

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1835

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Chapter 1835 Your Conditions

Clayton smiled and raised his hand to look at the time.

“I’ll send the relevant information to your email later. You can decide after reading it.”

Hank Jensen did not know what to say for a moment. He just felt exhilarated. “If there’s no problem with your technology, we’ll save billions of dollars, and time won’t be an issue!” After that, Hank suddenly calmed down and froze for a moment.

“Is that project your own? Or do you have a Libertarian on board?”

Hank could not help but worry about this. If Clayton lied to him, the country’s interests would be at stake, and he would lose his office.

Clayton spoke with a smile on his face. “I won’t partner with someone else in such a sensitive investment. Otherwise, it might get forcefully confiscated. That’s also why I chose South Africa. If you want, you can select two of your people to go over and take a look after reading the information. I also hope our cooperation will withstand the test.” The smile on Hank’s face could no longer be concealed. He reached out to pat Clayton’s shoulder.

“I really didn’t expect this, Mr. Sloan! I thought that you were just an investor, but I didn’t expect you to invest in such a wide range of projects! How surprising!”

Clayton's lips were curled up into a smile.

"It was just a whim. I didn't expect it to come in handy one day. Besides, I'll settle down in Mediana in the future. My wife and daughter aren't used to living abroad, so we can always communicate further if you have any concerns."

The last sentence Clayton said was to reassure Hank.

"Oh? Ms. Stanton gave birth to a baby girl? We didn't get the news yet. Congratulations!"

Clayton's smile deepened. He nodded courteously.

"Thank you. My wife is still recuperating and doesn't want to be too tired, so we didn't spread the news yet. We'll inform everyone when we have the chance."

Hank nodded in satisfaction. "I'll definitely visit you for a drink at that time!"

"You're most welcome!"

Clayton straightened his cuffs and said, "It's getting late. Mr. Jensen, you should go back and rest. I won't disturb you further. We can talk again next time!" Hank was completely sober at this

time. He was excited and did not want to let Clayton go.

However, since he already said those words earlier, he could not be too enthusiastic, lest he would be in a passive situation.

He could only look at Clayton with regret. After some thought, he said, "Sure. We'll talk again after I read the email."

Clayton smiled and nodded, then pushed the car door open to get off. Hank also followed Clayton out of the car and sent him off.

Such a situation was quite rare.

"Wait, Mr. Sloan..."

Hank suddenly realized something.

A certain logic flashed in his mind. Clayton turned around.

Hank said, "You just want to cooperate? You don't have any other additional conditions?"

Clayton replied, "Of course not. Mr. Jensen, did you think that I would use this as a condition for you to award this project to Stanton Corporation?"

Hank narrowed his eyes.

After all, Hank was old and wise, so he could not help but overthink things. Was that not what Clayton was worried about?

If that was the case, it would take a lot of effort for the person who would ultimately make the decision.

“Don’t you want Stanton Corporation to get this project?”

Hank asked back.

Clayton lowered his eyes and pondered for a few seconds before speaking.

“My wife is a shareholder of Stanton Corporation. Out of emotion and my recognition of their ability, I certainly want Stanton Corporation to get the project. But you mentioned earlier that who actually gets the project depends on the final evaluation.” ‘

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Chapter 1836 His Conditions Clayton spoke flawlessly, making it impossible to find any fault with him. Hank Jensen narrowed his eyes, deep in thought. Clayton said, “Perhaps I’m too used to being an investor, so now that my role is different, I have to make something clear. After you evaluate the project and want to cooperate with me, I won’t allow anyone else other than the political party’s technical personnel to interfere on my side. That means whether you decide to cooperate with Stanton Corporation or Ferguson Corporation in the future, they won’t have the right to tell me what to do. Perhaps at some point, they will even have to listen to me.” Clayton finished speaking and quietly observed Hank’s expression.

Hank’s smile faded, and he gradually became serious. What an old fox. Hank picked up a bargain, yet he still did not allow others to mention their conditions? Hank completely understood Clayton’s intent. The best option was to choose Stanton Corporation so as not to create any hostility between the two sides.

However, it would be a different scenario with Ferguson Corporation. Would Eric Ferguson listen to Clayton Sloan? Whenever those two met, they just wanted to fight each other. Just now at the banquet, Hank could already feel the tension between the two men. The dark undercurrents surged between them. Many noticed it but they did not say anything. On the surface, Clayton looked like the perfect gentleman, but no one could figure out who he truly was. ° Hank felt that he had underestimated Clayton before this. If Clayton had looked for Hank in the beginning to raise this matter, perhaps Hank would have been completely biased toward Stanton Corporation.

