

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2591

Following Stevie's order, two soldiers immediately stepped forward, ready to take action.

"No, no, wait!" Penny quickly waved her hands and gave a nervous, apologetic smile. "Let's just talk this out, okay? There's no need to get physical—it's so uncivilized!"

"Oh? Now you want to talk nicely?" Stevie sneered. "Done pretending, are we?"

"I was just joking earlier—really! Don't take it seriously. Ask me anything. I'll tell you everything I know," Penny said quickly, giving in without hesitation.

"You'd better not try any tricks. If you lie, I'll make sure you regret it," Stevie warned coldly.

"Don't worry. I won't lie. I'm an honest person," Penny said with a fawning grin.

Stevie narrowed her eyes, not saying a word.

Something about Penny's behavior didn't sit right with her. One moment she was acting crazy, the next moment submissive. Something wasn't adding up.

"All right, let's start with this—do you know Enrique?" Grace asked calmly.

"Of course, I know him." Penny nodded quickly. "He's an online friend. We met a few days ago. Why?"

"Enrique was infected with the plague and nearly died. He said *you* infected him. Care to explain?" Grace pressed.

"What? He said I infected him?" Penny's eyes widened. Then she shook her head and denied it immediately. "Don't believe him! I'd never do something like that. I don't even know anything about plagues! He's lying—trying to frame me!"

"Framing you?" Grace raised an eyebrow. "Even now, you still refuse to tell the truth? You really think you can talk your way out of this?"

"I *am* telling the truth. I swear it! Enrique isn't the good guy he pretends to be. He's rotten inside. He kept clinging to me after we met, and when I tried to cut ties, he got mad. We had a fight, I hit him, and he's held a grudge ever since. That's why he's trying to slander me!"

"How does a woman like you overpower a grown man?" Stevie said coldly.

"I've trained in martial arts. Taking down Enrique—or even three or five guys like him—isn't a problem," Penny replied confidently.

"I don't care if you can beat up Enrique or not. The problem is, your story has holes." Grace's voice was calm but sharp. "Our investigation showed that Enrique had contact with no one but you before falling ill. He showed plague symptoms the very next day after meeting you. That's not just bad luck."

She continued, "We also know you're affiliated with the Western Church and have been active lately. Everywhere you've gone, a plague has followed. Don't tell me it's a coincidence."

"And lastly," Grace said, her voice now quiet and chilling, "since we brought you in, you've been far too calm. Not a shred of panic. Like someone who's accepted their fate—or someone who's stalling for time."

She leaned in slightly. "If you were an ordinary woman, you wouldn't have this kind of composure. I know you're acting. And I'm willing to become the 'bad guy' if it means protecting the people."

Her voice remained soft, almost casual—but it carried a terrifying weight.

"All of that is just guesswork," Penny replied, still trying to hold her ground. "If I really did spread the plague, how come I'm perfectly fine? Doesn't that prove I'm not infected?"

"That's exactly what I find strange," Grace said. "Maybe you have an antidote. Or maybe your body's built immunity."

Penny scoffed. "You still need evidence. Accusing me without proof? That's not justice. You can't just lock someone up based on suspicion."

"Under normal circumstances, I'd agree. But this isn't normal. I don't have the luxury of time." Grace's eyes grew cold. "Confess, and I'll go easy. Refuse, and I won't hold back."

“Boss, enough talk. She’s a White Bone Cult member—stubborn and dangerous. It’s time for force,” Stevie said. She’d had enough of Penny’s lies.

“This again?” Penny whined dramatically. “Don’t touch me! I’ve got delicate skin—pain is not my thing!”

Then, suddenly, she grinned. “Fine, fine! You want a confession? I admit it. I spread the plague. Just take me to your top leader—I’ll confess everything.”

“You’re looking at her,” Stevie snapped. “This is our leader. If you have something to say, say it now!”

Penny blinked at Grace and then gave a twisted smile. “So *you’re* the leader? Well, that makes things easier. I was planning a whole dramatic reveal, but here you are already!”

Just as she finished, the chains binding her fell away on their own.

A thick, scarlet mist exploded from her body.
