

Chapter 1940 The Origin Of The Drug

Lone Wolf scoffed defiantly, "Hmph! Come on! I've endured all kinds of torment. Water torture, electric shocks, beatings, you name it. You think a tiny silver needle will do the trick? That's laughable!"

Esteban stepped forward with determination in his eyes.

"Mr. Raven, let me handle this. Because of Lone Wolf, I was pulled away from the director when he was at death's door. I thought I'd never see him again. It's all due to the Wolf faction, and Lone Wolf is the main perpetrator!"

Trevor hesitated for a moment, then took back the silver needle, comforting Esteban, "Go ahead. It might help to release your pent-up frustration. Don't bottle it up."

With Trevor's approval, Esteban lunged at Lone Wolf, who was now on the ground landing punches and kicks, his pent-up anger pouring out.

As he unleashed his fury, Esteban's eyes took on a fierce red hue.

Despite the blood at the corners of his mouth, Lone Wolf managed a malevolent chuckle.

"Is that the best you've got? You're weak. And Raven, who trained you, isn't any better!"

This taunt set Esteban off. Seizing Lone Wolf by the throat, he squeezed with all his might.

Trevor rushed over, trying to intervene. If not for him, Lone Wolf might've been choked to death then and there.

When Esteban finally let go, Lone Wolf gasped for air, coughing violently.

Trevor gazed at Lone Wolf, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "No need for such brute force on my part. Think needles are beneath you? You'll see."

With that, he carefully inserted silver needles into precise acupuncture points on Lone Wolf's body.

Lone Wolf smirked, not feeling the expected pain.

"Is that all? Doesn't even tickle."

But, almost instantly, Lone Wolf was overwhelmed by an agonizing itch all over.

"Ah! Damn it!"

His arms were both injured and he was unable to scratch the itching

It felt as if thousands of ants were crawling on his skin

His eyes blazing with rage, Lone Wolf writhed on the ground, too weak to utter a single curse.

Trevor spoke with deliberate calm. "I used this technique when assisting Midnight with interrogations. Even the seasoned interrogators felt outmatched next to me. That's how I earned Midnight's confidence."

Lone Wolf was taken aback. Given his current helpless state, he had no reason to question Trevor's claims.

Seeing that Lone Wolf remained tight-lipped, Trevor meticulously inserted a few more needles.

Overwhelmed, Lone Wolf pleaded in a broken voice, "Enough I'll talk, just stop! I'd rather you just end it! Kill me! Please!"

Esteban, who was watching from the side, was taken aback. The once-proud Lone Wolf had crumbled so easily under Trevor's methods.

Trevor, not wasting a moment, pressed Lone Wolf, "Who was behind the attack on Dreles? Where did the experimental drug originate?"

Lone Wolf wasted no time in answering. "It was the Wolf faction that targeted Dreles. The semi-finished drug? That's from your own family. How do you not know that?! Consuming this drug plunges individuals into a deep slumber, and upon awakening they grapple with dizziness and memory loss. Yet, paradoxically, it also fortifies their bodies, making them more robust.

The refined injectable version, however, robs individuals of their entire consciousness. They become more suggestible, quick to irritation, and are unable to control their temper when agitated. An intriguing physical transformation accompanies this. A pronounced hawk-like nose emerges, and their physical prowess amplifies considerably. The source of this experimental injection traces back to one of the major families.

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