

## She is a ceo Chapter 362

"It's not convenient for me to intervene, so you can handle it for me," said Spencer.

Jacob glanced at Spencer, wondering why he had asked him to come forward.

"Forget it," Spencer said, reading Jacob's mind, "You'll see," he said. "But until then, you have to protect yourself. I can't help you with Poppy reporting you, but I can help you with something outside the law."

"That's enough," Jacob said with an ingratiating smile, paying no attention to his usual arrogance. He had unwittingly developed a sense of domestication toward Spencer, and he would listen to whatever he said.

But Spencer knew that. He smiled with satisfaction and clinked glasses with Jacob again. "To us, and to all the best."

"All the best," Jacob said with a smile.

Early in the morning, just after dawn, Kane woke up. He looked at his phone and realized it was only 6 o'clock. He rarely got up so early.

"Come on, get up." Kane stretched, got up early, and walked out of the room to find Poppy's door still closed. He didn't bother her, but went to make his own breakfast. And two hours passed.

Kane hadn't been himself these past two days. Perhaps because Poppy's video, like a suicide note, it made him feel a little out of place, as he watched Poppy's more relaxed face without feeling any anger.

"Maybe I'm overthinking it," Kane said in a self-deprecating tone as he finished making breakfast, then went to wake Poppy up for breakfast.

“Poppy, wake up.” Kane knocked on the door, but no one answered, so he knocked again, and the third and fourth time no one answers. Kane sensed something was wrong.

Poppy had been restless ever since she got back from Lepus, so she was a light sleeper. Sometimes he woke her up in the middle of the night with a glass of water, and now when he knocked on the door, why didn't she respond?!

Without any hesitation, Kane ran back to his room to find the spare key to the guest room. Despite his own rummaging through the drawers, gasped for the key and found it, his heart was pounding. An ominous premonition hung over him.

Back at Poppy's door, Kane gritted his teeth and knocked again, this time with all his might. He knocked the door so hard that it caused a jolt back, but no one answered. Kane knew something was wrong.

With sweaty palms, Kane opened Poppy's door with the key, and as the door opened, an unusual chill came over Kane's face. He wondered why he felt so cold when the sun was shining. He quickly looked up at the bed and saw a bulge on the big bed. Kane walked slowly over.

Step by step, step by step, as he neared, Kane discovered Poppy's back to him. She was still in bed, and just as Kane was about to breathe a sigh of relief, he noticed that the pillow was in the wrong color...

The bedding in the guest room was gray, even the pillow, but now he looked at the color of the pillow, how was it dark gray?

Cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Kane called out to Poppy in a low voice that he didn't even realize he was trembling.

Poppy still didn't respond, like... she was... dead!

Realizing what he was describing, Kane's heart skipped a step. As he got closer, the stench of blood wafted up his nose.

"Poppy!" Realizing that something was really wrong, Kane took a deep breath and reached out his hand to turn Poppy around. Kane collapsed to the ground as he saw her.

On the bed, Poppy had lost her breath. Her eyes were closed. Her brows slightly furrowed. Her face was covered with dead gray, and ironically, the last color of her life was a bullet hole in the middle of her brow. It was a terrible shade of red.

At noon, police cordoned off Kane's apartment, which was no longer his home but a scene of a horrific murder.

Kane sat on the sofa and was drenched in a cold sweat that couldn't dry. His face was horribly pale.

As the first person to find Poppy, he was questioned as a suspect, but after investigation, police found that Poppy had been shot between the eyes with a sniper rifle while she was sleeping in the middle of the night. The surveillance cameras in the stairwell showed Kane had never left the house before he was cleared of any wrongdoing, but he was still called back to the police station for investigation.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Kane walked out of the police station like a walking corpse. His back was still wet with sweat. He looked up at the bright and blinding sun. Kane was in a daze and at a loss whether he was in a dream or in reality.

Poppy, was she dead?

Kane asked himself.

She was dead. He saw it with his own eyes.

He told himself.

With a wry laugh, Kane lowered his head and dialed Juliana's number with the last of his senses. He told her where he was and collapsed on the floor. He didn't faint, but he wasn't conscious either. He wondered how long he sat on the floor before a guard helped him to rest in the hall.

At 3 o'clock, Lucia, Arthur, and Juliana appeared together in the hall of the police station. They all saw Kane sitting with his head down. His face was ashen. Juliana rushed to him and squatted down worriedly,

"Kane, what are you doing in the police station?"

Hearing Juliana's voice, Kane looked up as if he had been infused with a little life. Seeing Juliana's face, his tears finally began to trickle down and he whispered,

"Julia, Poppy is dead."

Even with resentment and helplessness, Kane still once loved Poppy, so he pained, pained to the bone.

When she heard Kane's words, Lucia fell to the side as if she was struck by lightning. Arthur caught her quickly and saw that the color on Lucia's face was fading fast. He asked Kane anxiously,

"Kane, what the hell is going on?"

Juliana gripped Kane's hand, watched him cry, and offered silent comfort. After a long pause, Kane slowly began to tell the story of how he found Poppy's body. Lucia was barely able to hold herself together as she listened, listening to every detail of what he said. She realized that Poppy was dead.

She hated her to the extreme, but after hearing Kane's words, Lucia's heart ached so much that she couldn't bear it anymore. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She buried her head in Arthur's shoulder and sobbed softly.

Arthur took Lucia into his arms, and at this moment, he didn't know what to say.

The death of a wicked person was often satisfying, but there were always those who knew her, and opened their hearts to, crying silently.

Poppy's life ended in a tragedy.