

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2594

Penny died suddenly.

Even Logan didn't react at first.

He looked at her lifeless body lying in a pool of blood, her head blown apart, and his expression darkened. The smile on his face disappeared instantly.

No one attacked her. She didn't take her own life. The reason her head exploded was that she had been poisoned beforehand.

A parasitic insect had been planted in her brain—completely dormant and undetectable, causing no visible symptoms. It didn't harm the host at all under normal circumstances.

But the moment the host attempted to betray the White Bone Cult, the insect would awaken and self-destruct.

And because this detonation came from within, it was impossible to stop.

Logan hadn't thoroughly checked Penny's body before the interrogation. That oversight allowed the insect to go unnoticed—and ultimately activate.

Had he examined her more carefully, eliminating the parasite would've been easy.

Even Penny herself had no idea she'd been implanted with such a thing. If she had known, she would have exploded long before enduring hours of torture.

"What happened? Was she poisoned?" Grace stepped forward, staring at the corpse, her brow furrowed.

"Yes. A parasite—deep in the brain. Extremely well-hidden," Logan confirmed, his voice low.

"It's a shame. We couldn't get any useful information out of her," Grace said, visibly disappointed.

“Even if we’d learned the White Bone Cult’s headquarters,” Logan replied calmly, “chances are we wouldn’t have caught anyone. Penny allowed herself to be captured. She came here with a mission—to kill a key figure in Dragonmarsh, spread the blood plague, and turn Pucheng into a death zone. The moment she set that in motion, the core members of the White Bone Cult probably relocated.”

“That’s likely.” Grace nodded in agreement. “Still, if you hadn’t been here, we wouldn’t have stopped that blood mist in time.”

Logan opened his mouth and exhaled gently. The blood-colored bead he had swallowed earlier rose from his throat and landed in his palm, spinning slowly.

“Want to study this thing?” he asked, offering her the bead. “From what she said, this is the Blood of the White Bone God. The energy in it is extremely sinister. But as long as you don’t trigger it, it won’t explode easily.”

“This thing is definitely worth studying.” Grace accepted it without hesitation.

She didn’t know much about the White Bone Cult. Most of her knowledge came from past intelligence.

But after this firsthand encounter, she realized the cult was far more dangerous than she’d imagined.

They worshipped something called the White Bone God.

As for what this “True God” actually was—she still didn’t know.

But now, with this blood bead in hand, she might finally uncover some answers.

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Meanwhile, in **Wugang City**, at the City Lord’s Mansion.

After hearing his subordinate’s report, Tristan finally exhaled in relief. For the past few days, he had barely slept, fully occupied with controlling the plague.

It wasn’t until yesterday—after Grace sent someone with a prescription—that they managed to stop the plague from spreading further.

The number of new infections had dropped, and the symptoms in existing patients had eased somewhat.

It wasn't a cure, but at least it gave them time.

And time was the one thing they desperately needed—enough time for the two miracle doctors to develop a real antidote.

Once that happened, the crisis would pass—and Wugang would emerge as the strongest force in the southern frontier.

“Your Highness! Urgent news!”

Just as Tristan was imagining a hopeful future, Milton rushed in, clearly flustered, his face pale and drawn.

“What is it? Why the panic?” Tristan frowned, sensing something was wrong.

“Your Highness, terrible news! A massive outbreak of red poisonous fog just erupted at the hospital housing the plague patients!”

Milton's voice was urgent and shaken. “The fog is highly corrosive. Anyone who touches it is instantly dissolved—reduced to blood. No one survived.”

“What?! Everyone's dead?!” Tristan sprang from his chair, horrified. “Are you sure? How could this happen?!”

“It happened so fast, Your Highness. The details are still unclear, but every last person in the hospital is gone,” Milton said gravely.

“You mean... Divine Doctor Frenette and Divine Doctor Lavallee too?” Tristan's face turned white as a sheet. “They didn't make it out?”

“They didn't escape,” Milton said, lowering his head.

Tristan knew full well that the two miracle doctors were his trump card—his greatest hope of defeating the plague.

With their sudden deaths, the blow was nothing short of devastating.

Boom.

He collapsed back into his chair, dazed and lifeless. “If they’re gone... how are we supposed to stop the plague now?”

“Your Highness, containing the plague isn’t the immediate problem,” Milton said urgently. “That red fog is the real threat. It’s still spreading—and fast. Everything it touches dies. If it keeps going at this rate, it’ll reach the City Lord’s Mansion in half an hour!”

“What? It’s still expanding?!” Tristan’s voice cracked.

The plague was already bad enough—and now, this poisonous fog?

It felt like he was being pushed straight into a corner—with no way out.