

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn) Chapter 131 - 140

Chapter 131

Diana's pov

I didn't see Nathan.

From the nurse's bending position, I guessed Nathan's body should be blocked by the door.

After a while, the nurse walked in sluggishly.

She was here to give me an infusion.

I asked her what happened at the door just now.

The nurse, wearing a remorseful expression, told me that she had slept late last night and

wasn't feeling well today. When she entered, she didn't notice Alpha Nathan standing at the door, and she accidentally bumped into his back.

She thought it wasn't a big deal, but when Alpha Nathan turned around, the look in his eyes seemed murderous, scaring her to this moment.

I comforted the nurse, "Alpha Nathan's fiancée isn't feeling well. He might be worried about her, which is why he's in a bad mood. It's not about you

. Don't be afraid."

The nurse nodded with drooping eyebrows.

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After finishing the infusion, the nurse left.

I turned to Moss, only to find him deep in thought, his head lowered.

“Moss? Moss?”

I called twice before he snapped out of it.

“What are you thinking? So absorbed.”

“I...” Moss paused, hesitating to speak. After struggling for a moment, he finally asked, “Why do you think Alpha Nathan appeared at the door?”

“What’s there to ask?” I smiled, not understanding what Moss was pondering. “He just passed by.”

“Is that so?” Moss seemed unconvinced.
me?”

“Otherwise? Is he here to see me?”

I laughed heartily.

But on second thought, it wasn’t entirely impossible.

Maybe Nathan came to confirm whether I was alive or dead.

If I were dead, he would undoubtedly be eager to share the joyful news with Avia.

By then, Avia would probably recover from all her illnesses.

Unfortunately, not only did I not die, but I also sat here quite lively, so his face was so gloomy.

Thinking this way, my smile became even more brilliant.

However, Moss pinched my face and said, “Stop smiling.”

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“What?”

“Why force yourself to smile if you don’t want to?” He frowned, his eyes showing undisguised concern. “You don’t have to pretend to be so strong in front of me.”

I froze.

I thought I concealed it well.

I thought no one could see that my smile was filled with irony.

But apparently, was my disguise so clumsy?

As the corners of

my mouth drooped, I sighed, feeling waves of exhaustion rushing over me.

Moss covered me with a blanket.

“If you’re tired, close your eyes and rest. I’ll be here watching over you. After the IV is done, I’ll help you remove the needle.”

Moss’s voice was very gentle, and his gaze when he bent down to look at me was also very tender.

Unable to resist, I asked, “Moss, why are you so good to me?”

Moss tensed slightly.

He lifted his head, and behind the lenses, those usually calm eyes seemed to flash a hint of confusion.

After a moment, he gave me an expected answer.

“Because you’re a Healer.”

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I rolled my eyes, displeased, furrowing my brows.

“I thought it was because you considered me a friend.”

“Friend?”

“Doesn’t it count?” I asked. “After all we’ve been through together, aren’t we friends?”

Moss’s cheek twitched, and I guessed he had just clenched his teeth.

He didn’t seem too keen on associating with me under the title of “friend” and mumbled a vague agreement, telling me to “close your eyes.”

The dual exhaustion of body and mind quickly engulfed me, and my eyelids drooped weakly.

As I was about to close my eyes, I saw Moss walk to the window and close it.

The cold breeze abruptly ceased.

I was awakened by a piercing chill.

Groggily opening my eyes, I found myself in complete darkness.

The hazy awareness told me it must be deep into the night.

Rubbing my eyes, I noticed the IV tube had been removed—probably Moss’s doing.

Another gust of cold wind swept in.

Instinctively, I looked towards the direction of the window.

In an instant, my whole body tensed.

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The window, which should have been tightly closed, was now wide open, letting in a shivering cold breeze.

And in front of the window stood a tall figure.

Moonlight fell on his shoulders, casting a faint halo, faintly illuminating the curvature of his jaw.

Other

than that, he was shrouded in the night, making it impossible for me to see.

My heart skipped a beat, and cautiously, I called, "Moss, is that you?"

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The response was dead silence.

I clenched my fists, and with effort, I sat up on the bed, attempting to pull

the covers off.

However, just as my feet were about to touch the floor, the person suddenly turned around.

In the blink of an eye, he swept to my front, effortlessly grabbing both my wrists and

lifting them above my head, pressing me down on the bed.

A familiar yet potent scent enveloped me instantly.

I slowly widened my eyes, unbelievably calling out that name "Nathan?"

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I met a pair of amber eyes.

However, the color of those eyes was constantly darkening, whether due to the night

or some other reason, and they emitted a deep and dangerous glow.

This time, I was sure the person was Nathan.

The sudden shock and Nathan's imposing pressure made me instantly furious.

I sternly scolded, "Let go of me! Are you insane? What the hell are you doing breaking into my room in the middle of the night? Hurry up—uh!"

His rough thumb forcefully rubbed against my lips, causing a stinging sensation and altering my tone instantly.

I heard Nathan asking me in a calm yet extremely eerie voice, "Did he kiss you?"

"What the hell are you babbling about?". I was utterly confused, thinking Nathan had gone mad. I tried to break free again, "Let go of me and get out of my room!"

"How dare you let him kiss you!"

Nathan seemed deaf to my words, entirely immersed in his emotions.

I was utterly bewildered.

Kiss me?

What the hell! Who kissed me?

No! Even if I kissed someone else. what does it

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Kiss me?
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a
No! Even if I kissed
someone else, what does it have to do with him? What right does he have
to interrogate me?
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“Enough with your madness,” I growled, my already weakened body
becoming ever more vulnerable due to the excessive struggle, “I’ll say it a
gain, let go—”
My words were cut short.
In the midst of my erratic breathing, Nathan lowered his head and kissed

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me.

His scorching lips seemed as if they would scald me.

I froze, my brain momentarily shutting down, forgetting to resist and clenching my teeth.

Unconsciously, Nathan's movements seemed to become gentler.

He lightly pecked the corner of my mouth, his voice hoarse as

he coaxed, "Open your

mouth."

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Chapter 132

Diana's pov

In a fleeting moment, I was almost bewitched by Nathan. His gentle tone and affectionate look seemed to adore me as if deeply in love. Yet, compared to that, the pain and sorrow he gave me were evidently more. So soon, my sanity, which was on the verge of collapsing, regrouped. I stared at him coldly, articulating each word, "Get out!" The tenderness gradually faded from Nathan's face... In the dim room, I couldn't see his expression clearly. But I could sense the decreasing atmospheric pressure, giving me an idea of his current demeanour. The pressure on my wrist increased, and I felt a subtle pain. Nathan gritted his teeth and questioned, "Why? Why can he, and I can't?" "He"? Nathan had been emphasising this mysterious "he" since earlier. Who is this "he"? In a daze, I recalled a little incident today when the nurse came in to give me an infusion. Before she walked in, I was applying medicine to Moss. From the perspective of someone at the door, it did look like we were kissing. The nurse mentioned Nathan's dark and terrifying expression when he turned away... Did he see it and misunderstand? My heart pounded. But why? Isn't Avia the one he likes? Why would he be jealous because of a misunderstanding about Moss kissing me? In my confusion, Nathan grasped my chin. Refusing to yield, he forcefully made me open my mouth. As his kiss landed, the bitter taste of alcohol filled my mouth. During the exchange of breath, he murmured something that I

