

Wrath 1191

Chapter 1191:

This counterattack shifted the momentum once more.

Leah's eyes sharpened with fury, a fire igniting in her chest—this app was the fruit of Janice's relentless labor, yet here stood this despicable man, audaciously trying to steal both the creation and the story behind it.

"Ms. Sugden, Daily Trends has millions of users engaged."

At this, Leah's eyes gleamed with a cold smile. "Then let's get started."

Bart caught sight of Leah's chilling smile, unease creeping up on him. What was she smiling about? Could she have another ace up her sleeve?

In that moment, Leah played a recording.

"I've already stolen the core technology. When will you pay the remaining balance?"

"No rush! Our app is still half-finished with too many bugs. If you can get more of their technology for us, we'll pay you even more."

As the recording played, the crowd fell silent, their gazes shifting to Bart.

As the recording played, Bart's face darkened, his expression shifting like a storm cloud on the horizon.

But within moments, he regained control, his composure flawless as he asked coolly, "Ms. Sugden, what exactly is it you're hoping to communicate with this recording?"

Leah's voice hardened, as if forged from steel. "The truth is undeniable—we've been infiltrated, our core technology stolen, and now we must face the fallout."

"How unfortunate!" Bart sighed dramatically, offering an empty gesture of sympathy. "I'm sure your company will bring the traitor to justice soon."

"Bart Green, are you still playing this game?" Leah's voice rose, sharp as a blade. "It was Overden Group that planted the spy in our midst. You stole our core technology, and from that theft, Daily Trends was born."

The crowd's gaze turned sharp as arrows, and the flashes of cameras zeroed in on Bart like a thousand unblinking eyes.

"Mr. Green, can you confirm this? Did your company deploy spies to steal White Group's core technology?"

"Mr. Green, please answer us now!"

Suddenly, Bart was besieged by questions from every direction, as if trapped in a storm of inquiry.

Still, he remained calm, his eyes steady as he addressed the crowd. "Everyone, don't be fooled! While this recording may sound like espionage, how does it tie to Overden Group? Did you hear any mention of our company in it?"

The crowd exchanged looks, slowly shaking their heads. The recording mentioned only the theft, never the names of the companies involved. It was impossible to prove, based solely on this recording, that the stolen technology belonged to White Group or that Overden Group was complicit.

Bart turned to Leah with a smooth smile. "I understand your frustration over having an insider leak your core technology. But you cannot place this crime at our feet."

“Are you now confirming that this recording concerns the theft of White Group’s core technology?”

Chapter 1192:

“Yes, that’s correct.” Bart nodded once. “Since you possess this recording, I’m certain you’ve thoroughly investigated and wouldn’t have made a mistake.”

“I genuinely hope White Group can secure its core technology and prevent similar breaches in the future.”

“Good!” Leah’s lips curled into a knowing, almost triumphant smile.

A flicker of unease sparked in Bart’s chest. Was this a trap? Yet the recording was a careful dance, offering no direct mention of Overden Group. Even if it exposed White Group’s stolen technology, it couldn’t be tied to them.

“Hanson, it’s your turn.” Leah’s voice cut through the tension, and a man emerged from the shadows, stepping onto the stage.

A wave of disbelief washed over Bart the moment he laid eyes on him. His mouth opened as if to protest, but he caught himself, aware of the hungry eyes of the media bearing down on him.

Damn it!

Why was he here?

He had recruited Hanson with painstaking effort, holding just enough sway over him to ensure his loyalty.

But his overconfidence had left him vulnerable, and now Hanson stood on the stage, his presence a silent betrayal.

“Ladies and gentlemen, meet Hanson Flores, a technician from Overden Group,” Leah’s voice rang out, pulling the crowd’s focus onto him. “In fact, he once worked as a technician for White Group, but Overden Group persuaded him, shall we say, to come aboard. I believe Hanson, with his knowledge from Overden Group, will shed light on the earlier questions and clear up the confusion surrounding the allegations of copying.”

Leah gracefully stepped aside, passing the spotlight to Hanson. Hanson stood, his eyes sweeping over the audience, his expression betraying a storm of nerves and tension.

The moment his gaze collided with Bart’s cold, searing eyes, a chill crawled up his spine, and he couldn’t bear to meet his stare.

But when Janice’s face appeared in his thoughts, a surge of defiance rushed through him, sparking a fire he hadn’t expected. He steadied himself and spoke with newfound resolve.

