

# An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

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## Chapter 2592

“Boss!”

Stevie had been watching Penny closely. The moment she saw the chains snap and a red mist surge from Penny’s body, she instinctively stepped in front of Grace to shield her.

But the red mist spread like wildfire, engulfing everyone in the room within seconds—and it was still expanding rapidly.

The poisonous fog spread in all directions at terrifying speed.

Wherever it passed, flowers and plants withered instantly, the ground turned black, and everything looked like it was being consumed by death itself.

“Hahahaha! Die! All of you, die!”

“This world is rotten! Nature’s laws are unjust! Only the God of Bones is eternal!”

“You filthy mortals! The blood of the True God of Heaven and Bone will wash away your sins!”

“Your lives are sacrifices to the God of Bones!”

“Long live the White Bone Cult! The True God of Bones is eternal!”

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Penny’s crazed shouts echoed from deep within the blood mist.

Meanwhile, her body was shrinking rapidly, as though all her energy and life force were being drained away.

Still, she kept laughing like a lunatic, completely unafraid of death.

To her, death was a sacred offering—a chance to be embraced by the God of Bones and serve him forever.

“Boss, we need to go—now! There’s something seriously wrong with that fog!” Stevie shouted, grabbing Grace and making a break for it.

She didn’t dare hesitate.

Just moments after exposure, she noticed the chemical protective suits and gas masks were starting to corrode.

At this rate, they wouldn’t last two minutes.

If they stayed, they’d all be dead.

“No escape!” Penny shrieked. “The blood of the True God of Bones is made to cleanse sinners like you! Once it touches you, it won’t stop until you’re fully purified!”

She kept laughing maniacally, a look of twisted devotion in her eyes.

She had planned everything—using her body to unleash the blood of the White Bone God, to cleanse this so-called filthy world.

Wherever the blood spread, it would “purify” everything in its path.

Not just a small village—she believed even an entire city could be sacrificed.

Once Pucheng became a land of bones, the True God of Bones would be reborn.

And then, he would lead the White Bone Cult to rule the world.

**Boom!**

Suddenly, a thunderous sound cracked across the sky.

Penny froze.

To her horror, the red mist that had been spreading like a tidal wave suddenly began to pull back.

As if encountering a terrifying force, it retracted rapidly, like the sea retreating after a storm.

In just a few minutes, the fog vanished entirely, sucked back into the hut—and finally condensed into a single blood-red bead.

That bead held the blood of the White Bone God.

Penny had hidden it inside herself, using her body as a vessel.

But now, just as she had released its power, some unknown force had reversed it all—forcing it back into its original form.

“What... what just happened?!”

The laughter died on Penny’s lips.

Eyes wide, full of shock and disbelief.

What force could make the sacred blood of the White Bone God retreat?

Her gaze locked on the floating bead.

Without thinking, she reached for it.

That blood must not fall into enemy hands. She had to swallow it—merge with it—before it was too late.

Only then could she channel a portion of the God’s power.

**Whoosh!**

Just then, the bead shot forward, pulled by a strange suction force—dragging Penny outside.

She stumbled out, scrambling after it.

But when she stepped outside the hut, she stopped cold.

A man in white stood quietly before her, appearing from nowhere.

He was young, strikingly handsome, and carried an aura she couldn’t quite describe.

Just looking at him felt like standing in a warm spring breeze.

But Penny’s heart pounded.

Because in the man’s hand was the blood-red bead—he was holding it, studying it.

“Give it back!” she shouted.

“This? You mean this bead?” the man said, glancing at her with a calm smile. “It’s... interesting.”

“Sir, please,” Penny forced a smile. “That’s a family heirloom. Return it to me, and I’ll reward you generously.”

“Family heirloom, huh?” Logan raised an eyebrow, lips curling into a slight smirk. “Something this evil... as a family heirloom? That says a lot about your family.”

“Whether it’s good or evil has nothing to do with you!” Penny snapped. “Give it back or don’t blame me for what happens next!”

The sacred blood of the True God—how dare this man defile it with his touch?

“Oh? Then let’s see what happens,” Logan said casually.

And with that, he tossed the bead into his mouth—and swallowed it.

“You... you *blasphemer*! I’ll kill you!” Penny screamed, her eyes wide with fury.

Fueled by rage, she charged straight at him.

“Be my guest.”

Logan flicked his finger.

Penny froze mid-step—locked in place, unable to move.