

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Read Online Chapter 1301

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Those shareholders would not easily sell their shares.

However, Nicole unexpectedly collected 54% of the shares in just a few days, occupying the largest stake in Sloan Corporation. That was unexpected. Even so, no one now knew that the owner of Sloan Corporation was about to change. Clayton's eyes were gloomy as he looked out the window.

The assistant cleared his throat and could not help but remind Clayton. "Mr. Sloan, maybe the Sloan family offended too many people, and they could no longer just stand by and watch." Clayton did not say anything. He was silent for a few seconds before opening his mouth. "Is Eric Ferguson still in Liberty?"

The assistant said, "Mr. Ferguson bought the largest vintage car brand in Liberty and injected capital from Mediania to Liberty. Mediania has never had a history with this brand before. He's been busy lately, and Liberty gave him a lot of problems in his acquisition, so he hasn't been able to distract himself with Sloan Corporation's affairs. However... Some groups in Liberty are very supportive of his acquisition, so as soon as the purchase was completed, he left Liberty on a private jet." "He left?" Clayton asked. "Yes." Clayton was a bit dissatisfied. He came here, but Eric left.

Who knew if Eric would go and harass Nicole?

Clayton's attention was completely dragged away by this matter. He immediately began to feel uneasy.

The assistant had been with Clayton for many years and was also somewhat surprised when he noticed the change in Clayton's mood. Clayton had always been able to stabilize himself. No matter how heavy the storm was outside, he would always stand here with a gentle and calm voice. His emotions rarely leaked out. Therefore, when the assistant saw the mood swings on Clayton's face, he immediately felt unused to it. 'Could it be because of that Ms. Stanton from Mediania?' The assistant thought. Before he could react, Clayton picked up his phone. "I'm going to make a call." The assistant immediately nodded and subconsciously left the office. As an afterthought, the assistant closed the door and shook his head in confusion. 'It must be.' The assistant thought.

In Stanton Mansion.

The butler knocked on Nicole's door just as she picked up the phone.
"Miss, Mr. Ferguson is here..."

Clayton, who was on the phone, just so happened to hear these words, and his face immediately became tense.

"Nicole..."

Nicole answered and raised her head to see that Eric had already walked to the door.

"Clayton, I'll call you back later. I have something going on now. Talk later!"

Clayton gritted his teeth but said calmly, "Bye."

As soon as the call ended, Clayton was no longer calm.

Clayton thought, 'I shouldn't have come back to Liberty so hastily!'

Nicole put down her phone and took a document from the side before she walked downstairs.
In the living room.

Kai stiffened when he saw Eric, then he smiled.

"Mr. Ferguson, we're honored by your presence. Sorry for not going out to meet you."

Eric pursed his lips. He was busy in Liberty for a whole month, but when he came back, he did not even go back to his own office and came to the Stanton Mansion instead.

He wanted to see Nicole at once.

Eric did not get angry at Kai's gloomy tone.

He smiled faintly. "It's been a long time, Kai. I heard that you went to Europe to train in stage performance. I look forward to your new achievements."
Kai was speechless.

Wow. This was Kai's first time seeing Eric act so proper. Kai felt like he was punching cotton. It was no fun.

Kai pursed his lips and glanced upstairs. "Lil N, is he here for you?"
Nicole already came down in her slippers, looking hurried.

She solemnly handed the document to Eric. "Mr. Ferguson, thank you for your help."

Eric smiled. His eyes were fondly looking at her several times.
"It's only natural that I help you."

Nicole handed the document to Eric, and Eric frowned in confusion.
"What is this?"
"A check. Do you want it or not?"

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Nicole's casual tone gave Eric an illusion.

That illusion was that their relationship had eased. Eric took it with a smile. "Of course not."

He helped her so much, so Nicole would not use numbers on a check to measure his help.

Eric knew that very well.

He only needed a chance to get closer to her. Nicole stood on a step to be at eye-level with him.

Since she was staying at home all the time, Nicole changed into more casual attire and looked slightly gentler.

She hugged her arms and looked at him.