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couldn't quite catch. All I heard was a faint shout of "Avia." Suddenly, it dawned on me. What misunderstanding or jealousy is there? Nathan was clearly drunk and recognized the wrong person! I should have realised this sooner, but his overpowering scent and the tense atmosphere had deceived me. It wasn't until he pried open my mouth that I discovered it was all a mistake fueled by alcohol! My stomach suddenly convulsed, the first time in my life, feeling a real disgust at Nathan's touch. I couldn't bear, nor accept being a... substitute. I slowly relaxed my body, assuming a submissive posture to appease him. Then, when he let his guard down and released my jaw, I unhesitatingly and forcefully bit down. Nathan grunted. " Seizing the opportunity, I raised my knee and forcefully collided with Nathan's lower abdomen. The dull pain made him retreat, clutching his stomach. After barely standing in place for two seconds, he tried to approach me again. Swiftly getting up from the bed, I delivered a resounding slap just as he lunged at me. I scolded, "Get a good look at who I am! I'm Diana, not your fiancée Avia! " Nathan froze abruptly. For what felt like half a minute, neither of us moved, just staring at each other in the darkness. When my eyes fully adjusted to the dark, I vaguely discerned his expression. A mix of regret and melancholy... I thought he must be sobering up from the alcohol. Regretting mistaking me for Avia and feeling desolate for almost betraying her. A profound irony surged within me. I took a deep breath, pointed to the door, and said icily, "Leave my room immediately!" "Diana L "Diana, I..." "Get lost!" Nathan seemed like he wanted to say more, but I was no longer willing to listen. Being treated as Avia's substitute was a tremendous humiliation for me, and considering our history,

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it was more than enough. Nathan finally left my hospital room. Sitting on the bed, the taste of blood lingered in my mouth. After a while, I slowly came to my senses. Thanks to Nathan, sleep was out of the question. Remembering that the antidote for Gummy Skull was still in progress, I changed into Healer attire and went to the lab late at night. Seven in the morning. While I was intensely focused on testing the reaction of the potion, I heard a surprised sound from Moss behind me. “Diana?” I didn’t stop my work, just responded casually. Moss walked to my side and grabbed the hand reaching for the notebook. “Aren’t you supposed to be in the hospital room right now?” His tone was serious. I looked up at him, shrugged, and said, “I’m fine.” Moss scrutinized me, his brows furrowing tighter. “Wrapped in bandages all over, and you call that fine?” I pursed my lips, staying silent. Moss gestured to pull me up from the chair, “Go back and rest. Until your injuries heal, no lab for you.” “...I really am fine.” “I have eyes. I can see. And with your current weakness, you might mess up the experiment unintentionally.” “How could that happen?” I muttered softly. “I’m a Healer.” “Since you’re a Healer, you should know the best thing to do now is to rest well, heal your injuries, not—” Moss’s voice suddenly stopped. After a brief pause, he asked, “What’s wrong with your mouth?” “Huh? Mouth?” I raised my hand, feeling a stinging sensation at the corner of my lips. Taking a round mirror from the table, I found my lips slightly swollen, with scabs on my lower lip from yesterday’s forced kiss by Nathan. Under my breath I cursed, “Bastard.” Putting down the mirror, I casually made up an excuse, “Maybe it’s because the weather is too dry.” Moss looked

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at me suspiciously, making me increasingly uneasy. Luckily, he didn't press further but urged me to go back to the room and rest. I admit that part of the reason I went to the lab last night was due to Nathan's provocation, wanting to distract myself from my dismal emotions. But after calming down, I had effectively processed those emotions. As a matter of urgency, I just want to develop the antidote quickly. Otherwise, if I restart the experiment after recovering, who knows how many more people will suffer from the torment of Gummy Skull. I rejected Moss's suggestion. Moss looked at me with a deep gaze. After a while, he asked, "Do you really think working overtime to develop the antidote can save those people? As long as William continues selling Gummy Skull, more will plunge into this abyss!" Moss grabbed my shoulder, sighed, "Diana, you're a Healer, but you're not a god. You can't save everyone. Taking care of yourself is the most important thing." These words from workaholic Moss surprised me greatly. A hint of strangeness flashed in my heart. I shrugged off Moss's hand on my shoulder. "How could I not know what you're saying? But what can we do now? William is using everyone in the lab to threaten me. Besides compromise, what else can I do?" "But..." "Don't persuade me. I'll take care of my own body. But the experiment cannot be delayed any longer." I took the notebook and started recording experimental data. In the corner of my eye, I saw Moss take off his almost permanently worn glasses and rub his forehead vigorously. Some emotion seemed to be forcefully suppressed by him. ... The experiment didn't go smoothly. Despite dragging my ailing body to stay in the lab for a full three days without sleep, there was still no progress in developing the antidote for Gummy Skull. The

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experimental data kept going wrong in the same place. On the fourth day, William called me. “Diana, is the antidote ready?” I could sense his impatience, but I could only grit my teeth and say, “Not yet.” “Is it really not ready, or are you deliberately delaying?” William asked. I closed my eyes, exhausted, “You’re threatening me with the entire lab staff. How could I deliberately delay?” “Hopefully, what you’re saying is true. Remember, the lives of the entire lab staff are in your hands. Find a way to speed things up.” After threatening me, William hung up. Another week passed. While I was conducting new dosage tests in the lab, William arrived. In addition, he brought a man. The man was about my height, maybe even a few inches shorter, with a square face and crew-cut hair, dressed in an expensive designer suit. “Let me introduce you, this is Fisher Mackey,” William’s voice echoed through the entire lab. “Mr. Mackey is an expert in virology and will be joining our lab. With his assistance, I believe our research progress will significantly accelerate.”

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Chapter 133

Diana's pov

William's words fell, and the entire laboratory fell silent.

All eyes turned to me, puzzled as to why, with the presence of the "Healer" already in the lab,

William insisted on introducing a new virologist.

It was clear from William's demeanour that he highly valued this virologist.

I coldly chuckled within myself.

Others might not understand, but I knew exactly what was going on.

Fisher Mackey was likely sent by William to keep an eye on me.

In the end, William doesn't trust me.

It's not surprising. After all, I never intended to compromise my principles and align with him.

Fisher seemed intentionally elevated in status by William; after the introduction,

William left without

acknowledging me.

Fisher bowed to see him off.

Then, he straightened up, lifted his chin, and cast a condescending gaze at everyone.

"Who's Healer?" he asked.

I furrowed my brows.

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“I am.”

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Fisher slowly rolled his eyes, maintaining a self-assured tilt to his chin throughout. At the sight of me, a disdainful smile played on his lips.

“A woman, of all things. No wonder the experiment has been stagnant.”

His tone dripped with sarcasm.

I couldn't believe William hadn't informed him of my identity before assigning Fisher. Fisher was intentional.

He aimed to assert dominance and embarrass me.

Yet, I wasn't the only female staff member in the lab.

Before I could respond, someone challenged him, “What's wrong with being a woman? Are you

promoting/gender discrimination?”