Hank would then make it clear to Eric so that Eric would not be humiliated. If Ferguson Corporation failed to get the project this time, it would indeed be a bit embarrassing. After all, in the current situation, Eric's advantage was the most optimistic. He had more hope to land the project than Stanton Corporation. If Hank told Eric about Clayton's conditions, Eric would definitely not cooperate with him. Hank felt torn for a while. He had been in politics for so many years, so how could he not know of Clayton's purpose? This tactic was truly amazing! The air was stagnant for a few minutes. Clayton laughed and looked at Hank frankly. "Mr. Jensen, you don't need to reply in a hurry. The choice is in your hands, so you can weigh the pros and cons before making a decision." He smiled, nodded his head, then turned to leave. When Hank's driver saw this, he trotted over and opened the car door for Hank. "Mr. Jensen..." Hank froze for a moment before getting into the car. The conditions Clayton stated were so tempting that it was simply difficult to refuse. Even if the higher-ups were to consider this, they would most probably agree to it. The sky was a little dark. Clayton saw that it was getting late. He still did not receive a message from Nicole, so he was wondering if Nicole had enough fun. After getting into the car, he took out his phone to call her. It rang a few times before the call was picked up. "Mr. Sloan, come and pick up your wife! She's drunk!"

The one who spoke was Yvette, who also sounded drunk. Clayton paused. His heart clenched at once, and he felt somewhat helpless. He really did not know what to do with Nicole. She had a low alcohol tolerance, yet she liked to drink. Clayton immediately drove to Yvette's house. Lance was on a business trip for a project, so Yvette invited Nicole over to try Lance's collection of good wine. The two ladies accidentally drank too much.

Clayton knocked on the door, and the maid opened the door. "Mr. Sloan, Ms. Stanton is inside..." Clayton thanked her and went inside. He saw Nicole lying on the sofa sleeping. Yvette held the phone to video call Lance while she rammaged for something. Clayton wrinkled his brows and went over to pat Nicole's shoulder. She had fallen asleep and showed no signs of waking up. As soon as Yvette turned around and saw Clayton, she was surprised. "Clayton, when did you come over? Why didn't you tell me?"

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Chapter 1837 Let Her Work Overtime

Yvette touched her hair and suddenly realized something. "I forgot! Why am I at your house? I'll leave now!"

With that, she grabbed her phone and headed out.

The person on the phone spoke in a suppressed tone.

"Yvette, hurry back to your room and go to sleep!"

Yvette froze in place when she heard that.

She looked around dumbfounded as she tried to recognize whose house she was in.

Clayton picked Nicole up with one hand.

"Ms. Quimbey, you should go in and rest. I'll take Nicole with me."

Luckily, they were drinking at home. They would have been in trouble if they were outside.

Yvette froze. "Oh, okay. Go back home then. Goodbye!"

A voice once again came through the phone that Yvette was holding.

“Yvette, hurry back to bed! If you drink so much again next time, watch how I’ll clean you up!”

Lance was ruthless and talkative. He was helpless over the video call.

The maid sent Clayton out and said, “Mr. Sloan, have someone make Ms. Stanton some hangover tea before she sleeps. Otherwise, she’ll get a headache the next day. They didn’t drink much. They just mixed a lot of liquor. That’s why they have such a reaction...” Clayton thanked her and carried Nicole away.

The maid went back in and saw Yvette reaching for the wine in the liquor cabinet again. She was so frightened that she hurriedly went over to stop Yvette.

“Madam, you can’t drink anymore!” Yvette’s phone was thrown onto the sofa at some point.

The man on the video call was going crazy.

“Mrs. Sally, please bring her to the bedroom. If she doesn’t obey, lock the door and leave her there alone.”

The maid promised Lance but did not dare to yank Yvette.

Yvette grew up pampered. Her skin was so delicate that the slightest touch could leave marks. Even if Lance said this, he would feel heartbroken if he sees it later.

The maid took a wine bottle while she carefully coaxed Yvette to go to the bedroom.

“Madam, let’s go to the bedroom to drink. I’ll clean up this place.”

Yvette followed the bottle in a daze. “ Okay! Where’s Nicole? Where did she go?”

“Ms. Stanton went home. Her husband came to pick her up just now.”

The maid sighed as she spoke. Yvette had answered the call herself!

The good thing was that the bottle of wine in the maid’s hand was already empty. Yvette merely hugged the bottle and did not let go of it. She then lay on the bed and burped, then fell asleep in a daze.

Mrs. Sally wiped Yvette’s face with a warm wet towel and covered Yvette with a quilt before she carefully went out.

Yvette’s video call was still not disconnected yet. Lance’s voice rang out.

“She’s asleep?”

Mrs. Sally went over. “Yes. Madam is still very well-behaved when she’s drunk. She just fell asleep.”

Lance laughed lightly and thought, 'How is that well-behaved?'

