

The Luna Is Gone (Diana and Nathan) by Angelique Quinn

Chapter 137

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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.

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"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.

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. w@w.N(0)Ve#S(h)0me.C0m

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.

"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. W@w.m0ve1S#0me.coM

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.

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, 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 absordedly, 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.

Inertia and force made him tumble off Moss.

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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 wWw.N0VE#s#0me.C0m

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?"

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."