

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn)

Chapter 121

Chapter 121

Diana's pov

“Moss? How come you're here? Aren't you supposed to be dining in the banquet hall downstairs?” Moss straightened up from the railing, “Not feeling hungry.”

“Oh, I see.” I glanced around, and at the end of the corridor, there extended a balcony. “Want to go get some fresh air?”

Moss didn't answer but started walking towards the balcony. After breathing in the fresh air, I stretched lazily. With hands on the railing, I looked at Moss, who was gazing into the distance, his eyes behind the glasses filled with heavy emotions. “Are you worried about the collaboration between William and Nathan?” I asked.

Moss lowered his gaze and locked eyes with me. “I arrived a bit late. Just found out about it at the dining table. What do you think is the ultimate goal of Alpha Nathan and William's collaboration?”

“I... I don't know.” I pursed my lips, clasping my hands together tightly.

Moss presented a hypothesis, “Could it be that William wants to leverage Alpha Nathan's influence to expand Gummy Skull's sales channels? Or, perhaps, he aims to legalize this deal altogether?”

Watching Moss deep in thought, I couldn't hold back and said, “Nathan is a very qualified Alpha. To some extent, I don't really believe he would stoop to William's level.”

Moss chuckled. “Even now, you still have fantasies about that guy? Do you still like him?”

Moss glanced at me sideways. I wanted to shout at Moss-

I don't like Nathan, not at all!

But lies can deceive others, not oneself. No matter how firm my words were, the truth was, I couldn't deny that my feelings for Nathan hadn't completely vanished.

"I've given up on him." I emphasized with this phrase.

"A year ago, you gave up on him, but later, you still gave him a second chance to get close to you. Diana."

Moss turned around, looking at me seriously. "You're always soft on him. Your feelings for him are deeper and more complicated than you imagine."

I suddenly felt embarrassed and angry as if someone had exposed my innermost thoughts..

"But so what? I'm human, not a high-precision instrument. Feeling conflicted is normal, right? But I swear, I won't let this disgusting and contemptible feeling, even

to myself, affect our experiments and what we're working on!"

My voice shattered and choked in the wind.

Moss fell silent. After a few seconds, he sighed. His warm hand touched my face. "I was wrong. Don't cry."

I froze for a moment, realizing my cheeks were damp.

"I'm not crying."

I quickly turned my head, wiping away the tears on my face.

"Well, you're not crying. My mistake." Moss apologized, "I don't know what came over me. I shouldn't have pressured you."

“You probably fell in love with me!” I teased him, “So, as soon as you heard me speaking for Nathan, you got jealous and started getting mad at me!”

I thought Moss would immediately refute me. But after a while, he still didn't speak.

I started to panic, tugging at his clothes. “Hey, I was just joking.”

Moss glanced at me with bitterness.

“But I'm seriously thinking.”

“Thinking about what?”

“Thinking about what you said. I've never been in love, never liked anyone. Maybe, like you said, I'm angry because I've fallen in love-”

I covered Moss's mouth with my hand.

“Don't say nonsense!” I said earnestly, “Don't forget, you only love your experiments. The experiment is your girlfriend.”

Moss lowered his eyes,
gaze strangely innocent.

his gaze

A few seconds later, as if conceding, he nodded at me.

Only then did I let go of my hand.

To avoid the atmosphere heading in an unpredictable direction, I immediately changed the topic.

“By the way, do you regret it?”

“Regret what?”

“When William tried to recruit you today, and you decided to stand on my side against him.”

“Looking at it now, I do regret it a bit.” Moss rubbed his chin. “After learning about the collaboration between Alpha Nathan and William, with those two working together, I’m not sure how much longer I can live.”

“Don’t say such pessimistic things.” I glared at Moss, then couldn’t help but laugh. “Anyway, it’s too late for you to regret now. You can only resist William together with me.”

I patted Moss on the back.

“Who said it’s too late? I can turn the tables anytime. With the experimental data I have now, I believe William would still be happy to consider me as an honored guest rather than an enemy.”

I blinked my eyes.

“You’re just talking nonsense.”

Moss looked serious. “Here’s the deal, promise me one condition, and I’ll help you.”

“What is it?”

“I heard you recently received a trillion from Alpha?”

“Oh... yes.”

“I have a few other experiments going on, and I’m short on funds. Give me five hundred billion, and I promise to always stand by your side.”

“What’s the big deal?” I waved my hand boldly. “Forget about five hundred billion. When the trillion from Nathan arrives, I’ll transfer it all to you. Spend it however you want!”

I said this without considering that there might be a third person present other than Moss and me. So, when I suddenly heard Nathan calling my name from behind, the whole world seemed to sway.

Luckily, Moss caught me.

I turned around, and just five steps away, Nathan stood with a grim and terrifying expression.

“How... How are you here?”

Moss stared at me, his eyes filled with icy mockery.

“Fortunately, I’m here. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have heard your grand promises of using the money I gave you to support some wild man.”

My heart tightened.

But soon, I regained my composure.

“Alpha Nathan, your words are not correct. Although the trillion is given by you, it’s not given to me for free. Don’t forget that you used that trillion to exempt your fiancée from the repercussions of the ‘Heart of the Ocean’! Since the money is mine now, how I spend it is my own business. Even if I use this money to support another man, you have no say in it!”

Nathan’s expression grew darker and colder, the midday sun casting an icy shadow on him.

He seemed like he wanted to say something more.

At this moment, Avia’s screaming voice suddenly came from the corridor:

“Nathan! Nathan! Something’s wrong! Just now, when I passed by a room, I heard Diana and several men messing around. You need to check it out! She-

Avia’s voice abruptly stopped.

At this

moment, she had already run all the way to Nathan's side, and naturally, she followed Nathan's line of sight to see me.

Instantly, her face turned pale, and she stared at me in shock.

"How... How are you here?" She asked, "The woman in that room is..."

A bad feeling surged through my heart. I didn't even have time to think, running like

mad towards the room where Nora was.

A loud bang.

I forcefully pushed the door open.

A loud bang.

I forcefully pushed the door open.

Following that, a horrifying scene entered my eyes.

At this very moment, in the disheveled room, Nora is being held down by five men, her body exposed... violated!

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Diana's pov

Nora's hair is in disarray, makeup smeared on her face, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Pinned

down and helpless, she extends a trembling hand in my direction, pleading desperately.

“Save me!”

In that moment, all my rationality shatters.

My eyes and heart have only one thought – to eliminate these scum who have insulted Nora.

I grab a vase from the entrance and forcefully smash it onto the back of one man’s head. Blood trickles down his neck, and the others react.

They rush towards me, attempting to overpower me.

I go berserk, showing no mercy.

Before long, those bastards are left with broken bones, bleeding, writhing in pain on the ground.

I lift Nora, still trembling, and cover her with a sheet.

Nora can’t speak, only staring at me in terror.

My heart aches.

I gently embrace Nora, whispering in her ear, “Wait, I’ll go kill them to avenge you.”

Moss follows me.

I hand Nora over to him and slowly turn around.

My icy gaze falls on one man lying on the floor.

He shrinks, wide-eyed with fear. Realizing his fate, he drags his broken leg, attempting to crawl towards the door, lacking the courage to look back.

My nails start growing longer, sharper, transforming into lethal wolf claws.

