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The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 1836

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

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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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