Fisher sneered, “I'm just stating a fact. As women, you should stay at home, take care of children,

manage household chores, and prepare perfect meals for your husbands. If you can't stay put,

Perhaps office clerical work is more suitable for you. As for other jobs...”

Fisher chuckled, “clearly, they are not suitable for you, and your involvement will only make things

worse, just like our experiment – stagnant and unprogressive.”

—

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Fisher's cruel remarks immediately sparked anger throughout the lab.

Female researchers clenched their fists, chests heaving dramatically.

"So, you're questioning

"I've never questioned the great Penny, but how many Penny

world? As for Healer..." Fisher glanced at me, "based on current research results, she's obviously a

failure."

"You

A female researcher attempted to rush forward.

I stopped her.

Eyes red with anger, she exclaimed, "Healer, did you hear what he just said? I must tear apart that

foul mouth of his today!"

"Hold on, let me—"

"Tear apart my mouth?" Fisher scoffed, raising his voice arrogantly, "I'm sure you've all noticed

William's attitude towards me today. From now on, I'm your boss! Are you daring to lay hands on

me? Don't you want to stay in the lab any longer?"

"So, William made you discriminate against women too?" I retorted, "If that's the case, I'll call

William right now and resign, citing your belief that I'm not fit for this job."

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I couldn't believe William would go through the trouble to keep me in the lab only to let me leave so easily.

If that were the case, it might be for the best.

Sure enough, when Fisher heard my intention to resign, his expression froze.

A hint of panic flashed in his eyes, and he uncomfortably cleared his throat.

"Since you're all here now, focus on completing your respective tasks," he swiftly changed the

subject. "Now, everyone, compile your experimental results and data into a document, and submit it

to me in two hours."

Fisher turned and headed to his new office.

A female researcher stamped her foot in frustration, "What is William thinking? Why bring in

someone like him?" She looked at me, cautious yet inquisitive.

"Healer, is there any conflict between you and William? Why would he..."

"Nothing. Everything is to develop the antidote quickly."

I didn't provide a direct answer to the female researcher's question. After all, the more they know,

the more dangerous it is for them.

The female researcher pursed her lips and, like the others, returned to her post.

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Now, they had to pause their ongoing work and, at Fisher's request, waste precious time organising useless documents.

Moss rested a hand on my shoulder.

"How are you planning to deal with this Fisher situation?"

"Deal? Why would I deal?" I looked up at Moss.

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Moss blinked, apparently surprised by my calm demeanour and even a hint of ease in my words.

"Haven't you noticed? Fisher is clearly someone sent by William to keep an eye on you," Moss said.

"Of course, I saw." I smiled, "But Fisher obviously lacks the intelligence and reliability William

imagined. William wants him to monitor me, but his ambitions go beyond that.

Maybe... maybe he

can become a weapon for us against William." Moss raised an eyebrow, looking at me with a

puzzled expression.

I gestured to him, whispering my plan. Due to Fisher's formalistic assignments, everyone's time was wasted, resulting in fewer experiment data and test results than usual.

At the end of the day, Fisher raged at everyone.

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“Is this all the experimental data you can produce daily? Is this your work efficiency?”

Someone muttered discontentedly.

“Isn’t it because you asked everyone to do reports and summaries, wasting our time?”

“Yeah, and this afternoon, Fisher had me fetch him coffee seven times, plus buying food and

cleaning... I’m exhausted! The worst part is, every time I came back, my experiments had to start

from scratch. It’s a miracle if we have any results.”

“Alright, stop complaining. He’s looking at us.”

“What are you whispering about?” Fisher sternly asked, “Do you not respect me as your boss?”

A few rolled their eyes and remained silent, expressing their attitude through actions. Fisher exploded.

“You! You! And you!” Fisher pointed at those who had quietly discussed him earlier,

“Tonight,

Everyone stays overtime. No experiment data, no leaving!”

“Why?” someone spoke up, “We worked today according to your requirements. If the efficiency is

low, it’s your unreasonable arrangements. Why should we stay overtime?”

“Exactly!”

“You don’t have the authority to force us to work overtime!”

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In reality, working overtime had become the norm in the lab, driven by the urgency to develop the antidote and save lives.

No one complained. In fact, everyone volunteered willingly, driven by a sense of duty as medical professionals to do their best to save lives. However, that didn't mean they could endure oppression and unreasonable accusations.

Seeing nobody obeying him, Fisher grew angrier and redirected his anger towards Seeing nobody obeying him, Fisher grew angrier and redirected his anger towards

“Healer, is this the good subordinate you trained? Is this their work attitude, or did you deliberately encourage them to resist me?”

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Chapter 134

Diana's pov

“It's us challenging you. What does that have to do with Healer?”

“Yeah, don't involve the Healer. Worst case, we'll invoke labour laws to see if your demands are

reasonable! Fisher's face reddened, frustrated. “Healer, are you going to let them talk to me like this? They don't understand, do you?”

I know Fisher is warning me.

Behind him is William.

William, who didn't care about lives, wouldn't be bothered by mere “labor laws.”

Taking a deep breath, I said, “Let them go off duty. I'll take care of the remaining work.”

“Healer!” A female researcher at my side grabbed me. “This has nothing to do with you. We're not

afraid of him. You don't need to-”

“It's necessary,” I interrupted. “I'm in charge of this project. Any issues, I'll handle them.”

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I looked at Fisher and asked, “Are you satisfied with this resolution?” Fisher smirked, visibly in a better mood.

With a disdainful glance at me, he shrugged. “Deal with it. Tomorrow morning, I’ll personally review

your work. If I’m not satisfied, don’t blame me for punishing you.”

With that, he picked up his bag, propped it under his arm, and left the lab first.

At my strong request, everyone else also left, excluding Moss.

Since he resides in the hospital, he stayed with me to work through the night.

“You shouldn’t have taken all the work on yourself,” Moss handed me an iced coffee.

“Unless the

antidote is successful, he’ll find faults in your data tomorrow.”

“What else can I do?” I shrugged, sipping the bitter but invigorating coffee.

I smiled, “Don’t forget our plan.”

Moss didn’t say much, just bowed his head to help me record experiment data.

A night passed.

At 6:50 in the morning, Moss and I finally completed all the remaining work from the previous day.

I stood up from the chair, unconsciously stretched, forgetting the lingering pain

I stood up from the chair, unconsciously stretched, forgetting the lingering pain from my accident.

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There was a tearing sensation around my shoulder, warm liquid spreading from the wound.

Moss returned from downstairs with breakfast, hastily put it down, and approached me with a

serious expression. “You’re bleeding, do you know?” “L...”

“Go to my office,” Moss said in a cold tone, looking visibly upset.

I wanted to say something, but at that moment, I didn’t dare.

I obediently followed Moss to the office.

He closed the door, locked it, and said to me, “Take off your clothes.”

I was stunned.

“Take off... why do I need to undress?”

“How else can I apply medicine?”

Moss gave me a disdainful look and lowered his head to start preparing the potion.

Licking my dry

lips due to fatigue, I awkwardly nodded and took off the upper part of my clothes.

Sitting on the sofa with my back at Moss, I heard him ask from behind, “Are you undressed?”

