

The Disdained Luna Who Rose Alone

Chapter 6 Could Alexis Be My Daughter?

9-11 minutes

Evelyn's POV

Calvin wanted to talk to me, but what was there left to discuss between us? After he chose to be with Clara, after my twin boys preferred Clara over me, I didn't think there was any room for negotiation.

I loved my twin boys, but only Alexis, my daughter, stayed close to me and loved me with all her heart.

I didn't want Calvin to find out that Alexis was his daughter. In the Bloodbane Pack, hierarchy was strictly enforced, with great emphasis placed on bloodlines and reputation. My daughter Alexis was a wolf without a scent. I worried that other wolves in the pack would treat her badly. I couldn't let Calvin take Alexis away from me.

I shook my head firmly, refusing his request. "There's nothing to discuss. My mate will be back soon. Please leave as quickly as possible."

Calvin's brows drew together, his face darkening as he stared at me. His sharp jaw clenched, and when he finally spoke, his words cut like blades.

"Evelyn, you really don't waste time, do you?" His voice dripped with venom.

"You broke up with your first love and immediately married me, then rejected me only to remated without missing a beat. Now you even have a daughter. You certainly didn't waste any time moving on, did you? How... efficient."

Hearing his accusation, anger surged through me.

I gave up my first love for the sake of our pack's alliance. Did he really think this was the life I wanted?

Still, I forced myself to stay calm. "And what if I did?" I snapped.

I didn't want to argue anymore.

"We agreed you'd only stay one night. Please keep your word and take your sons with you," I said coldly.

Calvin's jaw tightened. "Evelyn, Rowan and Rhys are your kids too. Just because you have a daughter now, you're ready to throw them away?"

Before I could respond, his Beta Zeon stepped in.

"There's no housing available," he said quickly. "The roads are flooded. Even if we wanted to leave, we can't."

"That's your problem, not mine," I said coldly.

"Zeon, take your Alpha and leave, or I'm calling the police."

Just then, my phone rang.

I glanced at the caller ID. It was Eryx.

Without hesitation, I answered, letting my cold expression melt away.

My voice turned soft, deliberately so.

"Honey, when are you coming back?" I said sweetly, loud enough for Calvin to hear every word. "Of course I miss you. Alexis does too. I'll send someone to pick you up soon."

The change in me was instant. One moment I was cold and distant, the next, tender and affectionate, like a woman who had already moved on.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Calvin's expression twist. Fury. Hurt. Maybe even jealousy.

His tall frame swayed slightly, and then he collapsed.

"Alpha!" Zeon rushed forward in panic. "Alpha Calvin!"

I stayed where I was, clutching my phone as though nothing had happened.

Zeon said quickly, "Recently, Alpha has been working tirelessly on the Red Cedar Resort project. His health was already poor, and yesterday he stayed up all night with Rhys's fever. That's why..."

At the mention of Red Cedar Resort, my gaze sharpened. Eryx had told me that an anonymous company was offering high prices to compete with us for this land.

So Calvin was the competitor Eryx mentioned. Was he bringing the kids here to check out the place?

A moment later, Calvin lay in the guest room bed, dressed in fresh pajamas Zeon had just helped him into.

I gazed at his handsome face, flushed with fever. His eyes were tightly closed, long eyelashes resting softly against his skin. His face was pale, so pale, and for the first time, he looked vulnerable.

As an Alpha, Calvin Wolf had always projected an image of strength and authority. He rarely got sick, and even when he did, he usually downplayed it. Yet looking at him now, I saw just an ordinary man, stripped of all titles...

I checked his condition, then handed the medication to Zeon.

"Make sure he takes it on time," I said quietly.

Looking at Calvin's exhausted face, I just couldn't bring myself to throw them out into the storm.

I let out a soft sigh. "You can stay for now."

Zeon's eyes lit up with relief. "Thank you, thank you, Lu-"

"Don't call me that," I cut him off coldly.

I turned to Rowan and Rhys, who sat beside their father, watching him intently. Gently stroking their heads, I bent down and said, "Let Dad rest now; you can play with Alexis. Don't worry about him; he'll wake up soon."

