

## Chapter 1689 Let Me Torture Them

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Trevor stared at the scene. He couldn't believe he was seeing his long-awaited grandfather here. His eyes were slightly moist.

But this emotional surge was short-lived as he steeled himself to regain his composure.

Under Midnight's watch, the slightest hint of irregularity could jeopardize everything he had strived for!

It dawned on him that this so-called secret room was actually connected to the secluded section deep within the prison confines.

Midnight would no doubt use ruthless methods for their interrogations. Trevor's face grew grave at the thought. His mind raced with concern for his grandfather's well-being.

Soon, under Midnight's command, the questioning began.

The prisoners, clad in ragged clothing, their faces etched with despair, were prodded forward to face Midnight's grueling interrogation.

Trevor's eyes never strayed from his grandfather, who stood at the end of the line. He exhaled a sigh of relief. Being last gave him some time to devise a plan, though the ticking clock wasn't his ally.

The first to be grilled was a CEO of a renowned tech firm. His company was on the brink of finalizing a breakthrough technology that, once launched, would spark a

technological revolution.

Mobius was highly intrigued by the potential of this groundbreaking product that could disrupt the technology market. For a long time, they had schemed and made significant efforts to orchestrate the kidnapping of the CEO.

With a stern, cold stare, Midnight threatened, "Surrender your group's data, or prepare to experience the horrors of this secret room!"

Being subjected to this interrogation indicated the CEO's resilience in the face of prison tortures. The man was clever, and he was bound to have some sort of contingency plan.

With his typical shrewdness, the CEO neither refused nor agreed, but said instead, "Don't believe the rumors on the market. I assure you, I don't have what you're looking for."

Seeing his continued defiance, Midnight impulsively struck him across the face. He commanded his henchmen, "Drag him over there! Force the truth out of him!"


The subordinates who were called over grinned wickedly, walking over to grab the CEO. A noncompliant prisoner was nothing more than their toy!

Blood-curdling screams echoed through the room, instilling fear and tension among the other prisoners. Amidst the chaos, only Trevor's grandfather maintained his composure, tightly clenching his fists to suppress the fear brewing within him.

Before too long, the CEO, teetering on the brink of death, was hauled out and flung aside like garbage at the entryway.

This sight caused Trevor to tighten involuntarily. He was gripped by the horrifying possibility that his grandfather



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might suffer a similar fate, or worse, perish in this dreadful place.

Midnight disdainfully glanced at the CEO who was thrown on the ground and said indifferently, "This is the price of not cooperating with me!"

He urged impatiently, "Next!"

The next prisoner, having borne witness to the CEO's grim fate, was overcome with terror before he even reached Midnight, his control slipping and his pants growing noticeably damp.

"I confess! I'll talk!"

This swift surrender drew a satisfied smile from Midnight. Approaching the trembling man, he softly patted his face, saying in a gentle, almost tender voice, "That's more like it. Why carry secrets to your grave like those about to meet their end?"

Midnight's declaration rang out to the assembled prisoners. "If you believe you can outlast this, by all means, persist!"


Despite his ruthless demeanor, only a handful heeded his words.

After a cold snort, Midnight didn't do anything else but continue interrogating one after another. If a prisoner failed to meet Midnight's expectations, they were subjected to excruciating torment until they passed out, then discarded casually.

Witnessing this brutal spectacle, Trevor gritted his teeth. The gruesome methods employed sickened him, yet he grudgingly admired Midnight's effectiveness.

As prisoners were dispatched one after another, Elwood's

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turn for questioning approached.

Trevor grew increasingly anxious, his face drenched in beads of sweat the size of beans. His heart raced, and his fists clenched so tightly that the nails threatened to pierce his palms.

His mind was in overdrive, striving to concoct an escape plan. Unbeknownst to him, his back was already soaked with a cold sweat.

With a deep breath, Trevor's heart rate reached its limit. He finally came up with a solution!

After calming down, Trevor pretended to be interested and suggested to Midnight, "Your men seem to employ the same tactics over and over. It's quite boring. How about you let me have a go?"

Observing Midnight's faintly surprised expression, Trevor swiftly reassured, "Don't worry. Trust me, I will handle it. I promise to make them suffer and extract every bit of information they have!"

Midnight's eyes sparked with intrigue as he regarded Trevor with a mix of skepticism and curiosity.