As he nears the door, I step on his broken leg. A sharp crack, and he lets out a deafening scream.

I lift him by the collar, holding him mid-air. Fear fills his dying eyes.

He pleads for mercy, but it's in vain. When Nora begged, did they spare her?

"You deserve to die!" I grit my teeth, arm raised to pierce his chest.

"No!"

A sharp cry interrupts me.

I turn to see a group entering the room, led by a wealthy woman.

The cry came from her. Panicked, she witnesses me and the man I'm holding.

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The man cries out, tears streaming. "Quick, save me! This woman is insane; she

wants to kill me!!

The

man cries out, tears streaming. "Quick, **save me!** This woman is insane; **she** wants to kill me!"

The wealthy woman swallows hard. While her son doesn't recognize me, she does.

"Di... Diana, release my son, and we can talk. This... all of this..."

The wealthy woman surveys the scene, freezing momentarily at Nora wrapped in a sheet. Despite the mess, exposed men, it's evident what transpired.

To save her son, the wealthy woman desperately says, “This must be a misunderstanding! My son just came of age, even if... even if he made a mistake, it’s because he’s too young. Please spare him...”

I coldly laugh. “Rape, not deserving death?”

The wealthy woman chokes, unable to speak.

Just then, commotion erupts at the door again.

Nathan and Avia arrive late.

The wealthy woman finds hope upon seeing them.

“Alpha! Alpha! My husband was once your father’s guard. Please save my son! Make this woman release my son!”

Nathan squints at me. “Diana, what are you causing now?”

“Causing?” I feel a burning rage, “Are you blind? Can’t you see what happened here?”

“No!”

Before I can retort, the wealthy woman hurriedly interjects, “My son would never do

something so absurd! Alpha, you can’t judge by appearances. Please, spare him...”

I sneer. “Rape, not deserving death?”

The wealthy woman is silent, helpless. At this moment, commotion erupts at the door again.

Nathan and Avia arrive late.

The wealthy woman seems relieved upon seeing them.

“Alpha! Alpha! My son is innocent! This woman is crazy; she wants to kill my son! Quickly make her release my son!”

Nathan looks at me. “Diana, let him go.”

Avia smirks triumphantly.

In that moment, I understand everything.

It's Avia again!

Recalling the drink meant for me, I realize it was intended to be mine. If Nora hadn't swapped our glasses, I would be the one violated in this room right now. The

onlookers drawn by Avia's shout would witness my disgrace.

But now, Nora drank the poisoned cup, leading to the scene before me.

“Release him?” I sneer at Nathan. “You must be dreaming.”

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Diana's pov

At a critical moment, suddenly, a strong hand grips my wrist.

It's Nathan.

“Enough, Diana, stop!” he commands, holding me. In that gap, the man breaks free and scrambles towards his mother.

“Are you shielding them?” I ask.

“I'm not shielding,” Nathan corrects, frowning. “Diana, accusations before execution! Evidence before judgment! You claim these men attempted to harm Nora; where's the proof?”

“Evidence? I saw it with my own eyes, isn't that proof?” I retort.

“But in the video, your friend Nora appears to have initiated it. If so, these men aren’t deserving of death.”

Video!

Another video!

Nathan recently used a mysterious video to accuse me, and now he presents a second one, attempting to implicate Nora!

Angry, I glare at him, unable to control myself. I raise my other hand, forming a fist,

and smash it fiercely into his cheek!

Clearly caught off guard, Nathan loosens his grip, taking a step back

Avia rushes to his side, supporting him.

“Nathan, are you okay? Are you hurt?”

Blood trickles from Nathan’s mouth. He wipes his cheek, not saying a word, just looking at me in bewilderment.

“Diana, are you insane? Why would you hit Nathan?” Avia questions fiercely.

I sneer, “He asked for it, serves him right.”

“You-”

Nathan restrains Avia, stepping forward.

“If you want justice for Nora, fine,” he says, “but you need evidence. You don’t have to get involved physically; I’ll handle these men personally.”

Everyone, including the punched Alpha Nathan, is stunned.

I take a deep breath, realizing this standoff won’t work.

If Nathan wants an investigation, then investigate.

“Wine,” I say. “The drink Nora had was spiked with an aphrodisiac. It was premeditated, not a coincidence.”

As I say this, I deliberately look at Avia.

Sure enough, panic flashes in Avia’s eyes, quickly concealed.

Nathan calls a guard, ordering, “Check.”

“Yes.”

Minutes later, the guard returns, looking troubled.

“Alpha, I was too late; the glasses were already taken for cleaning and disinfection.” At this, Avia visibly relaxes.

Whether it’s my imagination or not, she seems to exchange a glance with the wealthy woman.

The wealthy woman snorts, saying, “There’s obviously no aphrodisiac! You’re just making excuses for your friend.”

As she speaks, those around her nod in agreement, looking disdainfully at Nora. Nora, pale, keeps repeating, “I didn’t do it.”

My heart tightens.

“Or, can you provide other evidence?” Nathan’s voice resounds.

I clench my fist.

Indeed, I have a second option.

I can request a medical examination for Nora. The drug in her system hasn’t fully metabolized.

But... waiting for results will take at least four hours.

During those four hours, I can’t guarantee Avia won’t come up with other countermeasures, twisting the facts.

After all, this is Dark Moon Pack, not Blade Moon Pack.

Moreover, if Nathan insists on protecting Avia and these people, what's the use of more evidence?

In the midst of my thoughts, Avia suddenly laughs.

First, she raises an eyebrow at me in triumph, then deliberately asks,

“Diana, if these men are guilty, why are you still alive?”

I instantly understand her implicit message.

Although she seems to address me, she's subtly reminding Nathan

–

Diana once ordered someone to rape me, so what right does she have to judge other “rapists”?

Sure enough, after hearing this, Nathan's face darkens.

In almost the next second, he loses all patience, and his gaze turns icy as he looks at

1. me.

“Since there's no evidence, let's consider this matter closed.”

Upon hearing this, the “rapists” exchange triumphant looks, just like Avia.

I look at Nathan in disbelief.

“Closed? You're letting these bastards go just like that?”

“Is there another option?” Nathan mocks. “Diana, don't forget, you're not much

“Is there another option?” Nathan mocks. “Diana, don't forget, you're not **much** different from these people. They at

least have a motive; what about you? Before attacking them, maybe you should deal with yourself first.”

I never knew language could be so devastating. Just with Nathan’s words, I feel like I’ve been pierced by a thousand arrows, unbearable pain.

I sarcastically smile and softly say, “So, you’ve always wanted me dead.”

Nathan’s eyebrows twitch, an emotion seeming to surface in his eyes. However, before I can discern it, indifference once again claims his gaze.

He doesn’t directly answer my question but warns, “You should know, if you keep causing trouble, it won’t be good for you, Alpha Marc, or even your friends.”

I scoff.

Does he think I’ll be scared?

Before I can say anything, Moss suddenly calls out to me.

“Diana.” Moss gives me a serious look. “Nora has passed out.

I pause, rushing over to Nora.

Nora is burning with fever.

I grit my teeth and say, “Let’s go.”

Moss carries Nora, following behind me.

As I pass Avia, I hesitantly stop.

“You better pray they don’t find you connected to this, or...” I look at her with disdain, speaking coldly, “I won’t spare you.”

