

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

Chapter 140

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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 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. **Ww.NóvêLShómê.C(©)M**

"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. **w(©).NOvêLShómê.C(©)M**

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.

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 realized, 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—"

"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 harbored grievances against him, so how could they possibly cover for him?

They all stepped forward to speak up- **wWw.nóvêLShómê.C(©)M**

"I can testify that it was Healer who led us to develop the new antidote!"

"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!" **WwW.NóvêLShómê.C(©)M**

"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 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 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!