

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 1

A sharp gasp tore through Eleanor Whitmore's throat as she jolted awake, her body wracked with pain.

"Who are you? Why are you doing this? Leave me alone!" Her voice rang out into the oppressive darkness, her words swallowed by the void. No response came... only silence, thick and suffocating.

Her breathing came in ragged bursts. She tugged at her arms, but resistance bit into her wrists. Rope. The rough fibers scraped against her skin as she twisted. Her legs, too, were bound, rendering her completely vulnerable. The cold air against her bare skin sent shivers of fear through her already trembling frame.

Panic clawed at her chest. The scent of blood hung in the air, metallic and sickening. A dull, throbbing pain radiated from every inch of her body, like she had been trampled beneath something unrelenting. She swallowed hard, tasting the coppery tang on her tongue.

Her mind spun, desperately grasping for clarity. What happened? How did she get here?

Despite being the daughter of one of the wealthiest families in the city, she had never harmed anyone. She was never arrogant, disrespectful, or the type to provoke others.

Then, it hit her like a crashing wave.

She had left the office early that day to meet her sister at a party. As she stepped out of the elevator into the dimly lit underground parking lot, a shadow loomed behind her. Before she could react, a cloth was pressed against her face.

She struggled, her heart pounding in terror, but within moments, darkness consumed her.

A sob bubbled up in her throat, but she forced it down. Now was not the time to break. She had to think. She had to get out. Her fingers twitched against the bindings, searching for any weakness in the knots.

Sweat trickled down her forehead. She had to focus. If she panicked, she would lose the small reserves of strength she had left. Her body was weak, hunger gnawed at her stomach, throat burned with thirst, exhaustion pulling at her limbs, but she refused to let it win.

"I have to get out of here," she whispered to herself, voice hoarse and barely audible. Her breathing grew steady as she tried again, twisting her wrists, searching for slack in the knots. The fibers rubbed against raw skin, sending sharp stings through her nerves.

She clenched her jaw. Pain meant she was still alive. Pain meant she could still fight.

Her vision swam, her strength waning, but she kept pulling. Hours could have passed... or maybe only minutes. She didn't know. Her body threatened to shut down. But she couldn't afford to give in.

She let her head fall against the cold ground, breathing heavily. Her fingers ached, but the rope had loosened... just a little. It wasn't enough.

Not yet.

Darkness crept at the edges of her vision, her body betraying her. She fought to stay awake, to keep trying, but her strength failed her. Her breathing slowed, her mind clouded, and before she could fight it, she slipped into unconsciousness once again.

"Who is this patient? Why are police guarding this area?" asked a female voice.

"Didn't you read the news? Eleanor Whitmore. Second daughter of William Whitmore. She was kidnapped and raped. Police found her after two days in an abandoned factory in the suburbs," replied another.

The first voice gasped. "Oh! Now I remember. I read she was admitted to our hospital. I was off duty, I just joined today. Hey... poor child. Kidnapped from her own family's building, raped in their own warehouse. Did you check social media? Everybody is saying that it is an act of revenge. Someone from the family must be in cahoots with the culprits. Otherwise, how could the chairman's daughter be kidnapped from his own company despite having several security guards?"

The second voice sighed. "I read today's news. Police identified three culprits out of five. But they all went abroad after the incident. I also think something is fishy here. The three faces police published all look poor. How could they afford to flee abroad? Someone must have paid a big amount of money to cover this up."

"I heard she was a kind and smart woman. Everybody in the office loved her. She was a brilliant student and loved by her classmates. Why would someone target her this way?"

"Who knows... Rich families have a lot of internal problems. We couldn't guess their life from our position. Okay. Now, we have to give her two injections. The doctor will visit in the afternoon."

"Wait. The patient's fingers are moving, her eyelashes too. Call the doctor immediately!"

Eleanor heard hurried footsteps. After some time, several more footsteps approached. Someone tried to force open her eyelids. Her vision was blurry, but she saw the outline of a man standing in front of her.

“Eleanor Whitmore. Can you hear me?” the man asked, moving his hand in front of her face.

Eleanor tried to answer, but no sound came out of her mouth... only her lips trembled slightly.

The man turned to the others. “The patient is regaining consciousness. She may be able to speak in two hours. I’m changing the medication. Keep the police and family updated.”

Then, they all left the room, leaving only the duty nurse behind. After what felt like an eternity, Eleanor could finally move her head and saw a nurse sitting on a chair, playing with her mobile phone. She felt an unbearable thirst and tried hard to whisper, “Water.”

The nurse looked up, startled, and quickly helped her drink some water. Even sipping felt exhausting. After ensuring she was stable, the nurse hurried out to call the doctor.

Soon, the doctor arrived, checking her vitals and taking some blood samples. As soon as he left, her family entered the room... her father, stepmother, and stepsister. Seeing them brought a sliver of comfort. Although her father was often distant, her stepmother and sister had always been kind to her.

Before she could know about her situation, two policemen entered the room, ready to question her.

“Please, officers. Be kind to my sister. She just regained consciousness from a major trauma. She will cooperate with you once she feels better. If you need information, you can speak with our lawyers... they are waiting outside,” Jennifer, her stepsister, said in a firm tone, blocking them from getting too close to Eleanor.

The officers exchanged glances and left, avoiding further conflict.

Her family reassured her that everything was okay. She was in the best hospital in the city. There was no need to worry; they would handle everything from here.

Her sister repeatedly urged her not to dwell on what had happened. They would do everything in their power to ensure justice.

The next day, the family lawyers visited to discuss her statement. They pointed out several legal angles and suggested a modified version that would protect both Eleanor and the family. When the police returned for her statement, she followed their advice carefully.

After seven days in the hospital, Eleanor was finally discharged. As she was wheeled out, a swarm of journalists awaited her at the entrance, cameras flashing, voices clamoring with

intrusive questions. Luckily, her family and hospital security shielded her from the chaos and ushered her into the car.

Returning home to the Whitmore estate brought no solace. The moment she stepped inside, exhaustion weighed heavily on her. Her phone, which the police had recovered from the crime scene, was placed beside her on the bed. She hesitated before picking it up.

As expected, her name dominated the headlines.

Feeling overwhelmed, she called the one person she needed to hear from—her fiancé, James Clifford, the fourth son of the influential Clifford family.

He answered almost immediately. “Don’t worry, my love. I know everything. I’m currently abroad handling a family business matter, but I’ll be back as soon as the project is finished. Just rest and recover.”

His voice, warm and reassuring, filled the empty spaces in her heart. Eleanor closed her eyes, letting the sweetness of his words soothe her frayed nerves. For now, that was enough.