

Wrath 1181

Chapter 1181:

"The essence of life?" Janice repeated. "We were mere children then. How profound could our conversations really have been?"

Leonidas shook his head, his eyes alight with a fierce determination as he stared back at her. "To me, life is an endless duel with you. I am compelled to find every possible means to defeat you, to dominate you, to degrade you."

"You're truly twisted," Janice said coldly. "And your life's so meaningless."

"Meaningless? But it means a lot to me. Whenever I envision myself defeating you, dominating you, and degrading you, my determination surges." Leonidas narrowed his eyes, a fierce glint within them. "On countless nights across distant battlefields, I've skirted death more times than I can count, driven solely by my relentless fixation on you. Janice, you're more than just a target to me. You've been my salvation. Thus, our confrontation is far from over. There is only one possible ending: either you end my life, or I end yours."

Janice averted her gaze and shook her head. "I refuse to engage in such a pointless game with you."

"Is that your decision? Then be prepared to witness the demise of those you hold dear, all by my hand." Leonidas lifted his hand, slowly curling his fingers into a tight fist. "Will you simply stand by as I tear them apart?"

Janice's eyes narrowed, a tide of rage rising within her. Without thinking, her fist flew forward.

A resounding thud echoed.

Leonidas didn't flinch; he absorbed the blow directly.

Taking a few steps back, he bore no malice in his expression, only a heightened fervor. "See? It's an intrinsic impulse within you, this uncontrollable urge to destroy me! You can't get away from this. Even

if your memories have slipped through the cracks, your instincts should still drive you to confront me until the bitter end.”

“You’ve lost your mind!” Janice retorted sharply, her voice slicing through the cold air as she prepared to strike again. However, this time, Leonidas was ready for her.

He swiftly stepped back, evading her attack, and then circled behind her. In one fluid motion, he encircled her neck with his arms and pressed his face close to hers.

“Janice, I want to claim every piece of you—before I bring it all to an end,” Leonidas murmured into her ear, his voice a harsh whisper.

Janice’s eyes narrowed into slits. She seized Leonidas’ wrist and, with a swift, jerking motion, snapped it out of joint.

The pain contorted Leonidas’ features. He hastily let go of Janice, stepping back and examining his injured wrist with a mix of surprise and admiration.

“Your combat skills are as formidable as ever.”

“That’s right! Even stripped of my memories, my disdain for you only deepens,” Janice declared, her eyes steely and her fists clenched tight.

“Well then, I eagerly await the day you decide to kill me.” Leonidas chuckled, spreading his arms in a mocking surrender as he slowly backed away. “Janice, strive to recall your past sooner. Only the complete version of you can truly make this duel worthwhile.”

With those words, he faded into the dim corridors of the orphanage.

Chapter 1182:

Janice held her position, her instincts warning her of the potential deceit lurking in his retreat. And somewhere nearby, Aiden was soon to return.

"Janice, what's the matter?" Aiden asked as he returned with a bottle of water in hand. He noticed Janice's distant stare fixed on a shadowy corner, her expression unsettled, prompting concern in his voice. "Did you catch a glimpse of something unusual?"

"No," Janice murmured, managing a weak smile as she accepted the water from Aiden and took a cautious sip. "So, where to next?"

"We're off to the new orphanage," Aiden replied, his smile broadening. "I've spoken with Glenn already. Everyone's eager to meet you there."

Glenn?

The name resonated with a deep familiarity, echoing more profoundly than any other.

It must belong to the man who had taken her in and raised her as his own.

As Janice and Aiden made their way to the west suburbs, Aiden filled her in on the recent developments of the region.

Despite its smaller scale, the western suburbs of Efrery demonstrated remarkable development and brimmed with potential.

"Aiden, which group were you referring to earlier?" Janice suddenly asked, her curiosity piqued. "You mentioned several groups, but you omitted that particular one. Is it somehow related to me?"

Aiden's face stiffened, a sigh escaping him as he met her gaze. "It's Edwards Group."

"Edwards Group?" Janice echoed, her heart skipping a beat. "That's my last name. Could it possibly mean...?"

“Actually, your last name is White,” Aiden said, correcting Janice.

At that moment, he decided to tell her the truth. “You were originally taken from an orphanage by the Edwards family, who then legally changed your last name to theirs. They run Edwards Group. But later, they discovered they made a mistake. Their daughter had long died.”