“Uh, yeah.”

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“Then I-“I

Moss’s voice suddenly halted, and his footsteps disappeared.

Perplexed, I asked, “What happened? Is the wound opening up significantly?”

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“Yeah.” After a few seconds, Moss finally responded.
It might be my imagination, but his voice seemed much lower and huskier than before.
“It might hurt
a bit. Endure it.”
I chuckled and shrugged, “No big deal, just a little ache.”
This pain is nothing compared to what I’ve been through before.
However, despite my thoughts, when the cotton swab touched my torn wound, my
face turned pale.
Dense cold sweat emerged from my forehead as I clenched my hand, every knuckle
whitening,
bones seemingly about to burst through the flesh. Time stretched agonisingly, each
minute unbearable.
After a long while, Moss finally finished applying the medicine.
I sighed in relief, realising my lips had gone numb from my biting.
“Still hurts a bit.” I flexed my fingers, scratching my cheek.
I thought Moss would tease me, but he only made a sound with a heavy nasal tone.
After
rewrapping the bandage. I put on my clothes.
After rewrapping the bandage, I put on my clothes.
Moss returned the medicine to its place and said, “Considering a werewolf’s healing
speed, your
the wound should have healed long ago.”

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As I buttoned up, I nodded.

Moss furrowed his brow.

“Don’t adopt this indifferent attitude. You know what I’m talking about. Your continuous sleepless work not only hasn’t improved your health but made it worse.” Moss seemed quite angry yet helpless, advising me with emphasis, “Diana, you need to rest.”

“I...” Before I could say anything, someone knocked on the office door.

“Healer,” it was a colleague, grumbling discontentedly, “that idiot who arrived yesterday wants to see you in his office. It was clear who the idiot referred to.

I tapped the person’s head, “Don’t speak recklessly. Fisher Mackey is your new leader.”

“We only recognize you as our leader.”

I sighed.

Back in the lab with the data organised from last night’s overtime, I knocked on Fisher’s office door.

“Come in.”

An extremely arrogant voice came through the door.

I entered, seeing Fisher leisurely sitting on a leather sofa, sipping coffee.

“These are yesterday’s compiled data.” I handed him the folder.

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Fisher didn't immediately take the folder but waited for about half a minute. Opening the folder, he glanced at it casually, then violently threw it at my face. "Is this your work result?" He scolded, "How dare you bring such garbage in front of me, it dirties my eyes, wastes my time!" Snap The folder hit the floor, papers scattering. My cheek instantly felt a burning sensation. Fisher continued to insult me. "Healer, Healer... maybe you should stop calling yourself Healer and change your name to Loser. I don't know where you find the audacity to compare yourself to Penny. I think you, instead, should go home, find a man, get married, and have children." At this point, Fisher suddenly shifted his gaze, maliciously staring at me. "Speaking of which... you've been wearing a mask all along. Could it be that you're hideously ugly?" He raised his chin slightly, using a tone that was half mockery, half command, "Take off your mask. I want to see what kind of monstrous face you have, whether it's ugly,

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Chapter 135

Diana's pov

I watched him, unmoving.

Fisher slammed the table, "I'm fucking told you to take off the mask, didn't you hear?"

"You have no right to demand that of me," I said coldly.

"I'm in charge now. Dare you say I don't have the authority?" Fisher stood up from the sofa, angrily

approaching me. "Today, I want to see what face hides beneath that mask of yours." He reached for my mask.

I seized his wrist, voice colder than before, "I told you, you have no right to demand this."

Fisher winced in pain.

"Damn bitch, let go of me! Ouch... that hurts!"

"Still want to see my face?" I asked expressionlessly.

Fisher, probably afraid, refused to plead before me and instead forced bravado, "I don't want to see

it! Damn, with that ugly face of yours, looking at it might bring me bad luck."

Ignoring his verbal attack, I coldly huffed and released him.

Fisher, holding his wrist, stepped back.

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Once steady, he glared at me with revenge and calculation in his eyes.

“I may not have the right to take off your mask, but I surely have the right to punish you.”

He ground his teeth, smiling in a sinister manner.

“Since your job performance is lacking, today, you’ll take on janitorial duties. I suppose that’s the only meagre value you can contribute to this project.”

I looked at Fisher coldly.

Perhaps remembering my earlier ruthlessness, he instinctively took a step back.

“What’s that look?”

Don’t you accept it? Let me tell you, I’m sent by William! I—” “I don’t object,” I impatiently interrupted

Fisher, “I accept the punishment.

I had no desire to endure Fisher’s foolish remarks any longer.

Seeing me obedient, Fisher became arrogant again.

“Remember, clean the toilets too, including scrubbing the toilet bowl,” he emphasised.

I turned and left his office, slamming the door shut.

Moss had been waiting outside.

I walked to his side and patted his shoulder, “Today’s experiment is up to you.” “What do you

mean?” Moss frowned, “And what about you?”

“Me?” I smiled, mimicking a sweeping motion, “Unlocking my new

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identity–janitor.”

Moss was enraged.

“Is he insane? No, I’ll go talk to him—”

“Don’t go.” I grabbed Moss, shaking my head. “It’s fine.”

“But your body can’t take this anymore! Continuous sleepless nights, coupled with the recurring old

injuries, doing heavy physical labour again, I’m afraid...”

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“It’s okay, I know what I’m doing.”

Moss silently looked at me, disapproving in his eyes.

But eventually, his shoulders relaxed a bit, and he said somewhat dejectedly, “As you wish.”

With that, he walked toward the laboratory with determined strides.

I knew Moss was angry because I seemed so indifferent to my own well–being. But at this point, I

had no other choice.

All morning, I’ve been doing janitorial work.

Wiping tables, cleaning windows, sweeping, mopping, sorting chemical waste in the lab, tidying up

the bathroom...

My colleagues offered help multiple times, all of which I declined.

Fisher was clearly intentionally causing trouble.

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Accepting help would only burden the person assisting me.
After finally finishing the cleaning, I was drenched in sweat and utterly exhausted.
Seated in the utility room, I took a brief rest.
Suddenly, Fisher kicked open the utility room door and yelled at me.
“Who told you to slack off here? Have you completed all the tasks assigned to you?”
Fatigue made every breath feel like a stab in the chest.
Struggling to stand with the chair’s support, I exhaled, “Everything is cleaned.”
“Lies!” he sternly exclaimed. “Do you think I won’t check your work? The toilet in the restroom clearly isn’t properly cleaned.”
“Impossible,” I swallowed the metallic taste in my throat and said, “I meticulously cleaned every corner.”
Tasks like these were routine during the two years I served as Nathan’s Luna.
Fisher grabbed my wrist, dragging me to the men’s restroom.
Pointing inside, he shouted, “Does this look clean to you?”
The once tidy tiles were now marked with water stains and dirty shoe prints, and the toilet bore not only yellow stains but also leftover food.

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Clenching my fists, I quickly understood.

“Is this intentional?” I asked.

Fisher smirked, “I don’t understand what you’re saying, but the fact is you haven’t completed the

tasks I assigned you. So... clean it again.” [www.novelshome.com](#)

Fisher gave me a hard shove.

