

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1677

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)  
Chapter 1677 Salary Increment

## Chapter 1677 Salary Increment

Clayton simply sipped his coffee and watched the stock market, as if he was indifferent to what was going on outside.

In just one hour, more than a dozen people came over to settle accounts with Jake.

Some went over to beg for forgiveness, to please Jake, or to withdraw their resignation letters. These people were mostly those who had just joined the company and had not yet established a firm footing.

Others went over to bribe Jake and used all sorts of methods to make Jake turn a blind eye when the accounts were checked.

Clayton shook his head and smiled. It was very entertaining.

Two hours later.

Jake refused to meet anyone. He was so tired that he could barely open his eyes.

He saw that Clayton was sitting there leisurely, bathing in the sun as if he was on vacation.

Then, he looked at his miserable self. For a moment, Jake could not accept their great disparity in moods.

Jake walked over and sighed.

"Mr. Sloan, see this situation? That meeting yesterday threw the company into turmoil."

The corner of Clayton's lips held a light smile. "It'll be even more chaotic down the road. Jake, you have to be mentally prepared."

Jake rubbed his face and looked extremely helpless.

"Alright, then I want a pay raise!"

If Jake had to deal with such an annoying mess without a salary increment, he would quit.

Clayton bowed his head and laughed. "Okay, I'll triple your salary, but your deadline is compressed to two years. After two years, I want to see a brand-new SF Corporation that's profitable."

The corner of Jake's lips twitched, and he stiffened for a moment.

It was really a mix of temptation and risk. Jake casually mentioned it, and Clayton surprisingly offered to triple Jake's annual salary.

However, the deadline to get the company back on track in three to five years was shortened t

o two years.

This meant that Jake had to face a more complex dilemma and speed up the process.

After thinking for a few seconds, Jake nodded his head and agreed.

After all, Jake was confident that he could do it. It was just a matter of time.

It was also a personal challenge.

Once he was successful, he would be more than just the acting president down the road. His value would go up.

This was a rare opportunity!

"Okay, then it's a deal. Mr. Sloan, we have to tell Ms. Stanton about this, right?"

Clayton smiled. "I'll talk to her."

Jake let out a sigh of relief and was relieved.

He suddenly felt revitalized. The difficulties in front of him were no longer just problems, but three times his annual salary.

Jake stood up. "I'll immediately have someone post job openings to fill the vacant position. The recruitment conditions will be even better than usual so that those who quit will know that the company can still survive without them."

Clayton looked at Jake approvingly.

"That's a good plan, Jake. I can recommend a few people to you."

Jake froze, Clayton handed over the stack of materials next to him to Jake.

“These are the people who were forced out by the senior management before. All of them are capable and can very well replace those who want to resign.”

Clayton’s tone was light, and what he said seemed casual.

However, Jake felt slightly shaken in his heart.

This was the method Jake had finally thought of after the whole night, to replace the old staff with new hires. If these new hires were those who had been sidelined before, he would not have to worry about them betraying the company or getting bribed. It was also because of this reason that Jake had the confidence to propose a salary increment. However, Jake did not expect that Clayton had already thought of it and even found those people.

Everything seemed to be within Clayton’s grasp.

Clayton was truly terrifying.

Jake was dumbfounded. Clayton looked at him and smiled casually, but he was not at all

gentle.

“Jake, I’ll have to trouble you for the follow-up. My flight is departing tomorrow. If anything happens here, you can call me any time.”

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1678

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Chapter 1678

Extraordinary Care Clayton actually wanted to leave a long time ago. He would not have stayed if he did not spend time screening the new candidates.

Talent was their main dilemma.

Now that this biggest problem was solved, there was no need to bother with the rest.

Jake pursed his lips and did not know what to say. He regained his composure and asked.

“Mr. Sloan, you’ve thought of it long ago? Why didn’t you bring it up?”

Clayton raised his eyebrows. “You’re the president, so you’re in charge. If you didn’t mention this, I wouldn’t have taken these out either. I’m just helping you.”

Jake was speechless for a moment.

Jake felt that if he had not brought up the idea himself, Clayton would deliberately make him pay for the breach of contract.

After all, there was no better way at the moment.

Clayton turned the screen in front of him so that Jake could see more clearly.

“Today, Sloan Corporation’s stocks have already started to fall. When they resign, it’ll fall even more. I’ll have someone divert attention to get the stocks up so that it’ll at least not reach the limit down.”

Jake paused, raised his eyes, and looked at Clayton solemnly.

“Mr. Sloan, I think you’re more suitable to be here than me.”

The corners of Clayton’s lips curled up in a sneer.

“I’m not going to work hard for Sloan Corporation, but I’m looking forward to the arrival of SF Corporation.”

With that, Clayton stood up and straightened his suit jacket.

“See you next time, Jake.”

