

Harrison parted his lips, wanting to say something.

However, Natalie and Jared did not give him a chance to do so, walking into the courthouse side by side.

Very soon, the court learned of their intention to end the lawsuit. Besides, Jared was the subject they were fighting over.

Since he, the subject himself, expressed his disinclination to follow Harrison, the court could not force him.

Finally, Natalie and Harrison concurred that when the latter reached the age of sixty, they would both pay monthly alimony of two thousand. With that, the court approved of their request to end the lawsuit.

Even though Harrison was reluctant, he could only accept this outcome.

In the car on the way back, Jared booked his flight ticket and told Natalie that he was going back the next day.

Natalie had already expected this, so she wasn't surprised, merely nodding calmly in acceptance. "It's also better this way. If you stay, Harrison might harass you every now and then."

"Yeah, and Maple Academy just so happens to be open for enrollment. I have to rush back to apply for the exam," Jared informed with a smile.

Maple Academy was a world-renowned art academy.

Art was Jared's passion, and he had dreamed of going to Maple Academy since he was a child. Hence, he wasn't going to miss this opportunity.

Knowing that this was his dream, Natalie encouraged whilst turning the steering wheel, "Good luck. You have my full support."

"Thanks, Nat!" Jared nodded firmly with excitement gleaming in his eyes.

The next day, Natalie and Shane sent him off in the afternoon.

After that, Shane dropped Natalie off at her company.

Right after she got out of the car, he abruptly called out, "Wait."

"What's the matter?" Natalie bent down to peer at him through the front passenger seat window.

Shane drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and stated, "There's something I need to tell you."

"Go ahead." Natalie waited for him to continue.

Shane parted his lips to say, "Jacqueline is getting discharged next week."

Natalie's eyes flickered and she was hit with a sense of foreboding. "And? Don't tell me she's going to stay with us?"

Shane rubbed his palm against the steering wheel and finally nodded. "Yes. The Graham family went bankrupt back then, so all of their properties have been seized and she doesn't have a house under her name."

"I see." Natalie lowered her gaze and was contemplated in silence for a few seconds before questioning, "Must she live with us? Can't we give her a house and hire a housekeeper for her?"

Then, she lifted her gaze to the man in the car.

He pursed his lips and answered, "I already promised her. Besides, I don't feel good letting her live on her own."

"I see." Natalie took away her hand that was on the edge of the window. "Since you've already promised her, just go ahead then. The house belongs to you anyway."

Having said that, she turned and walked away.

Shane could tell that she wasn't happy about it. After all, Jacqueline had only recently accused her of something she did not do.

He rolled down the driver seat window and waited for Natalie to walk around the front of the

car to his side before raising his voice. "Once Jacqueline is fully recovered, I'll tell her to move out."

Natalie's footsteps faltered slightly, but she did not respond. Instead, she strode purposefully into the building and did not once look back.

Shane's gaze turned solemn as he looked in the direction she had left. He began to reflect on his decision to allow Jacqueline to move into their villa, wondering if it was a mistake.

But even if it was, he had already promised her.

I only hope that Jacqueline can get along well with Natalie in the future.

If they really can't get along, I guess I'll have to think of a way to separate them.

With that thought in mind, Shane rolled up his window and drove off.

Natalie put down her bag as soon as she reached her office, then went to the balcony and peered down. Upon seeing that the Bentley was no longer parked by the roadside, she pursed her red-painted lips.

What the hell is he thinking? How could he agree to let Jacqueline move into our house?

Doesn't he know that Jacqueline and I don't get along well? Which woman would want to live under the same roof as their love rival?

Natalie had been quite upset with Shane during the past two days, and this wasn't helping his case at all.

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The fact was, he went to the hospital all the time, and he spent quite a while each time he was there. It was unknown to Natalie whether he was there to see Jacqueline.

At the thought of this, Natalie's hands which she had laid on the balcony clamped tightly together.

"Nat," just then, Joyce called out to her from behind.

Natalie drew in a deep breath, recollected herself, and turned around, smiling. "What's the matter?"

"I have good news." Joyce swung the documents in her arm.

"What good news?" The elevated expression on her face piqued Natalie's curiosity, and she walked toward the office.

Joyce handed the file to her. "It's the government grant, of course. We got a slot!"

"What?" Natalie was astonished, and she quickly took over the file to skim the documents, just to find that it was exactly as what Joyce told her. Excited yet puzzled, she asked, "Hasn't the slot already been filled by Daystar Apparel? How is it that we also got one? Joyce, are you sure you're not scammed?"

Joyce rolled her eyes at that. "What nonsense are you babbling? Look, it's the stamp of the government department. How's it possible that I'm scammed?"

"Then how did this slot emerge?" Natalie pointed at the document and asked.

"It's an additional slot, of course." Joyce poured herself a cup of coffee as she added, "Actually, there was only one slot initially, but because of the two fashion shows that you were involved in after returning to the country, the officials changed their minds and decided to grant an extra slot, and it's given to us."

"Hold on, two fashion shows?" Natalie's fine eyebrows slightly furrowed. "Where does this other show come from? Wasn't it only Project Rebirth?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you." Joyce looked as if she had just recalled something and patted on her own forehead. "There's another fashion show with the name Radiance where the collection you designed for Mr. Miller was showcased."

"Those outfits were showcased?" Natalie asked in amazement.

Joyce nodded. "That's right, and it was just two days ago. Mr. Plumlee contacted me to invite you for the curtain call, but I helped you turn it down because of what happened with Yulia. Anyway, that show is very successful. You can check out the videos on the internet if you don't believe me."

"Alright, I believe what you said. I'll watch the video later. Let's carry on with the slot." Natalie

pulled up a chair and sat down.

"In fact, we should thank Mr. Miller for this additional slot." Joyce followed suit and sat down as well.

Natalie blinked. "What do you mean?"

"Because Mr. Miller invited some officials to Radiance, and he particularly recommended us to them, which resulted in the officials granting us this slot," answered Joyce.

Natalie nodded in acknowledgment. "In that case, we owe Mr. Miller yet another favor."

"I know, right. We've been indebted to him since the establishment of the company." Joyce rested her head on her palm and lamented, "If it continues this way, I don't know how we'll be able to pay him back."

Listening to that, Natalie pondered for a while. "How about this? You contact Mr. Plumlee and let him know that we're inviting Mr. Miller to dinner. Then, we can discuss the design, and I'll come up with another collection of clothing for him free of charge, to repay him for the favor in helping us get the slot."

"Sure, I'll get to it right away." Joyce stood up and walked to the side to make a call.

Natalie turned on her computer and started searching for videos relating to the fashion show several days ago.

Halfway through the video clip, Joyce walked back looking dejected. "Nat..."

Seeing the way she looked, Natalie could infer the response she got. Reaching for her cup of coffee on the table, she took a sip. "Rejected?"

Joyce pouted as she nodded. "Mr. Plumlee said that Mr. Miller doesn't want us to repay him, and the dinner treat is also not needed. I don't understand what's in his mind. He doesn't seem to want anything, so what's his actual purpose of helping us?"

Natalie shrugged.

She had no idea as well.

"Then what should we do?" Joyce ruffled her own hair and turned to look at her.

Smiling, Natalie returned, "It's okay. He may reject it; that's his business, but insisting on repaying his favor is ours. He doesn't need that, but we can't just do nothing and accept whatever kindness he offered. Forget about the dinner, but I'll continue creating design drafts with quality on par with that of Radiance for him. We can send them to Mr. Plumlee after that."