I tumbled to the ground, dirty water and shoe prints instantly soiling my clothes. The unexpected

pain almost made me black out, and I nearly spat out blood.

Fisher left triumphantly, warning me before leaving, “If you don’t clean properly next time, I’ll shove

your ugly face into the toilet.”

My stomach churned.

Unable to contain myself, I staggered to the sink, removed my mask, and vomited a mouthful of

blood.

Shocked, I looked at the mirror.

The person in the mirror was significantly thinner, almost translucently pale, with blood on the

corners of her mouth.

I weakly smiled, wiped my mouth, put the mask back on, and began cleaning the restroom.

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Until the end of the workday, Fisher finally let me go.
Exhausted and with old injuries flaring up, I almost collapsed.
Summoning my last bit of strength, I returned to the room—more precisely, the hospital room.
In this state, I dared not face Marc and April.
Stripping off the blood—stained clothes, I entered the bathroom, rinsed off the filth and sweat, and hurriedly took some medicine.
Then, burying myself in the soft bed, I drifted into a restless sleep.
I thought I would get some good rest.
However, not even ten minutes after lying down, someone knocked on my door.
Unwilling to open it, I ignored the persistent knocking.
Yet, the person outside grew more insistent, with the knocking threatening to break my door.
Reluctantly opening my eyes, I donned a random nightgown, dragged my aching body to the door, and opened it.
With a creak, I met a pair of amber eyes.
Nathan, in a suit, stood at the door, with a weak Avia leaning against his chest.
My already miserable mood plummeted at the sight of these two annoying individuals.
“Do you need something?” I asked impatiently

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“Do you need something?” I asked impatiently.

Nathan stared at me coldly, his voice icy, “I came to find Healer.”

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Chapter 136

Diana's pov

My heart tightened.

Frowning, I asked, "If you're looking for Healer, go find Healer. Why knock on my door?"

0

"A nurse saw Healer entering your room."

I recalled that not long ago, due to my failing health, I had entered the room in Healer's attire.

It must have been when the passing nurse saw me.

Once I understood, I sighed in relief.

"Healer has already left," I said without changing my expression. "If you want to find her, you can contact her by phone."

With that, I raised my hand to close the door.

"Ah!"

A miserable cry stopped my actions.

Avia suddenly pulled back her rapidly swelling hand, tears streaming down her pitiful and innocent face.

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Nathan immediately lowered his head to inspect Avia's injury, his eyes filled with concern and worry.

Watching this scene, I couldn't help but sarcastically smile.

Nathan's forehead twitched, his face turning icy. He wrapped his freezing gaze around me.

"Why are you laughing?"

I was surprised.

"What? Is it wrong for me to laugh? Who says I can't laugh? Or is it that the entire world must cry

just because your fiancée got hurt?"

Anger surged through my chest, making my heart and wounds ache.

I said unkindly, "Whether she gets hurt or not has nothing to do with me. Even if she dies, it's none

of my business. Oh! That's not entirely accurate. Considering what she did to me, if she really died,

I'd throw a party to celebrate."

Avia cried even harder. "Nathan, did you hear? Clearly... Clearly, Diana injured my hand... She not

only refuses to apologise but also... curses me to death!"

I coldly snorted, rolled my eyes, displaying the indifference and disgust in my eyes.

"Yeah, I cursed you to death! Why aren't you dead yet?"

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“Diana!” A warning-laden voice sounded, and Nathan looked at me sternly.

“Apologise to Avia!”

My thoughts momentarily froze for two seconds.

I was shocked. Where did Nathan get the nerve to make me apologize to Avia!

“Truly mentally disturbed. “I shook my head, looking at these two people.

“Yeah, I cursed you to death! Why aren’t you dead yet?”

“Diana!” A warning-laden voice sounded, and Nathan looked at me sternly.

“Apologise to Avia!”

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I was shocked. Where did Nathan get the nerve to make me apologise to

Avia! “Truly mentally disturbed...” I shook my head, looking at these two people unbelievably. “Both of

you... are not quite right in the head.”

I attempted to close the door for the second time.

For the second time, I failed.

This time, Nathan held onto the door.

1

Unlike Avia, Nathan’s strength far surpassed mine. His sudden force caused my back injury to flare up.

The intense pain almost made my legs go weak, and I almost knelt on the ground.

Biting my lip, I looked up at Nathan, enduring the intense pain.

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“What the hell are you trying to do? If you still want me and Avia to apologize, I advise you not to dream! Damn! Can’t you see she voluntarily extended her hand? How about this—did you blame the tree for blocking your way when you crashed your car into it? If her hand got caught in the door, did the door also trap your brain?”

Nathan was momentarily stunned, seemingly not expecting me to explode like this. After a long pause, he said, “I just wanted to ask if you knew where Healer is now. Avia is not feeling well and needs Healer to check on her.”

Avia coughed a few times while clutching her chest.

I closed my eyes, trying to calm down reluctantly.

“I told you, Healer has left. If you want to contact Healer, just call-”

“I’ve called her many times.” Nathan interrupted me. “But she hasn’t answered, so we came to find you.”

I fell silent for a moment, guessing that when Nathan called me, I was in the shower, and after coming out, I hurried to sleep, missing his calls.

But now, I genuinely lacked the strength to continue treating Avia.

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Observing Avia's complexion, I speculated that she probably just had a common cold.

So, I

suggested, "You should find a regular doctor to examine Avia first. If that doesn't solve the issue,

then look for Healer."

I thought my suggestion was reasonable.

But suddenly, Avia angrily pointed at me and shouted, "Diana! You're doing this on purpose, aren't

you? You knew I wasn't feeling well, so you deliberately sent Healer away and won't let her answer

our calls... You want to kill me!"

What is she talking about?

I gripped the doorknob, gasping for breath, and the surging cold sweat soaked through the wound

on my back. Pain, fatigue, and weakness blurred my consciousness...

Nathan glanced at me with confusion and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Realising I couldn't hold on much longer, I decided to come clean.

"The injuries from my car accident haven't healed yet, and I need to rest. So, could you please

leave?"

Nathan paused, then furrowed his brow, and there was a strangely amusing worry flickering in his

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eyes.

However, the next moment, Avia screamed, “You’re lying! Do you think I don’t know when you had

the car accident? It’s been over ten days, and according to a werewolf’s recovery speed, your

injuries should be healed by now! You’re clearly faking it, trying to gain Nathan’s sympathy! Then

you plan to take advantage and snatch Healer away so she can’t treat me!”

The pain rendered me speechless.

At this moment, just standing here had exhausted all my strength.

Yet, my silence seemed to convey a different meaning to Nathan—I was guilty.

“Is what Avia said true?” Nathan asked in a cold voice.

I clutched the doorknob tightly, leaning part of my body’s weight against the door.

After taking a long

breath, I gave a sarcastic smile. “Is there a need to ask me? Didn’t you already believe that I’m faking it and deliberately sent Healer

away? No matter how much I explain, what’s the point? Think whatever you want; I don’t care.”

“Diana!” Nathan, furious, raised his voice.

I disdainfully glanced at him, taunting, “Why shout so loud? Does having a loud voice make you

right? Aren’t you afraid of scaring your weak and sickly fiancée?”