A flash of realization crossed Janice’s face as she finally understood why Aiden had always avoided talking about Edwards Group. It turned out she had a history with the Edwards family.

“How do you feel about this revelation?” asked Aiden, his voice filled with caution.

Janice shook her head with a distant look on her face. “It feels a bit familiar, maybe even somewhat off-putting, but nothing overwhelming.”

“Is that so?” Aiden was taken aback by Janice’s lack of intense feelings, having anticipated a stronger reaction upon hearing about Edwards Group.

“I think I’ve already processed these emotions in the past,” Janice said, a hint of a smile appearing. “There’s no need for secrets. If I’ve managed to move on before, I can handle it now.”

“I was wrong to worry,” Aiden responded with a rueful smile. “After they adopted you, you wholeheartedly embraced them as family. Despite that, they demanded too much, often treating you less kindly than a servant, all to favor Delilah, their adoptive daughter. Eventually, you lost all trust in them, fled from their oppressive home, and severed all ties.”

Chapter 1183:

“Then, I met you, and we had that arranged marriage, right?” Janice asked, her smile teasing. “It’s straight out of a drama series. Thankfully, their harshness led me to you.”

“That’s right! That’s exactly why I kept them from complete destruction,” Aiden replied coolly. “If they had been more clear-headed, they could have been Efrery’s top family.”

Their conversation continued as they reached the orphanage nestled in the western suburbs.

As Janice stepped out of the car, she looked over the growing neighborhood, imagining its future success.

“Aiden, your vision for turning this area into an organic community is remarkable. It’s set to become Efrery’s thriving economic core,” Janice said.

“Once your AI system is integrated, it will truly shine,” Aiden added. “It will become a benchmark for urban development, inspiring others to follow.”

Suddenly, Aiden’s eyes locked onto an unwelcome figure in the distance, his face growing tense. “Why is he here?”

As Janice spotted the same man, she was immediately struck by a mix of familiarity and unease. Though he was interacting kindly with the children, her instinct filled her with discomfort. She turned to Aiden.

“It’s Lowell,” he said.

A wave of shock crossed Janice’s face. So, this was Lowell?

Lowell was fully absorbed in a lively game of tag with the children, laughing and evading them effortlessly, as if he had never truly outgrown the game.

The moment Lowell’s gaze met Aiden and Janice, he came to an abrupt stop.

“Lowell, why’d you stop? Come on, chase us!” a child shouted, puzzled by Lowell’s sudden pause.

The children’s confusion quickly turned to joy as they spotted the visitors.

“Look, it’s Janice!”

“Wow, Janice came back!”

Quickly, the children dashed toward Janice, enveloping her in a joyful swarm.

Witnessing their genuine smiles, Janice felt a warmth spread through her.

“Janice, so glad to see you!” Gerda exclaimed as she approached the group.

“Let’s give Janice some space. She has matters to attend to.” With a smile at Janice, Gerda guided the children to a different area. “We won’t disturb you, Janice.”

With a grateful nod, Janice acknowledged her.

Gerda noticed Janice’s quiet response but decided not to comment further.

“Janice!” Lowell walked over, his face brightening as he saw Janice. “How long have you been back in Efrery?”

Before Janice could reply, Aiden interjected sharply, “What are you doing here?”

Lowell’s smile slipped slightly as he said, “I’ve been lending a hand here for a while. The company is almost bankrupt. There’s no way to save it at this point. I put in so much effort, and this is the outcome. I have only myself to blame. Being here, helping these kids, it’s what keeps me going now.”

Chapter 1184:

Aiden's brow furrowed as he recalled the recent assault by the Welch family on Edwards Group—a move that had pushed them dangerously close to bankruptcy.

Edwards Group had been struggling to stay afloat since their last restructuring. This latest attack seemed to have crushed any hope of recovery.

"That's good," Janice suddenly interjected. "Despite our past differences, we've moved beyond them. Dedicating yourself to charity might be a meaningful endeavor."

"Janice, do you really believe that?" Lowell's eyes sparkled with hope as he reached out to take her hands.

But Aiden reacted swiftly, brushing Lowell's hands aside with a sharp motion. Confronted by Aiden's animosity, Lowell recoiled, unsure of how to respond.

"Let me speak with him, Aiden," Janice urged, her expression a mixture of determination and reassurance.

"Alright!" Aiden paused, then nodded, granting them privacy. He shot Lowell a cautionary look before leaving to find Glenn.

