

Suing Me Over Dinner: A Love Letter to Greensboro’s Legal Ghost

Description

Twelve days ago, Chuck Watts was still a former city attorney quietly advising a company under scrutiny. Since then, I’ve published three investigations. The threats have escalated. Watts has retired—effective immediately. And now, the North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation is looking into his conduct. All of this has unfolded across less than two weeks and a national holiday.

That pace tells you something. Not just about pressure, but about proximity. About who’s connected to what, and how tightly they’ve tried to hold the line as the story widened.

It began like a spiral. The articles went live. The messages intensified. And suddenly, a man who once served as Greensboro’s chief legal counsel was under scrutiny from the same agency tasked with rooting out misconduct in public institutions. Watts had retired—not with ceremony, but with urgency. A quiet exit following loud revelations. It might have gone unnoticed if the pattern wasn’t so familiar: influence without responsibility, strategy without transparency.

At first glance, Chuck Watts’s role at Cyberlux seemed innocuous. An old hand lending legal advice to a new venture. But as the reporting deepened, a different picture emerged. Watts wasn’t just whispering from the sidelines. He was functionally embedded. His legacy as city attorney wasn’t left behind—it was leveraged. Cyberlux, a company already teetering on regulatory scrutiny, had found in him not just a legal advisor, but an institutional bridge. One that blurred lines and bought time.

That time, it turns out, was used less for compliance and more for cover.

In the twelve days since publication, a cascade of events has unfolded that reveals not just the fragility of Greensboro’s governance culture, but the ways in which legal counsel, corporate interests, and public silence can form a mutually beneficial ecosystem. What you’ll read in this piece is not just about Watts. It’s about the silence around him—and the behaviors that silence enabled.

It’s about threats that don’t come from anonymous trolls but from executive offices. About doxxing that doesn’t look like chaos but coordination. About how paid influencers manufacture consent for questionable companies, and how lawyers sometimes do the same thing—in cleaner language, with better shoes.

I didn't expect it to move this fast. But now that it has, the question isn't whether the SBI should expand its inquiry. The question is why it's taken this long.

Because Watts may have left City Hall, but City Hall never really left him. And when a lawyer leaves a trail of power instead of protection, you don't get oversight. You get impunity.

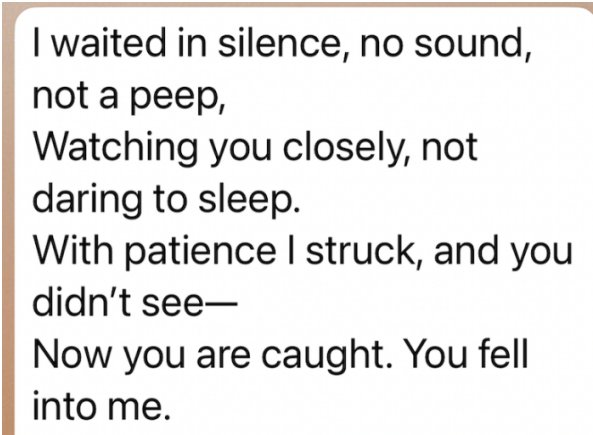
This is the story of how Greensboro's former top legal mind became the quietest man in the room while everything burned around him.

For a while, the hostility felt ambient—the kind of digital static you learn to expect when you're investigating a company that markets promises faster than it can fulfill them. From late 2024 into spring 2025, the attacks from Cyberlux loyalists were mostly performative: memes, vague threats, mockery. Annoying, yes. But survivable.

Then came May 10.

That's when a message landed in a private inbox that stopped being theater. It read like a riddle but carried the rhythm of surveillance:

I waited in silence, no sound, not a peep, / Watching you closely, not daring to sleep. / With patience I struck, and you didn't see / Now you are caught. You fell into me. •



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The sender? A Cyberlux executive. The tone? Not dramatic. Deliberate. Threats like this don't shout. They hum. There was nothing anonymous about it, either. The initials, the timing, the confidence—all of it suggested someone who felt protected. Someone who thought proximity to a lawyer, a title, or a contract made him untouchable.

It was also the first moment I truly considered the idea that I wasn't just dealing with a defensive corporate culture—I was dealing with a company that thought intimidation was a legitimate communication strategy.

And Chuck Watts was still advising them.

Whether Watts knew about that message or not is a question I can't answer. But if he didn't, he should have. If he did, his continued silence makes him something worse than negligent. It makes him predictable.

This was the first flicker of a coordinated campaign, not just to discredit, but to corner. And when your legal counsel won't stop it or even acknowledge it they aren't a neutral voice anymore. They're part of the effect.