Avia’s neck shrinks, her pupils tremble.

“I... I don’t understand what you’re saying.” She stammers.

“Good.” I nod, sneering. “You better not understand.”

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Diana’s pov

Hotel.

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After covering Nora, I leave the bedroom.

Moss stands from the living room sofa, asking, “How’s Nora?”

“Took fever medicine, sleeping,” I reply, “Heading back to Blade Moon Pack tonight?”

Moss thinks, “Was the plan, but can stay if you need.”

Shaking my head, “Not what I meant.” Handing a blood sample to Moss, “Nora’s. Check it if you leave tonight.”

Moss takes it, “Will notify you of results.”

Next morning, we head back to Blade Moon Pack. Nora sits in the back seat.

Window open wind tousles her hair

Next morning, we head back to Blade Moon Pack. Nora sits in the back seat.

Window open, wind tousles her hair.

Her face remains pale.

I worry, "Any discomfort?"

Nora turns, a forced smile, "No, don't worry."

How can I not worry?

Not just worry, but guilt.

This is my fault. Avia targeted me, but Nora bore the consequences.

Maybe my expression betrayed me, Nora reads my mind.

"I'm really fine," she says, blinking at me, "I told you, you arrived just in time. They didn't go

go all the way. I was just scared, still a bit shaken."

Seeing my serious face, Nora teases, "Smile, Diana, smile!"

She pokes my mouth, tickles my cheek.

Unable to resist, we burst into laughter.

Tired, we slump together in the car.

Scenery passes by.

After a brief rest, I sit up.

"Nora." My expression serious, "I promise you, this won't end unclear. Everyone involved will pay for their actions."

"Diana, I believe in you," Nora says.

Day after returning from Dark Moon Pack, I visit the hospital.

Despite the split with William, I'm still the hospital director.

After handling piled-up matters from the engagement party, I take the elevator to the lab.

Ryley and I make eye contact.

He hands me a file.

After the bar incident, we know each other's roles. Unspoken words hang between

1. us.

He knows about my fallout with William.

I know he's William's watchdog.

Even as we meet, we keep it work-related.

When changing into lab attire, he subtly leaves.

'Ding-'

Elevator reaches the top floor.

Colleagues greet me.

"Diana, I believe in you," Nora says.

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Colleagues greet me.

Busy as usual, they aim to perfect a cure for the Enigma virus. Unaware that the respected William is the mastermind behind it. Well, I don't have evidence of his Gummy Skull production.

Thinking of this, I call Marc for updates on the investigation.

Marc says it's ongoing, breakthrough in progress.

Hanging up, I reach Moss's office.

Opening the door, surprise awaits. William lounges opposite Moss.

He greets, "Diana, you're here, been waiting."

I glance at Moss involuntarily.

William smirks, "No need to look at him. I'll repeat everything said to him. Sit."

William points to the sofa beside him.

Closing the door, I take a seat.

“What do you want?” I ask.

“You sealed all research data?” William asserts.

I nod.

Learning of William’s true nature and his ambiguous connection to Gummy Skull, I had Moss lock down all data.

Only Moss and I know the specifics; the lab is in a semi-stalled state.

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what do you think?”

“Against me,” he feigns realization, stroking his chin, “Diana, need I remind you, to some extent, I’m the boss of this lab? You have no right to seal any research.”

I meet his gaze, smiling subtly.

“You got me,” I say.

William squints, tension showing in his aged eye muscles.

“Diana, had enough drama?” he asks, a menacing tone.

Adjusting my clothes, “I thought I made it clear at Alpha Nathan’s engagement party.”

“I don’t understand,” William leans in, sharp gaze fixed on me, “I invested time and money in developing an antidote for the Enigma virus. I just wanted to make some money when the antidote is successful. Why is that so hard?”

Cold laughter, “Just an antidote? No Gummy Skull?”

“I’ve said it many times, no connection with Gummy Skull. If you want to accuse me, show evidence first.”

“I’ve said it many times too, I don’t believe you. As for evidence, it will surface. No crime stays hidden forever.”

Under cold lights, William stares at me.

His wolf, a brown one with green eyes, mirrors his demeanor.

Dangerous gleam, ready to bite my neck at any moment.

Time stretches, tension almost solidifies.

Just when I think today’s conversation will end sourly, William’s attitude shifts.

“I’m not here to argue with you today,” he says, tossing a document in front of me, “Look at it, and we’ll talk after.”

Brows furrowed, I look at Moss again.

Moss looks grave, hands gripping until knuckles whiten.

Opening the file, my eyes widen.

A startling number jumps at me.

Twenty-three thousand four hundred...

Aside from the patients currently detained, twenty-three thousand four hundred people are infected with the Enigma virus!

At this rate, in a few months, hundreds of thousands will be infected.

“If you continue delaying the antidote, more will be infected,” William sits casually on the sofa, a relaxed posture, “Do you want to see that scene?”

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Diana's pov

The hand holding the file trembles slightly.

I'm furious.

I can't believe so many people got infected suddenly.

The only explanation is that William expanded the sale of Gummy Skull.

"You're forcing me?" I glare at him.

"Where does that come from? I'm just earnestly pleading for you to develop a cure for these infected people," William raises an eyebrow.

"You're still pretending!"

I forcefully slam the file. Papers flutter and cover the floor.

William remains unfazed, even more confident.

"Say whatever you want," he smiles, "Do you want to watch more people get infected, Diana? You're kind-hearted; I know you can't let this happen. So why not put aside your prejudices and collaborate with me?"

Put aside prejudices and collaborate with him, so he can profit from the cure and the

drug?

I snort.

"After today, I'm leaving the lab."

“Going solo?” William asks, a mocking smile, “Diana, you’re being too unrealistic. You think you can produce enough cure in a short time? I have dozens of pharmaceutical companies under my name. Producing a batch of cure takes half a day. But you? What do you have? How will you accomplish this monumental task?”

“I have enough money, I can—”

“Diana, you’re not a child anymore. Why are you still so naive in your thinking?” William interrupts, “Don’t tell me silly things like starting your own pharmaceutical

company. Can you guess why I signed a business contract with Alpha Nathan? Do you think it’s because I can’t come up with the money?”

No.

I know the answer.

William partnered with Nathan not just because of his strong Pack Alpha status but also because Dark Moon Pack controls the largest medical equipment production base.

Essentially, the most advanced medical equipment globally is in Nathan’s hands, monopolizing the industry.

A smirk plays on William’s face.

“Alpha Nathan has already collaborated with me. He won’t sell medical equipment to you. Without equipment, how will you establish a pharmaceutical company, relying solely on manpower? Sure, you can get some outdated equipment from small manufacturers, making do. But... in this industry, do you think any small company is willing to risk offending Alpha Nathan and supply you?”

Hardly any.

I clench my fists. Despite the perfect room temperature, I feel a chill down my spine.

I hesitate.

I don't want to succumb to William, but he's not entirely wrong.

I lack medical equipment, and with just Moss and a few researchers, producing enough cure in a short time is a fantasy.

Moreover, the number of infected continues to rise.

William stands up from the sofa, adjusting his clothes.

"I've said what needs to be said. Think about it. Remember, time is running out for you. The longer you hesitate, the more people are at risk of infection."

After saying that, William strides out of the office.

