

Chapter 134

Diana's pov

"It's us challenging you. What does that have to do with Healer?"

"Yeah, don't involve Healer. Worst case, we'll invoke labor laws to see if your demands are reasonable!"

Fisher's face reddened, frustrated. "Healer, are you going to let them talk to me like this? They don't understand, do you?"

I know Fisher is warning me.

Behind him is William.

William, who didn't care about lives, wouldn't be bothered by mere "labor laws."

Taking a deep breath, I said, "Let them go off duty. I'll take care of the remaining work."

"Healer!" A female researcher at my side grabbed me. "This has nothing to do with you. We're not at raid of him. You don't need to-"

"It's necessary," I interrupted. "I'm in charge of this project. Any issues, I'll handle them."

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I looked at Fisher and asked, "Are you satisfied with this resolution?" Fisher smirked, visibly in a better mood.

With a disdainful glance at me, he shrugged. "Deal with it. Tomorrow morning, I'll personally review your work. If I'm not satisfied, don't blame me for punishing you."

With that, he picked up his bag, propped it under his arm, and left the lab first.

At my strong request, everyone else also left, excluding Moss.

Since he resides in the hospital, he stayed with me to work through the night.

"You shouldn't have taken all the work on yourself," Moss handed me an iced coffee. "Unless the antidote is successful, he'll find faults in your data tomorrow."

"What else can I do?" I shrugged, sipping the bitter but invigorating coffee.

I smiled, "Don't forget our plan."

Moss didn't say much, just bowed his head to help me record experiment data.

A night passed.

At 6:50 in the morning, Moss and I finally completed all the remaining work from the previous day.

I stood up from the chair, unconsciously stretched, forgetting the lingering pain

I stood up from the chair, unconsciously stretched, forgetting the lingering pain from my accident.

There was a tearing sensation around my shoulder, warm liquid spreading from the wound.

Moss returned from downstairs with breakfast, hastily put it down, and approached me with a serious expression. "You're bleeding, do you know?" "L..."

"Go to my office," Moss said in a cold tone, looking visibly upset.

I wanted to say something, but at that moment, I didn't dare.

I obediently followed Moss to the office.

He closed the door, locked it, and said to me, "Take off your clothes."

I was stunned.

"Take off... why do I need to undress?"

"How else can I apply medicine?"

Moss gave me a disdainful look and lowered his head to start preparing the potion. Licking my dry lips due to fatigue, I awkwardly nodded and took off the upper part of my clothes.

Sitting on the sofa with my back at Moss, I heard him ask from behind, "Are you undressed?"

"Uh, yeah."

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"Then I-"

Moss's voice suddenly halted, and his footsteps disappeared.

Perplexed, I asked, "What happened? Is the wound opening up significantly?"

"Yeah." After a few seconds, Moss finally responded.

It might be my imagination, but his voice seemed much lower and huskier than before. "It might hurt a bit. Endure it."

I chuckled and shrugged, "No big deal, just a little ache."

This pain is nothing compared to what I've been through before.

However, despite my thoughts, when the cotton swab touched my torn wound, my face turned pale.

Dense cold sweat emerged from my forehead as I clenched my hand, every knuckle whitening, bones seemingly about to burst through the flesh.

Time stretched agonizingly, each minute unbearable.

After a long while, Moss finally finished applying the medicine.

I sighed in relief, realizing my lips had gone numb from my biting.

"Still hurts a bit." I flexed my fingers, scratching my cheek.

I thought Moss would tease me, but he only made a sound with a heavy nasal tone. After rewrapping the bandage. I put on my clothes.

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Moss

returned the medicine to its place and said, "Considering a werewolf's healing speed, your wound should have healed long ago."

As I buttoned up, I nodded.

Moss furrowed his brow.

"Don't adopt this indifferent attitude. You know what I'm talking about. Your continuous sleepless work not only hasn't improved your health but made it worse." Moss seemed quite angry yet helpless, advising me with emphasis, "Diana, you need

to rest."

"I..." Before I could say anything, someone knocked on the office door.

"Healer," it was a colleague, grumbling discontentedly, "that idiot who arrived yesterday wants to see you in his office."

It was clear who the idiot referred to.

I tapped the person's head, "Don't speak recklessly. Fisher Mackey is your new leader."

"We only recognize you as our leader."

I sighed.

Back in the lab with the data organized from last night's overtime, I knocked on Fisher's office door.

"Come in."

An extremely arrogant voice came through the door.

I entered, seeing Fisher leisurely sitting on a leather sofa, sipping coffee.

"These are yesterday's compiled data." I handed him the folder.

Fisher didn't immediately take the folder but waited for about half a minute. Opening the folder, he glanced at it casually, then violently threw it at my face. "Is this your work result?" He scolded, "How dare you bring such garbage in front of me, it dirties my eyes, wastes my time!"

Snap

The folder hit the floor, papers scattering.

My cheek instantly felt a burning sensation.

Fisher continued to insult me.

"Healer, Healer... maybe you should stop calling yourself Healer and change your name to Loser. I don't know where you find the audacity to compare yourself to Penny. I think you, instead, should go home, find a man, get married, and have children."

At this point, Fisher suddenly shifted his gaze, maliciously staring at me. "Speaking of which... you've been wearing a mask all along. Could it be that you're hideously ugly?" He raised his chin slightly, using a tone that was half mockery, half

command, "Take off your mask. I want to see what kind of monstrous face you

have, whether it's ugly ef