she felt, she comforted him from her heart.

“Ethan, whatever happens, I will stand by you.”

The man slowly lifted his head, his eyes locking onto the woman

before him.

Sensing his predatory gaze, Madison instinctively wanted to step

back.

But Ethan's hands held her waist firmly, not letting her escape.

And then his husky, intoxicating voice whispered in her ear: "May I kiss my girlfriend?"

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

With a sound as tender as a whisper, the woman before him held an enchanting beauty, her face a testament to the distinguished air her parents must possess. Yet now, her sparkling, clear eyes blinked repeatedly, a wordless appeal.

Madison didn't know how to respond to such a moment, replying offhandedly, "Is this the kind of thing you ask permission for?"

Her retort coaxed a peculiar smile from the man, his arm propping him up as he leaned in close, "So, are you suggesting that it's okay for me to proceed without asking?"

"You-Mmph!"

Madison's eyes widened, her breath stolen by his fervent kiss.

His earnest intensity and the warmth of his body left her heart in disarray.

"Close your eyes."

Obediently, Madison did as she was told.

It took a while before she could breathe normally again, touching her slightly swollen lips. Yet the man still hovered over her, showing a particular fondness for her neck. His face buried there, occasionally planting kisses that were not crude but carried an implicit intimacy that reached deep into her bones.

Just as Madison was about to squirm away from the discomfort, he whispered, "From now on, I am without a father."

Even the most stalwart figures had events that could unnerve them.

Sensing the subtle desolation emanating from the man beside her,

Madison's heart wavered.

She wrapped her arms around Ethan's shoulders, the words spilling from her, "Aren't I here for you? There's so much I can do. I can take care of you when you're sick, cook anything you crave, and learn what I don't know."

"I've lost my parents too, I'm all alone. As of today, you're all I have. We can rely on each other, right? And you still have Jessica?"

She consoled Ethan with the gentlest of voices.

In a spot unseen by Madison, Ethan's eyes brimmed with redness. He held her tightly, his face nestled deeply in her neck.

"Suddenly, I feel like all the good deeds I've done in my life, all the virtues I've accumulated, were all to prepare me for meeting you."

Madison was momentarily stunned.

Could this be the highest praise in the world?

“Ethan, you have a fever,” she reminded him, coming back to her

senses.

“I know,” Ethan said with a smile.

But the pain in his body was nothing compared to the ache in his

heart.

Despite his disappointment in Mason, the decision to sever ties with his father had left him emotionally overwhelmed.

After Ethan fell asleep, the silver-haired ginger, Yin Jiang, came to give him an injection and asked her brother Yin Duo to help change the dressing.

Lawyer Zhou had specifically reminded her not to change President

Grant's dressing herself.

She didn't understand why, but she followed the instruction.

When Michael, about to drift off, received a message from William, he was jolted awake.

Staring at the message, he read it over and over, ensuring he hadn't. misunderstood, then immediately initiated a voice call to William.

"What does Ethan mean by this?"

"It's a trust fund for Captain Madison," William explained.

"President Grant didn't elaborate, but from what I gathered, it's a precaution in case something happens to him. This fund is meant for Captain Madison's use for the rest of her life."

Upon hearing the words 'rely on each other' from Madison, Ethan was

struck with the idea.

Before succumbing to his exhaustion, he sent a message to William, instructing Michael to purchase a trust fund for Madison.

Should anything happen to him, this fund would not be counted as part of his estate-it would belong solely to Madison.

After ending the call, Michael mused, “That’s really being lovesick, isn’t it? Dropping billions just like that.”

Madison had not slept, remaining ever vigilant by Ethan’s side, monitoring his temperature.

At ten o’clock, she received a notice from her company.

She read it for a while, then turned her gaze to the sleeping Ethan.

The notice stated that her suspension was revoked. All passengers on flight 1976 had submitted handwritten testimonies affirming

Madison had not abandoned them but, out of kindness and

professionalism, had flown back alone to rescue their chairman.

The passengers expressed their gratitude to the Mukino International chairman for his selfless act.

As the news broke, it caused an uproar online.

Ninety-nine percent of netizens praised Ethan's bravery and commended Madison for her loyalty

Somehow, a photo of Madison piloting the Mi-24 was leaked online, instantly attracting a massive fan base, predominantly female, who idolized her as a role model, deeming her even more dashing than

men.

Netizen 1: Could this be the same female pilot who once flew across Kylin Mountain?