When it's just Moss and me left in the office, I slump onto the sofa.

I try to clench my fists, but my palms feel numb, as if something I want to grasp isn't there.

"Diana," Moss calls, seeming to check my state.

I lower my head, staring at the floor.

"No... can't just sit and wait." I run my fingers through my hair, massaging my temples, thoughts racing.

After half a minute, I lift my head, determination in my eyes.

"I'll go talk to Nathan, persuade him to abandon the collaboration with William."

Moss grabs me just as I'm about to get up.

“Do you think it’s possible?” he asks, “If a few words from you could make Alpha Nathan give up the collaboration with William, he wouldn’t have announced it publicly at the engagement party.”

“Got to try, right?” I say,

“Are we just going to wait, do nothing, and eventually compromise with William?”

Moss chokes up.

I pull away.

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‘As long as I can make Nathan give up the collaboration with William, there’s still a chance to turn things around. So, I have to try.’

I turn to leave.

Moss suddenly stops me.

“Wait, Diana.”

“If you’re going to persuade me-

“Not about that.” Moss sighs, a slightly mocking smile, “Your plans are grand, and I can’t talk you out of them. It’s about something else.”

“What?”

Moss goes to the desk, handing me a report.

Moss goes to the desk, handing me a report.

“Nora’s test results,” he says, “It confirms that Nora indeed consumed a drink spiked with an aphrodisiac.”

I take the report and frown.

Apart from Nora’s physical indicators, there’s also a drug test section.

“If I’m not mistaken, you can only buy this type of aphrodisiac on the black market.”

“You’re right,” Moss says, “I’ve already instructed someone to investigate who recently bought this drug on the black market. We should know the results soon.”

I pause.

I only asked Moss to help me with Nora’s blood test, not expecting him to carry out the subsequent investigation.

Suddenly, I feel grateful.

“Thank you, Moss.”

Moss shrugs, “Small matter. But you... are you ready to be humiliated by Alpha Nathan? Do you want me to accompany you when you meet him?”

“How do you know it will definitely be humiliation? I’m going to reason with him, not fight... anyway, I can handle it myself. You stay in the lab and continue your research.”

Moss remains silent, just looking at me.

Unexplainably, I sense a tinge of sympathy in his eyes.

Who is he feeling sorry for?

Me?

I quickly avert my gaze, waving at him, “I’m going.”

Concerned about Avia’s health, Nathan swiftly returned to the hospital after the engagement party.

Passing the nurse station, I casually asked if they knew where Alpha Nathan was.

The nurse told me he was in the rest area on the twentieth floor.

I said I was going to find him, and the nurse hesitated before casting a slightly sympathetic glance my way.

I didn't pay much attention./

Changing out of my Healer attire, I stood at Nathan's bedroom door.

After a few deep breaths, I raised my hand to knock.

In just a moment, the door opened from the inside.

Perhaps due to just waking up, Nathan's hair was a bit disheveled, and he wore only

a bathrobe.

He looked momentarily perplexed upon seeing me.

Then, his expression quickly darkened.

"What are you here for?"

"I" I was about to speak when a familiar female voice came from the bathroom.

It was Avia.

She asked, "Nathan, who's there?"

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Diana's pov

I instantly grasped why the nurse had looked at me sympathetically just now.

Clearly, in her eyes, I'm a pitiful ex-wife.

And this pitiful ex-wife is now on her way to find her ex-husband.

Unfortunately, her ex-husband is currently busy with another woman.

However, the nurse clearly underestimated me.

Indeed, when I heard Avia's voice and guessed what they had done or were about to do, there was a momentary pang in my heart.

But it was just a moment.

I have long stopped allowing myself to be gloomy for Nathan.

So, I quickly adjusted my mindset and sincerely apologized to Nathan.

"I didn't know what you guys were... sorry, for interrupting you."

"We weren't..." Nathan subconsciously wanted to say something.

At this moment, Avia's voice echoed again from the bathroom. "Nathan, why aren't you saying anything?"

Accompanied by the sound of the door being pushed open.

I saw Avia, wrapped in only a white towel, coming out of the bathroom.

There were faint red marks on her shoulders and neck, like kiss marks.

I squinted, lips slightly pursed.

Seeing me, Avia blinked her eyes.

Then, confidently, she walked to Nathan's side, linking her arm with his left.

"Diana, are you here to find Nathan for something? We're busy now, I think you can see that."

Avia's eyes were smiling, clearly showing her satisfaction.

I shifted my gaze to Nathan, who remained silent.

I knew he tacitly agreed with Avia's words.

Even if I lacked tact, I couldn't stay here in front of them, especially not wanting to look at Avia any longer.

I feared that in a fit of impulsiveness, I might just strangle Avia in front of Nathan.

Of course, perhaps that was just my own fantasy.

After all, in such a moment, the one really getting strangled should be me .

Nathan would undoubtedly protect his lover.

And I couldn't beat Nathan.

With these thoughts, I forced a sarcastic smile, "I'll come back in an hour."
"

An hour should be enough for them to finish whatever they were doing.

I turned and entered the next room, my own bedroom.

Just as I was contemplating how effective the hospital room's soundproofing was and whether I might hear some chaotic noises, the bedroom door was knocked.

I got up to answer it.

To my surprise, standing at the door was Nathan, already dressed.

I looked puzzled.

"Aren't you supposed to be with Avia right now?" I asked, suddenly realizing something, subconsciously checking my watch, then widening my eyes bit by bit.

It hadn't even been ten minutes since I left Nathan's bedroom, and that includes the time it took for Nathan to put on clothes. In other words, Nathan and Avia's affair lasted at most five minutes...

Five minutes! I was utterly shocked, blurted out, "How did you finish so quickly? You didn't..."

Before the word "finish" could leave my mouth, Nathan's sharp gaze stabbed towards me.

He gritted his teeth and snapped, "Shut up," his face dark as if just pulled from the fire, a piece of charcoal.

I sullenly closed my mouth. After all, it concerned a man's dignity, and I still had something to ask Nathan shortly, so I couldn't afford to offend him further.

Changing the subject, I asked, "Why did you come to see me?"

"Didn't you come to me first?" he asked, looking arrogantly justified.

I sighed, making way, "Come in, let's talk."

As Nathan sat on the sofa, a sudden angry roar from the next room was followed by the sound of things being thrown.

Now I was sure the hospital's soundproofing was not that great.

"Maybe you should go back and check?" I suggested.

"Do you really want me to go back?" Nathan countered.

I scoffed inwardly. Did it matter whether I wanted it or not? It never did. But on the surface, I remained composed and polite, even bringing Nathan a cup of instant coffee.

He didn't deserve the hand-ground one.

"It depends on you," I said, taking a seat on the sofa in front of him.

Nathan didn't rush back to console Avia, as I had imagined. Instead, he looked at me with a composed gaze.

"Speak," he said calmly.

Avia's cries gradually became background noise.

After considering my words, I inquired, "What conditions did William offer you, and why are you willing to cooperate with him?"

Nathan paused.

"Is this why you came to me?"

What else could it be?

I chuckled inwardly once again.

Given our current relationship, is there anything else to talk about besides William's

affairs? Probably not, though settling scores or having a fight seems plausible. Seeing my reluctance to answer, Nathan seemed to realize the inappropriateness of his question, cleared his throat, and asked, "What do you know about this?"

