

Wrath 1091

Chapter 1091:

“Mateo, what’s your decision?” Bart asked, squinting at Mateo with a hint of amusement.

Mateo looked towards Gilmore, who was rubbing his temples, clearly wanting no part in the discussion.

“Alright, enlighten us on the right path for the Welch family,” Mateo conceded reluctantly.

Bart smirked, reclined in his chair, and crossed his legs casually. “Is this how you treat guests? I’ve been sitting here for ages, and you haven’t even offered me a glass of water. How do you expect me to advise you?”

“Bart Green!” Mateo snapped, frustration evident in his tone.

Calvin stepped in, shaking his head at Mateo before turning to Bart with a forced smile. “You’re right; our hospitality has been lacking. Please forgive us.”

He then directed the staff to bring over drinks and fruits and even summoned a few companions to entertain Bart, ensuring he received the highest standard of hospitality.

The Welch family watched the spectacle with visible irritation, but given Bart’s leverage in their potential recovery, they held back their anger.

“Not bad!” Bart commented, enjoying the grapes offered by his companions. “You certainly know how to treat a guest.”

Calvin managed a smile, seething inside. Bart, once merely a subordinate, was now flaunting his newfound power, backed by Leonidas.

Calvin made a silent vow that once the Welch family regained its footing, he would ensure Bart and Leonidas paid dearly for their arrogance.

“Bart, are you ready to talk now?”

“Hmm?” Bart looked over, his eyes narrowing as he fixed on Calvin. “What did you call me?”

Caught off guard, Calvin quickly corrected himself with an awkward smile. “Mr. Green?”

The room filled with tense glances, sensing Bart’s theatrics.

Bart took a deep swig of his wine, then nodded approvingly. “That’s better. Now that I’m satisfied, I’ll share Mr. Miller’s directives.” It was a clear case of leveraging another’s influence.

With Leonidas’ support, Bart fully embodied the notion of riding on someone’s coattails.

“Please, proceed,” Calvin said, his voice subdued.

Mateo’s brow furrowed, his jaw clenched as he watched his son grovel and fawn. It grated on him—the obsequious display. Yet, his hands were tied; there was nothing he could do about it in the moment.

At the very least, Calvin’s willingness to humble himself spared Mateo the deeper sting of appearing as a father powerless to shield his family.

“Mr. Miller has been vigilantly keeping tabs on your squabble with Janice from abroad. He’s keenly aware of everything that’s unfolded,” Bart began. “Despite the substantial hits we’ve taken, Janice is hardly in a position to gloat.”

A wave of agreement swept through them, each nodding in turn.

Janice's relentless assaults on the Welch family, including both shady maneuvers and covert dealings, had probably drained an immense amount of resources. Even with the robust backing of JE Consortium, the financial toll was undoubtedly severe.

Chapter 1092:

"As of now, JE Consortium is tightening its belts, striving to keep their cash flows healthy. They've been cozying up to the royals of Aerith and Cherriton—increasingly reliant on those connections. Imagine the chaos if suddenly, both of these allies started having troubles of their own?" Bart's lips curled into a sly, knowing smirk.

The implication hung in the air, thick and potent. Around the room, the Welch family exchanged glances, their hearts pounding with anticipation.

"If their partnership with Aerith and Cherriton encounters unforeseen obstacles, it could spell disaster for JE Consortium. Without their endorsement, JE Consortium's financial lifelines would unravel, potentially hurling them toward bankruptcy."

Calvin inhaled sharply. JE Consortium had amassed considerable wealth over the years, standing like a towering giant in the financial landscape.

A breakdown in such a colossal entity would be catastrophic, akin to a skyscraper tumbling down from a single flaw in its foundation, setting off a devastating chain reaction.

"Mr. Green, while I grasp the gravity of your concerns, JE Consortium's roots stretch far and wide overseas. Our hands are tied; we can't simply sway their decisions," Calvin explained, his tone somber.

Bart let out a soft chuckle, an air of knowing confidence about him as he wagged his finger. "Ah, but that's exactly why we need Mr. Miller in this equation. Why else would he send me to negotiate with you?"

A spark of realization flickered in Calvin's eyes. "And what exactly does he desire?"

"He wants Janice."

The revelation struck the crowd like a thunderclap. They struggled to grasp what mysterious charm Janice held that could compel Leonidas to such extreme measures. Was his relentless pursuit merely to win Janice's heart? Or was it the vast empire under her control that he sought? After all, JE Consortium wielded enough power to parley with entire nations without backing down.