“I can confirm that Daily Trends is indeed a replica of Today’s Trends, and the recording you heard earlier was a conversation between Overden Group’s infiltrator and her contact. The recording may not name Overden Group, but as one of their own, I know exactly who the spy is. Her name is Ruby Harrison. Overden Group specifically targeted her to infiltrate White Group.”

As these words hung in the air, Liliana stepped forward, pushing Ruby onto the stage.

Ruby squirmed in their grasp, but the two towering bodyguards easily overpowered her, dragging her forward with relentless force.

In an instant, a flood of flashbulbs erupted, capturing her every move, while the cameras focused on Ruby like hungry predators.

Ruby longed to sink into the floorboards, but under the searing gaze of so many eyes, no shadow was deep enough to conceal her.

“Outrageous!” Bart roared. “This is a vile smear campaign! Overden Group has always conducted business above board. This is clearly a plot by White Group — hiring actors, forging recordings, all to frame us for a crime we didn’t commit!”

Chapter 1193:

“Mr. Green, you already admitted the recording was real. Now, suddenly, we’re hiring actors?” Leah shot back, her voice cold and cutting. “You’re tying yourself in knots—and it reeks of guilt.”

Bart’s face twitched, the realization hitting him like a punch to the gut. Leah had used an ambiguous recording to lull him into a false sense of security, only to then reveal Hanson and Ruby as game-changers, leaving him defenseless.

“What now, Bart Green?” Leah’s tone was glacial, her gaze unwavering. Gone was the woman who had been cornered earlier—she now stood tall, fierce, and armed with truth.

With Hanson and Ruby laid out like trump cards, Bart’s defenses crumbled—he was outplayed, outmatched.

“Mr. Green, all signs point to one truth—Overden Group stole from White Group. Care to respond?”

“Mr. Green, did your company really send Ruby Harrison in as a corporate spy?”

“Mr. Green, now that the plagiarism is plain to see in Daily Trends, will your company shut it down at once?”

Question after pointed question rained down on Bart like daggers. His fists clenched, his jaw tightened, and his eyes burned with barely contained fury as he glared at the stage. He had planned every detail with ruthless precision, so how had this gaping hole slipped through the cracks?

Did Hanson really have no fear for his family’s safety? Was he so willing to risk everything? Wait...

Bart’s expression hardened. He drew a slow, steady breath, forcing calm into his veins.

“Ms. Sugden, may I ask why you resorted to threatening Hanson’s family just to force a fabricated confession out of him?” His voice dropped, heavy with righteous fury, like a storm gathering just beneath the surface. “Yes, we did recruit Hanson, but he came to us willingly, tempted by the better terms we laid out. And now you’re dragging his ailing family into this, using their suffering to twist his words against us. Tell me, can you sleep at night with that on your conscience?”

What the hell?

Leah’s expression faltered. At this critical moment, Bart could still fire back. Without solid proof, she had no way to refute the claim, and time was not on her side if she wanted to gather it.

If Overden Group bought even a sliver of time, who knew what chaos they could stir up next to cloud the truth?

“Yes, I admit it—Ruby was our insider in White Group. But let’s be clear, we never stole your core technology to build Today’s Trends. In fact, I now have every reason to believe that White Group flipped Ruby and Hanson, using them to steal our core technology to create that app.”

Bart’s relentless counterattacks stirred the waters into a stormy whirlpool, blurring the line between guilt and innocence.

Leah’s and Liliana’s expressions were carved in stone—cold and resolute. They trusted that time would unearth the truth, but right now, they had to strike with finality, leaving Bart no space to recover or retaliate.

Chapter 1194:

Deep in Bart’s chest, a fire burned with ruthless clarity—if he was sinking, he’d drag them all into the depths with him.

Out of nowhere, a sharp burst of applause sliced through the tension like lightning across a stormy sky.

The crowd froze, their heads turning like a wave as they scanned the room for the origin of the sound.

All eyes locked onto the entrance, where a lone figure strolled in with a microphone in hand, each step echoing with silent command.

When the crowd saw who had arrived, a stunned hush swept the room. Leah and Liliana looked at the figure like weary soldiers seeing a long-lost general—hope rising behind teary eyes.

“Janice!”

“Janice!”