"I want you to give up cooperation with him," I straightforwardly said, "The benefits you can get from him, I can provide, even double."

As soon as I finished speaking, Nathan laughed. A mocking, undisguised laugh. He sized me up, asking disdainfully, "Why do you think you can afford it?"

"If it's just about money, I can—"

"It's not about money," he interrupted, his gaze becoming deep and sharp

.

My

heart skipped a beat, faintly sensing something ominous. However, I feigned composure and asked, “What is it then?”

Leaning back

on the sofa, one leg crossed over the other, Nathan exuded an air of detached indifference. A full minute passed before he finally spoke, his voice cold as unmelting, heavy, and biting snow in winter.

“The day William came to discuss cooperation with me was the same day I accompanied you when you just left the shipping container.”

I clenched my fist abruptly, suddenly recalling that it was from that day forward that Nathan started distancing himself, treating me with coldness reminiscent of when we first learned of Avia’s assault.

And why did he turn out like this? Right, it’s because of that inexplicable video. In the video, the “me” bribed street thugs and became the hired assailant who assaulted Avia.

A guess suddenly popped into my mind. “Was that surveillance video given to you by

William?” I asked. Mentioning the video, Nathan’s eyes, already indifferent, now carried a touch of hostility.

“No. Omar sent me the video. Shortly after that, William found me. So...” Nathan paused, his gaze becoming even more obscure and menacing, “Can you guess why I agreed to cooperate with William?”

It felt like a bucket of ice-cold water poured over me. I was stunned, reluctant to admit the guess. “Are you... seeking revenge on me?” My voice was light and trembling at the end.

“Yes.” Nathan

admitted, “I’m out for revenge against you, to see you in pain, suffering! To watch you pay the price for the lies you’ve spread about yourself!”

“Yes.” Nathan admitted, “I’m out for revenge against you, to see you in pain, suffering! To watch you pay the price for the lies you’ve spread about yourself!” He let out a malevolent laugh and then asked me, “Do you think you can pay me back with double the pain as the cost of our cooperation?”

For a moment, I felt like I’d gone deaf, surrounded only by the elongating, grating ringing in my ears. The pain of being falsely accused and the misunderstanding and hatred from the person I loved were like seawater, like a mountain, flooding and pressing down on me.

I could only keep digging my nails into my palm to maintain composure and calmness.

After a long time. But perhaps it was only a few seconds. I asked, “So how do you want me to suffer?”

I didn’t have direct evidence to prove I wasn’t Avia’s assailant, and now there wasn’t enough time for me to gather that evidence. I had to quickly make Nathan give up cooperation with William and agree to sell the medical equipment to me. For this, I was willing to endure his so-called “pain.”

Nathan leisurely adjusted the Bvlgari watch on his wrist. The next moment, I heard him say in a cold and cruel tone, “How about you experience the taste of being gang-raped?”

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn)

Chapter 127

Chapter 127

Diana’s pov

Nails pierced through the flesh of my palm, warm liquid oozing out.

Yet, I couldn’t sense any pain.

My breath paused briefly,

Then, I asked, “Are you serious?”

Nathan abruptly looked up, seemingly surprised that my initial reaction wasn’t denial but a thoughtful inquiry.

In that moment, a hint of frantic astonishment flashed in his icy, indifferent eyes.

I even thought he regretted the impulsive suggestion.

But words were spoken, and evidently, there was no turning back. Nathan chose silence.

Honestly, just as Nathan couldn’t anticipate my response, I struggled to understand his reaction.

So, even though I hadn’t agreed to Nathan’s absurd proposal, I provocatively said, “No problem, I can go along if you find someone. I’m up for it.”

“Diana!”

Before I could finish, Nathan couldn’t bear it any longer. He sat up straight, his gaze intense, fiery anger as if he wanted to turn me into ashes.

I found it amusing and perplexing. “Didn’t you suggest this? I agreed, so why the urgency now?”

Nathan’s hand, resting on the sofa’s armrest, unconsciously tightened, knuckles paling.

As I observed the indentation and even cracks on the sofa’s surface, I felt a pang of pity. I regretted inviting him to sit.

“Diana, have you no shame?” Nathan seemed to suppress his anger forcefully.

Blinking, I couldn’t fathom why he was so angry.

Frowning, I reiterated, “You proposed this.”

“I propose, and you just agree?” Nathan almost shouted.

Startled, I stood there, unable to comprehend, growing more bewildered.

Nathan, realizing his overreaction, swallowed hard, trying to hide something, averting his gaze.

His disheveled appearance bordered on embarrassment.

In the spacious room, an eerie silence settled.

For a moment, I wished Avia next door would create a disturbance, at least diverting my attention from Nathan.

Unfortunately, Avia must have been tired, not a sound came from next door.

After a while, Nathan seemed to regain composure.

For a moment, I wished Avia next door would create a disturbance, at least diverting my attention from Nathan.

Unfortunately, Avia must have been tired, not a sound came from next door.

After a while, Nathan seemed to regain composure.

Though still looking away, his voice regained its calmness.

“If you can face punishment so candidly, it proves the punishment isn’t severe enough.”

He was explaining.

It suddenly dawned on me.

Nathan wasn't angry because I agreed to his ludicrous proposal. He was upset because, in facing the proposal, I didn't show the expected signs of distress.

Without evident pain, he felt dissatisfied.

I chuckled self-deprecatingly, amused by my unwarranted assumptions.

I thought... his anger stemmed from lingering emotions for me, not wanting to see me fall so low.

"So, what do you want?" I asked, feeling a sudden fatigue, an overwhelming weariness.

Despite that, I forced myself to stay alert and said, "Whatever the conditions, as long as you're willing to abandon the collaboration with William, I can..."

"Don't waste your effort." Nathan interrupted, smirking coldly.

He stood up from the sofa, seemingly ready to conclude the conversation.

"I will never give up the collaboration with William, especially if it's the most agonizing for you."

Leaving these words, Nathan exited my room.

The door slammed against the frame, a loud noise echoing before rebounding.

Watching Nathan's swift departure, my heart sank into an abyss.

Angrily, I grabbed a handful of hair.

I knew, with just me, changing Nathan's mindset was wishful thinking.

Yet, I refused to give up.

Opening the computer, I started collecting information on suppliers of medical equipment and began making calls one by one.

I refused to believe that, with enough profit, no supplier would defy Nathan and William by providing me with supplies.

“Miss Reist, we’d love to cooperate, but we’re currently out of stock.”

“Sorry, Miss Reist, our supplier was just acquired by Alpha Nathan. You’re too late.”

“To be honest, we received orders from Alpha Nathan not to collaborate with you. You know, we’re just a small company, can’t afford to offend Alpha Nathan...”

One call after another, all met with rejection, some even chose to hang up.

Staring at the notebook with crossed-out numbers, I sighed deeply.

Was there truly no way?

In the midst of my despair, a sudden call came in.

“Hello, Miss Reist. I’m the owner of Smith Medical Equipment. Recently, my subordinate received your call, saying you’re willing to buy a batch of medical equipment at ten times the market price. Is that correct?”

“Yes... but your subordinate rejected me.”

“Oh, I apologize on behalf of my subordinate. We’re willing to cooperate with you. However, we hope to raise the price by another ten times. Are you willing?”

“Another ten times?”

