

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1494

Instead of retorting or disputing, Charlotte merely sneered and listened to them.

Those from Divine Corporation were worried on her behalf.

Spencer and Johann, who were watching the live stream in the office, were particularly nervous, afraid that the situation would spiral out of control should Charlotte fail to address the issue properly. After all, the press conference was broadcasted live and watched by netizens from all over the country.

As of then, many netizens were criticizing Charlotte, calling her cruel and foolish for confessing her guilt readily. Some even claimed that she would reveal her true colors soon.

All in all, she was in a very unfavorable situation.

Yet, Charlotte continued sipping her tea calmly while waiting for them to finish what they had to say.

After an hour, the journalists finally stopped talking. Some began to question her. "Why aren't you saying anything, Ms. Lindberg? Are you rendered speechless because every word we said was right on the money?"

"You're never going to get off scot-free. Surrender yourself to the cops if you had done it," another journalist said icily.

An awkward silence ensued. Everyone was eagerly waiting for Charlotte to reply.

After drinking three cups of black tea, Charlotte gradually raised her head, swept her gaze across them, and asked, "Done talking?"

The journalists remained quiet, awaiting her response.

“Mr. Williams,” she called while making a gesture, and Rodney immediately came forth with his team.

“Yes, Ms. Lindberg,” he greeted.

“Have you noted down the things they said and identified who they are?” Charlotte asked calmly.

“We've noted everything down clearly,” Rodney answered while his legal team began to take their seats.

All the journalists were stunned, clueless as to what was going on.

“Is there anything else you all would like to add?” Charlotte grinned and looked at the press. “I'll answer your questions once you're done.”

“Uh...” some of the journalists stuttered, no longer daring to speak.

They could tell that Charlotte and her legal team were ready to retaliate by filing a lawsuit against those who continued to defame her. It was no doubt that she was being serious about it.

Those who had thrown all sorts of allegations at Charlotte earlier started panicking, wondering if their earlier utterances were recorded and if she would take legal actions against them.

“All right. Let the press conference begin officially, shall we?” Charlotte extended a hand, gesturing for them to speak. “Who wants to go first?”

However, the journalists had lost the courage to voice their queries. Instead, they all exchanged looks, hoping for someone to volunteer.

“No questions? Fine. I'll answer the questions you've asked earlier then.”

Charlotte looked around the room and identified the journalist who was the first to question her. “The first question came from H City Frontier's Terence Mawk. You asked me why do I own my husband's assets and stock. I'll answer you right now.”

She explained, “My husband and I are legally married, and our child is still young. In the event of any mishap, I have the right to his inheritance. I don't have to explain the legal process, but if you're interested to find out more, do your research.”

“Next, Mr. Henry had transferred his stock in Nacht Group to his three great-grandchildren, who are, well, obviously my children. Naturally, as their mother, that grants me the right to oversee Nacht Group's operations. The board of directors had gone through several rounds of reviews and verifications with the corporation's legal team before approving my appointment. There's no way for me to take up this position had they rejected my appointment,” she added.

Charlotte continued, “I don't understand why you journalists suddenly came to interrogate me under the pretext of justice. Do you think you know how Nacht Group operates better than its board of directors? Are you trying to imply that they were so dumb that they were all deceived by me?”

Her speech rendered the members of the press speechless.

“Let's move on to the next question.” She then went through every single question in sequence and answered them steadily.