On May 27, the mask came off. An anonymous Twitter account named @RacketeerX began releasing a steady drip of personal information—not just about me, but about people close to me. Names. Workplaces. Addresses. All broadcast like exhibits in a smear campaign dressed up as research. This wasn't trolling. It was targeting.

The content wasn't wild speculation; it was assembled. The images and data read like the product of a private investigation—corporate-slick formatting, metadata embedded in screenshots, cut-and-paste business records with just enough effort to feel weaponized. Whoever was behind it wasn't just digging through Google. They had help. Or access. Or both.

And it's all screenshotted.

The timing couldn't have been more coordinated. Within hours of the posts, another direct message from the same Cyberlux executive arrived, dripping with disdain. There were accusations of espionage. Said my writing had triggered international legal attention. Claimed I was engaged in a conspiracy that stretched from private business to diplomatic channels. It would have been laughable if it weren't delivered with such dead-eyed certainty. The man didn't seem unhinged. He seemed rehearsed.

After implying that there was a surveillance effort in his May 10th message, The Cyberlux executive's messages on the 27th backpedaled with "per what I'm reading on Twitter" as if he hadn't already revealed the coordination surveillance behind the scenes. It wasn't a clarification. It was cover.

The escalation was unmistakable. We had crossed from whisper campaigns and emoji-laced tweets into something colder. Strategic. As if the company had decided that public criticism would now be handled not with statements, but with fear.

And all of it—every screenshot, every insinuation, every threat—happened while Chuck Watts was still tied to the company. Still offering legal guidance. Still, notably, saying nothing.

There's a difference between not knowing and choosing not to look. If Cyberlux had even a whiff of legal discipline, a message would have gone out: stand down. That message never came. And so the doxxing continued. The dossier grew.

No matter how you cut it, when a company's legal counsel stands silently beside behavior like that, it stops being a legal relationship. It becomes a shield. One that protects not the company from harm—but the people causing it.

In early June, the Cyberlux executive took his campaign from the timeline to the workplace. He reached out directly to the employer of a family member featured in the doxxing thread—an attempt not to correct an error, but to inflict one. His goal was simple: get them fired. Remove the target. Send a message.

This wasn't speculation. I saw the message. I saw the reach. It wasn't the product of rage. It was a tactic. Cyberlux, or at least the people claiming its name and power, were now pursuing critics and their families through economic pressure.

At that point, it stopped being online harassment. It became real-world coercion.

The threats didn't retreat after that. They evolved. The language got sharper. The messages more confident. It wasn't an anonymous mob anymore—it was a machine. And once you've moved from public forums to someone's HR department, the legal exposure multiplies.

And Chuck Watts? Still legally advising a company whose executive was engaging in conduct that any first-year law student could tell you was legally radioactive.

You don't need a JD to see the risk here. What you need is a backbone. And for all his legal polish and bureaucratic savvy, Chuck Watts seemed to lack the one thing that mattered most in that moment: a refusal to let power operate without limits.

When someone in his position allows a culture of retaliation to step off the page and into the office, it stops being negligence. It becomes complicity by tolerance.

But Cyberlux didn't just use legal muscle and private threats. It used a megaphone.

Court records confirm that a social media personality known as @wtf_os was being paid at least \$5,000 a month by the company. Not for consulting. Not for marketing. For influence. For controlling the public narrative around \$CYBL—the ticker symbol that this entire circus was built to inflate.

The man wasn't just tweeting fan fiction. He was building investor sentiment. Leading a coordinated chorus of alt accounts and sock puppets pushing Cyberlux's stock to desperate retail investors. People who weren't looking for due diligence. They were looking for hope. And Cyberlux gave it to them. With charts. With buzzwords. And with @wtf_os on retainer.

What didn't come with the tweets was a disclosure.

Under federal securities law—specifically Section 17(b) of the Securities Act—anyone paid to promote a security must disclose that compensation. When they don't, it's not just dishonest. It's fraud. And @wtf_os wasn't just an isolated voice. He was a node. His posts were amplified by bots, reshared by burner accounts, dressed up with fake community engagement that made Cyberlux look like it was building something real.

And Chuck Watts? He was still there. Still listed as the man advising the company. Still nowhere to be seen when it came time to ensure Cyberlux followed the law.

When a company is paying influencers to pump its stock while threatening reporters and doxxing critics, and no one inside the legal team steps in, you no longer have a rogue actor problem. You have a system. One that either knew exactly what it was doing—or was too gutless to stop it.

Watts wasn't just another lawyer. He was the firewall. And it failed.

But all of that still wasn't the final move.

