

The Luna Is Gone (Angelique Quinn)

Chapter 132

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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 demeanor.

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 emphasizing 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 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 realized 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

1. 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, 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.”

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“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 II Putting down the mirror Leaquallu made **ud**

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 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 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

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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 throughout 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.”