"Mr. Miller and Janice share a past, don't they?" Gilmore suddenly interjected, his voice tinged with intrigue. "It seems Mr. Miller harbors a profoundly sincere affection. However, since he personally requested this, the Welch family will extend clemency to Janice."

Bart furrowed his brow, shooting a puzzled look at Gilmore. How had Gilmore so swiftly untangled the complex ties between Leonidas and Janice? Bart himself had been taken aback upon discovering that Leonidas's ultimate goal was Janice herself.

The stakes of dismantling JE Consortium were colossal, yet Leonidas seemed ready to bear them just for Janice—a notion almost too surreal to believe.

This enigma was unraveled for Bart by Delilah, who confided that Leonidas and Janice had once shared a home in the same orphanage, forging a bond since their childhood days. Armed with this knowledge, Leonidas's obsession no longer seemed so irrational.

"In everything that's about to unfold, no one lays a finger on Janice. You are to follow Mr. Miller's plans meticulously and prepare accordingly," Bart stated firmly.

"Got it. So what should we do now?" Calvin asked.

Chapter 1093:

"Soon, the Aerith royal family will host a magnificent diplomatic banquet, a gathering of global dignitaries. Janice will not only perform on stage as RAIN but also design an evening gown for the princess."

Calvin's eyes sparkled with interest. "Are you implying we should disrupt Janice's performance at the banquet?"

Bart gave a sharp nod. "Precisely. Given the Welch family's stronghold is within domestic borders, Mr. Miller will oversee the event. Your task is to unearth a talent who can challenge Janice on both the performance and design front."

"Mr. Green, don't you think that's asking a bit much?" Alissa chimed in, her brow furrowed in concern. "Everyone is well aware of RAIN's towering presence in the industry..."

"Music scene, and as for JE, it's the gold standard in design. Both of these esteemed titles are held by Janice alone. And now you want us to scout someone who can match her. Are you really convinced this can be pulled off?"

The members of the Welch family exchanged wary glances and murmured among themselves.

In the realms of music and design, RAIN and JE stood unrivaled. Liliana had once posed a formidable challenge to Janice, yet she too had recently been swayed to Janice's side. The task of discovering a rival for Janice now loomed larger than ever, a daunting feat that seemed nearly impossible.

Bart let out a chuckle. "What's this? Is the Welch family's influence so feeble that you can't even handle something this simple? And yet, you talk about bringing Janice down?"

The crowd bristled at his words, but no one could argue.

"Fine." Gilmore remained composed. "We will find this person. Do we have a deadline?"

"One month." Bart raised a single finger, his tone unwavering. "That's the timeframe. Given the Welch family's resources, you should be able to find such a person."

The Welch family exchanged uncertain glances, struggling to understand why Gilmore agreed to such an impossible task. How could they possibly pull this off?

Gilmore ignored their silent doubts, maintaining his steady demeanor. “Is there anything else on the agenda?”

“Of course.” Bart leaned in slightly. “Besides Aerith, there’s Cherriton. They need an elite firewall system, and only Queen has the expertise to set it up. But there is a problem—Queen’s demands are steep, and negotiations are still ongoing.”

Gilmore immediately caught on. “You want us to find a hacker to replace her, right?”

“Exactly.” Bart smirked. “It’s a pleasure dealing with smart people—just a few words, and you grasp the entire situation.”

“Whether it’s Aerith or Cherriton, someone must step up against Janice. And our family will find those individuals,” Gilmore stated calmly. “Once we sever Janice’s collaborations with both nations, JE Consortium’s financial structure will crumble. Then, with Mr. Miller’s support, we’ll launch an all-out offensive and eliminate Janice in one decisive move. Correct?”

“Spot on!”

Chapter 1094:

Silence fell over the room.

The others glanced between Gilmore and Bart, realizing they had no say in the discussion. It was clear the decisions had already been made without them.

Bart stood up. “That’s all Mr. Miller asked me to convey. From here on, I’ll resume leading Overden Group.”

Calvin frowned. “Overden Group lost the Hillford project. It’s practically finished. Why do you still want to lead it? What’s your goal?”

“You’ll find out soon enough.” Bart grabbed a glass of wine from the table and downed it in one gulp. “For now, just follow orders.” With that, he walked out, offering no further explanation.

