

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 10

In front of the altar, Eleanor had waited patiently for the ritual to start. Her eyes were closed as she prayed silently to the god. Geri was the deity the Raynors had instructed her to seek guidance from. She didn't know much about him, only that he was said to be one of Odin's wolves, possessing an unyielding thirst for wisdom, strength, and conquest, much like Odin's endless pursuit of knowledge. Yet, she doubted he was a true god. Still, she prayed nonetheless. Even if Geri couldn't hear her, perhaps some god would.

She silently pleaded for guidance from Raynor's ancestor, Elizabeth Raynor. Suddenly, she felt an overwhelming pressure descend from the sky. Her body involuntarily transformed into her werewolf form. Instinctively, she tried to look around, but the space around her was empty. Pain erupted through her body as her bones shattered and reformed continuously. A surge of raw, animalistic urges overtook her soul... the need to hunt, to fight. Her senses sharpened, her own bone-breaking sounds becoming unbearable. An agonizing cry tore from her throat.

Then, just as suddenly, everything became silent. The pain vanished. The hunger dissipated. The primal urges faded. Slowly, she opened her eyes. A vast white space surrounded her, stretching endlessly. She was alone.

"Okay... They told me to accept what I see or feel. But what am I supposed to accept in this endless white void?" she thought. "Am I meant to feel... loneliness?"

As if in response to her question, her vision blurred. When it cleared, she found herself in the middle of a battlefield. She froze. Before her, houses burned, women and children ran like headless chickens, and warriors clad in tattered armor wielded shabby swords, spears, and shields, slaughtering with impunity. It was a massacre.

Her vision shifted again, pulling her deeper into the burning village. In front of an ancient-style wooden house, two large wolves lay lifeless in pools of blood. A small cub nestled between them, crying pitifully.

Two soldiers viciously shouted and rushed toward the cub; weapons raised. Eleanor's instincts flared. Without thinking, she leaped forward, letting out a battle cry. But something was wrong. Her voice didn't come out as words... only a howl. She found that she was in her wolf form. The soldiers didn't react. They ran past her as if she didn't exist.

She turned back, horror gripping her heart. She had been thinking about her own unborn child so much lately that her maternal instincts surged, urging her to protect the cub.

Just as the soldiers closed in, another wolf lunged from the side, taking them down in swift, savage movements. Eleanor let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. But the sounds of battle... clashing weapons, screams, and death... reminded her that this was far from over.

The new wolf rushed to the cub, speaking urgently in a language unfamiliar to Eleanor... yet she understood every word.

“Elizabeth, we need to flee. Our soldiers can’t hold on much longer. If they find out you are the pack leader’s daughter, they will kill you.”

“No! I want to stay with Dad and Mom! I won’t go anywhere!” Elizabeth’s voice was fierce, but there was a childish stubbornness to it.

“You don’t understand. Your parents are gone. Our pack members are fighting alongside the villagers, but the enemy outnumbers us. We won’t be able to hold them off for much longer. The only hope for our clan’s future is to save those we can.”

With that, the wolf grabbed Elizabeth by the scruff and ran into the house. Ignoring the cub’s protests, he followed a hidden underground passage and emerged at a rocky cliff. Below, a wooden dock held several boats carrying survivors away from the burning village.

The wolf placed Elizabeth in the last remaining small boat but didn’t follow the others. Instead, he paddled in a different direction. Elizabeth lay on the deck, sobbing helplessly.

Suddenly, another boat appeared behind them, paddled by warriors in pursuit. Their roars cut through the water with killing intent, rapidly closing the distance.

The wolf turned to Elizabeth and said, “I will stop them. Stay focused. Keep growing stronger. When you feel that you can fight a hundred of me, come find me. I will be waiting for you at the prayer hill.”

Without waiting for a response, he leaped onto the enemy boat which came dangerously closer. His sudden attack disrupted their pursuit, but before Elizabeth could see the outcome, her boat was caught in a powerful current. It sped away, leaving the battle behind.

The scene changed again. Eleanor now saw the young cub lying unconscious on a distant shore. A colossal black wolf approached, his fur shimmering like the night sky. His presence was overwhelming, almost divine. He sniffed the cub a few times before gently picking her up in one massive paw and carrying her into the nearby forest.

“He might be Geri. Otherwise, who could have such a majestic presence and also related to Elizabeth.” Eleanor thought.

Inside a cave, the black wolf laid the cub down and then left. Sometime later, he returned, a freshly killed deer in his mouth. Placing a paw on the cub, he sent a surge of energy into her small body.

The cub jolted awake, terror in her eyes. She scrambled to the corner of the cave, trying to put as much distance between herself and the massive wolf. She looked around worriedly.

The wolf nudged the deer toward her. The cub hesitated for some time, but hunger eventually won over fear. Slowly, she approached and began eating. Once she had her fill, she retreated back to her corner.

Without a word, the wolf picked up the remains of the deer and devoured them entirely. Then, he lay down, closing his eyes. The cub, though still wary, watched him closely.

After some time, the wolf awoke and left the cave. The cub hesitated but eventually followed. The wolf glanced back, snorted, then continued walking.

Time passed. Eleanor watched as the cub continued trailing behind the wolf at a distance. The wolf hunted; the cub ate from his kills. The wolf slept; the cub slept nearby. Day after day, this routine continued... until, one night, the cub curled up beside the black wolf, no longer fearful.

The cub began to imitate the wolf, attempting to hunt smaller animals. As she grew, she continued to mimic the black wolf's every move. Then, one day, the black wolf decided it was time to teach her... first, how to hunt. Then, how to fight using the raw power of a wolf's physique. And finally, how to battle in human form.

The wolf taught her wisdom, combat, magic, leadership, history... and countless other things.

The cub became a youth, then an adult. Eleanor watched intently, absorbing every piece of knowledge she could comprehend. Until one day, the fully grown Elizabeth suddenly turned and locked eyes with her.

Eleanor's heart nearly leapt into her throat in fright. Then, she heard Elizabeth's voice:

"Alone, a wolf is deadly. In a pack, it is unstoppable. You are weak because you fear pain. Kill your fear, and you will know true strength. A wolf does not waste its fangs on shadows. Choose your prey. Kill with certainty. A blind hunter starves. See beyond sight, hear beyond sound... know the moment before it arrives. There is no end to the path... only those too weak to walk it."

Eleanor's vision shifted again. Everything turned white.