

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1670

"I have a few things to announce for today's conference," Chris stated while sitting in the president's seat, using Zachary's identity.

"I have transferred all of my shares in the Nacht Group to Mr. Gold for further development of the company."

Everyone in the room was bewildered by his words. Instantly, nerves struck the directors who had sold off their shares.

"How can that be?"

"Your reason to buy our shares was to join the board of directors, and you said it would be easier for you to gain support from the rest of the board if you have additional shares. How could you—"

"I have told you all from early on not to sell your shares to him," Johann said exasperatedly. "Now that he has eight percent of your shares and that b*stard's twenty, he has become the largest shareholder of the Nacht Group."

"We didn't know."

Regret filled the directors as they finally realized Jesse's intention. They hung their heads, blaming themselves for being naive.

Some cast a fierce glare at Jesse and wanted to give him a piece of their mind.

However, Jesse wasn't swayed by them. He merely watched them with a grin on his face.

“Silence.” Chris slammed the table and continued disinterestedly, “These are copies of the equity transfer agreement for your reference.”

Jean handed out the copies to the directors at his instruction.

“Why are you showing this to us?” Johann asked coldly. “Have you signed the transfer agreement?”

His question was right on point. Instantly, everyone's gazes shifted from the paper in their hands to Chris, awaiting his answer.

If Chris had signed the agreement, it meant that the agreement had taken effect, and the shares had been legally transferred to Jesse.

If he hadn't, then the last step was still missing. Under normal circumstances, there would be a verification process before the signing.

However, Jesse had employed some underhanded methods to get his hands on the shares as soon as possible. He had wanted to sign the agreement in front of the board of directors but hadn't expected the internet outage. Even their phones had no signal, so they had no choice but to postpone the signing.

Chris didn't answer Johann's question but turned to Jesse, waiting for him to explain.

“We'll proceed with the signing of the transfer agreement once the internet recovers.”

Jesse gave Johann a knowing grin as he was sure the latter was the one who disrupted the internet, intending to stop him from signing the transfer agreement.

Agitation filled Johann at the news. Initially, he had thought it was another one of Jesse's tricks to disrupt the internet and phone signals so that he couldn't contact Charlotte. However, he realized at that moment that his assumption was way off.

Contacting Charlotte is a small matter compared to signing the transfer agreement.

Even though Jesse has the skill, he doesn't have the resourcefulness. Why didn't I think of this?

However, there is one man with the skill, resourcefulness, and foresight to have done it.

Could it be him? Is he back?

Johann tried to keep his excitement in check, but his hand on the cup still trembled slightly despite his efforts. Hope blossomed within him. If he's back, there's hope.

"We won't accept it since you haven't signed it," Kallum rebuked.

"That's right. We won't accept it," the rest chorused.

Jesse gave Chris a glance.

Chris immediately barked, "I've already signed the equity transfer agreement. Signing the transfer agreement is just a matter of time. Who dares to deny the legality of it?"

"Mr. Nacht, what's wrong with you? How could you give the century-old Nacht family business to others on a platter?" an elderly director questioned. "Old Mr. Nacht will be turning in his grave if he knows about your actions."

"That's right." The rest couldn't comprehend as well. "You weren't like this before. Both the Nacht Group and Divine Corporation were expanding rapidly under your management. Why do you want to relinquish them out of the blue?"

"Did someone get ahold of your weakness?"

Everyone was throwing out their assumptions. In a mere second, the entire room was abuzz with fervent whispers.

Feeling irritated, Chris yelled, "Shut up!"