Calvin's POV

"Calvin, you're not my mate," she said firmly, leaning against another man.

"Don't... don't leave me, Evelyn," I pleaded. "I didn't mean to hurt you with those words, I was just angry that you rejected our mate bond... angry that you left me."

She let out a cold laugh. "It's too late. I've found a new mate."

She looked up at the man, smiling radiantly, a smile that pierced my heart.

"Let's go, darling," she whispered softly, turning to leave.

"No, no! Evelyn!" I tried to chase after her, but it was futile; some powerful force pulled me back, and I fell face-first.

I reached out my hands, "No, no!" My vision blurred as she faded away...

I jerked awake, bolting upright in bed.

When I finally awoke and found myself in the guest room again.

"Alpha, you're finally awake!"

I rubbed my temples and looked around, a dull ache creeping into my head.

"Maybe we should contact Dr. Blackwell?" Zeon asked.

I looked up at him, frowning.

He seemed startled, then quickly added, "Alpha, you're unwell, and she did take care of you, so I just thought--" his voice trailed off.

"No need," I refused firmly.

"Where are Rowan and Rhys?" I asked immediately.

"The young Alphas are sleeping in the children's room upstairs with little Alexis."

I looked up at him, and his smile froze under my gaze. He quickly asked, "Alpha, how are you feeling? Would you like some soup?"

"Hmm, what time is it?" I asked, massaging my temples. At the mention of food, my stomach growled. I hadn't eaten properly since last night.

"It's 4 AM, Alpha. You've been sleeping for about twenty hours," he informed me, making me look up.

Twenty hours? I froze. So for twenty hours, I had been under her care? Damn!

No wonder my head hurt so much and I was starving.

"Could you bring me some soup?" I asked, and Zeon left immediately.

I sighed, tilting my head, suddenly noticing the black silk robe I was wearing. Of course she would have men's clothes here.

Suddenly, the thought of wearing her man's clothes made me sick, and I quickly searched for my own clothes. I found them neatly folded by the coffee table and grabbed them just as my phone rang. It was Zeon.

I snatched the phone from the bed, answering grumpily. "Why did you change me into her man's clothes?" I roared, only to be met with silence.

After a few seconds, he asked, "Alpha, what do you mean? Those are the clothes from your emergency pack."

I blinked, looked in the mirror again, and realized he was telling the truth. Embarrassment washed over me as my forehead creased. "Why are you late? Hurry up with the food!" I yelled at him.

"Alpha, I--" but I hung up before he could finish, tossing the phone somewhere.

Damn! Why couldn't she keep any guest clothes? I stormed into the bathroom in frustration.

Just as I was about to freshen up, Zeon returned with a bowl of hot soup and some freshly toasted bread.

I devoured everything with relish, feeling much better afterward.

My headache had eased considerably, and I decided to check on the twins.

Zeon was right; they were sleeping peacefully with Alexis beside them.

I walked in and adjusted their blankets. Just as I was about to turn away, a gentle touch stopped me.

"Mmm--mmm..." a child's soft whimper tugged at my heart. I turned to find Alexis holding my hand.

Her eyes were slightly open, her little lips pouting.

I wanted to just let go and leave, but I couldn't.

"Mmmm--mmmm..." Her soft whimpers gradually subsided as I found myself drawing closer and gently stroking her.

Soon, she drifted back to sleep.

The child bore a striking resemblance to her mother, especially in her facial features; however, her clear, bright blue eyes held a gentle quality.

I pulled the blanket over her and stood quietly. But my reflection in the bedside mirror made me freeze. In the mirror, I saw myself, or more precisely, I saw my eyes. clear, bright blue eyes.

The thought struck me as I gazed at the sleeping child, and I stiffened. A strange feeling washed over me, my heart tightening with anticipation.

Could I be her father?

Then I thought of Evelyn's new mate and scoffed at myself, "I can't even catch this little girl's scent or feel any blood connection. How could she possibly be my daughter?"

I clenched my fist as I walked away.