

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1489

Chapter 1489 They Came Prepared

"It's preposterous!" Emma, too, started browsing the news on her phone. Fuming with anger, she said, "Ms. Lindberg is doing all she can to support the Nacht family. How can they say this?"

"Someone must be behind all these." Morgan leaned over to glance at the news and was instantly riled by them. "Could it be Nancy Gold's doing?" she suggested.

"She has to be the main suspect," Emma spat. "It can't be anyone else."

"I don't think it's her." Charlotte kept her cool and analyzed the situation. "If she's the culprit, then it doesn't make sense for her to come all the way to scold me."

Though she was not fond of Nancy, she felt that the latter truly loved Zachary. Nancy must be more concerned about his safety, so there was no need for her to complicate the situation by releasing those fake news.

If it isn't her, then who else would do such a thing? Ever since Zachary went missing, some conglomerate businesses have been plotting to gain control of Nacht Group. Could it be them?

While Charlotte was deep in thought, her phone rang again. That time around, it was Johann who called. She immediately answered the call. "Mr. Sterk."

"Charlotte, the stock price is plunging." Johann went straight to the point. "I think there's a need for you to explain the situation in a press conference. Or else, our stock price will hit rock bottom, and we'll suffer massive losses."

"I'll be arriving at the company shortly. Let's discuss face to face there," she responded decisively.

"Sure."

After ending the call, Charlotte checked the stock market. Indeed, the stock price of Nacht Group was crashing. Evidently, the ongoing discussions on the internet had left a profound impact.

Moreover, the rumors suddenly emerged in the morning, with almost every well-known media company producing the same content simultaneously. Not only were the headlines eye-catching, but they were also spreading like wildfire. Everything seemed so organized and well-prepared.

Usually, the media dared not cross Nacht Group. However, considering the involvement of so many media companies, Charlotte had reasons to suspect that a highly influential person was pulling the strings.

Then, Spencer called, and she immediately answered, "Hi, Mr. Spencer."

"Charlotte, you must handle the issue with great care. Find out who did this as soon as possible! Based on my experience, this matter will only get worse if not dealt with immediately."

"I know that, Mr. Spencer. I'm dealing with it right now."

"We've put in a lot of effort to persuade the board of directors yesterday, and yet, this happened. There must be someone behind this. Do you have any suspect?"

"I can't think of one at the moment. I'll investigate it."

"Okay. Be quick. I've been receiving calls the whole day. The shareholders have been looking for me, so I'll go and deal with them first."

"Sure."

Just as Charlotte put down the phone, Michael called. Frustrated by the endless calls, she frowned. "Michael."

"Charlotte, what's going on? Why did I become your lover?"

"I'm not sure. I'm investigating it now." Charlotte almost let out a sigh. "Now, I can only say for sure that they're coming after me. You just happened to be dragged into this mess."

"No, no, that's not what I meant. I don't mind getting involved in this. I'm not really affected since I'm all alone. More importantly, you're in the center of the storm. Please be careful."

"I know. I'll deal with it. I'm sorry, Michael."

"Don't worry about it. Let me know if you need my help. I'm always available."

"Mmm, got it."

Once the call ended, Charlotte massaged her temples to soothe her headache. In the meantime, they had arrived at the company's building. At the sight of their car, a group of journalists swarmed toward them.

"Such annoying people!"

Morgan's expression darkened.

She wanted to chase the group away, but the security guards forestalled her and dispersed the crowd.

Morgan immediately drove the car toward the parking lot in the basement.

Charlotte looked at the time. It's only nine in the morning, yet the journalists have already gathered here. The mastermind sure has come up with a well-formulated plan.