"That's a thank-you gift. I'm someone that distinguishes my gratitude and grievances clearly. Your people helped me contact several major shareholders of Sloan Corporation and made them willingly sell their shares to me secretly. I accepted this favor, but I can't accept it for nothing. This is a thank-you gift that you need the most. Accept it."

Nicole smiled and continued, "I have a video conference in two minutes, so I'll go upstairs and get ready. Help yourself."

She was not being impolite. She just really did not want to see Eric's affectionate eyes.

It was really awkward.

Since Nicole did not plan to start over with Eric, she would not give him a single chance.

Then, she stepped on her slippers and went upstairs.

Eric's expression faintly darkened. He pursed his lips. His throat instantly tightened.

Watching her go upstairs, Eric wanted to say something, but he closed his mouth. It was too early now.

It was not a good time.

Eric looked at the envelope in front of him and opened it up. A land transfer agreement came into view.

His face stiffened as his gaze swept across it.

The content inside was the transfer agreement of a piece of land to Ferguson Corporation at a very low price. It was the same as giving it away for free. This piece of land was one of the most vital pieces among the new projects Eric had been secretly planning. If this piece of land did not belong to Eric, then the progress in other areas would be affected and constrained, and even more costly to maintain. Eric knew that this piece of land belonged to Stanton Corporation, but he did not make a move. He was hesitating on whether to pull Stanton Corporation into this project. It would be like a joyous event from heaven. However, it turned out that Nicole knew about this secret project all along. The surrounding plots of land fell into Eric's hands one by one, so the perceptive Nicole must have been able to perceive something. Indeed, for Ferguson Corporation, this thank-you gift was really weighty. It was worth much more than a check!

Eric's blueprint came together. Nicole gave him the perfect complement for this crucial link. The thank-you gift Nicole gave him was worth more than the help he gave her. However, Eric's heart felt like it was being crushed by a huge stone. It was sinking so much that he had difficulty breathing. This was merely an exchange of interests.

No one took advantage of the other in terms of benefits. However, Eric did not feel happy. Even if Nicole only said a casual "thanks", or exposed this matter indifferently, or even if she did not say a word of gratitude, Eric felt that he would not feel as bad as he did now. His hands tightly clenched the document, so much so that the veins on his hands bulged out. It was clear that he was gripping it tightly.

He knew that Nicole was drawing a line between them. Interests meant mutual non-aggression. It was a really unpleasant feeling.

Kai saw Eric's face change extremely fast from when he came in to the time he left. Kai wanted to say a few words to provoke Eric, but Eric's face was livid and cold. Eric did not look like he was easy to provoke. After thinking about it, Kai swallowed back his words.

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Kai went upstairs and saw Nicole calmly having a video conference. She raised her brows slightly when she saw Kai leaning against the door frame.

Kai put down the envelope in his hand on the table, turned around, and went out. She glanced at it.

Nicole was slightly stunned. Then, she immediately regained her composure and calmly listened to the person in the video call report the situation. Eric did not accept this thank-you gift, even if it was the thing that Ferguson Corporation needed the most. Twenty minutes later. The meeting ended. Nicole calmly looked at the document on the table and thought, 'Eric really has a backbone. Did he want me to owe him for life? No way!' Nicole called a number. "Logan, come over."

It took 25 minutes for Logan to get from the office to the Stanton Mansion. Nicole stretched and came downstairs, holding a cup of hot milk in her hand. There was even a milk mustache above her lips. Logan looked at her and laughed. "President, are you in a good mood?"

Nicole paused. "How can you tell?" Logan's eyes were curved. "Intuition."

Nicole rolled her eyes at him. Then, she passed him the document in her hand. "Send it to Ferguson Corporation and give it to Eric Ferguson. Make sure he keeps it. If he doesn't want it, then give him the check. Either way, he has to pick one." Logan's smile stiffened.

Sure enough, when Nicole was in a good mood, Logan's bitter days were right on the horizon. Eric Ferguson was not easy to deal with!

"President, you gave Mr. Ferguson a check? I think that Mr. Ferguson never thought in his life that a woman would give him a check." Nicole gave off the image of a domineering president to its fullest. However... Was there a mistake?

