

# An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

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## Chapter 2584

Ten minutes later.

Logan lifted his sword and flicked it, causing more than a dozen silver needles to bounce into the air before falling neatly into his pouch.

The contaminated blood on the needles instantly evaporated—purified by Logan’s mystical pure energy, which acted as a natural form of sterilization.

As each needle was removed, a strange suction force pulled the plague toxins directly out of Enrique’s body.

Thick, black blood began seeping from the needle marks—foul-smelling and clearly toxic. Just looking at it was enough to make someone’s skin crawl.

Grace and Stevie instinctively took a step back, afraid of being exposed.

This strain of plague was no joke. Even with a genius doctor like Logan present, neither of them dared take any chances.

Soon, the black blood gradually turned red, then returned to a normal color.

Enrique’s fever broke, his body temperature returning to normal.

His breathing grew steady again, deeper and calmer.

It was clear—the plague had been suppressed.

“He’s no longer in danger, but the infection ran deep. He won’t regain consciousness until tomorrow,” Logan said.

“Mr. Rhys, it’s a miracle you saved him. All the doctors we tried before were at a complete loss,” Stevie said, visibly impressed.

“Mr. Rhys’s medical skills are unmatched,” Grace added. “If he can’t cure the plague, no one can.”

Logan smiled. “I appreciate the praise, but I still charge for my services.”

“If you help me wipe out this plague,” Grace said, “I’ll make sure your consultation fee reflects that.”

“It’s one thing to treat a single patient. Treating a whole group? That’s something else entirely.”

Logan shook his head slightly. “My medicine can help stabilize symptoms and provide some prevention. But to fully cure the plague, it requires my silver needle acupuncture method.”

If it were just a few dozen patients—or even a few hundred—he could manage it with some extra effort, treating them one by one over the course of a few days.

But if the outbreak grew to tens of thousands?

There’d be nothing he could do.

Even a miracle doctor had his limits.

“I get it,” Grace said seriously. “We’ll do everything we can to contain this outbreak before it spreads further.”

“Containing the plague isn’t just about preventing infection,” Logan said. “We also need to find the White Bone Cult. If we don’t, as soon as we suppress one outbreak, another will start somewhere else. It’ll be a never-ending cycle.”

“I’m already investigating,” Grace replied. “But for now, our biggest lead is Enrique. The sooner he wakes up, the better.”

“As long as you know the stakes,” Logan said. “If you need anything from me, just say the word.”

“Mr. Rhys, besides Enrique, there are 22 other infected patients. Should we treat them now too?” Stevie asked cautiously.

Even though the village had been locked down, these patients remained highly contagious. If left untreated, it was only a matter of time before something went wrong.

“Sure,” Logan said with a stretch. “Your boss pays. I do the work. Looks like it’s going to be an all-nighter.”

“Thank you, Mr. Rhys,” Stevie said, bowing respectfully.

“Lead the way,” Logan said, giving a small nod.

“This way, please.”

Stevie quickly led him toward the location where the other patients were being held.

The infected were kept in an abandoned factory warehouse.

It wasn’t much, but it was spacious.

The twenty-two patients were lying on makeshift bedding on the floor.

Soldiers in protective gear and gas masks stood watch, tending to the sick—giving them water and porridge as needed.

All available medications had already been administered, but that was all they could do.

“Mr. Rhys, the plague was discovered just two days ago,” Stevie said. “But these people are already in bad shape. Most of them can’t even sit up anymore.”

“This outbreak hit fast and hard,” Logan said after glancing around. “Have someone boil the medicine. Use the same prescription as before. Start with three bowls of water and reduce it to one. Once it’s ready, have each of them drink a bowl. I’ll handle the rest.”

“Yes, sir!” Stevie replied and rushed off.

Fortunately, she’d been proactive and had stocked up on enough herbs to treat everyone.

Soon, the strong aroma of herbal medicine filled the village.

When the decoction was ready, Stevie had the soldiers feed a bowl to each patient.

Once they’d finished drinking, Logan began treating them—one by one.

In the past, treating 22 people back-to-back would have drained his energy completely.

But now, it was different.

Even if his mystical pure energy ran low, the surrounding spiritual energy of heaven and earth flowed into him naturally, keeping him recharged and steady.

With his current strength, Logan could cure one patient every ten minutes.

That was impressively fast.

Still, it would take around four hours to treat all twenty-two people—and that was with no breaks.

Even just twenty-two patients required significant time and energy. If this plague ever spread to thousands or more, there would be no way to keep up.

No matter how powerful Logan was, he couldn't save an entire nation on his own.

That's why, more than saving the sick, the priority now was clear:

**Stop the epidemic—and take down the White Bone Cult once and for all.**