Netizen 2: I think what the user above said is quite likely!

Netizen 1899: Able to fly a foreign military helicopter?! What kind of impressive background must she have?!

The comments continued to pile up, reaching tens of thousands and shooting straight to the top of trending topics.

After some time, the top comment read:

[Suddenly, I ship the female captain and the male chairman. Is that weird?]

This comment garnered an astonishing number of likes.

Lucas also saw the news and, reading the praise and admiration for Madison, felt a surge of spiteful jealousy.

In a huff, he left a comment below:

[A woman who cheated within her marriage, and she's worth your adoration?]

Exiting the news feed to calm his mind, the more he thought about the media lauding Madison's heroic deeds and the prominent individuals personally commending Madison and Ethan's courage, the more discontent he became.

Why was Madison so inconspicuous when she was with him?!

Why didn't he deserve her dedication?!

Jessica arrived early to check on them, bringing lunch with her.

"You need to eat, goddess! Look at you, you've lost weight in just a couple of days," Jessica said, concerned. "You're not hurt, are you? I

was so scared!"

Unknown to them, Jessica had cried all night upon learning of Ethan's disappearance. She wanted to go abroad to find Ethan, but William had stopped her.

Now that they were back, Jessica hurried over.

“I’m fine. Ethan has some injuries, but nothing serious. He’ll get better with some rest,” Madison’s voice was hoarse.

“Do you have a cold?” Jessica asked.

Madison shook her head.

Probably just a sore throat from all the worry.

Jessica suggested, “You should rest too. I’ll tidy up the place, and I’ll

order something delicious for dinner.”

“Thank you, really,” Madison said.

Not long after Jessica left, Madison turned to find Ethan awake, watching her.

“You’re up?” she asked, quickly touching his forehead.

Relieved, she found his fever had broken.

Her hand was gently pulled, and she looked down.

Ethan, in a weak voice, asked, "Can you lie down with me for a while?"

Lie down with him?

Madison was taken aback.

Ethan managed a tired smile, "I'm like this, what do you think I can do?"

Two minutes later.

Madison lay on the other side of the bed, careful not to move.

But to her surprise, Ethan slowly turned over and pulled her into his

embrace.

They were very close, almost nose to nose.

Capturing the Millionaire's Heart on Divorce Day

Madison's breath hitched, "Doesn't it hurt?"

Ethan placed an arm around her neck and the other around her waist, holding her as though she were a doll.

"It doesn't hurt."

"You're holding too tight..." Madison patted his arm.

"I need it a little tight." He buried his face in the nape of her neck, his breath still a tad warm, "This way I know being with you isn't just a dream."

Madison laughed lightly, "Hey, you don't act much like a chairman this

way.”

“And what do I act like?”

Madison didn’t have an answer.

Ethan informed her, “In front of you, I’m not the chairman of Mukino. International. I’m just Ethan, your boyfriend now, got it?”

Caught off guard by his candid affection, Madison was saved by a timely phone call.

“Your phone is ringing.”

“I’m tired. You answer it.”

With no other choice, Madison picked up his phone, “Hello?”

Frank’s voice came from the other end, silent...

What's going on?!!!

Madison glanced at the screen again, "Manager Xiao?"

Frank cleared his throat, the attitude more polite and respectful than before, "Yes, yes, it's me!"

Madison switched on speakerphone so Ethan could hear.

"I'm listening, go ahead," Ethan said with his eyes closed.

Frank felt as if his heart might burst, quickly suppressing his shock, President Grant, we've received documents from the Civil Aviation Administration about the International Aviation Show. Our company is expected to send a few people as usual, but this time the number is double that of previous years. What do you think..."

Without hesitation, Ethan replied, "Follow the instructions. Oh, and add Madison's name to the list."

Frank wasn't surprised, "Got it!"

After the call, Madison was bewildered, “International Aviation Show?”

She had heard of it during her time with the national airline. Typically, highly skilled and capable pilots were selected to participate, often retired military pilots.

“Every four years. Among the many airlines in the country, only three send participants: the national airline, Song Air, and ours.”

His reference to ‘ours’ gave Madison an illusory sense of belonging.

What she didn’t know was that to suppress the issue of her being grounded at the Civil Aviation Administration, Ethan had agreed to a condition with Deputy Director Ye.

Mukino International would lead the team for this year’s International Aviation Show, contributing the most participants.