Janice’s lips curved into a soft, knowing smile as she gave them a nod, her eyes holding a quiet sorrow for the burden they’d carried in her absence. It was clear from the strain lining their brows—they had shouldered mountains while she was gone.

“Sorry I’m late.” Janice’s voice was soft but steady, a balm that smoothed the air like a calming breeze after a storm.

Bart’s gut twisted the moment he laid eyes on Janice. Her mere presence stirred a primal dread, like the return of a nightmare he thought he’d buried deep.

Wasn’t she supposed to be in Efrery?

How had she suddenly returned?

And what condition was she even in?

Even the media jolted awake, cameras lifting like hounds catching a scent. Rumors had swirled—amnesia, a kidnapping, whispers of tragedy. But her sudden entrance crushed the gossip under its sheer weight.

“Janice,” Bart greeted, forcing a smile that barely held. “Word was you’d lost your memories and forgotten everything. What brings you here now?” His words weren’t just a greeting—they were a calculated reminder to everyone that Janice might not be in her right mind.

A subtle strategy—whatever she said now could be waved off as unreliable, painted as a desperate trick by White Group to deflect blame.

Janice’s lips curled into a fearless, dazzling smile—bold and magnetic—the same commanding presence that once crowned her the queen of the corporate world.

“Bart, if this is your idea of misdirection, don’t waste your breath. I’m here to expose the truth—you are the plagiarist,” Janice said coolly. “And your Daily Trends? It’s built on flawed code.”

“Hah! Did everyone catch that? She’s throwing wild accusations now!” Bart laughed, desperate to regain control, but the press looked more confused than convinced.

“Ms. White, could you explain what you mean by ‘flawed code’?” a reporter piped up, curiosity cutting through the tension.

Janice stepped onto the stage, her heels echoing like a drumroll, flanked by Leah and Liliana.

Chapter 1195:

Leah and Liliana took their places at her sides, their gazes radiant, like sunbeams wrapping her in unwavering support.

They could sense that Janice was now complete, unlike the previous version of her who had lost her memories.

“Everyone, the truth behind this plagiarism dispute is surprisingly easy to uncover,” Janice said, her tone steady and composed like a judge delivering a final verdict. “Back when I was building Today’s Trends, I planted a deliberate flaw deep in the code, so that if anyone dared steal our core technology and tried to use it against us, they’d walk right into it.”

Leah’s eyes widened slightly. Was this Janice’s ace—the card she’d been saving all along?

“Ms. White, are you saying that if Daily Trends was copied from your app, it would carry this same flaw?” a reporter asked, leaning forward.

“Precisely.”

“Impossible!” Bart shot back instantly. “Our app’s been tested inside out—there’s no bug! If you’re going to throw accusations, Janice, at least try to make them believable.”

His last shred of hope now rested with the tech team.

If by some miracle they’d caught and removed the flaw, Janice’s return today would be nothing but a joke.

“You’re probably thinking your engineers patched it, but here’s the truth—the bug I created can only be fixed by me.”

The raw certainty in Janice’s voice echoed like thunder, shaking the very air.

“Leah, what’s the current user count on ‘Daily Trends’?” Janice asked suddenly.

“Fifteen million and rising,” Leah answered without missing a beat.

Janice's lips curved with icy grace as she looked down at Bart like a queen addressing a dethroned usurper. "Pay attention. When your app hits sixteen million users, my bug activates. Your servers will crash, reboot—and every piece of user data will vanish into thin air."

Bart's face drained of color, his body gripped by a cold sweat. They had spent a fortune to accumulate so many users. If the system crashed and reset, it would reduce all their painstaking efforts and massive investments to dust in an instant.

"And let me make it worse—this bug isn't a one-time curse. Each time your user engagement crosses sixteen million, your servers will crash, reset, and erase everything once more."

The crowd erupted into chaos, their stunned gasps filling the room like a rising storm.

A flaw like this wasn't just harmful—it was catastrophic, like a virus lurking with a ticking timer.

Everyone knew Overden Group had poured a fortune into promoting this app, treating it like the crown jewel of their empire.

A total reset would spell financial ruin, and with each rise in user activity, the app would self-destruct again. It made the whole platform feel like a ticking time bomb. What use was software that devoured itself?

"Impossible! Absolutely not!" Bart snapped, teetering on the edge of hysteria. His pride and disbelief tangled into a storm of denial. "This is nonsense! You're bluffing! It's you who stole from us, not the other way around!"

