

# The Disdained Luna Who Rose Alone

## Chapter 4 She's No Longer My Mother

8-11 minutes

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Evelyn's POV

"Dr. Blackwell, would you mind if we stay overnight?" Beta Zeon asked.

I was annoyed by Calvin's attitude, but Rhys had just recovered from his fever and risked relapsing. Otherwise, I would have certainly thrown them all out.

Seeing Calvin's growing impatience for my answer, I finally nodded. "Fine, you can stay. But just for one night. You'll need to make other arrangements tomorrow."

"We don't want to stay here either," Calvin interrupted, anger evident in his voice. "If it weren't for this storm, we wouldn't be bothering you at all."

"Whatever!" I replied dismissively. "Maria, show them to the rooms on the north side of the villa."

I walked toward the door without looking back. Suddenly, a monitor crackled to life, and Alexis's cry cut through the air.

I froze, then rushed out the door with worry written across my face.

"Was... was that a child crying?" Beta Zeon gasped. "I thought Dr. Blackwell lived alone! Are there other patients here?"

"My apologies for any inconvenience," Maria bowed slightly to Beta Zeon. "Madam has baby monitors installed throughout the house because our often needs her mother's care."

I went back to the room to lull Alexis to sleep, and without realizing it, I had fallen asleep myself.

When morning arrived, I woke to my daughter's sweet kisses. My little cub was never fussy upon waking, just lay quietly beside me, gazing up with those big eyes.

I changed Alexis's diaper and dressed her in a soft pink dress before carrying her downstairs.

Niana took Alexis from my arms and placed her in the baby chair. Maria came over and said, "Last night, Rhys vomited, but his condition remained stable. Mr. Calvin cleaned everything up and changed the boy's clothes himself."

"Calvin stayed up all night taking care of Rhys?" I asked.

Maria nodded.

It was almost impossible to picture Calvin, the proud, untouchable Alpha, raising our sons on his own. But had he really been taking care of them by himself for the past three years?

The Moon Goddess knows it couldn't have been easy.

Then again, he made his choice the day he brought Clara back and told me to leave. He replaced me without hesitation.

"Madam, breakfast is ready. Shall I invite our guests to the table?" Niana asked gently.

No matter how much I loathed Calvin, some courtesies still mattered. I gave her a small nod.

The medicine I'd given worked faster than expected. After a full night's rest, Rhys's fever had finally broken.

At the breakfast table, both boys sat quietly, their eyes flickering between me and Alexis. Uncertainty clouded their young faces.

"That woman looks like Mom," Rowan whispered to his brother, just loud enough for me to hear.

Rhys's face filled with a mix of anger, confusion and pain.

"But what about that little girl?" he snapped. "And Mom left us before. She's a bad woman!"

His words hurt me, but I tried to act like I didn't hear them.

Little Alexis was sitting in her baby chair, drinking milk. She was looking at the new people at our breakfast table. When she finished her milk, she gave her bottle to Calvin, who was sitting next to her.

Alexis was just two years old. She could only say a few words, but we could always understand what she meant.

"Take," Alexis said.

I tried to take my daughter's bottle, but Calvin reached for it too. Our hands touched for a moment. I quickly pulled my hand away. Even a small touch from him still made me feel strange.

Alexis thought we were playing a game. She held Calvin's finger and put her small hand on his. Calvin looked at my face, then at our daughter's face.

Alexis soon became interested in something else. She let go of Calvin's hand and waved to Rowan and Rhys who were sitting across from us.

"Brothers, play," she said in a sweet voice.

I held Alexis and gave her a soft kiss on her cheek. "It's okay, sweetie. Mommy will play with you now," I said gently.

While I was holding my daughter, I saw Rowan's sad face. He looked like he wanted something he couldn't have. Rhys turned away and wouldn't look at us. These boys had no mother for many years, and I knew they missed having a mother's love.

Calvin's face became hard when he saw how sad his son looked. When he looked at me, his eyes were cold, just like they always were during our mateship.

After breakfast, Calvin and his beta went to find a way to leave because of the bad weather.

I didn't ask the boys to stay longer. Even though we hadn't seen each other for years, and they didn't seem to like me, they were still my children. As their mother, it made me sad to see them so distant from me.

But something didn't feel right. I looked at the heavy rain outside and felt worried. I had a bad feeling.

While I was making coffee, I saw something move. It was Rowan. He was slowly coming out of his room with his favorite toy car. He was trying to get closer to where Alexis was playing.

My little girl, sitting in her enclosure, waved her chubby hands excitedly. "Brother!" she called out.

When I turned around, I saw Rowan standing near Alexis's play area. He looked down shyly when I saw him.

"Dad bought me this new toy car," he said quietly. "I want to give it to my sister."

When he saw I wasn't angry, Rowan held out the car to Alexis. "Here, little sister. This is for you."

Alexis walked to the edge of her play area. She reached for Rowan's hand, wanting him to play with her.

Suddenly, Rhys shouted, "Don't give it to her, brother!"

Calvin came back when he heard Rhys shouting. He looked angry and walked quickly to his crying younger son.

Alexis was holding the toy car in my arms. She didn't understand why this new brother was crying so loud.

Rowan tried to comfort his brother, but Rhys pushed him away. Rowan fell to the floor.

"I don't want brother anymore! Go play with the bad woman's daughter!" Rhys wailed.

Calvin helped Rowan up. Then he spoke seriously to Rhys. "Rhys! She is your mother. Say sorry to her and your brother."

But Rhys kept crying. "No! She's not my mom! She doesn't love me! Dad, I want Aunt Clara! Can you take me to Aunt Clara? Rowan likes the bad woman's daughter, he's a traitor!"

Calvin looked angry and was about to punish Rhys, but I spoke first.

"Calvin, Rhys is right. I'm not a good mother," I said softly. "It's daytime now. Please leave my house." As a wolfless Omega, many werewolves had said mean things about me. But hearing these words from my own son hurt me deeply.

I was telling them clearly that they should go.

The storm was still very bad. It was even worse than before. We could hardly see anything outside the windows. It was not safe to drive.

Calvin was surprised that I was so cold to them. His Alpha power suddenly felt very strong and cold.

Calvin was born into a powerful pack. He was very successful in everything he did.

Except our mateship, which only lasted five years.

His eyes became cold. "Evelyn, they are your children! How can you make them leave in this storm?"

He sounded angry as he pulled at his shirt collar. As an Alpha, he didn't like being ordered around or told what to do. It rubbed him the wrong way.

"Evelyn, Rhys were just sick with fever. Rhys didn't mean what he said. Can't you forgive a seven-year-old child?"

Then Rowan spoke. "Dad, I gave my new car to my sister. Rhys's car is at home. He thought I gave his car away, that's why he got mad."

Calvin always bought his sons any toys they wanted. When he learned that Rhys was crying about a toy car, he looked angry.

"Rhys, your brother can choose who to play with his toys. You shouldn't cry like this."

Little Alexis didn't understand what the adults were saying. But when she heard "toy car", she became interested. She moved away from me and walked to Rhys with the car in her hands.

She tried to give the car to him. "Brother, play," she said sweetly. She thought this would calm him down.

But Rhys surprised everyone. He turned away and cried even more.

Alexis always felt better when I hugged her when she cried. So she put the toy car on the table and went to hug Rhys. She softly patted his back with her small hand.

"Brother, no cry," she said kindly.