This meant if they lost, Mukino International would bear the brunt of

the blame.

In the past twenty years, they'd never won, with the best result being second place internationally, causing the leading airline each year to come under fire.

Hence, the national airline didn't want to lead this year, and Deputy Director Ye took the opportunity to pass the task back to Mukino International.

After explaining some details to her, Ethan added, "It's risky, but I wanted you to make an appearance internationally. Winning isn't important, but if you do perform well, the whole world will know about you. It'd be very beneficial for your competition for the Airbus A380 pilot position next year."

He was prepared to pave every path for Madison. All she had to do was walk forward with confidence; he would handle everything behind her.

Protecting her dream was no jest.

Madison felt a tickling sensation in her heart, "But I'm inexperienced, won't other pilots think you're playing favorites?"

Ethan lifted his head slightly..

Both of them were lying down, and this slight movement brought them into a rather intimate position.

Ethan looked at her for a long while before responding with an assertive remark, “My own girlfriend, is it abnormal for me to be partial? Besides, I believe in your capabilities.”

Madison’s insides felt like they’d been jolted, sending her heart racing.

Frank worked efficiently, and by 7 pm. that evening, the list of pilots participating in this year’s International Aviation Show had been published.

Employees perused the lineup, which included the infamously viral newcomer female captain, their eyes filled with envy.

Charlie and Brian made the cut too, their robust skills earning their rightful place to represent the company.

The announcement also stated there would be a fifteen-day training period, and all participants were to arrive at the Slandon Port Aerial Training Base by 8 a.m. the following day without delay.

Madison set about packing her luggage for the stay at the base.

Ethan, maintaining formality, knocked before entering her room.

Watching her pack everyday items, he interjected, “You don’t need to bring those.”

“Huh?” Madison looked up.

“William has prepared everything for you; just bring personal clothes.”

“Why aren’t you resting?” Madison set her suitcase aside.

Ethan coughed and sat down, placing the documents he’d brought on the table, “Keep an eye on these people on the list, and try not to get into conflicts with them.”

Reviewing the list, Madison saw the pilots from the national airline and Song Air who would compete, with eight from each and twelve from Mukino International, plus one reserve for each airline.

Twenty-three pilots in total.

Ethan highlighted two names, and they were both women, “These two pilots are infamous for their fiery temperaments. You’ve probably heard about the one from the national airline. Try not to clash too much during training. But if you really can’t hold back...”

Madison looked at him.

His pallid face showed a nonchalant smile, “Then fight. Fight until they’re powerless to retaliate, so they won’t trouble you further. After the fight, call me immediately, got it?”

“You’re encouraging me to fight?” Madison tried to suppress a smile.

Ethan patted her head, “I’m worried you might endure to avoid troubling me. Be assured, if you get into a fight, I’ll handle the fallout, and I’ll pay the damages. Don’t hold back.”

Madison gripped the list tightly, nodding under his stern gaze, her smile tinged with appeasement, “Can we negotiate something?”

“Go ahead.”

“Can we... “Madison hesitated, “keep our relationship a secret for now?”

She didn’t want others to think she had gotten to where she was by relying on Ethan.

Understanding her request, Ethan fell silent.

Him, the chairman of Mukino International, forced to have a clandestine relationship.

Tsk.

No choice, his little girlfriend didn't want to go public.

y and

Moments later, hiding his reluctant heart, Ethan chuckled lightly and nodded, "Okay, as you wish."

Madison beamed with joy, wrapping him in a big hug, "Thank you, President Grant!"

He was briefly taken aback, then responded to Madison's embrace, teasing, "Is that all for thanks?"

"Then what do you want?"

5.6

“Aren’t you going to kiss me?” Ethan pointed to his lips.

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

At seven-thirty in the morning, autumn’s presence in Slandon Harbor was brief, and it felt like half the season had already passed in the blink of an eye. The landscape was stripped bare, with skeletal trees standing guard over the desolate vista.

When the wind, like a whimsical old lady, visited the earth, only the withering leaves joined her in her wandering dance.

Madison got into the car driven by William, heading to the Slandon Harbor main training base. Ethan’s remark from the previous night about rewarding him with a kiss popped into her mind unbidden.

It wasn’t their first kiss, and she hadn’t been coy about it then. A tender and hesitant kiss had landed on the corner of Ethan’s lips, but he had taken over, pinning her to the couch.

The heat between them climbed, a wildfire threatening to break free

from control.