Jake stood up and shook hands with Clayton. This was the first time the two were so solemn.

Jake could not help but be impressed with this man who only had eyes for Nicole.

Although Clayton only thought about Nicole, his choices were the best.

Jake regretted that he had looked down on Clayton before.

Clayton left with Roland.

Roland looked at the time.

Extraordinary Care

“Mr. Sloan, should we go back to the hotel next or somewhere else? Your flight is at 9:00 am tomorrow.”

Clayton paused and tilted his head to look at the sky, which was blue and cloudless.

Countless skyscrapers blocked the expansive view, and he inexplicably felt a little cramped

Clayton missed Nicole very much.

He wanted to share every moment with her here.

Clayton wondered if that heartless little she-devil would miss him as much.

He slowly exhaled and paused. "We're not going back to the hotel. Let's go to the sanatorium."

Roland thought that he had misheard and looked at Clayton several times.

"Mr. Sloan, are you going to visit..."

Who was in the sanatorium?

Quavon and Isaac.

Isaac was still paralyzed and unconscious, so Quavon not only had to take care of himself but also Isaac.

It was not difficult to guess that this sudden change in the Sloan Corporation was Quavon's idea.

Since Clayton was already in Liberty, it would have been a pity not to visit his father. Clayton had already gotten into the car, and Roland sat in the passenger seat. When they arrived at the sanatorium, Clayton glanced at Roland. "Wait for me outside. You don't need to follow me in."

Roland replied, "Yes, sir."

Of course, Roland was sensible enough to know that Clayton's family was a taboo that he could not touch.

Clayton did not like others seeing his scars.

As soon as Clayton got out of the car, the sanatorium's director greeted him.

It was evident that although this sanatorium was isolated, the facilities and services were the best. Their clients were all wealthy people from the middle and upper classes.

The compound walls also had reinforced security to prevent people inside from accidentally running out

There were bodyguards every three meters, and there were no blind spots in the building.

2/3 Scanned with CamScanner

This was also the reason why Quavon was locked up here. Even though Quavon lost power, he was still considered rich and powerful.

“Mr. Sloan, don’t worry. According to your instructions, we gave Mr. Quavon and Mr. Isaac extraordinary care. Although Mr. Isaac is not yet awake, he’s still conscious of what’s happening around him. The doctor said that the nerves in his lower body have been completely damaged, so there’s little hope of waking up, but he can still hear what people say. Mr. Quavon would see Mr. Isaac from time to time and would usually sit there the whole day. I’ve never seen such a strong bond between brothers...”

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1679

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**Chapter 1679 Visiting Your Father**

The director lamented as he spoke. A trace of mockery crossed Clayton’s eyes.

Brotherly love?

On the surface, Quavon was still Isaac’s big brother, and Isaac was Clayton’s uncle.

However, Quavon and Isaac were not brothers.

After that fig leaf was removed, some things were still too disgusting to say out loud.

Clayton stepped inside. “They didn’t want to leave?”

The director paused.

“Of course, they want to! There have been several groups of people who came one after another, our layers of bodyguards aren’t just for show. Moreover, I change their rooms and courtyards every few days randomly, so those people simply can’t predict where Mr. Quavon is

The director was quite proud of himself when he said this

Clayton silently smiled.

“No outsiders came to see them?”

“None through regular channels, but there’s always someone who wants to talk to Mr. Quavon. They even sent a nurse in. By the time I found out the nurse had already run away, but we immediately strengthened our security.”

The director did not want to mention this at first, but since Clayton asked, he might have already suspected something.

Thus, he could only tell the truth. After all, the money Clayton paid was enough for the director to build two more sanatoriums

Although this was a sanatorium, there were many mentally unstable people locked up here. The care given here was better than ordinary psychiatric hospitals, and it also sounded better

Undoubtedly, it was difficult for these mentally unstable people to escape.

Quavon and Isaac were classified into this category.

Clayton walked in silence, without any reaction or dissatisfaction.

However, Clayton knew that what had happened to Sloan Corporation should have been passed on through that nurse.

It was really a lot of effort. Your Father When the elevator reached the top floor, Clayton could tell that the bodyguards had tripled.

The director stopped and pointed to the room inside.

“Mr. Sloan, they’re right there. Now, Mr. Quavon should be visiting Mr. Sloan.”

Clayton nodded and proceeded to walk out, giving him a passing glance.

“From now on, no strangers can be allowed around him, whether it’s a nurse or a bodyguard.”

The director immediately understood and nodded his head.

“It’s my carelessness. From now on, there will be none of that.”

Who would have thought that the people outside would be so attached to an old man?

However, the business war in Liberty seemed to be extraordinarily cruel. Moreover, every businessman was always linked to people in the political world. There were complex relations at play that involved many parties.