The moment he left, the Welch family erupted into discussion. “Can we really find two people like that?” one person asked, their voice tinged with worry. “A month is barely any time. What if we fail?” The stakes were immense. They would either rise to power or suffer a crushing defeat.

Mateo turned to Gilmore, his gaze sharp. “Aren’t you going to explain? Or was that just for show?”

Gilmore scoffed. “Do you really think I would bluff? My only priority is the Welch family’s best interests. This was the smartest choice for our future.”

“Do you really think we can find them?”

Skepticism lingered, but Gilmore was the most intelligent member of the family. If he was confident, there had to be a reason.

“I have a good idea of where to start,” Gilmore said smoothly. “Mateo, your next task is to meet with a few individuals who will significantly improve our chances of success.”

Mateo hesitated before nodding in understanding. “Those who’ve benefited from our family’s power all these years—it’s time for them to repay their debt.”

Meanwhile, Bart slipped into a black sedan and pulled Delilah into his arms, his expression easing. “Miss me, baby?”

She smiled seductively, leaning into him. “Of course. As soon as you left, I began missing you.”

Bart’s grin turned suggestive. Delilah understood, lowering herself and unzipping his pants.

Bart closed his eyes, savoring the moment, though his mind was elsewhere.

The Welch family's reactions had been truly amusing. Once, he had catered to their every need. Now, they were the ones walking on eggshells around him.

He smirked coldly. "Funny how the tides have turned. Losing that bidding war may have been a setback, but this opportunity is far better for me."

Delilah lifted her head, wiping her lips with a tissue. "Leonidas is unpredictable. You should be careful."

"I know. I'll never be anyone's puppet. People like him are just stepping stones for me."

Bart's expression darkened, a storm brewing in his eyes. "Once I take down Janice, I'll use that leverage to deal with Aiden and reclaim everything I lost."

Delilah traced a finger along his chest. "Don't forget me when you succeed."

Chapter 1095:

Bart grabbed her chin, his smirk returning. "That depends on how well you perform."

She chuckled and leaned in again, eager to keep her place by his side.

Having clinched the coveted Hillford project, White Group was now forging ahead with precision and zeal. Despite poaching a slew of brilliant minds from JE Consortium, they still found themselves stretched thin, their ranks insufficient to meet the ambitious demands of the endeavor.

Thus, they cast their net wider, seeking fresh talent from beyond their walls to bridge the staffing gap.

In the softly lit conference room, Janice sat immersed in a sea of documents, her brow furrowed in deep concentration.

“Janice, our coffers are running low. We can’t afford any grand gambles just now,” Leah murmured, her voice tinged with unease. “Thank heavens the Welch family took a heavy hit—they won’t be striking back anytime soon, or we’d be teetering on the edge of disaster.” Her gaze flicked to Prescott, seated at her side.

It wasn’t often that Prescott graced such gatherings, but the gravity of this meeting—touching the very heart of White Group’s operations—left him no choice but to step into the fray.

“Our journey in artificial intelligence development is progressing, unfolding in three distinct phases. The first involves laying a robust foundation, the second focuses on fine-tuning algorithms, and the third weaves together a seamless AI ecosystem. With our current team, we’re only equipped to tackle the groundwork. To keep from lagging behind, we urgently need to bring more skilled hands on deck. Otherwise, we risk stalling in this fast-moving race,” Prescott said.

Janice snapped the folder shut and pressed her fingers to her temples, a subtle weariness creeping across her striking features.

Witnessing her in this state, Leah and Prescott couldn’t help but feel a twinge of unease. It was a first.

Janice, who typically navigated even the thorniest challenges with grace and poise, now seemed weighed down. This wasn’t a dire crisis by any stretch, yet something about it had clearly taken its toll.

“Nellie, you’ll spearhead recruitment,” Janice said, turning to the woman at her side. “We need talent that is both sharp as a tack and willing to follow the playbook. Money is no object—only the cream of the crop will do.”

“Got it,” Nellie replied with a nod.

Janice continued, “As for the tech wizards Prescott flagged, let’s cast our net over universities. Those young minds are brimming with energy and ambition—give them a stage, and they’ll surprise us with what they can pull off.”

“Very well, I’ll reach out to top universities to explore the possibility of organizing a recruitment fair.”

Janice gave a slight nod of approval. Nellie’s knack for steering the ship meant one less thing to fret over. “Now, let’s shift gears to something critical for White Group.” The room snapped to attention.