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Nathan's face grew darker, and his gaze turned icy. I felt my last ounce of strength being drained

away. Everything spun around me, and I fell backward.

Bang! I heard the heavy sound of my body hitting the floor.

Yet, I couldn't perceive much pain.

I only vaguely felt something warm and sticky under me, spreading...

It seemed like my blood.

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Chapter 137

Diana's pov

Nathan bent down to help me up, but Avia grabbed his arm, stopping him.
“Nathan, haven't you noticed that Diana is just acting? Don't let her fool you! With her close relationship with Healer, she must have had her injuries healed long ago! Besides... she still has the Alpha aura. Even if it's just relying on her wolf, she surely has recovered!”
Avia spoke, kicking my legs a couple of times.
Avia spoke, kicking my legs a couple of times.
“You deceiver! Get up! Do you think pretending to be sick and weak will make Nathan pity you? He'll only see you as more hypocritical!” Avia continued.
Nathan, looking down at me with icy eyes, seemed to believe Avia's words. However, after a moment, he saw something, and his calm eyes suddenly showed shock, then panic, and finally fear.
His face rapidly enlarged in my sight.
He reached out, seemingly wanting to hold me.
Suddenly, a tall figure flashed before my eyes, pushing Nathan away.

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The person turned to look at me, and crimson filled their eyes.

“Diana...” Moss hurriedly helped me up, his voice trembling, “What happened to you? Do you know you’re bleeding?”

It turned out my perception wasn’t wrong. The warm and viscous liquid beneath me was indeed my blood.

I mustered some strength and said, “Probably tore the wound accidentally just now, causing it to bleed again.”

“Tore it? How could that happen?”

I lifted my eyelids and glanced at Nathan.

He looked bewildered.

I guessed he probably remembered forcefully grabbing the door frame earlier.

I didn’t answer Moss’s question, saying too much would make me seem pretentious.

Taking a deep breath, I pointed to the door. Though my voice lacked strength, I still mustered the

courage to tell Nathan and Avia, “Get out! I don’t want to see you!”

Nathan didn’t move. Frowning, he looked at me and dryly asked, “Your injury... why hasn’t it healed?” “What’s it to you?”

I sneered. “You already believed Avia’s words, thinking I’m faking, right?”

Avia shrank her shoulders and grabbed Nathan’s arm, shaking it gently.

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“Nathan, I didn’t know, I didn’t mean to.”

I couldn’t be bothered to look at Nathan’s reaction.

Past experiences told me that, no matter what mistakes Avia made, Nathan would “Is this

intentional?” I asked.

Fisher smirked, “I don’t understand what you’re saying, but the fact is you haven’t completed the

tasks I assigned you. So... clean it again.”

Fisher gave me a hard shove.

I tumbled to the ground, dirty water and shoe prints instantly soiling my clothes. The unexpected

pain almost made me black out, and I nearly spat out blood. Fisher left triumphantly, warning me before leaving. “If you don’t clean properly

Fisher left triumphantly, warning me before leaving, “If you don’t clean properly next time, I’ll shove

your ugly face into the toilet.

My stomach churned.

Unable to contain myself, I staggered to the sink, removed my mask, and vomited a mouthful of

blood.

Shocked, I looked at the mirror.

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The person in the mirror was significantly thinner, almost translucently pale, with blood on the corners of her mouth.

I weakly smiled, wiped my mouth, put the mask back on, and began cleaning the restroom.

Until the end of the workday, Fisher finally let me go.

Exhausted and with old injuries flaring up, I almost collapsed.

Summoning my last bit of strength, I returned to the room—more precisely, the hospital room.

In this state, I dared not face Marc and April.

Stripping off the blood-stained clothes, I entered the bathroom, rinsed off the filth and sweat, and

hurriedly took some medicine.

Then, burying myself in the soft bed, I drifted into a restless sleep.

I thought I would get some good rest.

However, not even ten minutes after lying down, someone knocked on my door.

Unwilling to open it,

I ignored the persistent knocking.

Yet, the person outside grew more insistent, with the knocking threatening to break my door.

Reluctantly opening my eyes, I donned a random nightgown, dragged my aching body to the door,

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and opened it.

With a creak, I met a pair of amber eyes.

Nathan, in a suit, stood at the door, with a weak Avia leaning against his chest.

My already miserable mood plummeted at the sight of these two annoying individuals.

“Do you need something?” I asked impatiently.

Nathan stared at me coldly, his voice icy, “I came to find Healer.”

cheekbone with one punch after another.

Moss’s cheekbone was already swollen, blood traces visible at the corner of his mouth, yet he

refused to give in, struggling fiercely to reverse the situation.

The two fought absorbedly, completely oblivious to the fact that the living room lights were on.

I stared dumbfounded at the scene before me, bewilderedly asking, “What are you

Seizing the opportunity while Nathan was still stunned, Moss swung his fist

forcefully, aiming at

Nathan’s right face.

I thought Nathan would easily dodge it.

As the strongest Alpha, his reflexes were honed through countless brutal battles.

When Moss

clenched his fists, Nathan should have sensed it and swiftly reacted.

But Nathan just stared at me without moving, allowing the fierce punch to land on his face.

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Inertia and force made him tumble off Moss.

2

Regaining control of his body, Moss immediately stood up and delivered two ruthless punches to

Nathan's abdomen.

Those two blows could make anyone convulse, yet Nathan endured it.

He glared fiercely at Moss, his palms clenched into fists, veins popping, every inch of muscle

seemingly engorged.

I could almost anticipate that this punch, when it landed on Moss, would either kill or severely injure

him.

At a critical moment, I rushed out, standing in front of Moss.

Fear closed my eyes tightly, but after a dozen seconds, the expected pain didn't come.

Slowly opening my eyes, I saw Nathan's fist had stopped just an inch from my forehead.

His razor-sharp gaze stared intently at me, complex emotions swirling in his eyes. I could sense

anger and shock, but I had no desire to delve into the rest.

I hastily turned around, gripping Moss's arms nervously and asked, "Are you okay?"

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Moss shook his head. Before he could answer, Nathan's voice came from behind, cold and jealous:

“Haven't you seen it? I'm hurt too.”

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Chapter 138

Diana's pov

Upon hearing Nathan's questioning, my shoulders tensed slightly.

But quickly, I pretended to be nonchalant and continued examining Moss's injuries.

"What After confirming that Moss only had minor superficial wounds, I asked him, exactly happened?"

Moss wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth, his cold gaze shooting towards Nathan.

"That's a question for Alpha Nathan. Why did he climb in from the balcony and break into your room in the middle of the night?"

I blinked in surprise, subconsciously glancing at the balcony. The window there was wide open,

letting in a continuous draft. However, before I went to sleep, the balcony window was

closed. I furrowed my brows, turning to Nathan, hoping he could provide a reasonable explanation.

However, Nathan didn't think his actions were problematic at all.

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Instead, he pointed at Moss, questioning me, “Him! Why is he in your room in the middle of the night?”

His angry expression was as if I were a cheating wife.

But I wasn't.

I couldn't help but laugh, asking, “What does it have to do with you?”

My words undoubtedly angered Nathan.