Had Jessica not appeared unexpectedly at the door they had forgotten to close, who knows what might have transpired...

Madison rubbed her face, banishing the memory, steadying her nerves for the half-month training looming ahead.

“What’s with your brother?” Michael arrived to be greeted by the chilly atmosphere in the living room.

After Madison had left, Ethan dared to light a cigarette. He sat in the living room while Jessica, like a little sparrow, bustled about preparing his breakfast.

Madison had left after half a bowl of porridge, but Ethan didn’t want

porridge; he wanted something freshly made.

Was it just because she had interrupted something between them?

Was he really that petty?

Couldn't he just reclaim the moment next time?

Jessica, though simmering with pent-up anger, had no choice but to endure Ethan's icy demeanor while she worked.

After Michael's inquiry was met with silence, Evel, who seemed to materialize out of nowhere, commented dryly, "Frustration leads to blame, and she's the culprit."

Jessica was numbed to the accusation.

Michael chuckled to himself, then turned to approach Ethan on the sofa. "Bro, isn't this a bit much? Even a ghost would tiptoe around this mansion's vibe."

Ethan glanced at him without a word.

"I'm resigning." Michael, intimidated by Ethan's glare, handed over his letter of resignation.

Ethan took it without hesitation and signed it.

Michael had prepared a litany of responses to dissuade any attempt by Ethan to retain him, but not a single one was needed.

“Bro, can’t you at least pretend to want to keep me here?”

A puff of smoke billowed from Ethan’s lips. “You should know I never force anyone to stay.”

Michael frowned in silence before quickly reverting to his jovial self. “I need to look for a new job. Help me draft a polished resume.”

“You’re a lawyer and you can’t write your own resume?” Ethan looked. disdainful.

“I just feel it’s tacky to sing my own praises,” Michael said, arms crossed, “so I need your input.”

Ethan took up a pen and began to scrawl with flair.

When Michael leaned in to have a look, Evel snatched the paper first.

Reading the 'About Me' section with a deadpan expression, she pointed to the first line in confusion, "Adaptable, with potential for well -rounded development? Him?"

Ethan, slumped in the sofa, translated lazily, "It means he has no discernible strengths."

Michael: "..."

Evel read on, her confusion deepening, "Good communicator, calm as a maiden? Maiden?"

Ethan elucidated further, "Gossipy and prone to slacking off."

Michael: "..."

"Frank and straightforward in nature?" Evel couldn't reconcile this with the Michael she knew, who could spin eight different meanings

into a single sentence.

Ethan spoke with a hint of mischief-

“He has a bad temper and tends to curse people out.”

Michael erupted, “Ethan! I’m going to strangle you!”

Ethan didn’t flinch. “With your careless disposition, only I would employ you. You aim for the stars but are fragile as paper. Still dreaming of working elsewhere? Aren’t you afraid of ending up on the streets?”

3.3

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

Michael lunged for a hug.

Ethan pushed him off quickly, straightening his clothes with a disgusted look, “Don’t touch me. I’m a man with a girlfriend now. I need to stay pure, you understand?”

“Where are you off to?” Ethan asked with a smirk as Michael turned to leave.

Without looking back, Michael quipped, “I’m joining a monastery.”

“With that worldly look, a convent would close its doors for three days just to purify the air after you pass by.”

“Thud-”

Evel blinked, watching Michael collapse to the ground.

She crouched beside him, checked for breath, then turned to report,

President Grant, he’s fainted.”

Ethan was already on the phone with William, “Prepare a nice plot of land; I need to bury Michael.”

The supposedly unconscious Michael bounced up immediately,” Ethan, I’m going to kill you!”

At the main base.

At 8:05, the assembly was completed. The pilots were arranged by height, with the female pilots all in the front row.

“That way, squeeze in,” the woman to the left nudged Madison with

14

her elbow.

Madison glanced back, her gaze swiftly passing over the badge pinned to the left side of the woman’s chest.

A pilot from Song Airlines, Zuo Yulei

The woman in the ID photo sported short hair, but now it had grown past her shoulders, tied in a simple low ponytail. Her eyes were unapproachable, no matter the angle.

This was one of the two female pilots Ethan had warned her about yesterday.

Among the 23 pilots, there were five women. Madison was taller than most, with only one woman standing to her right outshining her in height.

Upon the nudge, Madison said nothing, simply shifting slightly to the right.