Who was the domineering president here?

'Will Eric not chop me up?' Logan thought.

Nicole glanced at him coldly. "Cut the crap and go quickly."

Logan raised his brows. Of course, there was no room for refusal. "Okay, I'll go now."

Logan finished speaking and turned to leave.

"By the way, the police have issued a statement and announced the charges against Autumn Ferguson. Start preparing for the press conference," Nicole added. Logan turned around. "Understood. Will the press conference be in Atlanta or Sand City?"

Nicole pursed her lips. "Sand City, preferably in front of that burnt warehouse. Let them see how much Stanton Corporation gave for this project and the development of Sand City."

Logan nodded with a smile. "Yes, I'll get right on it." Nicole was still the most thoughtful.

The burned warehouse had not been rebuilt yet, and the building materials inside had been burned to the ground.

The quality control department's inspection had to be terminated.

However, they took away a batch of the building materials in the past, and the test results were out. Including the randomly selected homeowners in the first phase of the project, the truth would soon be revealed.

They also had a police statement, so now was the best time to hold a press conference.

Although Nicole was not present, with Grant around, she did not have to worry at all.

During this period, Nicole stayed at home to recover from her injuries, but the concerned voices about her never stopped.

On the day when Nicole was kidnapped by the reporter, the incident was broadcasted live, so countless people saw the frightening scene.

Although Nicole escaped danger then, she was caught in the fire later on. The media also vaguely mentioned the matter of Nicole's accident.

Nicole only found out afterward that the Stanton family did not deliberately conceal the matter.

It was to let the other side lower their guard so that the Stanton family could bring her back in secret.

Now, the news on the internet was still fermenting.

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Nicole occasionally swept a glance. All the trending topics were about her and that project in Sand City.

[Goddess Nicole, come back safely. You're gonna be the richest person in the world!]

[That reporter is so unprofessional. He's basically discrediting the whole communication industry. He went out of his way to frame someone else just because of a little money?]

[A clear conscience laughs at false accusations. If Stanton Corporation has to go through a quality inspection, then so be it. Even if they lose money, they still want a statement! I praise their moral integrity!]

[The person who started the fire must be afraid that the quality control department would find that there's nothing wrong, right? How ridiculous!]

[I can guarantee that this fire was definitely not something that Stanton Corporation planned themselves. They will never throw their president into the warehouse to burn as well!]

[I was present when she was rescued. Goddess Nicole almost didn't make it. The door was locked from the outside. There were three ambulances and even patrol

cars there.]

[There was a handsome man who rushed into the fire to carry her out. I have to say that the man is really attractive!]

[The person who started the fire was clearly trying to destroy evidence so that others will think that the Stanton family did it themselves, right? The eyes of the masses are bright and clear!]

[Always believe in Goddess Nicole's innocence! Hurry up and get well. The business and entertainment circles are soulless without you!]

[The culprit must be severely punished. They're too much! They even dared to kidnap someone of Nicole's stature? If the person was an ordinary civilian, would he still be lucky enough to live?]

[Don't die, Goddess. I bought ten houses at once in order to support your career!]

Nicole laughed softly. The online voices were really rich, but the good thing was that Stanton Corporation came out from this public opinion unharmed. The phone suddenly rang.

She looked at it and saw that it was Yvette.

She picked it up.

Yvette called out tentatively. "Lil N?"

Nicole frowned and looked at the screen again. 'Yes, it's Yvette.'
"What's wrong? Why do you sound so strange?"

Yvette breathed a sigh of relief. "You're still alive. You scared me to death!"
Nicole said, "Can I still scare you to death if I'm dead?"

Yvette hastily denied it. "No, no. There are rumors in the circle that you were burned to death. How long has it been since you went out?"
Nicole pursed her lips. It seemed like apart from the day she went out to the airport and then came back immediately, she never went out again.

"I've been busy lately, and my body hasn't recovered, so the doctor told me to recuperate at home."

"I knew it. If something happened to you, how would the Stanton family still be so calm?"

