

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1671

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1671 The King Is Back

The room fell into silence at his shout, and the board of directors instantly complied with his order since they were afraid of Zachary.

They all turned to Chris with a frown, waiting for him to continue.

“We’ll complete the signing today once the internet recovers,” Chris said confidently. “Let’s continue with our meeting on the changes in the board of directors—”

“What changes? You haven’t even signed yet, so who’s the largest shareholder now? Who gave you the right to speak if you’re not the largest shareholder?”

“Johann, I have found someone to replace your position. Even though you possess five percent of the shares, you also don’t have any right to speak in front of Mr. Gold, so it’s best if you stay silent,” Chris glowered.

“You!” Johann was flushed red from anger.

The rest were furious too, but they didn’t dare to say anything, for they were void of the right to speak since they had no shares. All they could do was watch as “Zachary” acted rudely toward Johann.

“Mr. Sterk’s reasoning was logical,” Jesse piped up. “The largest shareholder of the Nacht Group would be me since the shares have

already been transferred to me, so I'm the one holding all the power to make the decision."

He reached for a document, then flashed a grin at everyone in the room. "I'll now announce the new personnel arrangement—"

"We won't agree to it without the official transfer."

After a glance at his phone, Kallum rose to his feet and bellowed, "We will only comply after the official signing of the agreement. Both of you are devoid of the right to speak since the last step is yet to be completed."

"Who gave you the right to speak?" Chris shouted. "Sit down!"

"Chris, don't think we're afraid of you merely because you're impersonating Mr. Nacht," Kallum exposed his identity. "The real Mr. Nacht will be back soon, and you'll be going to prison."

A commotion stirred within the room at his shocking words.

"What? This Mr. Nacht is a fake?"

"Like I said, how could the real Mr. Nacht transfer his shares to another? So it was an imposter all along."

"How preposterous!"

"Call the police!"

"I agree. Let's call the police."

The agitated directors were immersed in their discussion, feigning deaf to Chris' yells.

Chris had yelled for attention a few times, but it was futile. Anxiety gripped him as he watched the situation slowly lose control.

Jesse barked, “Useless trash!”

Chris merely stayed silent while his face reddened with anger.

“Has the internet recovered?” Jesse asked.

“We’re still dealing with it.”

“Step on it!” Jesse urged.

“Yes, sir.” His subordinates then raced to urge the relevant department.

Johann took a glimpse at his watch and noted that it was already a quarter past three in the evening, but the man he was waiting for still hadn’t arrived yet. Hence, he could not help but wonder what was happening.

Right then, Lucy dashed to Johann’s side and whispered, “The internet has recovered.”

“What?” Johann yelled in shock. At that moment, Jesse announced, “Everyone, the internet has recovered. We’ll officially proceed with the signing.”

Then he gestured for his legal team to enter the room.

Nerves struck the directors as the transfer was about to happen right in front of their eyes.

Everything would be too late once the agreement was signed.

Soon, Nancy led the Gold family's lawyers into the room with a stack of documents in her arms.

Jesse's mood lifted at the sight.

Despite his unwillingness, Chris had no choice but to sign the agreement.

The directors' stomachs tightened as they watched the two begin to sign the agreement.

After Jesse put his signature on the tablet, he handed it to Chris.

Chris accepted the tablet and signed "Zachary's" name on it.

However, something strange happened. The system couldn't recognize his signature, displaying an error message of incorrect signature.

Creases formed on Chris' forehead at the error. He erased his previous signature and signed it again, but the outcome was the same. When he wanted to try again, a deep voice stopped him.

"There's no need for you to try again. I have changed my signature."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1672

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1672 The King Is Back 2 Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1672

The sound of this voice astounded all present. In unorchestrated unison, they turned around to see a masked secretary, diminutive in stature, pushing a wheelchair along as she made her entrance.

Though enfeebled to a shade of his usual self, the person in the wheelchair had lost none of the air of regality that he was imbued with

from birth. The inimitability of that presence and those keen, domineering eyes clearly belonged to Zachary Nacht!

“Mr. Nacht...”

“Could this be Mr. Nacht?”

All eyes fell upon Zachary, and then Chris, in absolute astonishment.

Chris was jittery when he regarded Zachary. As if in a dream, he could scarcely believe his own eyes.

How? Isn't he already dead?

Chris' consternation was immediate; His expression saw a dramatic shift, his vision became unfocused and even his knees clattered against each other.

Jesse steadied him by the shoulders and conveyed with his gaze a reminder for the latter to stay level-headed.

Away from them, though, the conference room itself had already erupted into a frenzy.

“What's going on here? How did two Mr. Nachts appear out of nowhere?”

“W-Which one of them is the real one?”

“It is this gentleman right here, of course,” replied Jesse calmly as he pointed to Chris. “That man over there looks nothing like Mr. Nacht. I've

no idea where this imposter came from and what motivated him to disrupt our board meeting.”

“Indeed. Indeed.” Jean immediately chimed in.

Straightening his back, Chris tried to project upon his own poise for right now, he did physically resemble Zachary more than the real Zachary did, owing to how much weight the latter had lost over the course of his treatment.

That presence, however, was something that Chris was not able to replicate!

“True, that.” In her guise, Francesca regarded Chris before she turned her attention to Zachary in amusement. “He really looks more like you than you do!”

That got everyone looking in her direction.

Who’s this masked and mysterious secretary? They thought.

Though slight of build, those eyes of hers belied an indomitable haughtiness.

“What on earth is going on here?”

“I’ve no idea, but it feels almost surreal.”

“The internet service is back on. We should probably bring the police in.”

“Yes! Yes! Let’s!”

The collective disquietude of the board members prompted them to indulge themselves in a fervent discussion.

“What’s the matter with you people? Can’t you see that this here is the real Mr. Nacht?”

Johann’s attempt to speak, however, became lost in the shuffle.

“What a racket. Shut up, all of you.”

Chris’ frustrated grunts went completely ignored.

“Quiet!”

Zachary’s sudden outburst, though, settled the entire room into a compelling silence.

Although their inflections were similar, Zachary’s presence proved to be the difference. Every word he said, every movement, and every look he cast, projected its own commanding character!

With that, that sense of amity finally came back to them again.

“It is Mr. Nacht. It really is him,” cried one of the board members.

“Although he looks a little different outwardly, that presence is unmistakable.”

“Yes. I felt that too...”

The others also looked upon Zachary with exhilaration as well.

“Mr. Nacht.” Johann got to his feet and walked over to Zachary’s side.

“You’re finally back!”

The nerve-wracked and muttering Kallum, too, followed suit. “May the heavens watch over me and not let me throw my lot in with the wrong people again this time.”

“I’ve been ill for a while and only recovered consciousness recently.” Zachary cast a glance at Johann before turning to instruct Lucy. “Bring me the laptop.”

“Yes. Right away.”

Lucy had been in la-la-land and only just snapped out of it. Then, off she went to fetch the laptop.

“Who are you to give orders around here?” In his best impression of equanimity, Chris growled, “Get out...”

Before he was even done talking, Zachary had him cowed into silence with a cold stare before he went on to subject the latter to an imperious interrogation.

“What is the first technology ever to be developed by Divine Corporation? How many chips has it developed since? What’s the seventy-seventh serial number? How many subsidiaries are there under Nacht Group and how many investment projects is it involved in? What was Mr. Henry’s founding ethos? Are you able to answer these?”