Chapter 1196:

Janice gave Bart a sly smile, raised one finger like a magician before a grand reveal, and whispered, "Three... two... one."

Her countdown ended like the final tick of a detonator.

A stunned silence swept the crowd until a sudden shout sliced through it like a siren.

“No way! ‘Daily Trends’ just crashed! I’m locked out—it’s asking me to sign up all over again!”

“What the hell! I had so many coins saved—I didn’t even cash them out yet!”

“She’s right! ‘Daily Trends’ did copy ‘Today’s Trends!’”

Panic spread like wildfire, the shockwaves rippling through the crowd. The press erupted into mayhem, and the internet followed suit—creators who’d built their

Livelihoods on Daily Trends were now screaming online as their accounts disintegrated before their eyes.

Grief quickly turned to fury as users flooded Overden Group with demands for compensation, their cries sharp and relentless.

The losses soared into tens of billions—Overden Group had funneled a king’s ransom into promotions and influencer deals, only to watch it all go up in a spectacular inferno of wasted cash.

Leah and Liliana shared a silent glance, a spark of realization lighting up their eyes.

Janice had observed Overden Group’s slow march toward self-destruction with cold, calculating calm. She had purposefully held back her retaliation, letting them sink further into their own web of investments before delivering the final blow. When the strike finally came, it would be a blow so devastating it would leave Overden Group reeling—something they’d never recover from.

The online forums buzzed with revelations, exposing the ugly truth—that Daily Trends had shamelessly copied Today’s Trends.

As Daily Trends collapsed in a spectacular disaster, its data vanished like smoke, leaving its credibility in tatters. Overden Group's stock price plunged, the losses mounting like an unstoppable wave.

Meanwhile, Today's Trends soared like a phoenix reborn from the ashes of Daily Trends, its popularity skyrocketing. Bloggers flocked to it, eager to be part of its rise. With Janice at the helm, supported by the best technical minds, Today's Trends reached unprecedented heights.

Billions of users logged in daily, turning Today's Trends into a global phenomenon that eclipsed all other platforms.

The magic behind its success was in its precision—delivering content that users craved, keeping them hooked day after day. This unrelenting engagement was the bedrock for Janice's next two game-changing projects.

In the meeting, Janice sat like a silent queen, yet her presence radiated dominance, filling the room with an undeniable gravity.

Previously, the senior executives had dismissed Leah and Liliana with sneers, but now, they sat in eerie silence, their arrogance crushed under the weight of Janice's triumph.

Leah and Liliana stood by, awe-struck. "Genius" didn't even begin to cover it—Janice had turned from a brilliant mind into a living legend.

Chapter 1197:

"Janice, Overden Group is bankrupt, and the Welch family is reeling from nearly a third of their assets disappearing," Leah said, her voice bubbling with excitement. "Meanwhile, White Group's stock has been on a meteoric rise, hitting the highest limit for ten straight days, with no sign of slowing down."

Janice nodded, her gaze sweeping across the room, her eyes sharp as daggers. She knew exactly what she was doing—every face before her was marked by discomfort, guilt etched in their eyes.

"The success of White Group is a collective achievement," Janice said coolly. "I believe in fairness—those who work hard will be rewarded, but those who falter will face consequences."

Her voice dropped, ice cold. “Now, it’s time to settle the score.”

Those who had once crossed Leah and Liliana now quivered with fear, the weight of accountability pressing down on them like a guillotine.

“While I was gone, Leah and Liliana toiled endlessly for the company, yet some of you sabotaged their efforts, even bowing to the Welch family,” Janice said, her gaze hardening. Her fingers drummed the table, each tap a chilling countdown, a sound that sent shivers down their spines. “I’ve always said the sole purpose of White Group was to bring down the Welch family. Yet for nothing more than a quick profit, you betrayed that vision and surrendered to them.”

“We did it for the company.” A man suddenly stood, his voice laced with bitterness. “We followed you because we believed in your vision. But when you vanished, we were left to flounder in the chaos.”

“Yes, we made mistakes, but it was only because we trusted you too much.”

“Enough!” Janice sneered, her eyes cutting through their excuses. “You didn’t trust me—you trusted my ability to make you rich.”

Her words shattered their fragile facade, leaving them ghostly pale, their arrogance replaced by stark fear.

