

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2593

“You... what did you do to me?!”

Penny struggled desperately, only to find that her entire body had gone stiff—she couldn’t even move a finger.

As a half-step grandmaster, she had never felt anything like this before.

It was like being an ant, helpless before a towering mountain.

“Relax, I’m not going to kill you,” Logan said with a calm smile, stepping closer and looking her dead in the eyes. “I’m only going to ask you two questions. Answer truthfully, and I’ll let you go. Lie, and I’ll make sure you regret everything you’ve done today.”

“Hmph! Just kill me already! You think I’m scared?” Penny barked, her face full of defiance.

To her, death wasn’t frightening—it was salvation. It meant returning to the embrace of the White Bone God.

“I told you—I won’t just kill you. I’ll make you suffer.”

As he spoke, Logan flicked his finger. A silver needle shot out and pierced her body.

“Ahhh—!”

The moment it entered, a wave of searing pain tore through Penny’s body. She let out a sharp cry despite herself.

Worse, the pain didn’t fade—it only intensified, surging in powerful waves, each stronger than the last, as if it would never end.

“What... what did you do to me?! Just kill me if you dare!” Penny shouted, her face twisted in agony.

But she couldn’t even end her own life. Her entire body was paralyzed, and all she could do was scream.

“You want to die already? I’m just getting started.” Logan pulled out another silver needle, smiling. “I have 108 of these. Every single one doubles the pain. I rarely use this technique—but today, you’re lucky. You get to experience it.”

“You monster! You’ll pay for this! The True God of Bones will punish you!” Penny spat, her voice full of venom.

“My first question—where is this so-called True God of Bones?”

With a flick of his finger, another silver needle sank into her.

“AHHH—!”

Penny’s screams turned shrill and desperate.

Cold sweat soaked her entire body. Her skin trembled uncontrollably, but she couldn’t move. The pain pierced straight into her soul.

Ordinarily, a person would’ve passed out long ago—but she stayed fully conscious, as if some invisible force refused to let her faint.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got plenty of time to play,” Logan said coldly.

More needles flew into her body, one after another.

Her bloodcurdling cries filled the air, sharp enough to make anyone’s scalp tingle.

Grace and Stevie had returned to the scene by then.

After Logan had dispelled the red mist, the immediate danger had passed—and now they stood quietly nearby, watching Penny be tortured.

Someone like her—an agent of the White Bone Cult, who had devoted her life to tormenting others—didn’t deserve a shred of mercy.

If Logan hadn’t stepped in today, they’d all be dead.

Worse, the entire village, maybe all of Pucheng, would’ve been reduced to dust.

By comparison, killing one woman wasn’t even close to justice.

Time ticked by.

Penny’s screams faded. After nearly two hours of unrelenting torture, she finally broke.

“I’ll talk... I’ll tell you everything... just please, stop... no more...”

Drenched in sweat, her face pale, her body spasmed uncontrollably.

She thought her willpower was strong—but against this endless agony, it meant nothing.

The pain had eroded her spirit, stripped her pride, and left her begging for death.

“See? That wasn’t so hard.” Logan waved his hand, and the dozens of silver needles pulled out from her body all at once.

Instantly, Penny felt like she had fallen into paradise.

Her entire body relaxed, the pain vanishing like a bad dream.

“Now then—first question. Where is the True God of Bones?”

“The True God... has not appeared yet,” Penny said weakly. “He doesn’t exist in this world. But when enough sacrifices are gathered, he can be reborn in the Holy Land of Bones... and rule the world.”

“So, he hasn’t shown up yet.” Logan nodded. “And the plague—you unleashed it to prepare for his resurrection?”

“Yes... yes,” Penny admitted in a daze. “Only the White Bone God can lead us to power...”

Fear now ruled her words. She answered not out of belief—but out of terror.

“Good. Now the second question: how many followers does the White Bone Cult have? Where’s your headquarters?” Logan pressed.

“I don’t know how many there are... it’s all controlled by the three elders,” Penny stammered. “As for the headquarters, it’s located in—”

Boom!

A muffled pop sounded—and Penny’s head exploded on the spot.