

She is a ceo Chapter 365

“Lucia, don’t be sad. Poppy said to me after the shoot. She said she deserved it, so don’t be sad. Poppy told me I have to show you the video, and I have to put it on the Internet. No matter what the press says, she wanted the world to know that she felt guilty about you, and maybe it was her... last way to beg your forgiveness in the end.”

Walking out of the room, Kane seemed to have calmed down a bit. His eyes were still red, but he told Lucia first.

“Why do I have to regret it at the end...” Lucia sobbed, moaning as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

Everything was wasted. Who can not withstand the ravages of time, but if she can know a little earlier, a little earlier wake-up...

Lucia sighed and lamented.

“Actually, Poppy, she really doesn’t have any friends. Her evil associates are just trying to please her. That’s why she comes to me whenever she has something on her mind. Maybe she has realized this herself. If she and you were fine back then, you would still be the one she could rely on today.”

Kane sighed.

Kane’s words made Lucia very sad. Thinking back to the last time she saw Poppy, she thought that was what she meant. But fate was fickle to people, and the path she chose was her own. Poppy’s end today, sad as it was , but it was also predictable.

So, Lucia won’t let Jacob go off!

“Jacob!” said Lucia when she clenched teeth, with her eyes burning with hatred. “I will never let him go off!”

“Lucia, I’ll help you.” Arthur held Lucia’s hand, trying to be her strongest shield.

“Lucia, I’ll help you too!” Juliana said firmly. She hated Poppy, but she felt pity for a dead and remorseful person.

“I’m going to post it all over the Internet,” Kane explained. “Poppy’s will is here. If you agree, we can execute it tomorrow. Although Poppy’s assets are frozen, they can still be inherited, but you have to accept the possibility of a negative inheritance.”.

“It doesn’t matter, as long as we can continue to sue Jacob!” Lucia said firmly.

“Okay, let’s discuss the next step...” Kane brought Juliana to the sofa and they started to discuss. This was how anger turned into strength.

While Lucia and the others were angry, Jacob was celebrating.

In order to create a dignified atmosphere, Jacob put aside the thought of calling his friends to celebrate. He stayed at home to drink celebratory wine. Feeling that one person was not fun enough, he called Spencer and invited him.

By the time Spencer got to Jacob’s house, he’d already had a few drinks. There were two empty bottles of wine at a small private bar in the hall, as if Jacob was drinking wine like water.

“Jacob, are you sad or happy right now?” Spencer came over and laughed.

It was said that to drown their sorrows in wine; to add the fun with wine when having good time. Wine was really very complex.

“Spencer, here you are.” Jacob’s face was red, and he smelled of wine. He saw Spencer, poured him a glass of wine, handed it to him, and said,

“Of course I’m happy. From then on, I have no more worries!”

With that, Jacob made his own toast and downed another glass of wine.

Spencer smiled, scorned, and said, “Have you forgotten about Arthur?”

Jacob smiled nonchalantly, put his arm around Spencer’s shoulder, and said, “I have you to deal with Arthur.”

Spencer glanced askance at Jacob’s hand on his shoulder, then casually swung it off. “We’re cousins,” he said. “You have to do it yourself.”

“Is that why you’re doing this for me?” Jacob continued with a smile, with his eyes shining for a moment as he looked at Spencer.

Spencer didn’t look into Jacob’s eye, but said, “Business is all about using each other, Jacob. We help each other, and we work together, so we can go far. Not to mention Arthur, I’ll own Davonnis Corp from now on!”

“Good point!” Jacob said, raising his glass to Spencer. “Win-win!”

“Win-win,” Spencer said, and toasted Jacob.

Spencer left Taylor Manor just before dawn. Jacob walked up the stairs and was so drunk. The butler didn't sleep, but brought him a cup of sobering tea. Jacob drank the tea and didn't rest. He got up from the bed and walked to the front of the wardrobe and opened it all rudely. He made the closet door crack.

Bob! Jacob called to the butler. When the butler reached him, he stammered, "Take... Poppy's clothes and things... all..."

Jacob was silent and the butler thought he was going to sort out Poppy's things and asked, "Sir, are you going to sort them out?"

"No!" Jacob shouted, then turned and glared at the butler. "Take them all out in the backyard and burn them!"

"Ah?" The butler did not react immediately.

"I said burn them all. Didn't you hear me? !" Jacob was angry instantly and snapped.

Knowing Jacob's temper, the butler replied respectfully, "Yes, I'll get right on it."

Then the butler went out. In a few moments, he called in some servants. All of them sleepy, but perked up as soon as they entered the master's bedroom. As soon as the butler spoke, they began to pack Poppy's things, her clothes, bags, underwear, and even the cosmetics on the table. They were all packed into garbage bags. Less than half an hour. All the stuff was packed up.

"Mr. Taylor, all things are packed," the butler said to Jacob who was drowsy.

“Help me up.” Jacob held out his hand to the butler, who quickly helped him up. “Come with me,” he said

Jacob directed the butler to help him into the backyard, followed by servants carrying garbage bags.

Standing in the backyard, Jacob asked the servants to dump Poppy’s things all over the grass. “Burn them,” Jacob says coldly

The servants looked at each other, but no one did anything. It wasn’t that they didn’t listen to his order. It was just that they didn’t understand. Mrs. Taylor was dead, but they were gonna have to wait till the funeral to burn her things, and, uh... Everything Mrs. Taylor used was the most expensive, and it costed a fortune to burn.

“What are you waiting for?!” Jacob was angry again when he saw that no one was moving.

“Hurry up!” The butler feared that everyone would be caught in the crossfire, waved his hand and asked one of the servants to light the fire.