“Here’s a list. Anyone on it is out. And let me make this crystal clear, I demand unwavering loyalty, loyalty to my every word. I’ve entrusted Leah with the authority to act on my behalf. She speaks for me. Disagree if you wish, but leave my company if you cannot follow her lead.”

In a swift, ruthless motion, they were expelled—escorted out one by one by security.

Within moments, less than a third remained, and Leah and Liliana let out deep sighs of relief.

They realized the truth: these so-called loyalists hadn't revered Janice—they'd worshipped the wealth she could create. Now, in the face of profit, their true nature had been exposed.

"Janice, thank God we have you," Leah said, her voice choked with emotion. Her eyes shimmered with a mix of gratitude and a lingering sense of being wronged. "I wasn't sure I could hold on until you came back."

Janice smiled, her hand gently resting on Leah's head. "You've done so much. I won't let this happen again."

"Okay, I trust you," Leah replied, her voice steady now.

Janice let out a slow breath, her gaze sweeping over everyone. "Next, I'm heading abroad for a while. Keep pushing forward with the other two projects. I'm going to use this moment to dismantle the Welch family's empire."

Chapter 1198:

"You're going abroad?" Leah asked, taken aback.

"Yes." Janice nodded, a sense of inevitability in her tone. "I've accepted invitations from Aerith and Cherriton. But rest assured, they'll continue to back us in my absence."

With Janice's return, the chaos that had once plagued them seemed to melt away, replaced by a deep, reassuring stability.

JE Consortium, once on the brink of financial ruin, now surged back to life, its operations resuming at full speed, bolstered by the renewed support of two nations and several smaller ones.

At this pace, the Welch family's demise was all but guaranteed, likely within the next three months.

They now faced their inevitable countdown to oblivion.

Janice stepped out of the building and slipped into Aiden's car without a word.

"Did everything go smoothly?" Aiden cast her a quick glance, concern shadowing his expression.

From the moment her memories returned, they'd been racing nonstop—first to shield Leah and extinguish the plagiarism scandal, then straight into a high-stakes meeting to quell the unrest among the company's senior executives. There hadn't been a second to breathe.

Actually, Aiden wished Janice hadn't regained her memories so soon. She'd been so carefree before—serene in a way he rarely saw her.

"I know what you're thinking," Janice murmured, reaching over to brush her lips lightly against his cheek. "Once all this chaos settles, I will disappear again. Just like before—off the radar, living freely."

Aiden eyed her skeptically. "You really mean that? The White family's just getting on its feet, and Stephen's still green when it comes to handling business..."

"Don't worry," Janice promised, shushing him with a finger pressed to his lips. "My brother's not someone who lounges around waiting for handouts. He's grinding through it, growing stronger by the day. And with Wendy at his side, I have no doubt he'll soon be capable of steering the White family on his own."

"Well, at least you've thought it through." Aiden turned the key, and the engine rumbled to life.

As they returned home, Janice's gaze caught a sleek, discreetly luxurious car already parked outside.

Aiden's face creased into a frown. "Mr. Truman is here. Think he's come to plead for the Welch family? What's the plan now?"

"If he is, he's wasting his time. The Welch family's beyond saving. If he still can't see that, then he's not thinking clearly," Janice said coolly, already unbuckling her seatbelt.

"Janice! You're back!" Stephen turned over as soon as he saw Janice. "Is it true? You've regained your memories?"

Janice's lips curved into a warm smile, and she gave a nod. "Yes. It all came back to me. Stephen, I know how much you've done. You've carried the weight of the family through all of this. I can see how hard you've been trying."

"It was nothing. Compared to having you back, it was worth every second." Stephen shook his head. There was something different about him now. The helplessness that once clouded his eyes had vanished. He stood straighter, spoke with quiet resolve. The trials had tempered him.

Chapter 1199:

"Mr. Truman is here, by the way," he added.

"I know. I saw his car."

"Janice, could something have happened?" Stephen frowned, a thread of worry creeping into his voice. "He's just been sitting in the pavilion, drinking coffee. He hasn't said a word."

Something about it gnawed at him.

Trenton hadn't offered so much as a glance, let alone an opening for conversation—just sipping his coffee.

"Go back inside," Janice said gently. "I'll speak to him."

"Alright."

Stephen returned to the living room. Wendy reached for his hand and gave it a reassuring pat. "Janice will handle it. Try not to worry."

