

## Chapter 133

Diana's pov

William's words fell, and the entire laboratory fell silent.

All eyes turned to me, puzzled as to why, with the presence of the "Healer" already in the lab, William insisted on introducing a new virologist.

It was clear from William's demeanor that he highly valued this virologist.

I coldly chuckled within myself.

Others might not understand, but I knew exactly what was going on.

Fisher Mackey was likely sent by William to keep an eye on me.

In the end, William doesn't trust me.

It's not surprising. After all, I never intended to compromise my principles and align with him.

Fisher seemed intentionally elevated in status by William; after the introduction, William left without acknowledging me.

Fisher bowed to see him off.

Then, he straightened up, lifted his chin, and cast a condescending gaze at everyone.

"Who's Healer?" he asked.

I furrowed my brows.

"I am."

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Fisher slowly rolled his eyes, maintaining a self-assured tilt to his chin throughout.

At the sight of me, a disdainful smile played on his lips.

"A woman, of all things. No wonder the experiment has been stagnant."

His tone dripped with sarcasm.

I couldn't believe William hadn't informed him of my identity before assigning Fisher.

Fisher was intentional.

He aimed to assert dominance and embarrass me.

Yet, I wasn't the only female staff member in the lab.

Before I could respond, someone challenged him, "What's wrong with being a woman? Are you promoting/gender discrimination?"

Fisher sneered, "I'm just stating a fact. As women, you should stay at home, take care of children, manage household chores, and prepare perfect meals for your husbands. If you can't stay put, perhaps office clerical work is more suitable for you. As for other jobs..."

Fisher chuckled, "clearly, they are not suitable for you, and your involvement will only make things worse, just like our experiment – stagnant and unprogressive."

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Fisher's cruel remarks immediately sparked anger throughout the lab.

Female researchers clenched their fists, chests heaving dramatically.

"So, you're questioning

"I've never questioned the great Penny, but how many Penny

world? As

for Healer..." Fisher glanced at me, "based on current research results, she's obviously a failure."

"You

A female researcher attempted to rush forward.

I stopped her.

Eyes red with anger, she exclaimed, "Healer, did you hear what he just said? I must tear apart that foul mouth of his today!"

"Hold on, let me—"

"Tear apart my mouth?" Fisher scoffed, raising his voice arrogantly, "I'm sure you've all noticed William's attitude towards me today. From now on, I'm your boss! Are you daring to lay hands on me? Don't you want to stay in the lab any longer?"

"So, William made you discriminate against women too?" I retorted, "If that's the case, I'll call William right now and resign, citing your belief that I'm not fit for this job."

I couldn't believe William would go through the trouble to keep me in the lab only to let me leave so easily.

If that were the case, it might be for the best.

Sure enough, when Fisher heard my intention to resign, his expression froze.

A hint of panic flashed in his eyes, and he uncomfortably cleared his throat.

"Since you're all here now, focus on completing your respective tasks," he swiftly changed the subject. "Now, everyone, compile your experimental results and data into a document, and submit it to me in two hours."

Fisher turned and headed to his new office.

A female researcher stamped her foot in frustration, "What is William thinking? Why bring in someone like him?"

She looked at me, cautious yet inquisitive.

"Healer, is there any conflict between you and William? Why would he...?"

"Nothing. Everything is to develop the antidote quickly."

I didn't provide a direct answer to the female researcher's question. After all, the more they know, the more dangerous it is for them.

The female researcher pursed her lips and, like the others, returned to her post.

Now, they had to pause their ongoing work and, at Fisher's request, waste precious time organizing useless documents.

Moss rested a hand on my shoulder.

"How are you planning to deal with this Fisher situation?"

"Deal? Why would I deal?" I looked up at Moss.

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Moss blinked, apparently surprised by my calm demeanor **and** even a hint **of** ease in my words.

"Haven't you noticed? Fisher is clearly someone sent by William to keep an **eye** on you," Moss said.

"Of course, I saw." I smiled, "But Fisher obviously lacks the intelligence and reliability William imagined. William wants him to monitor me, but his ambitions go beyond that. Maybe... maybe he can become a weapon for us against William." Moss raised an eyebrow, looking at me with a puzzled expression.

I gestured to him, whispering my plan.

Due to Fisher's formalistic assignments, everyone's time was wasted, resulting in fewer experiment data and test results than usual.

At the end of the day, Fisher raged at everyone.

"Is this all the experimental data you can produce daily? Is this your work efficiency?"

Someone muttered discontentedly.

"Isn't it because you asked everyone to do reports and summaries, wasting our time?"

"Yeah, and this afternoon, Fisher had me fetch him coffee seven times, plus buying food and cleaning... I'm exhausted! The worst part is, every time I came back, my experiments had to start from scratch. It's a miracle if we have any results."

"Alright, stop complaining. He's looking at us."

"What are you whispering about?" Fisher sternly asked, "Do you not respect me as your boss?"

A few rolled their eyes and remained silent, expressing their attitude through actions.

Fisher exploded.

"You!

You! And you!" Fisher pointed at those who had quietly discussed him earlier, "Tonight, everyone stays overtime. No experiment data, no leaving!"

"Why?" someone spoke up, "We worked today according to your requirements. If the efficiency is low, it's your unreasonable arrangements. Why should we stay overtime?"

"Exactly!"

"You don't have the authority to force us to work overtime!"

In reality, working overtime had become the norm in the lab, driven by the urgency to develop the antidote and save lives.

No one complained. In fact, everyone volunteered willingly, driven by a sense of duty as medical professionals to do their best to save lives. However, that didn't mean they could endure oppression and unreasonable accusations.

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1. me.

“Healer, is this the good subordinate you trained? Is this their work attitude, or did you deliberately encourage them to resist me?”