“Yes, you understand the risks involved in collaborating with you. If you agree, we can sign the contract immediately.”

“Okay.” I didn’t hesitate. Now wasn’t the time for hesitation or negotiation.

The person on the other end happily laughed.

“Cooperating with Miss Reist is a pleasure. I’ll send someone this afternoon to sign the contract. The latest, we can deliver the goods the day after tomorrow.”

After the call, I breathed a sigh of relief.

With medical equipment, there was hope.

At six-thirty in the evening, I and the representative from Smith signed the contract at a seven-star restaurant near the hospital and paid a deposit of three million. Leaving the restaurant, I gazed at the clear, azure sky, feeling the weight on my chest finally lifted.

I pulled out my phone, eager to share the news with Moss.

Unaware of a black car speeding toward me.

By the time I heard people around gasping, it was too late.

Bang! A powerful impact surged through my entire body, the phone slipping from my hand.

I felt myself being tossed in the air, then landing heavily on the ground.

My head signaled intense pain, and I experienced a moment of dizziness.

Gradually, an overwhelming sense of drowsiness took over. My consciousness began to dissipate, finally plunging into darkness.

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn)

Chapter 128

Chapter 128

Diana's pov

Gradually regaining consciousness, I felt sore all over.

Struggling to open my eyes, the intense light made it hard to adapt.

The hospital

air, a blend of medicinal scent and disinfectant, surrounded me. Turning my head slowly, I saw a familiar figure by the bedside.

It was Moss.

His eyes closed, seemingly in a light slumber.

I attempted to speak, but my throat felt unusually dry.

After clearing my throat, I managed to utter, "Moss?"

Moss abruptly opened his eyes, looking at me in confusion.

After a few seconds

of staring, he seemed to comprehend and sighed softly.

"You're finally awake," he said, then asked, "How do you feel now?"

I shook my head.

Trying to sit up, the overall body ache forced me to abandon the idea.

"Not great," I honestly admitted. "I'm in pain all over. What happened? Why am I in the hospital?"

"Don't you remember?" Moss stood up to pour water.

I furrowed my brows, "My brain is a mess right now. I vaguely recall going to a hotel to sign a contract. After leaving the hotel, I..."

"You were hit by a black car. Concussion, multiple bruises. The driver was drunk and has been taken to the police station."

Moss spoke while adjusting the angle of the bed and placing the water on the bedside

table.

I recalled the powerful impact and the dizziness. Fear surged within me.

But soon, my thoughts shifted, ignoring the pain. I grabbed Moss's arm, "My contract... did you see my contract?"

Moss's gaze lingered on my hand grabbing his for a few seconds. "Don't worry about it now."

He continued to adjust the bed.

Once my upper body was in a near-upright position, he handed me the cup of water.

"Have some water first," he said, then walked to another cabinet in the ward, taking out a folder from one of the drawers.

"Is it this?" He unfolded the folder and placed it on my legs.

I glanced at it, relieved. "Yes, that's it."

I took a sip of water, feeling my dry throat regain vitality.

Eagerly, I said to Moss, "Did you read the contents of this contract? I negotiated a collaboration with Smith, and they agreed to supply us with medical equipment! We-

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"Diana." Moss furrowed his brow, interrupting me. "Do you think it's the time to talk about medical equipment now?"

I didn't immediately understand Moss's point.

“Aren’t you happy, Moss? With this batch of medical equipment, we can break free from William’s control, establish our own lab, and save many lives.”

“But you almost died!” Moss yelled.

His eyes showed an abnormal shade of red, an expression of uncontrolled emotion that I had never seen.

I was stunned.

“Moss?”

Seemingly on the verge of an emotional outburst, Moss covered his eyes with his hand before I could fully comprehend.

“Never mind,” he said, sounding weary.

When he lowered his arm again, his expression had returned to normal.

He sat back down. “Weren’t you going to tell me about the medical equipment?” he asked.

I suddenly felt excited and shared all the details of my communication with Smith with Moss.

After listening, Moss’s face darkened.

“Three million deposits, twenty billion final payment, for just a hundred sets of equipment. Why doesn’t this Smith just go rob a bank?”

I waved it off, “Given the current situation, his high price is justified. Anyway, Nathan has promised me the one trillion is already in. When the time comes, I’ll use the money he provided—”

“Didn’t you say that one trillion would be invested in my lab?”

“I... did I say that?” Feeling embarrassed, I feigned forgetfulness. “Oh, I have a headache; I can’t remember much...”

Moss silently watched my performance without saying a word.

Perhaps I overacted, as I accidentally moved my arm, causing pain in the wound. Reality took over the act, and I grimaced in pain.

Moss quickly took the cup from my hand.

After the pain subsided, he asked quietly, “Are you done pretending?”

I shook my head with a bitter expression. “No more pretending.”

“Then remember to transfer that one trillion to me,” Moss said.

I hesitated. Well, maybe I should continue the act.

“Oh, by the way.” I suddenly remembered something, instinctively looking towards

the window. “How long have I been unconscious now?”

The curtain was drawn, blocking any incoming light.

Moss checked his watch, “It’s 1:20 in the morning now. You’ve been unconscious for

about seven hours.”

I patted my chest in relief.

“Fortunately, fortunately. I was worried about missing the delivery time tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” Moss was surprised. “So soon?”

“I requested it. Given the increasing number of infections, we can’t afford to wait.”

“Don’t tell me you’re going to pick up the goods yourself tomorrow,” Moss said. “I definitely have to go,” I replied. “No, Moss, don’t.”

“Tell me the location, and I’ll go for you.”

“It won’t work if you go.” I sighed. “You know the situation now. I can’t let Nathan and William know that I’ve found a supplier. Otherwise, it will definitely lead to big trouble. So, I’ve made an agreement with the boss of Smith. They won’t deliver unless they see me.”

Moss tightened his lips and remained silent.

After a while, he finally compromised.

The next day.

After a night of rest, I could get out of bed.

Wearing clothes that covered almost my entire body, accompanied by Moss, I headed to the agreed delivery location with the boss of Smith – Blue Bay Port.

The sea breeze roared over the pier, bringing the icy cold and salty air of the sea to

1. me.

Due to not being fully recovered, my face was somewhat pale, and my body trembled slightly.

Moss looked at me with concern, suggesting, “How about you go back to the car first, and I’ll call you when the ship arrives.”

“No.” I stared at the passing cargo ships.
“I have to see the cargo ship myself to feel at ease.”

Moss didn’t say anything, just took off his coat and put it on me.

Time passed second by second.

I waited for a long time.

However, even after the time for the scheduled delivery passed, the cargo ship still did not arrive.

A vague bad feeling rose in my heart.

At this moment, a familiar voice suddenly came from behind.

“Diana.”

1

A vague bad feeling rose in my heart.

At this moment, a familiar voice suddenly came from behind.

“Diana.”

Every hair on my body stood up at this moment.

I turned around in surprise, meeting William’s seemingly smiling face.

And by his side, Nathan, dressed in a black leather trench coat, stared at me with a cold expression.

At the same time, my phone rang.

“Miss Reist...” Smith’s almost desperate voice came from the phone. He cried, “Our cargo ship hit a reef, and all the equipment sank!”

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn)

Chapter 129

Chapter 129

Diana's pov

Upon hearing that, I felt like I had been struck by lightning.