Excitement surged through Lowell; it was the first time Janice had agreed to talk to him alone. He wondered if she had forgiven him.

"Mr. Edwards, don't be too eager. I haven't forgiven you," Janice confessed. "I've lost my memories. I need your help to understand who I was."

"You've lost your memories? How can that be?" Lowell's eyes widened, his voice filled with disbelief.

"I'm just a regular person. It's not unheard of," Janice replied calmly. "So, will you tell me about my past with the Edwards family?"

Lowell's expression turned somber. "Are you sure you want to know? Sometimes, forgetting is a mercy. Your history with the Edwards family was quite troubling."

Every time he thought about it, he wanted to slap himself. How could he and his family have mistreated such a wonderful girl? Instead, they had favored Delilah, who ultimately caused the greatest harm to the family.

"No matter how difficult the memories, they are part of me. I can't turn away from them. Only by reclaiming these memories can I feel complete," Janice declared resolutely.

Seeing her determination, Lowell nodded and began to recount the events from when Janice first joined the Edwards family.

He described how she had been brought in as a stand-in bride to fulfill a commitment meant for Delilah, entering into a marriage arrangement with the disabled Aiden.

She was manipulated by Delilah and became the family's outcast. Despite this, Janice tried to win their approval by quietly bearing her burdens, even assisting Lowell with his business proposals, composing songs for Carman, and writing novels for Dotson.

Lowell's account was subdued, omitting many of the harsher realities. Yet Janice, having lived through those experiences, felt a resurgence of bitterness and resentment. The extent of the betrayal by the Edwards family was painfully evident. Even with her memories gone, the deep-seated pain and enduring sorrow were still palpable.

"Janice, I'm truly sorry!" Lowell bowed slightly, his gesture one of sincere remorse. "We were consumed by our own selfishness and greed, leaving deep wounds on you. I don't seek your forgiveness, just a chance to make things right."

Chapter 1185:

Janice inhaled deeply, her face expressionless as she addressed Lowell. "Forgiveness doesn't matter now. Just be sincere in your efforts and support the orphanage. That's the proper way to make amends." She felt a strong desire to distance herself from Lowell.

If he was earnest about redeeming himself, focusing on the orphanage was the right path. The harm had been done, and no gesture could fully heal the scars.

"Janice!" At that moment, Aiden reappeared. "Glenn is waiting for us."

"I'll be right there," she responded, moving toward Aiden, leaving Lowell to watch her departure in silent reflection. Even after losing her memories, she still refused to forgive him.

Lowell looked over at the children playing nearby, their laughter bringing him a moment of clarity. "Janice is right. Redemption isn't just about her; it's about bettering myself."

Meanwhile, Glenn was deeply involved in setting up the new orphanage.

When Janice caught sight of Glenn, a wave of sadness and empathy washed over her.

"Janice, you're back," Glenn greeted her, his smile warm and welcoming.

Overwhelmed by the sight of that familiar, comforting smile, Janice couldn't contain her emotions. She rushed over and embraced Glenn tightly. "Glenn, I'm back."

Glenn, slightly startled, exchanged a surprised look with Aiden. Aiden, also taken aback, reasoned that Janice's reaction was purely instinctual. It reminded him of a child returning home after a long absence, feeling a deep, heartfelt connection to a loved one.

"It's wonderful to have you back," Glenn murmured as he gently patted her back, feeling her shudder with emotion and sharing in her sorrow.

After an extensive conversation with Glenn, Janice had managed to reconstruct the story of her life.

From her early years into adulthood, she discovered her reserved nature, her sharp intellect, and how she had evolved into a resilient person—someone every friend could depend on.

Hearing her own history weighed heavily on Janice, realizing the immense responsibilities she had once shouldered.

Yet, despite these burdens, she felt a deep appreciation for the aspects of her life she had managed to safeguard.

During this moment of reflection, Glenn presented an old sketchbook of Janice's, encouraging her to reconnect with her earlier artistic expressions.

As Janice turned the pages, she encountered drawings filled with creativity and innocence, though many seemed stark—almost as if they lacked the warmth of human interaction.

They reminded her of an amusement park meant to be filled with joyful families, yet only the rides were illustrated, leaving the scenes feeling lonely and forlorn.

Janice became increasingly aware of her loneliness and the deep longing she had for a family.