Thus, Quavon was an important figure. It was not difficult to guess that someone wanted to use Quavon's last bit of value to achieve their final goal.

Clayton really suffered a lot.

On second thought, these were not things that the director should think about. The director only needed to do what Clayton ordered him to do. The director watched as Clayton's back disappeared around the corner and turned his head to instruct the nurses on the side.

"No one is allowed to go near that room until Mr. Sloan comes out."

The nurses knew that Clayton was an honored guest and did not dare to be negligent. They immediately nodded and left.

Clayton knew that Quavon and Isaac were inside.

He did not even bother to knock on the door and pushed the door open.

The room was large and well-lit. It was just that the faint smell of disinfectant was lingering in the air.

Quavon sat hunched over in the room, holding a book in his hand.

Isaac lay in the innermost part of the room with his eyes closed. Clayton could hear the regular beeping of the medical equipment.

As soon as Clayton entered the room, he felt the dead silence inside.

That feeling was as if two people were dying. The depression and helplessness that had

accumulated for a long time felt like they could explode at any moment.

Quavon heard the movement and looked back.

That glance was shrewd. His aged face looked mocking and restless.

"Hmph! Did you come to visit your father?"

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1680

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Chapter 1680 Push Him Out the Window



Clayton walked in. His gaze indifferently swept over his surroundings. He hooked his lips and asked, "I heard that your health is much better now?"

When Quavon was admitted here back then, he was in a very bad state.

Quavon's most beloved son became a vegetable, and the career that he was most proud of became someone else's. How could a normal person withstand such a blow?

However, Quavon was no ordinary man.

No matter what, Quavon was able to make a name for himself in the Libertarian business world.

Thus, Quavon still had remaining power.

Quavon looked at Clayton with a gloomy gaze. He did not have a trace of compromise or goodwill in his eyes. "Sorry to let you down, but I still have a long way to go before dying."

At this point, Quavon and Clayton had completely fallen out with each other. There was no need to maintain their superficial father-son bond for the sake of certain interests.

After all, judging by the current situation, Clayton was the clear winner.

Clayton saw this and unceremoniously sat down on the opposite sofa. His long legs occupied most of the seat and gave off a sense of oppression for a moment.

Quavon had to admit that Clayton, the son he had despised since birth, was not what he used to be.

Otherwise, with Quavon's ability, it was simply too easy to leave this sanatorium.

However, Quavon was now stuck here and could not even get out of the door.

How ridiculous.

Clayton's voice was cold and harsh. His gaze was dull.

"I know that your people contacted you. You're involved in the recent mess at Sloan Corporation, right?"

This question was more of a statement with his tone of certainty.

Quavon's eyes flickered, and he let out a smug snort.

Quavon thought, 'See, he's still afraid, huh? I'm still more experienced after all'

"Do you think that by keeping me here, I'll just sit and wait for my death? Clayton, don't forget that I'm your father. I gave you your life, but you colluded with that woman to steal Sloan Corporation. Can you rest easy? Have you ever thought that that woman is only using you for the sake of Sloan Corporation? You did this to me and Isaac! How can you do that to the Sloan Ciapel TUUU FUGIT UIT VUI lile VIIIUW family?!"

Quavon's chest heaved violently as he yelled at Clayton. It was clear that Quavon had been wanting to scold Clayton for a long time.

Quavon thought, This ingrate sure is a son of a b\*tch! I should've just pushed him to his death back then.

Clayton waited for Quavon to finish cursing before raising his eyelids. The corners of his lips held an indifferent sneer. "I'm greatly honored for her to use me."

He smiled. When he mentioned Nicole, his gaze softened for a moment before it quickly passed.

When Quavon looked at him again, Clayton's eyes were as cold as if they were frozen. "You ingrate! I knew that you're a traitor that will harm our family! If I'd known this day would come, I should've..."

Quavon was furious. He paused for a second at the point when he was most agitated.

Clayton laughed and spoke in a light tone. "Should've pushed me out of the window too?"

Quavon's eyes widened and he looked at Clayton incredulously. His face was pale.

"What did you say?"

Quavon was apprehensive and speculated if Clayton knew something.

Clayton stroked the corner of his eyebrow. His voice was deep and cold. "Before my mother jumped out of the building, someone fed her a large number of sleeping pills and let the psychiatrist guide her to jump to relieve herself of her pain. The psychiatrist that Isaac hired has been trying to kill my mother for a long time. You know *very* well that her existence will make Isaac's mother unhappy. So, on that afternoon, you got the maids to put sleeping pills n her food and hypnotized her. When I went to see her, she jumped down."

Clayton was calmly recalling the incident as if it had nothing to do with him.

However, this was what happened to him.

Quavon's face turned pale. His pupils shrank, and his neck stiffened, lifting his head at a strange angle as if he was strangled.

However, Clayton did not do anything.