After he laughed, Lance instructed Mrs. Sally. "Make her some hangover tea. Otherwise, she'll get a stomachache. I'll be back in a couple of days. Please keep an eye on her and don't let her drink for the next few days."

Mrs. Sally responded while her heart was pounding. She thought, 'How could I even control Madam?'

Lance also thought of this afterward. As soon as he hung up, he called the office.

"Is there nothing much to do in the office lately?"

For convenience, Lance picked one of his own people, Zane, to be Yvette's assistant.

Zane was a good-looking person who was good at sweet-talking, so Yvette had no problems with this assistant. Zane immediately replied, "Mr. Sheldon, I'm so busy that I didn't get to go home last night. Didn't you want CF Corporation's proposal urgently?" Lance paused. "I see that your boss, Ms. Quimbey, is very idle. If you're so busy, get Ms. Quimbey to help you. Otherwise, I won't approve your overtime allowance."

Zane said, "Mr. Sheldon, you mean..."

You want Ms. Quimbey to work overtime?"

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Chapter 1838 Show of Affection

Zane had to ask for clarification.

Before Lance went on a business trip, he clearly instructed Zane not to let the company's affairs affect Yvette's normal life as much as possible.

In other words, they should solve all the small and miscellaneous things.

What did Lance's phone call mean now? Lance wanted Yvette to work overtime? Zane was afraid that he got the wrong idea. That was why he wanted to clarify this.

Lance's voice was dull across the phone. "I just want you to find something for her to do. Ms. Quimbey couldn't sleep well because I'm not around, so it'll be better to divert her attention."

Zane said, "Understood, Mr. Sheldon. Don't worry. I promise to make it so that Ms. Quimbey falls asleep as soon as she gets home!"

So that's what it is.

Unknowingly, Lance just showed off his affection for Yvette.

Lance let out a faint "mm" and hung up the phone in satisfaction.

Zane was truly quick-witted. He understood without much explanation from Lance.

The next day.

Yvette woke up with a stomachache. Luckily, Mrs. Sally prepared a cup of hangover tea, so Yvette felt much better after drinking it.

Originally, Yvette did not plan to go to work that day. She just wanted to lie in bed all day!

However, suddenly something came up in the office.

Zane called Yvette repeatedly.

"Ms. Quimbey, there seems to be a problem with the proposal. Do you want to come to the office to take a look?"

"Ms. Quimbey, the lawyer said that we need to study the agreement. Why don't you come over and participate?"

"Ms. Quimbey, we're having lunch at noon, and we really hope that you can attend!"

"Ms. Quimbey..."

Yvette's phone never stopped ringing. After Yvette turned off her phone, Zane started to call the landline at her house.

Yvette could not get a moment of peace. Finally, Yvette unplugged the cable.

Not long after, Zane called Mrs. Sally. Mrs. Sally was torn as she went over to knock on the door. "Madam, the office said that something happened. If you don't go over, they'll just have to come to the house to get your opinion."

Yvette went to get dressed reluctantly. She never knew that her role in the company was so important that they could not function for a moment without her.

Thirty minutes later, Yvette arrived at the company with a cold face. She saw that everyone was just talking about what to eat for lunch.

How was this urgent?

Zane came out of the office and walked over with a smile.

“Ms. Quimbey, you’re finally here!” Yvette pursed her lips. “I thought that the company would go bankrupt if I didn’t come. Lance never told me that being the vice president was so important. It looks like my meager salary is really not enough!”

Zane heard the reluctance in Yvette’s tone and hastily spoke.

“Ms. Quimbey, since Mr. Sheldon is not around, everyone considers you as the company’s backbone. You’re also the president’s wife, so who else could we look for if not you?”

Yvette snorted coldly and walked toward the office.

"I ordered coffee for you all. Go down and get it when it arrives later."

"Thank you, Ms. Quimbey!"

When Zane followed Yvette, he carried a pile of documents with him.

Yvette saw it and froze.

"What's all this?"

"This is CF Corporation's project information. Mr. Sheldon needs the initial quote that they gave urgently, but I still have a lot of things on hand. Can you please..."

Yvette looked at Zane in shock.

"Hey! I'm the vice president!"

"I know..." Zane felt embarrassed as he scratched his head and smiled. "But these are confidential, so I'm worried that others will leak the information. If it's leaked, Mr. Sheldon's efforts will go to waste!"

Yvette gulped speechlessly. So, the importance of this project was that she had to look through this stack of documents?

Yvette wrinkled her eyebrows. She looked extremely upset. "Then will I need to do such work in the future?" Zane pursed his lips and smiled shyly.

“Ms. Quimbey, Mr. Sheldon took a lot of people from the project department with him. If he left some people behind, it wouldn’t have been like this.” ‘