Yvette muttered and really could not stand it.

"You should really say something online, or people might actually start offering you condolence flowers..."

Nicole was speechless. Was it that bad?

Yvette insisted that Nicole should hurry up and post something. Otherwise, the media would start using news of her "death" to attract attention.

Nicole agreed and chatted with her for a few more minutes before hanging up the phone.

Then, Nicole took her phone and logged into her social media account. She thought about it before posting a message.

"Squeak—"

Nicole's account had at least 15 million followers. She only posted one word, but in just a few minutes, tens of thousands of comments came flooding in. Nicole did not even have time to click on it. The little red dots popped up incessantly. She was instantly at a loss.

Suddenly, she saw the first reply below her comment. "Meow—" Nicole did not understand. She looked at the person who replied and felt that the nickname was somewhat familiar,

especially the avatar.

She clicked into it. The avatar was a photo of Lil Michael. In the photo, Lil Michael wore big pink glasses and pressed his little hands on his face as he looked at the lens in confusion. Lil Michael looked a little like a child model. ' This was Clayton's account!

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Clayton's comment was surprisingly still the first! The people below commented. [What does this mean?]

[Is Goddess Nicole feeling better? We all miss you so much!

[We hate the rich. The only company we don't want to go bankrupt is Stanton Corporation. You have to get better!]

[I don't know if you guys have noticed, but the first hot comment seems like a couple's dialogue.]

Several comments immediately appeared under this comment.

[Impossible!]

[Absolutely impossible! My Goddess will always be single!]

[A cat and a mouse? Anyone can meow. Don't try to use the entertainment circle's tactic. You're just lucky that you became the first comment!]

[That's right, it's pure coincidence!]

Nicole looked left and right. The rising comments and likes made her even more puzzled.

Thus, she sent a screenshot to Clayton. Clayton replied instantly. [?]

Nicole typed. [Isn't this you?] Clayton replied. [It's me.]

Nicole confirmed that she had not misread it before she slowly replied.

[Do you spend all your time on social media? Didn't you go back to Liberty for business?]

Clayton replied. [Hm.]

Nicole laughed coldly. What was “hm” supposed to mean?

Did it mean that he did not want to answer?

Nicole had no interest in talking anymore.

Just as she was about to turn off her phone and continue working, another message from Clayton popped up.
[I only follow you on social media. That’s why I received your notification in such a timely manner.]
Nicole was stunned.

Another message from Clayton popped up. [There was business, but it was resolved quickly.]
Nicole’s face eased slightly. Since he explained very patiently, she forgave him.
[But how did you become the first comment?]

According to Clayton’s speed, other people would be several times faster than him.
Clayton replied. [I bought it with money.]

WOW!

What a straightforward and frank explanation! Nicole really wanted to laugh.
[“Meow—” What does that mean?]

Clayton replied. [Both squeak and meow are onomatopoeia. I think they go well together.]

Clayton smiled as he typed and explained it seriously. Even if it was online, Clayton had to show his presence. However...
The netizens did not believe that it was a couple’s reply.

Nicole and Clayton were a couple!

There were die-hard fans of Nicole standing up for her to clear the relationship, righteously saying that Nicole was single.
Clayton smiled coldly and thought, ‘Am I not worthy?’

Nicole could not help but laugh. She was speechless and replied. [Yeah, it does match.]
Clayton’s mood suddenly improved, like dark clouds parting to reveal the sun. He was so angry at the netizens’ clarification that he wanted to curse earlier, but Nicole’s message suddenly made him feel like it was all clear skies.
Life was simply too good!

To the side, the assistant was busy and saw Clayton’s expression go from cloudy to sunny in a short time span. It was too terrifying.
It changed even quicker than a woman’s temper!

The assistant was a little curious about what kind of person Ms. Stanton from Mediana was like.
Clayton suddenly remembered something and typed. [By the way, did you see the surprise I left you?]
Nicole froze for a second. 'Oops, I forgot!'

She went back to work and rest immediately after returning from the airport, so she completely forgot about that.