“Be it the Hillford project or our other ventures, everything orbits one central star—artificial intelligence,” Janice said with gravitas. “My vision hinges on AI, so White Group’s future resources must pour into projects tied to it.”

Chapter 1096:

At this moment, Liliana raised a concern.

“The snag with AI right now is the scarcity of training data—it’s the bottleneck holding back any real leaps forward. Building a game-changing AI with what we’ve got feels like chasing a pipe dream.” Her point hit home. As a new company, their access to the vast pools of big data needed for AI to evolve on its own was slim to none. Without cracking that nut, all their grand plans might crumble like a house of cards.

“Liliana, you’ve just teed up the very issue I’m about to tackle,” Janice replied, her gaze sweeping the room. “I’m rolling out three products to lay the groundwork. First up: ‘Today’s Trends,’ an app dishing out the latest news bites.”

Eyebrows shot up, skepticism rippling through the group.

“Isn’t that a bit off the mark?” someone ventured, concern etching their face. “The market’s already swimming with apps like that. A newcomer might just sink without a ripple.”

Janice shook her head, unruffled, and pressed on. “Second is ‘Snapshots,’ a hub for quick-hit video communities.”

The room stirred again, doubts bubbling to the surface.

Much like the news app, the short-video space was a crowded playground dominated by heavy hitters. Wading into that fray felt like bringing a knife to a gunfight—Janice’s ideas risked being swallowed whole. Her team couldn’t fathom why she had picked such uphill battles.

“I get it—you’re scratching your heads over these two apps,” Janice said, her voice steady as a rock. “But what if I told you I’m also setting our sights on autonomous driving?”

Liliana’s expression changed, alarm flashing in her eyes. “Are you serious? That field is a money pit. Nobody has cracked true autonomous driving yet, and plenty have gone belly-up trying. We’ve got deep pockets, sure, but with the other projects already bleeding cash, stretching ourselves that thin could—”

Janice held up a hand, cutting Liliana off mid-stream. “The trio of initiatives I’ve outlined serves as the cornerstone for our AI aspirations. Even if it means burning through every last dime, we’re seeing them through.”

The room buzzed with disbelief, some wondering if Janice had lost her marbles.

But Leah and Prescott shared a look, their initial hesitation melting into resolve, as if catching a glimpse of the bigger picture Janice was painting.

“I stand with you, Janice!”

“Count me in too!”

Leah and Prescott voiced their unwavering support without hesitation. Janice’s lips curved into a knowing smile. Their loyalty wasn’t surprising—years of friendship had forged an unshakable understanding.

Leah turned to the crowd, her gaze sharp and unwavering. “Janice has never made a wrong call. Never forget—she built JE Consortium from nothing, skillfully operating under multiple identities to elevate it to the powerhouse it is today!”

“Exactly!” Prescott added, eyes gleaming with conviction. “When JE Consortium faced its toughest battles, Janice led us through them. This time will be no different—we’ll come out on top again.”

Chapter 1097:

Their words sent a ripple of determination through the crowd. “Alright, let’s take the risk! We’ll give it our all, whether we succeed or not.”

“Yeah! And if things go south, we’ll rise again from scratch!”

Janice took in their passionate response, her heart swelling with emotion.

It had been years since she last felt this kind of fire—the upcoming battle with the Welch family had reignited something deep within her.

“Liliana, do you know why I’m launching these three projects?” Janice suddenly asked, turning to Liliana.

Caught off guard, Liliana blinked. “Are you testing me?”

“Since you’re my student, it’s my job to guide you. One day, you’ll stand on your own and forge your own path,” Janice said sincerely. Liliana possessed remarkable talent, and with the right guidance, her potential was limitless. Janice was determined not to let such brilliance go to waste under her wing.

The room fell silent as everyone’s attention shifted to Liliana, anticipation in their eyes.

“I have a rough idea, but I’m not sure if it’s right,” she admitted.

“Go on,” Janice encouraged.

Taking a deep breath, Liliana explained, “Two of the projects are apps, which I assume are designed to attract a massive user base. Our AI requires a massive amount of data to refine itself and continuously

improve, and a large user base is the key to supplying that information. As for autonomous driving, it's likely a..."

Stepping stone toward groundbreaking advancements in AI—turning what once seemed impossible into reality. While my explanation may not be perfect, autonomous driving could serve as the foundation for AI to expand into other fields, such as cooking, housekeeping, and various service industries."

