

# The Disdained Luna Who Rose Alone **Chapter**

## **2 A Peaceful New Life**

Evelyn's POV

Three Years Later.

The laboratory alarms suddenly blared, and I quickly pulled up the monitoring panel. The patient's vital signs were fluctuating violently.

"Gary, administer the stabilizer!" I ordered sharply.

Gary is my junior from medical school, a talented researcher who studied under the same professors as I did at Veridia's prestigious College of Medicine.

Through the glass, I watched the patient begin to convulse uncontrollably, a typical symptom of LDS. His eyes were already taking on a yellow tinge, signaling his wolf was close to taking control.

Gary moved swiftly, injecting the stabilizer. I stared intently at the data curves, my heart pounding against my ribs. This was our final clinical trial, we couldn't afford another failure.

Five minutes... ten minutes... fifteen minutes passed.

The readings gradually stabilized, and the patient's pupils returned to normal. Most importantly, he remained fully conscious.

"Dr. Blackwell!" Gary exclaimed excitedly. "It worked! The virus is gone. His mind is clear, no feral traits. Perfect readings, full shift control!"

I took a deep breath, double-checking all the data before speaking. "The experiment is successful. We can proceed with the mass production application. Contact Jackson about the Medical Association."

Jackson heads cyber security at Evelink Biosciences. His expertise protects our research data and tracks potential threats.

Cheers erupted throughout the laboratory.

LDS wasn't an ordinary disease. It specifically attacked werewolf genes, causing patients to gradually lose their sanity until they became purely instinct-driven beasts. The virus first appeared among noble bloodline packs and had now begun spreading through cities.

Three years ago, after leaving the Bloodbane Pack, I established Evelink Biosciences Laboratory and began this research project. Finally, we had results.

Gary's voice interrupted my thoughts. "Mrs. Blackwell, there's something that requires your attention."

"What is it?"

"Our Moonshade Root reserves are running low. The plant is nearly extinct now, we need to secure a new supply source urgently."

I frowned. Moonshade Root was the key ingredient in our medication. Without it, all our efforts would be for nothing.

Just then, Jackson called. "Dr. Blackwell, I've found something. There's a forest on the Viremont border with soil and climate conditions perfect for growing Moonshade Root. In fact, it's the only known successful transplant location."

"Who owns it?" I asked immediately.

"It's currently unclaimed. The Viremont government is opening public bids for development. Several major companies have already expressed interest."

"The government has named this bidding project 'The Red Cedar Resort', apparently planning to develop it for tourism."

I tensed, feeling the burden crush down. Without that land and its Moonshade Root, everything would crumble. Our supplies would last two weeks at most. No land meant no mass production, and thousands of werewolves would fall to madness.

My stomach churned at the thought. I'd watched LDS destroy too many lives, seen mighty Alphas turn feral, attacking their own mates and pups. We finally had a cure, but without this ingredient, it was useless. We couldn't fail now.

I looked at Eryx, my silent guardian in the corner. When I left Bloodbane Pack, he chose to follow me--even though others called him a traitor for following a wolfless Omega-- for his oath to my father remained unbroken.

"Go to Ravenshade," I told him. "Work with the Urban Bureau. Get that land. Whatever it costs."

He nodded and left.

After assigning tasks to the rest of the laboratory staff, I returned to my office, shrugged off my lab coat, and collapsed into my chair. My thoughts drifted back to the path that had led me here.

As a fresh graduate from Veridia's top medical school, I had dreamed of becoming a doctor, using my skills and passion to make a difference. But just as my career was about to begin, my world shattered. My parents died in a sudden accident, leaving me alone to lead a pack I had never intended to command.

Shortly after the funeral, Alpha Gregory, leader of the powerful Bloodbane Pack and Calvin Wolf's father, came to see me.

"Your parents arranged for you to mate with my son," he said. "For the future of your pack, honor this contract."

I was an Omega without a wolf, a sign of weakness in the werewolf world. No pack would trust someone like me to lead, so I agreed.

During my time with Calvin, I fulfilled all expectations. I bore twin heirs. I played the role of the dutiful Luna and loving mother. I abandoned my former dreams.

Now I know it was a mistake.

Three years ago, after refusing Calvin, I moved to Viremont, a mid-sized city with no organized werewolf community.

