

Chapter 135

Diana's pov

I watched him, unmoving.

Fisher slammed the table, "I'm fucking told you to take off the mask, didn't you hear?"

"You have no right to demand that of me," I said coldly.

"I'm in charge now. Dare you say I don't have the authority?" Fisher stood up from the sofa, angrily approaching me. "Today, I want to see what face hides beneath that mask of yours."

He reached for my mask.

I seized his wrist, voice colder than before, "I told you, you have no right to demand this."

Fisher winced in pain.

"Damn bitch, let go of me! Ouch... that hurts!"

"Still want to see my face?" I asked expressionlessly.

Fisher, probably afraid, refused to plead before me and instead forced bravado, "I don't want to see it! Damn, with that ugly face of yours, looking at it might bring me bad luck."

Ignoring his verbal attack, I coldly huffed and released him.

Fisher, holding his wrist, stepped back.

Once steady, he glared at me with revenge and calculation in his eyes.

"I may not have the right to take off your mask, but I surely have the right to punish you."

He ground his teeth, smiling in a sinister manner.

"Since your job performance is lacking, today, you'll take on janitorial duties. I suppose that's the only meager value you can contribute to this project."

I looked at Fisher coldly.

Perhaps remembering my earlier ruthlessness, he instinctively took a step back. "What's that look? Don't you accept it? Let me tell you, I'm sent by William! I—

"I don't object," I impatiently interrupted Fisher, "I accept the punishment."

I had no desire to endure Fisher's foolish remarks any longer.

Seeing me obedient, Fisher became arrogant again.

“Remember, clean the toilets too, including scrubbing the toilet bowl,” he emphasized.

I turned and left his office, slamming the door shut.

Moss had been waiting outside.

I walked to his side and patted his shoulder, “Today’s experiment is **up to you.**” “What do you mean?” Moss frowned, “And what about you?”

“Me?” I smiled, mimicking a sweeping motion, “Unlocking my new identity—janitor.”

Moss was enraged.

“Is he insane? No, I’ll go talk to him—”

“Don’t go.” I grabbed Moss, shaking my head. “It’s fine.”

“But your body can’t take this anymore! Continuous sleepless nights, coupled with the recurring old injuries, doing heavy physical labor again, I’m afraid..”

“It’s okay, I know what I’m doing.”

Moss silently looked at me, disapproving in his eyes.

But eventually, his shoulders relaxed a bit, and he said somewhat dejectedly, “As you wish.”

With that, he walked toward the laboratory with determined strides.

I knew Moss was angry because I seemed so indifferent to my own well-being. But at this point, I had no other choice.

All morning, I’ve been doing janitorial work.

Wiping tables, cleaning windows, sweeping, mopping, sorting chemical waste in the lab, tidying up the bathroom...

My colleagues offered help multiple times, all of which I declined.

Fisher was clearly intentionally causing trouble.

Accepting help would only burden the person assisting me.

After finally finishing the cleaning, I was drenched in sweat and utterly exhausted. Seated in the utility room, I took a brief rest.

Suddenly, Fisher kicked open the utility room door and yelled at me.

"Who told you to slack off here? Have you completed all the tasks assigned to you?" Fatigue made every breath feel like a stab in the chest.

Struggling to stand with the chair's support, I exhaled, "Everything is cleaned." "Lies!" he sternly exclaimed. "Do you think I won't check your work? The toilet in the restroom clearly isn't properly cleaned."

"Impossible," I swallowed the metallic taste in my throat and said, "I meticulously cleaned every corner."

Tasks like these were routine during the two years I served as Nathan's Luna.

Fisher grabbed my wrist, dragging me to the men's restroom.

Pointing inside, he shouted, "Does this look clean to you?"

The once tidy tiles were now marked with water stains and dirty shoe prints, and the

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toilet bore not only yellow stains but also leftover food.

Clenching my fists, I quickly understood.

"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.

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
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Nathan stared at me *coldly, his voice icy, "I came to find Healer."*