A hush fell over the room as everyone absorbed her words, their minds painting visions of a futuristic world.

"Liliana, did you just come up with this?" someone asked in awe.

Liliana nodded modestly. "I tried thinking the way Janice would."

"That's remarkable," Prescott said, breaking into applause. "For a moment, it felt like I was hearing Janice herself. No wonder she chose you as her student."

"Her analysis makes perfect sense," Leah agreed, but furrowed her brows. "But how do we pull it off? The market is already saturated. If our apps don't stand out, attracting users will be tough."

Janice remained composed as she explained, "Today's Trends and Snapshots will leverage our latest algorithm to deliver highly targeted content to users. From my research, no existing app can achieve precise content personalization or consistently engage users with unexpected, compelling content. Our algorithm will bridge that gap. We must also be prepared to invest heavily in promotion. For the initial launch, I'm allocating ten billion dollars to each app. New users will receive sign-up bonuses. Moreover, they can earn points by reading news, posting videos, and checking in daily—points that can be redeemed once they reach a set threshold."

Gasps rippled through the room.

“Ten billion each app? That’ll run out in a week!” someone muttered. It felt less like a marketing strategy and more like giving away free money.

Chapter 1098:

“This isn’t just about spending money—it’s about making a statement. If we want market dominance, we have to be bold.” Janice tapped her fingers lightly on the table. “We need to make it clear that our apps aren’t just different—they’re a game-changer and a profitable opportunity. As for autonomous driving, we’ll offer free services to any car company willing to partner with us, along with financial and technical backing.”

Everyone noticed the massive expenditures, but they couldn’t comprehend how the investment would be recovered.

Liliana, however, saw through Janice’s strategy. This phase was undeniably costly, but once they secured market dominance and cultivated user reliance, customer retention would be unwavering. With a loyal user base, future profits would multiply exponentially.

Liliana’s admiration for Janice deepened. It was no wonder she had looked up to Janice for so many years—Janice’s vision was far ahead of anyone else in the room, even surpassing her own imagination.

The same principle applied to autonomous driving. The key was to shape user habits first. Once dependency was established, the potential profits would be limitless.

More importantly, a massive user base would provide invaluable data for their AI model, allowing continuous self-improvement and iterations, leaving competitors far behind. By then, catching up would be nearly impossible.

“Janice, I don’t fully understand everything, but I’ll make sure to implement your plan,” Leah said candidly. Overanalyzing was unnecessary—her role was to execute.

“Good. The upcoming period will be hectic, so I ask for everyone’s patience. But when year-end comes, your bonuses will be doubled.” Janice’s words instantly reignited everyone’s motivation.

Just then, Sierra rushed into the meeting room.

“Sierra, what’s wrong?” Janice asked, noting her urgency.

“Janice, we just received word from the Welch family. They want to meet with you.”

Janice arched an eyebrow, unsurprised. The Welch family was backed into a corner. They had only two choices—negotiate or fight to the bitter end.

“Who’s asking for the meeting?” she asked.

“Gilmore Welch.”

“Gilmore?”

Janice nodded. Given Mateo’s fiery nature and the arrogance of the other Welch family members, only Gilmore would be willing to set aside his pride to negotiate.

“Alright, schedule a time.”

“Janice, are you really going to meet with them?” Sierra asked with concern. “After how we’ve targeted them, they must resent us deeply. What if this is a trap?”

“They wouldn’t dare,” Janice replied coolly. “If they tried, the consequences for the Welch family would be dire.”

Chapter 1099:

As a key figure in JE Consortium with strong international ties, any harm done to her would provoke a powerful backlash from her allies. Their current actions against the Welch family were conducted under the guise of maintaining stability. If not for that, the Welch family would have been crushed long ago.

In essence, Janice was a safeguard. If that safeguard were removed, the forces backing her wouldn't hesitate to obliterate the Welch family.

"Sierra, trust Janice. She knows exactly what she's doing," Nellie reassured her sister.

Sierra pouted. With both of them insisting, she had no choice but to go ahead and arrange the meeting.

Not long after Sierra left, Janice's phone rang. It was Aiden.

"You've already heard, haven't you?" she asked, a knowing smile on her lips.

"Of course." Aiden's tone carried a hint of exasperation. "From the way you're speaking, I assume you agreed?"

"I did."