My mind buzzed, and everything went black before my eyes.

I had to use all my willpower to barely stand firm.

With trembling hands, I hung up the phone and turned to face William and Nathan, just a few steps away, in the cold and damp sea breeze..

Almost instinctively, I felt a connection between this shipwreck and them

.

“Did you do this?” I angrily questioned William, meeting his gaze.

“I don't understand what you're talking about. I just came here with Alpha and Nathan for an inspection today. It seems like we've interrupted a little date,” William said, glancing between me and Moss. Without waiting for my response, he patted Nathan's shoulder, saying, “Looks like we've spoiled the little couple's mood.” Whether it was my imagination or not, when William said this, the pressure around Nathan seemed even lower.

But I didn't pay much attention to it.

Clearly, there were more important things to address now.

I stepped forward, looking up at Nathan. “Tell me, is this related to you?”

Nathan stared at me, his gaze not on my face but seemingly on my clothes, expressing strong dissatisfaction.

“Tell me!” I raised my voice.

Only then did Nathan come to his senses, sneering coldly. “What are you talking about? You already knew about my cooperation with William, didn't you?”

I took a step back in disbelief. “So, you were really involved?”

My voice shattered in the sea breeze.

After a moment, a raging fire surged in my heart.

I grabbed Nathan's collar. "Why? Why would you do this to me? Have you no conscience? Cooperating with William is one thing, but doing something so malicious? Do you really think human lives are so worthless? How can you be like this?"

The crew of a freighter...

Stranding, sinking... their chances of survival were almost slim.

Nathan could retaliate against me, but why involve the innocent?

My heart ached, and my head throbbed fiercely.

Disappointment, anger, frustration, helplessness... a mix of emotions pressed on my chest, almost suffocating me.

I wanted to say moré,

But suddenly, a sharp pain struck.

Then came a dizzying darkness.

But suddenly, a sharp pain struck

Then came a dizzying darkness.

My vision quickly blurred.

Before I completely fell, in a daze, I seemed to see Nathan's cold eyes breaking apart, climbing into near panic.

"Diana

-

Someone was calling me, but I couldn't distinguish who.

I had a nightmare.

In the dream, countless hands dragged me into the depths of the sea.

I saw the sunken cargo ship, and the crew gathered around it, their faces twisted in

resentment.

They questioned me-

Why did you kill them?

Why wasn't it me who died?

I didn't know how to answer them, and the immense pain was suffocating me more than the seawater.

I kept apologizing, but it was useless...

The crew tore me apart with claws, and the deep blue sea turned red.

Then, I opened my eyes, seeing the familiar ceiling, smelling the familiar scent of disinfectant.

Oh, I didn't die; I was back in the hospital.

"You're awake," a deep voice sounded.

I slowly turned my neck.

William was sitting by my bedside, and behind him stood two black-clad bodyguards.

I glanced around instinctively.

"Looking for someone?" William asked, answering himself, "If you're looking for Moss, he's just outside the ward. But my men are at the door, so he can't come in. If you're looking for Alpha Nathan..."

William paused, sighed, and said, “His fiancée is complaining of a headache, and Alpha Nathan is with her.”

I lowered my eyes.

Sure enough, the worry I saw in Nathan’s eyes before I fainted was just my illusion.

Bracing myself with my arm, I struggled to sit up from the hospital bed.

When I could look William in the eye, I cleared my throat and asked, “Why have you come to see me?”

William raised an eyebrow, seemingly surprised by my calmness.

A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes, and he said, “I just came to tell you not to struggle in vain. Your struggle will only harm more people.”

“Are you admitting that you arranged the shipwreck?”

“I haven’t said that. Don’t wrongly accuse me.” William shrugged, “In this world, accidents happen every day, don’t they? If you take a ship, there’s a risk of capsizing or running aground. If you take the road, there’s a risk of accidents. If you take to the skies, there’s a risk of crashing.”

William looked at me meaningfully.

I knew he was warning me.

No matter what method or path I used, getting medical equipment smoothly was impossible.

I clenched my fist in silence, asking the question that had been bothering me, “How did you know about my collaboration with Smith?”

I had only told Moss about this, and I trusted that Moss would never tell anyone.

“Diana, you’re too careless.”

“Did you have me followed?”

William didn’t deny it, but he chose a more tactful explanation, “I was just afraid you’d be in danger, so I had someone secretly protect you.”

I gave a cold smile.

“So, your so-called secret protection involves having someone crash into me with a car?”

I thought William would continue with his arrogant denial, claiming that others couldn’t harm him. But this time, William’s expression became serious.

“Whether you believe it or not, your accident has nothing to do with me. On one hand, I need you to develop the antidote for me, and on the other hand...” William reached out to touch my hair, “you’re the child I’ve taken care of since you were little. How could I bear to let you die?”

sidestepped William’s touch, watching him warily.

William’s hand hung in the air for a moment, his expression momentarily stiff.

But soon, he lowered his arm, and with a carefree smile, he said, “Don’t worry, I’ve taken care of the person who crashed into you. Before he died, he confessed that he wasn’t acting on someone’s orders; he was just drunk and mistook the gas for the brakes.”

A chill ran down my spine.

William frowned.

“What an ungrateful naughty child,” he sighed, not genuinely angry. On the contrary, he even smiled. It was a smile that sent shivers down my spine.

“Anyway, let’s not dwell on that. Why don’t we talk about something more interesting?” William’s voice resonated again, hitting my heart like a heavy hammer.

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“Anyway, let’s not dwell on that. Why don’t we talk about something more interesting?” William’s voice resonated again, hitting my heart like a heavy hammer.

He said, “I know that in your heart, you’ve already condemned me. Whatever I say or do is wrong. So, I don’t mind embracing the role of a complete villain.”

I was stunned, looking at him with some fear.

“What do you mean?” William’s face still wore a smile.

“Although you’ve sealed off all the experimental data to the public, those researchers outside might still know something. I can easily grab them all, interrogate them one by one, and eventually piece together the approximate formula for the antidote. Of course, if they resist me like you do...”

William’s voice paused, a cruel glint appearing in his eyes. “I might not be as merciful to them as I am to you. You know my identity; I have a hundred ways to make them wish they were dead.”

“William!” I abruptly sat up, the intense pain from my wound nearly making me faint. Enduring the pain, I shouted at him, “Dare you harm them and see what happens?”

“Whether I harm them or not depends on you,” William lifted an eyebrow nonchalantly, “I heard some of them are pregnant; if something happens, it’ll be two lives lost...”

A shiver ran down my spine, and my blood felt frozen.

William stood up from the chair, straightened his clothes.

“Diana, this time, I’m not here to negotiate with you. Think about it carefully.”

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn)

Chapter 130

Chapter 130

Diana’s pov

After William left, Moss entered.

No familiar frameless glasses, a visible red mark on the nose, and bruises on the mouth.

Although you can tell that the hair and clothes have been restyled, they still can’t hide the messiness from before.

Clothes wrinkled, hair damp.

I opened my mouth but couldn’t make a sound.

After a while, shocked, I asked, “What happened to you?”

“Accidentally tripped,” Moss replied casually, then asked about my current condition.

I naturally didn't answer his question; I couldn't believe his explanation. How could someone be as steady as Moss trip? Moreover, such injuries didn't match a simple fall.