The chief trainer of the group was an official from the Civil Aviation Authority, known as Old Gao.

True to his name, Old Gao was tall, comparable to Ethan, standing a 1.88 meters, and even taller in boots

In his forties, his presence was all authority as he flipped through the pilots' files, beginning to break them into groups.

The twenty would be divided into three groups with an 8-8-4 ratio.

When Madison was assigned to the quartet, Zuo Yulei immediately protested, "Why?"

Her objection hushed the entire line.

Madison was unfamiliar with the implications of the group sizes in the performance competition.

All eyes turned to Zuo Yulei, who clearly had a fiery temperament.

Old Gao looked over, “It’s based on your flight records and skills. This is training; adjustments can be made if necessary.”

“Why does a rookie deserve to be in the smaller group?” Zuo Yulei challenged boldly.

It was then that Old Song, standing behind, softly explained the difference between the larger and smaller groups to Madison.

The larger group was responsible for steady flying, while most of the advanced maneuvers were executed by the smaller team.

Thus, in every exhibition, the most memorable performances came from the smaller groups of each team.

Who wouldn't want to shine?

Of course, Zuo Yulei was dissatisfied.

She had fought through numerous challenges to be selected from Song Airlines, only to have a newcomer snatch a coveted spot she felt was hers by right.

Then, a languid female voice rose from the ranks, "Both from Mukino Airlines, why are there two of you in the smaller group? Even the Authority seems biased."

This comment stirred discontent among the pilots from the other two

airlines.

Of the four in the smaller group, Mukino Airlines had three spots: Madison, Old Song, and Charlie.

Old Gao laughed, "So what are you proposing?"

“A competition,” Zuo Yulei declared on the spot. “We respect the old military pilot. But for the other two female pilots, they need to prove

their skills, earn our respect, and vacate their spots. That’s only fair.”

Old Gao sighed, “And what would you like to compete in?”

Zuo Yulei smiled, “A simulated stall.

At her words, the crowd gasped in unison.

Capturing the Millionaire’s Heart on Divorce Day

The simulated crash dive involves a high-altitude, high-speed nosedive, followed by a last-minute pull-up just before reaching a terrifyingly low altitude above the ground.

Any misstep in this maneuver could lead to an actual crash.

It wasn’t a skill within the reach of an average pilot, but rather one that only seasoned warplane aviators could execute, drawing on years of experience and ability.

Even Brian couldn't help but interject, "There's no need for such a dangerous exercise. You should know how much effort and resources the state and the academy have invested in each of you. You should cherish the hard work you've put in. There are other ways to prove your skills."

The simulated crash dive was something not even a veteran military pilot like Brian would guarantee he could pull off every time.

Every warplane pilot would undergo no less than ten thousand simulations before daring to attempt it in reality.

So, injuries and fatalities were, unfortunately, not uncommon.

Left Yulei might be a tad overconfident.

Despite her respect for a veteran like Brian, Left Yulei was indeed proud and turned to the silent Madison, "Scared? If you are, what's the point of participating in the performance race? You're representing your country against pilots from other nations; it's not just about losing."

"You're young, speak with some respect," Charlie retorted coldly.

Faced with Captain Charlie, Left Yulei seemed to hold back her anger.

She did restrain herself, muttering, “What’s someone who doesn’t even fly international routes saying?”

Charlie took a step forward, “What was that?”

As she saw Charlie approaching, Left Yulei quickly dodged to the side, “What are you doing?”

Coach Gao promptly quelled the commotion, reprimanding, “Have you no discipline? Is this a school where you can argue whenever you want?”

His thunderous shout silenced the team.

“Are we really letting them compete?” whispered an old military pilot assigned as a technical advisor.

“Coach Gao, you know this is not a joke, it’s genuinely dangerous. These pilots are the talents of major airlines.”

Coach Gao hesitated as well.

He was well aware that this matter was no laughing matter.

But this year's International Aviation Show indeed included the simulated crash dive, something unprecedented in the previous five shows. This was why the national airline had outright refused to lead the team, tossing this hot potato to Mukino International.

The risks were high.

Coach Gao glanced once more at Madison, who hadn't uttered a word.

He had seen many of this woman's training videos.

Extremely talented.

He wanted to see for himself the guts that earned her the direct

referral from the chairman of Mukino International.

Would she dare to accept the challenge?

“What do you think?” Coach Gao inquired.

Madison looked up.