He furrowed his brow, lips pressed tightly together, and the rage in his eyes could almost ignite the surrounding air.

“It has nothing to do with me?” he roared hoarsely, “Don't forget, you're a woman I've slept with.

How dare you say it has nothing-”

Slap!

I raised my hand and gave Nathan a resounding slap.

The sound echoed through the entire living room.

“Don't forget, we're done. You have no right to control me!”

Nathan's face turned chillingly cold as he touched his rapidly swelling cheek, shooting me a piercing gaze, sharp as a sword.

“Are you now hitting me for this scum?” He pointed at Moss, his eyes bloodshot.

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“You’re so desperate! So lacking in men! Victor just left, and you’re so impatient to find another man to satisfy you?”

“What the hell are you talking about? Moss is my friend. He’s staying here because he cares about my injuries.”

“Am I talking nonsense, or did I hit the truth, making you feel guilty? Do you know that tonight I was originally planning-”

“Enough!” I sternly interrupted Nathan.

I didn’t want to hear another word from him!

A suffocating silence settled in the room.

I took a deep breath, ran my fingers through my hair, suddenly feeling that my previous anger was unnecessary.

What was I doing?

Why should I explain myself to Nathan?

He never trusted me. In his eyes, I would forever be a terrible, despicable woman.

If that’s the case, why waste more words?

I put on a faint, mocking smile.

“You’re right.” I nodded and moved to Moss’s side.

Then, under Nathan’s increasingly ferocious gaze, I slowly but firmly took Moss’s arm.

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“I am desperate. I do need a man. But so what? Does it concern you?”

I smiled provocatively at Nathan.

“One thing you can rest assured about, even if I seduced every man in the world, this man definitely wouldn’t be included. After all, you disgust me!”

“Diana!”

Nathan’s gaze seemed like he wanted to devour me alive, but I continued to smile.

“You asked if I

saw you injured... I’m not blind, of course, I saw. But I don’t care! Alpha Nathan, do you want

sympathy? Did you pick the wrong person? You should be seeking comfort from your fiancée Avia!

As for me, I’m just your ex–wife, despised and hated by you! Or...”

Suddenly, a fiery anger erupted in my chest. “Or do you think I’m despicable? Even if you don’t love me, even if you get engaged, married, have children, and end up buried together with another woman, I must continue to love you humbly, care

for you, and let my whole world revolve around you?”

Nathan froze suddenly, the blood draining from his face.

My heart, however, remained unmoved, and I found this man in front of me increasingly annoying.

Pointing to the wide–open balcony window, I issued a decree,

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“Get out!”

Nathan gave me a deep look. This time, he didn't say anything, just walked towards the balcony, disappearing into the thick night.

I stood there, staring into the darkness.

I didn't move until Moss called me.

Releasing Moss's arm, I took a step back and apologised, “I'm sorry. I've implicated you.”

If it weren't for me, Moss wouldn't have fought with Nathan or gotten hurt.

A faint sigh came from above.

Moss said casually, “At this time, I'd prefer you to say thank you instead of sorry.

Otherwise, it looks

like I got beaten up badly by Alpha Nathan.”

My throat tightened, unsure of what to say. Following Moss's request, I thanked him very seriously.

Moss sighed again.

Due to the delayed healing of my wound and Nathan causing trouble in the middle of the night, I

developed a high fever as dawn approached.

My consciousness fell into chaos.

When I regained clarity, it was two days later.

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The good news was that my split wound had finally scabbed over, and my body was gradually recovering.

The bad news was Fisher sat in my office chair, lifted my water cup, and forcefully smashed it against my shoulder.

The intense pain made me groan, and I staggered backward.

“Two days! Healer!” Fisher roared, “You’ve been absent for two whole days!”

I took a sharp breath and said, “Moss told me he got me sick leave.”

“But I didn’t approve it.” Fisher asserted unyieldingly, “So technically, you’ve been absent without

leave! You must face the consequences!”

Rage surged through my chest, and several times I wanted to tear Fisher’s mouth to shreds.

But thinking of the upcoming plan, I endured it.

Instead of refuting his unreasonable and even illegal statements, I feigned a weak appearance of submission.

Seeing me bowing my head in silence, Fisher became even more arrogant and triumphant.

He seemed to enjoy the feeling of being able to punish me at will, arms crossed, chin held high.

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“Last time, you cleaned the toilet really well, and I was satisfied,” he said, his eyes gleaming with cunning.

“So, I’ve decided, from now on, besides developing the antidote, you’ll also be responsible for the cleanliness of the entire laboratory. This way, we can save money by hiring a janitor.

Oh, by the way,

we can use that money to buy my afternoon tea every day. After all, leading you lot–dumber than

pigs–is not an easy task for me. I think you shouldn’t have any objections.”

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Releasing Moss’s arm, I took a step back and apologized, “I’m sorry. I’ve implicated you.”

Looking at him, I endured the disgust and nausea and said, “Not yet, we just eliminated one of the
side effects caused by one of the antidotes. After taking the
medicine, patients won’t experience life–threatening vomiting.”

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Chapter 139

The smile on Fisher's face gradually disappeared. He glared at me maliciously and cursed, "I thought the antidote was successfully developed. It turns out it's just a small breakthrough. A bunch of useless people!" "How is this just a small breakthrough?" a young researcher protested, "Do you know how hard we worked for this result, how much effort each of us put in? We-" "I don't want to hear about your hardships and time spent. I just want to see results! Do you understand results?" Fisher snorted, looked around, and shouted, "What the hell are you all still standing here for? Get back to work now!" After Fisher left, many people came to complain to me. They didn't understand why I didn't report Fisher's nasty behaviour to William. They couldn't comprehend why I kept enduring Fisher's actions. I couldn't disclose the whole truth to everyone. I could only try to reassure them and increase their wages by thirty percent, funded from my personal account. Actually, this kind of patience won't last much longer.

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Soon, both William and Fisher will pay the price for their greed and selfishness.

In the afternoon, I started today's cleaning work.

While I was crouching and using a wet cloth to wipe the coffee deliberately spilled by Fisher on the

floor, a pair of high-end black leather shoes appeared in my sight, blocking my way perfectly.

I sighed lightly and said, "Excuse me. w

To my surprise, the person didn't move.

Colleagues in the laboratory would never behave so rudely.

I furrowed my brows and lifted my head slightly to see a face, handsome yet indifferent and icy.

Nathan, dressed in an expensive black suit, stood in front of me with his hands in his pockets,

casting a condescending gaze, exuding a strong sense of oppression.

I froze, my initial reaction being shock at how he managed to enter the laboratory! But soon, my

confusion got an answer.

William walked up to Nathan's side, patted his shoulder, and with a smiling face, asked, "This is our

laboratory for developing the Gummy Skull antidote. What do you think?"

Nathan nodded indifferently and said, "Not bad."

Then, he looked at me again, squinted, and asked, "Healer?"

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I tossed the cloth aside, stood up, and faced the two. “Yes, it’s me. What can I do for you?”

A strange look flashed in Nathan’s eyes as he asked, “Why are you cleaning here? Shouldn’t you be in the laboratory?”

“Oh, that’s because I-

“Mr. William!”