Her fingers stopped on a page showing a family of four enjoying a lakeside autumn day.

Chapter 1186:

A little girl gleamed with joy, chasing a lively boy, while a couple looked on, their faces alight with happiness—the entire scene radiating warmth.

"This painting was from a day you went out to sketch," Glenn explained, noticing Janice's confusion. "I was struck by how you could depict such warmth, as though you were part of that family. But after that day, you were caught in a rainstorm, fell ill with a severe fever, and slipped into a coma. Upon waking,

you couldn't recall that day, as if it had been merely a dream. At the time, I wondered if your deep desire for a family had conjured up that scene."

A pang of sorrow tightened Janice's chest as she pondered the painting. She needed to know if it was merely a figment of her childhood imagination.

"Janice, don't push yourself. Consider this from another perspective. Maybe losing your memories is an opportunity to begin anew," Glenn advised, patting her head.

Softly, Glenn spoke. "Remember, whatever truly belongs to you will find its way back. And no matter which version of yourself you might be, you are always inherently you."

Janice's eyes, once clouded with confusion, slowly cleared as she nodded. "I understand, Glenn. In fact, I'm getting to know my instincts again. Maybe, as you said, this is my chance to start over, or to reassess who I am. The old me was always tense, never taking a moment to relax. But these days, even with my lost memories, I feel my energy returning."

"That's good to hear," Glenn replied, nodding with approval. "By the way, do you remember Freddy?"

"Freddy?" Janice paused, a hint of confusion crossing her face.

Unperturbed, Glenn continued, "Freddy, much like you used to, longed for a family. While all his friends eventually found families, he was left behind, which led him to become somewhat bitter. But he was fortunate. Not long after we moved here, a couple took to him and adopted him. I've heard he's doing very well now. If the old you knew this, you'd be overjoyed."

Janice smiled. "Even now, I'm happy for him." She looked over at the children playing in the garden. "I hope they all find loving homes someday, and no more children have to come here."

Glenn smiled back, recognizing Janice's enduring compassion. Whether memories of her past returned or her future took her on new paths, her fundamental kindness remained steadfast.

Janice bid farewell to Glenn but chose not to leave with Aiden. Instead, she immersed herself in the children's laughter, wandering among the blossoming garden. At that moment, her thoughts were simple—just to relax and enjoy their company.

Lying on the grass, she looked up at the blue sky dotted with white clouds, feeling a sense of peace she hadn't known in a long time.

Then, a voice interrupted the calm.

Janice paused, and before she could respond, the voice asked again, "What are you drawing?"

The innocent question seemed to echo from another era.

Janice closed her eyes, letting the soft voice wash over her, and a face slowly took shape in her imagination.

Chapter 1187:

He appeared young and refined, likely from a prosperous family. Yet, Janice barely spared him a glance before returning to her sketch, her brushstrokes capturing the vibrant landscape.

"It's beautiful. But why are you alone? Where's your family?" the little boy asked curiously.

Janice froze, her hand hanging in the air. She looked up at the little boy, her eyes slightly red. "I don't have any family."

"How's that possible? Doesn't every kid have one?" His question came out soft, without any hint of meanness. But when he saw her tears drop, like beads slipping off a broken thread, something inside him twisted. "Please don't cry. What if I shared my parents with you?"

She blinked at him, her nose pink from sniffing. The offer threw her off. Families weren't something you just handed out; they meant everything. Still, his eyes were pure and bright, as if he meant every word.

“You really mean that?”

“Yes. From now on, my family’s yours too. So you can draw them in this picture.”

Janice gave a small smile. Then she picked up her brush and began drawing a family of four into the blank fall scene.

A little girl ran under the sun, her grin bright as the sky. A boy chased after her, eyes soft, while their parents stood nearby, watching with quiet love.

“Janice.” A soft voice broke in.

Her eyes flew open. In front of her was a familiar face—older now, but warm.

His gaze held the same calm she remembered from the boy in her past. That same warmth flooded through her.

“Aiden,” she called out, tears welling up.

He stiffened. His eyes widened. “What happened? Why are you crying?”

“I’m back.” Janice sat up and pulled him into a hug. “I finally remember everything.”

Aiden didn’t move at first. His head spun, his heart racing, unsure if any of this was real. “Janice, you remember everything?”

“Yes. Everything.” Her lips lifted into a smile. Her eyes were clear and full of certainty. “I always felt something with you. No wonder when I saw you after the car accident, you felt so familiar. So you were the boy from the past.”