Just as the sunlight broke through the clouds, it fell upon her shoulder.

“I can.”

The two words, uttered so lightly, changed the expressions of everyone present.

Brian immediately pulled her aside, “Madison, don’t be rash! This is no joke!”

Did she have the experience?

Did she know how?

Was she confident?

Even Charlie frowned and unusually inquired, “Can you handle it? If not, don’t overdo it.”

Madison was a little surprised that Charlie would worry about her.

She walked forward leisurely, her voice soft, “When they come knocking, you don’t wait to be hit.”

That statement set the hearts of the pilots from Mukino International

ablaze.

Every pilot harbored grand ambitions and a heart yearning for freedom.

Left Yulei was taken aback that Madison would accept the challenge. She had only meant to intimidate the new captain into stepping aside.

077

Coach Gao's admiring gaze lingered on Madison for a second before he ordered, "Set up the course by the sea and clear the nearby airspace."

"Roger!"

This airspace was reserved for military flight training, dedicated solely to Slandon Port.

Left Yulei went pale watching the specialized combat aircraft for the show roar toward them.

Her parents were military pilots, and she had tried and failed many times in the simulator, although she had succeeded once in real conditions.

Since then, she hadn't dared try again-the risks were too high.

Coach Gao used the walkie-talkie to give instructions, "All medical staff to the training field."

Within ten minutes, twenty-eight medical personnel from the base

had arrived.

The combat aircraft looked imposing, its presence alone commanding respect.

Madison asked, “Do you want to go first, or shall I?”

Left Yulei clutched her clothes, “You go first.”

Charlie immediately scorned, “Cunning.”

“You!”

“Enough!” Coach Gao intervened, “Madison, go ahead. Set your own limit for the pull-up, whatever distance you’re comfortable with.”

That meant any distance above the sea level for pull-up was

acceptable-no specific requirements.

But Madison remembered from related training that the current record for the lowest pull-up was approximately three and a half

meters.

That meant just a mere three and a half meters from touching the ground or the sea, the pilot would maneuver the aircraft back into flight.

And in real-life conditions, the shortest distance was two meters and

ten centimeters.

Madison remembered it vividly.

Because that was the record held by her grandfather, a record no pilot had surpassed to this day.

“Afraid?” Coach Gao approached her, asking kindly.

Madison thought silently.

To say she wasn’t afraid would be a lie.

What if she mishandled the plane and crashed into the sea?

The chances of survival were almost none.

This was why pilots were so preciously guarded.

As the combat aircraft approached, with the wind blowing towards her, Madison seemed to hear her grandfather’s hearty voice-

“Madison, to stand shoulder to shoulder with the sky, you must break through the fear of death.”

“Be bold, your grandfather believes in you.”

Something struck Madison's heart.

Not only did she desire a career that rivaled the skies, but now she also longed for a love that did the same.

57

Her gap with Ethan was crystal clear.

To stand proudly by his side, Madison knew she had to climb step by

step...

Thinking of her grandfather and that sincere man, she found herself smiling, "Not afraid."

Minutes later.

Dressed in a professional training suit, Madison climbed into the combat aircraft, leaving Left Yulei crouching down, her legs weak.

No one is fearless. Even for Brian, taking his turn now would still be frightening.

Coach Gao arranged for everyone to board a shuttle bus to the nearby

coast.

Not far, just over two hundred meters.

As the group disembarked, they lined up within a safe boundary.

And in the distance, the propellers of the combat aircraft began spin, gathering speed.

Inside the aircraft, Madison reviewed the techniques and key points of the simulated crash dive her grandfather had taught her.

After taking a couple of deep breaths, she pushed the throttle forward, and the aircraft left the ground, zooming towards the sea.

Before reaching the sea, Madison turned her head, casting a determined glance in the direction of Mukino International.

That look, filled with resolve, seemed to traverse countless distances, finding the figure of a certain man.

On the ground, everyone held their breath. The medical teams and rescue squad stood ready by the sea.

67

The aircraft, like a bird breaking free from the earth, shot straight up

into the sky!

And then, at a certain height, it suddenly appeared to lose control, its body flipping sideways, plunging rapidly towards the sea!

This was the simulated crash dive!

Terrifying, as if the plane was actually out of control.

As the spectators watched this unfold, their hearts clenched with tension for Madison.

In mid-air.

The fighter jet plummeted swiftly, getting closer and closer to the seal surface...

Closer and closer...

777