No packs, no politics, no expectations. Just a place where I could finally breathe.

Using my father's inheritance and substantial savings, I established Evelink Biosciences laboratory with several colleagues from Veridia Medical School.

As founder and chief scientist, we first made our fortune developing human cancer treatments. The company quickly went public with a market value of billions.

After securing financial success, our team focused on werewolf gene therapy and antiviral drug development projects.

In Viremont, I found something I hadn't felt in years-peace. I was no longer the whispered-about Omega without a wolf. Instead, I was a respected doctor, known for my work. A woman living life on her own terms.

That evening, after returning home, I turned on the radio. The announcer reported, "Severe rainstorms are forecast for Viremont tonight. The government urges all residents to stay indoors. This is a red alert..."

Soft pink light colored the sky as the rain poured relentlessly outside. I stood by the window in my room, watching the storm ravage the city.

The clock struck midnight, interrupting my thoughts.

Finally, the time had come.

Closing the curtain, I returned to my daughter's bedside.

"Happy birthday, my little one. May you grow up happy and strong," I whispered, kissing her soft cheek.

Today was her second birthday. Alexis stirred slightly, clutching her plush bear, then fell asleep again.

I smiled, leaning on the pillow beside her. Reaching into the bedside drawer, I pulled out a black diary. Inside was a treasured photo of my twin sons, Rowan and Rhys, the only memento I had kept since leaving the Bloodbane Packhouse three years ago.

Tracing the picture with my finger, a tear fell quietly onto the image. "I wish you all the happiness in the world, my boys."

Rowan and Rhys had just turned seven two months ago, but I hadn't been there to see it. I nearly lost my life giving birth to them, but I never regretted it.

Not a day passed in these three years when I didn't think about them. I longed to bring them here, but I wasn't strong enough to challenge the Bloodbane Pack's power.

My contacts in the Packhouse kept me informed. They said the boys were happy with their father, just as I had hoped before leaving.

I didn't want to ruin that peace.

Recently, my informants told me Rowan and Rhys might be coming to Viremont with Calvin. I was curious about what brought them here.

I almost rushed out to see them but stopped myself. I couldn't risk losing Alexis. To a wolf pack, Alpha's children are precious assets.

My precious Alexis, born without a scent. Unlike her healthy twin brothers, she was different. I feared she'd face the same prejudice I had.

Thunder cracked. I sheltered sleeping Alexis as the doorbell started ringing.

Who would come at this hour in such a storm?

I approached the window, parting the curtains cautiously. Headlights blurred by rain illuminated a car parked outside.

My frown deepened.

In this villa where I lived with Alexis and three loyal female servants, safety was paramount. At midnight during a rainstorm, I wasn't eager to open the door.

But the persistent ringing continued.

One of my servants, Nina, came to me quietly.

"Ma'am, should I open the door?"

"No," I said firmly. "If they're not turned away, they'll leave."

She returned minutes later. "They have a sick child, Ma'am. They're asking for you specifically."

I hesitated and looked again at the storm outside.

Outside the villa, I had established a small clinic called Moonveil Clinic. It mainly served supernatural beings. Though the number of our kind in Viremont was small, I still hoped to offer help to those desperate and sick, with nowhere else to turn.

I never turned patients away, but tonight I was wary.

"All right," I said. "I'll see them. You stay with Alexis."

Nina nodded.

I walked down the stairs. The other two servants were near the door, anxious.

The doorbell rang again, urgent.

I activated the intercom camera.

A man's blurred face appeared on screen, raindrops streaking across the lens.

"What do you want?" I asked steadily.

"Please, we need to see Dr. Blackwell," the man said urgently.

"I'm sorry, but at this hour, I can't open the door. Come tomorrow morning, and I'll see your patient. Please leave, or I'll call the police," I replied firmly.

"Ma'am, please understand! We're not dangerous! Our child has a high fever! If you don't believe me, I can show my ID!" The man hurriedly showed a card to the camera.

I was about to refuse again, but then his next words stopped me cold.

"Ma'am, my boss is Calvin Wolfe, CEO of Wolfe Haven International. You can verify him online."

"If you agree, he'll pay any price for his son's treatment. The child is very sick. Please help us, Ma'am!"

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