"Then I won't waste my breath. I'm coming with you this time. Don't even try to refuse, or I'll march straight into the Welch family's estate and cause a scene."

Janice let out a soft chuckle. "Aiden, aren't you afraid of upsetting the higher-ups?"

"The only thing I'm afraid of is you having to deal with the Welch family alone," Aiden said seriously. "So, will you let me go with you?"

"Yes, I will!" Janice laughed. Was he actually pleading? The mighty head of the Green family, acting all pitiful just because he was worried about her. He reserved this side of himself only for her.

"But it's just a discussion. They wouldn't dare make a move," she added.

“It’s always better to be cautious.” Aiden understood the situation well. Logically, the Welch family wouldn’t risk acting recklessly, but he wasn’t willing to leave anything to chance.

“I’ll let you know once the meeting time is confirmed.”

“Alright!”

As Janice ended the call, she noticed Leah smirking at her.

“Leah, what’s with that look?”

“Who would’ve thought the once unapproachable Aiden would be this attentive to you? I’m starting to wonder if he’s been replaced,” Leah teased. “Once we’re done...”

“Dealing with the Welch family, you have to let me plan your wedding.”

“It’s too soon for that,” Janice said.

“Not at all! The best things require early preparation. Honestly, I already asked Vernon to design your wedding dress. It was supposed to be a surprise, but I couldn’t keep it in any longer.”

Janice couldn’t believe it—Leah was so impatient that she couldn’t keep the surprise under wraps.

This was meant to be a secret, yet now the surprise was out. Still, Janice was pleasantly taken aback. She hadn’t expected Leah to prepare a wedding dress for her so far in advance.

Chapter 1100:

“Prescott, is everything alright?” Janice asked, noticing Prescott frowning at his phone.

Looking up with a grave expression, Prescott announced, “Janice, I just got word that Overden Group has launched two apps—Daily Trends and QuickSnap.”

“What?”

The room fell into stunned silence at the mention of those names.

“This is outright plagiarism!” someone exclaimed in frustration. “They’ve clearly designed these apps to compete with ours. But we haven’t even launched yet. How did they beat us to it?”

“There has to be a mole!” Nellie’s gaze turned sharp as she scanned the room, her expression icy.

“Nellie, what are you insinuating? Are you accusing one of us?” someone countered defensively. “Even if there was a leak, how could Overden Group develop these apps so quickly?”

“Exactly! The timing is too tight. It can’t be a coincidence, right?” The sudden launch of Overden Group’s apps seemed like a deliberate countermeasure against Janice’s projects.

It was impossible to write this off as happenstance. But if it wasn’t random, how had they managed to execute it with such precision?

“Janice, they’re holding a press conference right now.”

Prescott turned his phone toward her, showing a live stream.

On the screen, Bart sat confidently before a crowd of journalists, his expression composed. Beside him was Delilah, exuding elegance and grace. Just days ago, these two had been in prison. Yet now, they had reemerged as members of high society.

“We appreciate everyone for attending Overden Group’s product launch.” Bart addressed the cameras with a confident smile. “The two apps we are unveiling...”

“Today, we are unveiling our company’s flagship products. The first, ‘Daily Trends,’ delivers real-time news updates, while ‘QuickSnap’ is a short-video platform designed to capture life’s moments beautifully.”

A journalist asked, “Mr. Green, after losing the last bidding to White Group, how do you still have the confidence to launch these two apps?”

“Overden Group is backed by the Welch family. Didn’t they penalize you for that loss?”

“Mr. Green, please comment! The viewers and journalists here are eager to hear your thoughts.”

The questions came relentlessly, focusing on the previous bidding competition.

Insider reports suggested that the Welch family had invested heavily in securing that project, even compromising their own shareholding structure.

As the one responsible for the failed bid, Bart was expected to take the fall. Most assumed he’d disappear from the business scene. Yet, against all odds, he had returned stronger than ever—still leading Overden Group and unveiling new ventures. It was baffling.

Bart had anticipated these questions long before the conference began. “Thank you for your concerns,” Bart said, resting his hands on the table and smiling, his once-boyish charm now sharpened by confidence. “Our previous failure was due to inadequate preparation, which caused us to miss out on that project. We’ve since taken time to reflect, restructure, and pivot toward new opportunities. Additionally, we continue to receive strong backing from the Welch family, which gives me full confidence in the future of these two apps.” His response deflected the scrutiny with ease.