"Did you get into a fight with someone?" I asked, with a confident tone.

Moss fell silent.

He pocketed his hands, showing signs of unease.

I knew I guessed right.

"Who? Was it one of William's people?"

Moss pursed his lips, keeping silent.

The hospital door swung open forcefully from the outside.

If it weren't for the sweaty and anxious April, I might have thought someone came for revenge.

April, seemingly forgetting she was pregnant, rushed to my bedside.

She tried to speak but choked on a sob.

Tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Diana... you scared me. Why didn't you tell us about the accident? If I hadn't messaged you and called the hospital, I wouldn't have known..."

April sobbed, catching her breath.

Worried about her emotional state affecting the baby, I hurriedly checked Marc, hoping he could calm his pregnant wife.

However, Marc's mood seemed no better than April's.

His eyes were red, forehead veins bulging, and his face was ominously dark.

I silently swallowed the words on my lips, admitted my mistake, “I’m sorry. I should have told you first. I promise there won’t be a next time!”

Marc coldly snorted. “Is your promise worth believing? Diana, too many times... too many times. Do you have to mess up your life before you’re satisfied?”

I pursed my lips, lowered my head, feeling a bit guilty.

Marc raised an eyebrow. “Tell me honestly, what have you been up to lately? Does what I investigated have anything to do with your accident?”

Referring to my request to investigate William.

But judging by William’s recent reaction, the accident didn’t seem related to him.

“The accident was really just an accident. The driver was drunk...” I muttered.

“Your accidents are a bit too many!” Marc said solemnly.

This time, I couldn’t find words to say. I could only turn to Moss for help.

Moss sighed silently, stepped forward, and told Marc and April, “Diana’s body is still

weak now; she needs good rest.”

Doctor’s words always have magic; even the most temperamental person would obediently listen to medical advice.

Marc’s attitude softened instantly, and April gradually stopped crying. After a few more instructions, they left the ward.

Before leaving, April held my hand and whispered, “Moss has been really good to you. The nurse who brought us here said he took care of you during your injury. Hold on to him. Oh, by the way, I noticed some injuries on his face. What happened? Remember to care for him...”

I sighed, shaking my head. Once Marc and April left, Moss asked, “Want to lie down and rest for a while?”

With April’s words echoing in my mind, Moss’s voice made me feel awkward. In that

moment, embarrassment colored my face red.

Moss furrowed his brow slightly, approached my bed, and placed his large hand on my forehead, murmuring, “No fever. Why is your face so red?”

Before Moss could finish speaking, I started coughing violently.

I choked on my own saliva in my nervousness.

Moss hurriedly patted my back to ease my discomfort.

After managing to suppress the tickle in my throat, I waved my hand, “I’m fine.”

“Maybe we should check your temperature,” Moss suggested.

“No need, no need,” I quickly refused. “It might be a bit stuffy in the room. Just

the window for some fresh air.”

open

Moss looked at me skeptically but eventually went to the window and opened it. A cool breeze swept in, and I couldn’t help but shiver, regretting my choice of a lousy excuse. But the words were out, and I had to keep up the act.

“Your body is still weak; the window can only stay open for a while,” Moss reminded.

I nodded immediately. Moss settled back into the chair beside my bed.

“So, what did William talk to you about?” Bringing up William made my heart sink bit by bit.

“Moss...” It felt like something was stuck in my throat, and I struggled to say, “Let’s release the experimental data... and...”

The rest of the words weren’t necessary; Moss understood.

Silently, he said, “Okay.”

I dialed William’s number on my phone. “I agree to cooperate with you, but I have three conditions. First, don’t harm the people around me anymore!”

William chuckled, “The word ‘anymore’ implies I’ve harmed someone around you. When did I do that? Moss-”

“Moss’s injury has nothing to do with me. As for who’s responsible, you can ask Moss,” William’s voice carried a hint of mockery.

I glanced suspiciously at Moss, who silently averted his gaze.

“Alright, I agree to this condition, but you better behave and not make things difficult for me. What’s the second condition?” William’s voice came again.

Retracting my gaze, I said, “Second, my antidote is still in the testing phase, and it cannot be sold until the antidote is perfected.”

“Understood.”

“Third, I need you to immediately suspend the sale of Gummy Skull.”

William pondered for a moment.

“I can agree to the first two conditions. But the third condition...” William smiled, “Di

ana, you're setting a trap for me. I've told you I have no connection with Gummy Skull."

"William!"

"Diana, you should know you originally had no right to set conditions. So, be reasonable. Also... prioritize the development of the antidote. The number of people taking Gummy Skull is increasing. Time is running out for you."

With an air of triumph, William hung up.

I clenched my phone, tightening my grip gradually.

A warm, large hand held mine.

"Compromise is only temporary," I heard Moss say, "we will find another way."

I looked up at Moss. His calm gaze gradually helped me regain composure. Scanning his injured nose and mouth, I asked, "How did you get those injuries?"

Moss showed a reluctant and slightly embarrassed expression.

"Don't worry about it. It has nothing to do with you."

Since Moss put it that way, I didn't press further, expressing concern, taken any medicine for it?"

"Have

you

"Yeah."

"Well, if you hadn't, I could have let you *try* my new medicine. It works well." I said casually.

Moss looked at me in surprise for a few seconds. “What did you just say?”

“I said I have a newly developed medicine that works well...”

his injured nose and mouth, I asked, “How did you get those injuries?”

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“Don’t worry about it. It has nothing to do with you.”

Since Moss put it that way, I didn’t press further, expressing concern, “Have you taken any medicine for it?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, if you hadn’t, I could have let you try my new medicine. It works well.” I said casually.

Moss looked at me in surprise for a few seconds. “What did you just say?”

“I said I have a newly developed medicine that works well...”

I thought Moss would be interested in my new medicine, but he interrupted me.

“Not that sentence, the one before.”

“...Have you taken any medicine?”

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“No.” Moss shook his head, then asked, “Are you offering to help?”

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“I...” I hesitated for a moment, somewhat bewildered, “In my office cabinet, there’s a white medicine box. In the left compartment, there’s a blue bottle; that’s the new medicine. You can take it and try.”

Moss left the ward, and a few minutes later, he returned, handing me the blue bottle.

“I won’t use it; otherwise, I’ll have to redo the bandages,” I said.

But clearly, I misunderstood Moss’s intention.

He frowned at me, a hint of confusion in his eyes, “Aren’t you helping me apply the medicine?”

Well, it seemed Moss also misunderstood my intention.

But I didn’t bother explaining; being too clear would make it awkward.

I unscrewed the lid of the blue bottle, applied some ointment on a cotton swab, and motioned to Moss, “Come here, bow your head.”

Moss hesitated for a second, then bent down in front of me.

He lowered his eyes, looking at something I couldn’t see.

Perhaps because the ointment stung the wound a bit, his ear tips turned red, and a thin layer of sweat covered his forehead.

So, I lightened my touch.

Suddenly, a noise came from the doorway.

Due to Moss’s hurried return, the ward’s door wasn’t completely shut, leaving a large gap.

I paused my actions, curiously glancing toward the entrance.

The back of a bending nurse entered my sight, and I heard her nervously say, “I’m sorry, Alpha Nathan! I didn’t see you there. I didn’t mean to bump into you...”