Nicole quickly found a small palm-sized sandalwood box brought up by the butler from the drawer. It looked quite exquisite.
She opened it.

It had several keys and an address. Nicole frowned slightly.
She asked him. [What is this place?]

Clayton saw her ask this and knew that she had not gone yet.
He smiled and did not get disappointed.

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Clayton did not answer.

Instead, he kept her in suspense. [You'll know when you go and see. Don't go alone. Take your friends with you. It's very safe there.]
Nicole replied. [Okay.]

She looked at the address. She had not been there before and was a bit unfamiliar with it. She did not know what that place was used for.
It really aroused her curiosity.
The preparations for the press conference had come to an end.
This time, it was also a live broadcast.

The person sitting in the middle was still Jacob Cook.

However, the person watching from below had changed from Nicole to Grant.
Jacob drank three bottles of water before he went on stage, but he still could not help but feel nervous and shaky.
He was not even this nervous when Nicole was around. It was killing him.
Seeing more and more reporters file in and the number of cameras increasing, Jacob still could not overcome his nervousness when it was about to begin.
Nicole was connected to the scene from the Stanton Mansion and watched the setup.
When the camera swept over Jacob, Nicole suddenly said, "Stop—"

The screen was fixed in Jacob's direction.

Nicole squinted her eyes for a few seconds. Her expression was gloomy. Although Nicole had already known that Jacob's abilities had run out long before he turned thirty, she was still willing to allow him to stay in Stanton Corporation. It was not because there was no one to replace his position, but because she did not want to give the old employees the illusion that she would get rid of someone after they served their purpose.

However, why was Jacob's performance getting worse? Nicole called Grant. Grant was sitting below and talked to his assistant about today's Q&A session. The questions were tricky and each one of them hit the main point, but only in this way could the netizens' empathy and sympathy be aroused.

They could not just use questions in the direction that favored Stanton Corporation.

Consumers and netizens were most concerned about their personal interests. Therefore, the main aspect of the questions would be on the issue of the building materials' quality.

Grant's tone was calm as he picked up the call. "Hello?"

"Grant, did Jacob encounter anything recently? He doesn't look like he's in the right state of mind."

Grant looked up, glanced at the sweaty Jacob on stage, and frowned slightly.

His sharp eyes instantly turned cold.

"He's always like that. I'll switch him out with someone else."

"Wait. It's too late to get someone else now. The person who knows this project best is Jacob. How about this? I'll give him a call later and ask him about it. When this matter is over, you can come back and transfer him back to headquarters. I'll assign someone else to take over."

Grant was silent for a few seconds. His expression was cold.

He nodded in agreement. "Mm, transfer him in my name." Nicole said, "Okay."

Grant meant well. This way, the decision was made by Grant and had nothing to do with Nicole.

Nicole said, "Pay attention to the scene. If Jacob is too unreliable, you'll have to go up personally and save the show..."

Grant agreed and hung up the phone.

He looked at Jacob with a dark gaze and stared at him.

Jacob took a sip of water. His eyes swept in Grant's direction.

When he saw Grant looking at him, Jacob was so scared that he almost choked to death from that sip of water.

The next second, when Jacob looked back again, Grant had already turned around to continue explaining the process to the people around him.

Jacob took a breath, and his phone suddenly rang. It was from Nicole.

He immediately picked it up respectfully. "Ms. Stanton?"

Jacob immediately stood up to speak. His posture was humble without the slightest hint of arrogance.

Grant caught sight of this and frowned slightly.

He suddenly felt a little astonished.

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Jacob had complete admiration and guilt for Nicole, so he respected her from the bottom of his heart.

On the other hand, Jacob had a fear that reached deep into his bones when it came to Grant.

For some reason, when Jacob looked at Grant, he knew that his standard did not meet Grant's requirements for this position.

Jacob was occupying a position he did not deserve.

Thus, in the end, it was a guilty conscience that produced fear.

Nicole said, "Mr. Cook, the trouble in Sand City was resolved smoothly thanks to you. When the press conference is over, I'll ask my father to invite you to come over to my home for tea."