As Janice explained everything, Aiden’s memory cracked open, and the past rushed in.

It was his birthday. His parents had squeezed in a fall outing. And there, under golden leaves, was a little girl in the garden—too cute to forget.

But the girl never seemed happy. She kept to herself, barely speaking. Back then, all he wanted was to make her smile. He didn’t understand much, not until he found out she didn’t have parents.

He felt awful for her. So, he made the only offer he could think of—he told her his parents could be hers too. Later, they went their separate ways.

When he came back, he figured they’d still have time for trips like that. But it turned out to be the first and last.

Having parents, he realized, wasn’t so different from not having them at all.

Chapter 1188:

In Cloverhill, White Group was holding a press conference.

A crowd of reporters had shown up to cover the official launch of Today’s Trends.

The truth was, the app had already been out for three days in what they called a “public test.” Today just made it official.

Still, the launch of Today’s Trends was already stirring controversy.

The name sounded too similar to Daily Trends by Overden Group. People remembered what Bart had said a while back—his app had been copied, and if any company released a similar app, they would be the plagiarists.

“Isn’t White Group pushing their luck? Everyone’s going to call them copycats.”

“Let’s just wait and see. Maybe Overden Group copied them.”

“Exactly. White Group was started by JE. There’s probably more going on than we know.”

The room buzzed with chatter. Some reporters looked concerned; others were more excited by the tension. A fight between two big companies would be media gold.

“Thank you, everyone, for coming.” Leah stepped onto the stage, facing the sea of cameras. “Today, White Group is officially launching our new app—Today’s Trends. This platform pulls in the latest topics and sends personalized updates, ensuring each user sees the kind of content they actually care about. And...”

“Ms. Sugden, I have a question.” A reporter interrupted Leah’s speech.

Leah’s brow furrowed as she turned to the reporter.

She didn’t like being interrupted, but being onstage meant taking questions—even the ones that came too early.

“Go ahead.”

“To my understanding, Overden Group recently launched Daily Trends. Its features are nearly identical to yours. Would you like to respond to that?”

Leah took a deep breath and offered a calm smile. “I appreciate this insightful question. Let me clarify what’s actually happening. Overden Group copied our Today’s Trends.”

The room erupted with gasps from the journalists.

Everyone knew Bart had previously alleged that their app had been copied. Now, Leah boldly claimed that it was Overden Group that had committed plagiarism—a claim that was met with skepticism.

“Ms. Sugden, do you have any evidence? Mr. Green, the president of Overden Group, predicted that someone would copy their software. White Group launched an app subsequent to theirs. Are you the plagiarist Mr. Green referred to?” a journalist asked.

“Wow! White Group is really playing the victim here!” another exclaimed.

“What’s the point of all this talk? Just show us the evidence,” someone else called out.

As the crowd murmured, mostly siding with Overden Group, Leah exhaled and said calmly, “I wouldn’t make such a statement without good reason.”

The room quieted, curious about how Leah would manage the unfolding situation.

Chapter 1189:

“Firstly, our app was initiated by Queen herself. I believe everyone here is familiar with Queen’s renowned expertise in computing. She started this project half a year ago.”

At the mention of Queen, a wave of surprise swept through the audience.

Queen was a formidable figure known for her ability to fend off international hackers single-handedly.

The idea of her plagiarizing was almost absurd; with her technical prowess, why would she need to copy anyone?

Nevertheless, while many journalists were taken aback, the ones bribed by Overden Group remained unfazed.

“Ms. Sugden, so what? Queen is indeed powerful, but what does that prove? Show us some concrete evidence!” one of them challenged.

“Yeah! Don’t try to intimidate us with Queen’s name. It won’t work. We’re only interested in evidence,” echoed another.

The crowd murmured in agreement. While Queen’s technical skill was impressive, it didn’t necessarily prove the originality of their project. Who could say for certain that Queen hadn’t been inspired by others and borrowed ideas?

“Please be patient! As I mentioned, Queen initiated this project half a year ago,” Leah said as she opened her laptop and connected it to the large display. “Please take a look. This is Queen’s initial framework, with the creation date clearly marked as six months ago. This means we began our development half a year ago. Mr. Green, when did your project begin?”

Leah, with a slight lift of her chin, fixed a sharp gaze on a specific spot in the audience.

