

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn)

Chapter 131

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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.

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.”

“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.”

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.

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?”

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 have to do with him? What right does

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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 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.”