Jacob looked overwhelmed by the partial treatment.

"No, no, I wouldn't dare, Ms. Stanton. This is my job. Besides, I didn't do anything to help. You were the one who suffered, and you were the one who came up with all the ideas. How can I take any credit?"

Nicole's voice was gentle and calm, like a soothing spring breeze. She did not sound like she was putting on airs at all.

"That's not true. You were the one who took charge of the situation before and after the incident, which is why this messy situation didn't collapse. Everyone in the company knows this."

Jacob's nervousness gradually eased, and he looked a lot more relaxed.

He smiled. "I know. It's thanks to the company's support. I will definitely live up to everyone's expectations."

Nicole said, "Mm. Let me know if you have any difficulties. Mr. Cook, today's press conference is very important.

You're representing the company's image, so don't become a subject of ridicule! We're the righteous party, so even if it's off-script, you should still talk eloquently. Don't lose momentum!"

Jacob straightened his back in an instant.

"Yes, you're right! People live for their spirit just as trees live for bark!"

When Nicole heard his tone become firm, she knew that her purpose was almost achieved.

She looked at the time. "Well, I won't bother you anymore. Take a look at the scene. I'll be watching the live broadcast as well."

"Yes, Ms. Stanton. Take care of your health."

Jacob did not think of Nicole as a spoiled little girl anymore.

She was more like a commander behind the scenes.

After hanging up the phone, Jacob straightened his suit and collar. His nervousness gradually disappeared, and his confidence grew. Grant casually glanced in Jacob's direction and observed the change in his mood. Jacob was like a completely different person from before.

Just what did Nicole say to him?

Grant was a little curious.

However, before he could ask, Grant sent Nicole a message with a thumbs-up emoji.

Nicole was confused, but when she saw how Jacob changed in front of the camera, she smiled knowingly. The press conference officially began.

Nicole sat there, looking at her computer screen.

The number of viewers was only a few tens of thousands at first. As soon as the reporter came up, he asked a very controversial topic. "May I ask, after the journalist who reported that the building materials were faulty and the suspect behind the scenes is arrested, will Stanton Corporation's quality inspection continue?" It would be acceptable if it stopped in the middle.

However, it would leave a few doubts in people's hearts.

Even if it was a malicious business competition, it could not exclude the possibility that Stanton Corporation falsified it. The question had a deep meaning and made everyone surprised. The camera swept over to Jacob on the stage. He was mature and stable. His face remained unsmiling. He only nodded after he heard the question and did not even blink. "Of course. They're unrelated matters. All the building materials in Stanton Corporation's warehouse will be inspected. Unfortunately, the fire a few days ago almost burned up the building materials, but we've already sent the salvaged materials to the relevant departments for quality inspection. We accept supervision from everyone. We're willing to be responsible for the health of homeowners, and

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Jacob calmed down and spoke in a firm and resounding voice. This was the best attitude in the face of doubt.
Nicole was completely relieved. At least Jacob did not drop the ball halfway.
That was good.

None of the questions that followed were nonsense. The number of viewers in the live broadcast went from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands. It reached two hundred thousand in less than ten minutes.
In the end, the total number of viewers was more than three million by the end of the video.
It could be seen how many people were paying attention to the press conference. In the end, according to the arrangement, a netizen would be randomly selected to ask a last-minute question.
As for this question, it was a risk to arrange for it because no one knew who would be selected.
Jacob's ability to improvise would also be tested.

Thus, everyone prepared countless questions and answers in advance and waited for the last question in trepidation.
Grant originally did not want to arrange it this way, but Nicole thought that it was interesting.
It could give the netizens a sense of participation in the process.
Finally, it was time for the last session.

The reporter in the front suddenly shouted to stop the draw.

The last three numbers were 777. It looked incredibly powerful at a glance.
When they called the number, the line rang a few times before a deep and warm voice came through. "Hello?"
The host said, "Hello, sir. You've been selected as the lucky audience of this press conference. Only those who are participating in the live broadcast have their numbers added to the pool. May I ask if you're a homeowner of Stanton Corporation's projects?"
The host guided the question this way to lead the topic toward the project and try to avoid other awkward questions.
The person said, "I will be soon."