Bart sat there, his legs crossed and demeanor calm.

Leah’s gaze prompted the reporters to aim their cameras at him.

He seemed unfazed.

“Since Ms. Sugden has asked, I must clear up any doubts. Our company has posted an official statement on our blog, detailing the complete development timeline of our app. I trust you’ll draw your own conclusions after reviewing it.”

The audience soon found a newly updated post on Overden Group's blog—a detailed timeline showing the app's development had started six months ago, a day earlier than Leah's claim.

Remarkably, this date was one day earlier than the one Leah had presented.

The sudden revelation left everyone feeling bewildered, almost as if it were a deliberate provocation or mockery, subtly accusing them of plagiarism.

Leah's expression hardened, her anger simmering beneath the surface. It seemed Overden Group had anticipated this confrontation and prepared accordingly. Altering such details with today's technology was simple.

"Don't worry, Leah," Liliana whispered. "They've been watching us, but we're in control. It's time to escalate and strike decisively."

"I understand," Leah replied, taking a deep breath to quell her rising anger. "Bart Green, I'm sure you know what I'm about to do to prove my point."

Bart raised his hands in mock innocence. "How could I possibly know? I'm the one being wronged here. You're trying to pin this on me, and I'm just defending myself. Besides, Daily Trends users have already demanded a boycott of White Group on the app. Well, there's not much I can do. Our company prides itself on listening to public opinion."

Chapter 1190:

The online chatter was overwhelmingly hostile toward White Group, but Leah knew it was all part of Bart's plan—manipulating the app's reward system to stir up chaos and trap White Group.

At that moment, Bart's phone rang. "Delilah, what's going on?"

"Bart, this online movement is spiraling out of control. Should we dial it back a little?"

Bart raised an eyebrow, a smug grin spreading across his face. “Isn’t that a good thing? The more people get involved, the easier it’ll be to tear down White Group.”

“But something feels wrong. Our plan was for the online participants to stay within a controlled range, yet the numbers just exploded beyond what we anticipated.” Delilah’s voice carried a trace of concern. “I’m starting to think something’s not right.”

Bart glanced toward the stage, where Leah stood, her face serious, and scoffed. “Don’t worry. The reason it’s exceeding expectations is because we have the upper hand, making it easier for momentum to build quickly. Delilah, just get ready to celebrate and wait for me. Today is going to be White Group’s darkest hour.”

“Alright.” Delilah hung up, unease bubbling inside her, but still following Bart’s lead, letting the online frenzy continue to grow. The atmosphere in the press conference was equally filled with criticism for White Group.

“Ms. Sugden, do you have any other proof? The evidence you showed earlier was hardly convincing. In fact, it only makes us more suspicious that White Group plagiarized Overden Group.”

“Yeah! If Queen was truly the source, why was it released later than Overden Group’s? Shouldn’t it have come out first? Or is Queen’s technology really inferior to theirs?”

Liliana stepped forward to face the crowd’s doubts. “Everyone, the reason our app was released later is that we were perfecting it. We wanted to deliver the best version possible. We were willing to risk accusations of plagiarism just to delay the release and achieve perfection.”

She then displayed some data to the audience. “As you can see, this data tracks the bugs and system crashes that followed Overden Group’s release of Daily Trends, which were alarmingly frequent. Experts believe it’s a half-finished product, akin to a hastily thrown-together project. We have every reason to suspect that Overden Group rushed its release just to claim credit for originality before White Group.”

Liliana then opened another set of data. “This is feedback from users of Today’s Trends. Despite some minor bugs, users reported high satisfaction, a stark contrast to the major issues seen with Daily Trends.”

The audience reviewed the well-supported data, which included user feedback.

No matter how they analyzed it, Daily Trends appeared to be a hasty, half-finished product, much like a poorly constructed building thrown together quickly for sale. In contrast, Today’s Trends garnered countless positive reviews for its accurate recommendations and seamless user experience.

“By comparison, it does seem like Daily Trends is the copycat.”

“I’ve used Daily Trends, and its notifications are indeed unreliable, frequently crashing and freezing.”

Bart frowned, caught off guard by White Group’s unexpected counterattack. “Ladies and gentlemen, I deeply apologize for your unsatisfactory experience with Daily Trends. However, this does not prove that our app is counterfeit or plagiarized. Admittedly, our technical capabilities are not on par with Queen’s. But could their perfect app have been created without access to our core technology?”