Before I could finish my sentence, a surprised scream came from nearby.

I saw Fisher, with a flattering smile, running to William’s side, nodding and bowing, saying, “Why

didn’t you tell me you were coming? I could have come out to welcome you!”

Then he turned his gaze to Nathan, asking, “Who is this?”

“Alpha Nathan of the Dark Moon Pack,” William introduced briefly.

Suddenly, Fisher’s eyes widened even more, radiating fawning and pleasing light.

“Oh my God, you are Alpha Nathan! Our esteemed business partner! I’ve admired you for a long time!”

Fisher bent even lower, the corners of his mouth almost reaching behind his ears, his eyes

narrowed to two slits, looking ridiculous and amusing.

“This is my business card. Please accept it.”

Fisher took out a handful of business cards from his pocket, probably around a dozen.

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He pulled out one and handed it to Nathan.
However, Nathan didn't even look at him.
Instead, he asked me, "I heard from William that there's a breakthrough in antidote development?" "Yes, we eliminated-"
"We eliminated one of the side effects caused by the antidote."
Fisher's loud voice drowned out mine.
He showed no embarrassment being ignored by Nathan and eagerly said to him, "I informed Mr.
William about this. What I mean is, the breakthrough this time has nothing to do with Healer. It was
me leading everyone to work overtime to solve it. As for Healer..."
Fisher cast a contemptuous and warning look at me, "She made a mistake, unreasonably took two days off last week, didn't even ask for leave. So, her job this week is just to
clean the entire laboratory. I didn't expect that without Healer, our experimental progress would
actually accelerate."

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Chapter 140

Diana's pov

As soon as Fisher finished speaking, Nathan lowered his gaze and looked at me, asking, "Is what he said true?"

"Of course, it's true. Could I possibly deceive you? Even if I had a hundred guts, I wouldn't dare!"

Without giving me a chance to speak, Fisher bent over and gestured for Nathan and William to follow him into the laboratory.

"Let me take you to see our research results. Then you'll know. As for you Fisher's gaze fell on me, and his expression instantly turned cold.

"You just stay here and keep cleaning. I'll come back later to check your work. Besides, you won't be of any help in the lab anyway."

With that, he plastered on a smile again and said to Nathan and William, "This way, please."

I pursed my lips and silently sighed in my heart.

Bending down to pick up the cloth I had thrown on the ground, suddenly, a large hand rested on my

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shoulder, stopping me in my tracks.

Following that hand, I looked up.

A deep voice sounded above me as Nathan addressed William and Fisher, “Let Healer come with

us. To be honest, I’m quite curious to see how renowned Healer managed to lag behind in the lab.”

Hearing this, Fisher froze in his tracks, and the smile on his face also froze. “There’s...there’s no need for that,” he stammered, “If you want to know anything, just ask me. I—”

“I said, let Healer come with us,” Nathan interrupted Fisher coldly, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

“Do you have any objections?” Finally, he cast a cold and icy glance at Fisher. Fisher’s throat worked nervously, swallowing hard and hastily said, “No, no objections! I have no objections at all! I’ll do as you say.”

“Then lead the way.” Fisher dared not say another word, hurriedly leading Nathan and William into the lab.

I felt relieved that Moss wasn’t in the lab at that moment, otherwise, who knows what would have

happened when he faced off with Nathan again.

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Thinking back to the brawl a few days ago, my shoulder trembled. With Nathan by my side, noticing my movement, he gave me a puzzled look. I awkwardly smiled and said nothing. Inside the researchers' workspace, Fisher began to introduce various experimental equipment to Nathan and William. At first, Nathan was patient, but the more he listened, the more furrowed his brow became. Finally, he grew impatient and said displeased, "I came to see the progress of the antidote, not to listen to your equipment introductions. Any medical student could tell me what you're saying. Besides, do you think I don't understand?" Fisher's raised hand froze in midair. After a few seconds of hesitation, he finally realised, shaking his head repeatedly, "No, no, no, that's not what I meant, I—" "Since that's not what you meant, then bring out the new antidote you've developed and let me see it. Don't waste any more time." Mentioning the antidote, Fisher regained his composure and said, "Okay, I'll go get it—"

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“Wait a minute!”

Before Fisher could finish his sentence, a researcher from the lab stood up.

The researcher frowned at Nathan, looking puzzled, and asked, “What do you mean by Fisher

developing a new antidote? This antidote was clearly developed by Healer leading us, and Fisher

has nothing to do with it!”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Fisher rushed over to the researcher, visibly upset.

For a moment, I even thought he would cover the researcher’s mouth.

But perhaps considering Nathan and William, he forced himself to lower his raised hand again.

With a cold glare at the researcher, he said, “The new antidote was clearly developed by me leading everyone together!”

Fisher’s shamelessness was simply jaw-dropping.

He shamelessly took all the credit for himself, as if he was convinced that apart from this researcher, none of the other lab staff would expose him.

But he clearly miscalculated.

Everyone had long harboured grievances against him, so how could they possibly cover for him?

They all stepped forward to speak up- “I can testify that it was Healer who led us to develop the new antidote!”

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“I can testify too! Fisher rarely enters the lab. Every time he comes to see us, it’s to have us buy dinner for him, give him massages, and pour him coffee!” “And me too! I can also testify!”

Under everyone’s accusations, Fisher’s expression grew increasingly ugly. Nathan smirked slightly and looked at William, sneering, “Looks like there’s disunity among the people in your lab.”

William’s expression wasn’t any better than Fisher’s. The muscles in his eyes twitched as he sternly shouted, “Fisher, come here!”

Fisher shuddered abruptly and took small steps to William’s side, “Wi... William, sir...”

“You need to explain what’s going on. Who exactly developed the new antidote!” At this point, I thought Fisher would tell the truth.

But his shamelessness apparently knew no bounds, still unrepentantly insisting, “William, sir, I swear the antidote was truly developed by me. These people must have been influenced by Healer to slander me! You know, they’re all Healer’s people! And I, I am your person. Everyone may not

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believe me, but surely you believe me, right?”

Hearing William’s words, Fisher visibly breathed a sigh of relief.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, and his complexion gradually regained its rosy hue.

In fact, I wasn’t surprised that William stood by Fisher’s side.

He actually didn’t care who developed the antidote.

Whether it was me, Fisher, or anyone else, it didn’t matter as long as the antidote could be

successfully developed.

And Fisher stealing my credit, he might even be aware of it.

But to him, there was no need to prove my innocence.

Even using Fisher to strike against me might be satisfying to him.

After all, I had caused him so much trouble.

As for whether I would be angry or resist him because of this, that wasn’t something he would worry

about.

He held the lives of all the lab researchers in his hands. Would he be afraid of not being able to

control me?

No, he wouldn’t.

I chuckled self-deprecatingly. When another researcher stood up to speak up for me, I held his arm

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and shook my head at him.

Forget it, without William's support, any struggle and argument would be futile.

However, just when I had given up, something unexpected happened.

I heard Nathan let out a short, contemptuous laugh, the kind that found something amusing and

extremely disdainful.

He said, "In that case, let Fisher demonstrate the process of making the antidote for everyone on

the spot."

In an instant, the blood drained from Fisher's face once again!

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