The host asked excitedly, "Does that mean you have confidence in Stanton Corporation's project?"
The person's voice was decisive. "Of course. I've never questioned the existence of this scam. Stanton Corporation is a very good company, and Nicole Stanton is a very good leader. I admire her very much!"
In an instant, the silent movement online suddenly riled up.

[OMG, he took the words right out of my mouth! But isn't that guy a little too blunt?]

[Hahaha, it sounds like he's confessing his love!]

[His voice is so pleasant and sexy! I feel like I might get pregnant from just his voice!]

[That man must be very handsome judging from his amazing voice!]

The host smiled and asked, "Do you have any questions you would like to ask? Our personnel will answer them for you on the spot. You're live now, so you can say whatever you want to say."

The other party hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a warm voice, "I just wish that Nicole will be happy and cheerful every day!"

HOW...

[Is he Goddess Nicole's die-hard fan?]

[Hahaha, he's wishing for Nicole to be happy? That host's face is so speechless!]

[He really took the words right out of our mouths! We wish that our Goddess is happy and cheerful every day too!]

[We wish for our Goddess to get richer and richer!]

The host was slightly stunned but immediately restored order to the scene.

"Thank you for your kind words, future homeowner. I believe that Ms. Stanton heard your blessing."

After it was over, Grant did not leave the place immediately. He wrinkled his brows and called the host.

"Let me see the number that was randomly dialed earlier." The host paused and hurriedly searched for the number. A phone number ending with 777 was not very common.

The host thought that Grant had something important to contact the person for. Then, Grant casually entered the first few numbers in his phone directory.

A name popped up: Clayton Sloan.

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Grant looked at the name for several seconds before finally sneering. He turned off his phone and turned to leave.

Clayton Sloan was really everywhere.

Even until the end, the host did not understand what just happened. Why did Grant ask for the number?

Grant looked back at his assistant who was following him and instructed, "Tell Jacob to come over."

"Yes, sir."

Jacob sent the reporters away before going to Grant's office in trepidation. Grant spoke straightforwardly.

"Mr. Cook, I'm going back in a couple of days, and you'll be going back with me. The project department will still be under your responsibility for the time being. Handover the project here to someone else for now. The handover procedures should be completed within two days."

Jacob froze, and his face paled slightly. It still ended up happening.

His performance today was not outstanding. It could only be considered mediocre and not disgraceful.

However, Stanton Corporation was full of talents. Any youngster would have a bearing and style of conversation that was much better than him.

Grant's dissatisfaction with him was finally voiced out loud.

"President Stanton, did I make a mistake?"

Jacob's voice was very weak.

Jacob knew that nothing he did was great. He even caused such big trouble.

To be honest, if not for the fact that the first person who came was Nicole, he might have already packed up and gone home.

However, Nicole did not let him go, which meant that he still had a chance.

Grant looked at him steadily for a few seconds. His eyes were cold and dark. He laughed softly.

"Mr. Cook, you should know clearly whether you're doing well or not."

Jacob's face went white. "President, I..."

Grant raised his hand to stop Jacob from talking. He did not want to hear Jacob talk about useless things that were just a waste of time.

"Mr. Cook, I'll just ask you one question. If you stay here, can you guarantee that no more accidents will happen in the follow-up of this project? If you can, then stay. If you can't, then leave."

Grant did not give Jacob any chance or leeway. It seemed like Jacob was forced to make his choice while being compelled by a crushing air.

The cost spent on this project had exceeded their initial estimate by 20%. If it went beyond that, they would start to lose money.

Grant was a shrewd person. He would not let a project muck up in his hands.

Jacob had been in Stanton Corporation for many years and knew Grant's temper well.

When Jacob heard those words, he knew that there was not much hope left for him.

Jacob sighed and nodded. "Okay, President. I'll go back."

Grant looked down at his phone indifferently and spoke calmly.