In mid-June, a tweet began circulating claiming Cyberlux had entered into a new “partnership” with Palantir Technologies. The stock surged on the news. It wasn’t a whisper this time—it was a boom. \$CYBL shot from under half a cent to nearly .015, with over 300 million shares traded that day. It looked like a breakout. It wasn’t.

Because it wasn’t a partnership. It wasn’t even a collaboration.

It was a product license. Palantir confirmed on the record that Cyberlux was not a strategic partner. They were a customer. One of many. A user of Palantir’s Warp Speed platform, which allows companies to buy access to tools like they’d buy email hosting. No bespoke contract. No handshake at a ribbon-cutting. Just software and a receipt.

But by the time that truth landed, the damage was done. The hype had already been spun into chart analysis and countdown threads and “next big thing” declarations. The price ballooned. And for insiders, that balloon wasn’t a liability. It was an opportunity.

A liquidity event.

The kind of volume spike you manufacture when you need to offload a lot of paper, fast. The kind of narrative you push when you’re less interested in the long-term viability of a business and more interested in the short-term exit math. If anyone inside Cyberlux sold stock during that window, that alone could trigger an SEC probe. If they didn’t? Then they still benefited from the appearance of momentum, which is all a company like this needs to keep the illusion alive.

And where was Chuck Watts?

Still representing. Still advising. Still in the room, presumably reading the same tweets, watching the same price action, knowing the same truth. That there was no partnership. No announcement. Just a stunt. One that inflated a stock and misled investors and created legal risk that no responsible attorney would let drift by.

But he did.

The truth didn’t matter as much as the optics. The volume. The climb. The kind of moment that gets screen-grabbed into Discord servers and “DD threads” by people who believe hype is due diligence. That moment didn’t happen on accident. It was architected. And the silence from Cyberlux legal wasn’t caution. It was complicity dressed as restraint.

Lawyers don’t get to say “I didn’t know” when the harm is this loud. Not when they’ve chosen to embed themselves in the operations of a company known for blurring lines between press releases and threats.

Chuck Watts wasn’t an outside consultant. He wasn’t an arm’s-length advisor. He was Cyberlux’s legal conscience—if it had one. Which means he carried the duties that come with that role: to prevent harm, to protect the public, and to pull the alarm when a client steps into criminal or civil jeopardy. That isn’t theoretical. It’s codified.

North Carolina’s Rules of Professional Conduct are clear: a lawyer must not assist or knowingly allow a client to engage in criminal or fraudulent conduct. If they become aware of such behavior and

can't stop it, they're supposed to withdraw. If the risk is serious enough, they're supposed to report it.

Watts did none of that. And so the behavior grew.

When Cyberlux insiders were doxxing reporters, he stayed. When the company's executives were messaging threats with surveillance language, he stayed. When the firm paid a social media influencer \$5,000 a month to hype their stock without disclosure, he stayed. When they misrepresented a business arrangement with Palantir to create a trading spike, he stayed.

At some point, staying becomes enabling.

And enabling when you're a lawyer is not just an ethical lapse. It's exposure. It opens up Cyberlux to civil liability. It opens up Watts to professional discipline. And it opens up the City of Greensboro to questions about whether it knew what its former attorney was doing while the company he advised spiraled into misconduct.

Because here's what people don't always understand: municipal trust isn't just lost through budget fraud or corruption scandals. It's eroded when people see familiar names standing next to unchecked power and saying nothing.

The silence becomes the story.

The inaction becomes the liability.

And the legal counsel becomes part of the case file.

Then came the tweet innocent on its face, grotesque in its implications.

"I was just discussing Cyberlux with him over dinner last night," someone posted. "Chuck said that his old job was not nearly as exciting as suing Jackson Holt." ????



Dallas Stars @Ryder... · 37m  

I know Chuck. Old man Watts son. Lived out on the old Watts place. I was just discussing Cyberlux with him over dinner last night. Chuck said that his old job was not nearly as exciting as suing Jackson Holt. 😂😂😂😂



So now we know what Chuck Watts found more thrilling than upholding law for a city. Suing a journalist. Over salad.

I won't pretend to be an expert on every facet of Greensboro's dysfunction. But I know Cyberlux. I've studied their filings, tracked their bluffs, and lived through the kind of attention they reserve for people who won't stop asking questions. And Chuck Watts was there for all of it offering silence where there should've been accountability.

The SBI may be looking at the Chuck Watts. But if they're serious about restoring public trust, they need to follow the paper trail. Chuck Watts wasn't just close to the fire. He helped carry the matches.

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Category

1. Cyberlux

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