"Wendy, when do you think I'll be strong enough for Janice to lean on? Right now, I just feel useless."

Wendy pulled him into a quiet hug, sighing softly against his shoulder. "You've already done more than enough. You can't rush it. You have to take it slowly, step by step. If you try to force it, it'll only backfire. And don't forget—I'll always be here, right beside you."

"Okay."

Janice and Aiden approached the pavilion.

Trenton sat beneath the shade, sipping his coffee. From afar, he looked no different than an ordinary middle-aged man enjoying a peaceful afternoon. But up close, the aura he exuded was something else entirely. Not overtly domineering, yet undeniably imposing. One couldn't take him lightly.

"Mr. Truman, forgive us for keeping you waiting," Janice said as she approached. "Had we known you were coming, we'd never have let you wait out here like this."

Trenton looked up from the cup in his hand and gave her a faint smile. "Janice, you've regained your memories?"

"Thank you for your concern. Truly, I'm honored. And yes, I've remembered everything. Every detail. Every injustice."

Her words landed like glass. Trenton's expression shifted, and an awkward pause hung in the air.

"I understand how you feel. You despise the Welch family to the core. I won't stand in your way anymore if you seek vengeance. Do what you must. And I'll ensure that..."

“Anyone with ties to the Welch family cuts them completely. They’ll receive no help from now on.”

For a moment, Janice couldn’t speak. She was stunned.

Trenton was actually intervening in her conflict with the Welch family and even siding with her. How could this be?

He had maintained a neutral stance, stating that there could be fights as long as they didn’t affect societal stability.

But now, he had shifted dramatically, from a neutral observer to her supporter.

“Mr. Truman, are you being serious right now?” Janice asked with a frown, her voice doubtful as she exchanged a look with Aiden.

Chapter 1200:

“Take a seat.” Trenton didn’t answer immediately. Instead, he gestured toward the seats across from him for Janice and Aiden to sit.

Aiden and Janice obeyed, their expressions painted with confusion as they sat, silently waiting for him to answer.

Trenton prepared two cups of coffee and offered them. “Have some coffee. It’ll soothe your throat.”

Janice eyed the cup briefly before picking it up and taking a sip. Aiden followed her lead.

“The coffee beans came from Orson,” Trenton said. “Not long after your incident, he delivered them to me. Along, he said the Welch family must answer for their past wrongdoings.”

Her grandfather? Janice's expression shifted, surprise flickering in her eyes. She hadn't expected the feud between the White and the Welch families to prompt Orson to intervene.

"There aren't many people I hold in high regard, but your grandfather is one of them," Trenton said quietly. "Out of respect for him, I was willing to give the Welch family a chance. But now he's given up on them. Since he's clarified his stance, I've decided to honor his wish."

Trenton sipped some coffee and then glanced at Janice. "The Welch family has been outpaced by progress. It's time for new blood to rise and take their place."

Janice gave a slow, deliberate nod. "I understand. But I imagine there's more behind your decision than that, right?"

Trenton arched an eyebrow, his gaze settling on Janice with a hint of newfound admiration. "As expected of Orson's granddaughter, your insight and composure truly stand out. My decision isn't just because of the Welch family's downfall that they brought on themselves. It's also because of the powerful forces supporting you."

Janice raised an eyebrow. Once the Welch family was ousted, the White family would inevitably rise, quickly becoming Cloverhill's dominant force, bolstered by the backing of JE Consortium.

Trenton aligning with her was a strategic move, aiming to harness her influence for even greater gains.

"You have ties to other countries, which is a tremendous asset for our nation's progress. I hope you'll use your influence to help drive the country's growth."

"Of course," Janice replied honestly. "As a citizen of this country, I'm committed to doing what I can for our nation's prosperity."

"Excellent." Trenton chuckled, clearly pleased with Janice's attitude. "Just go for it. I trust you to wipe out the Welch family."

Trenton's words sounded ironic to Janice.

Despite the Welch family's past contributions to the nation at their peak, they were now worth nothing more than discarded pawns.

Janice understood all too well that interests always came first, and the weak were destined to be swept aside by the strong.

To avoid being left behind by the times, she knew she had to keep advancing, continually strengthening herself to ensure she wouldn't be cast aside. Perhaps the Welch family's downfall had been inevitable from the moment they had disrupted her grandparents' relationship.