"There should be a big change in the middle and senior positions in a few days. I'll let HR announce it. You've been in Stanton Corporation for a long time, but to be honest, the solutions to the matters you've encountered this time are the opposite of what people in this industry should do. It's really not appropriate for you to continue to stay in this position, don't you think?"

Jacob jerked his head up as his expression changed slightly.

"President... I really tried my best. For the sake of my dedication to the company for so many years—"

Grant was not moved in the slightest. His face remained indifferent as he reached out to stroke his forehead.

"Don't worry, I won't dismiss you. Nicole wants to keep you in the project department, but I don't think it's appropriate anymore. Mr. Cook, there's a

vacancy in the procurement department. If you want to go, you can take the initiative to report for work.”

The words had already been said to this point. How would Jacob, a veteran in the workplace for many years, not hear Grant’s underlying meaning?

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Grant would not take the initiative to dismiss Jacob on the condition that he took the initiative to apply to the procurement department.

Jacob was seemingly transferred to a cushy position, but everyone in the company knew that the procurement department was equivalent to logistics.

They had no power.

The room was silent for a while.

Jacob’s face turned from white to red. He was almost unable to hold on anymore. Grant lowered his eyes and took out his phone to deal with other things. There was no emotion on his face as he waited for Jacob to decide on the spot.

He seemed certain that Jacob would not refuse this request.

After more than ten seconds, Jacob spoke nervously. “Okay, I’ll take the initiative to apply.”

Grant let out a faint “mm” and lifted his eyes to look at Jacob.

His next words were accompanied by a hint of warning.

“I’ll talk to Nicole, so you don’t have to take the initiative to tell her and make her come here. She’s not fully recovered yet, so there’s no need for these things to go through her.”

Jacob’s face changed, and he nodded. “Yes, sir.”

Grant meant that Jacob should not go to Nicole to plead for mercy. It was breaking off his final path.

After Jacob left, Grant picked up his phone and called Nicole.

“I already talked to Jacob. I got him to stay in the procurement department to prepare for retirement.”

Nicole was a little shocked. “He actually agreed?”

“Well, there’s no room for him to oppose. He f*cked up the project to this extent. I’m already being very benevolent for not settling accounts with him.”

Grant’s tone was thick with detachment and indifference.

Nicole paused. “Okay. It’s good if he goes there anyway. Let the Deputy Head of the Project Department take over the project in Sand City for the time being.”

“Alright, it’s settled then.”

Grant finished speaking and hung up the phone. Then, he ordered the company to issue a transfer notice.

He was never worried that Nicole would object. She was even more eager than

him to do this.

Once the press conference was over, it meant that things were officially back on track.

Nicole could focus on dealing with that old fox, Quavon.

Ferguson Corporation.

Mitchell saw Logan appear in front of him and felt a little incredulous.

During this recent period, everyone near Nicole seemed to avoid Eric.

However, Logan took the initiative to come to their door. Logan smiled politely and carefully reminded him.

"What are you still standing there for, Mitchell ? Could you help me ask if Mr. Ferguson has time to see me?"

Mitchell froze for a moment and quickly said, "Of course. But... Will Ms. Stanton be coming over?"

Mitchell asked cautiously and tentatively.

If Nicole was coming, he did not even have to ask and would just let them in.

Mitchell was like a dog.

Logan said, "No, she's not coming. That's why she sent me."

Mitchell's expression froze. "Please wait here for a moment. I'll go ask."

Then, Mitchell knocked on the door and went into Eric's office.

The air in Eric's office was incredibly cold. Even the fish tank in the corner was gone.

That useless Toto was sent to the banks of the Seine by Eric so that he could enjoy the scenery there.

Thus, people generally did not dare to come into Eric's office easily.

"President, Ms. Stanton's assistant Logan is here. He's asking if you have time to meet him. He said that there's an important matter."

Eric pursed his lips and frowned slightly. He hesitated for a few seconds before speaking.

"Let him in."

That was expected.

Mitchell brought Logan in and retreated.

Logan stood there and gently placed the document file in his hand on Eric's desk.

Eric looked at the somewhat familiar file in front of him. His pupils shrank slightly.