

# Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 11

“It’s been seven days. She still hasn’t woken up?” Fiona asked elegantly as she entered the room. She had been away attending to her business after the ancestral moon ceremony and had just returned to Rayndell.

“She’s fine. I also checked on her fetus. Both mother and child are healthy. There’s nothing to worry about,” Oswyn replied in a monotone voice.

“You took five days to recover. My aunt spent ten days assimilating the knowledge she received. So what’s the issue here? I wouldn’t be concerned unless her health started deteriorating,” Oswyn added.

“It’s not that I’m worried,” Fiona said, “It’s just been so long since an Elizabeth has appeared. Our family needs a boost in today’s business world, and I’m just feeling anxious.”

Oswyn shook his head. “Don’t stress yourself. Business is just a mean to suppress others. As long as we elders are alive, no one will dare to harm a Raynor.”

Fiona sighed. “I know that. But you’re out of touch with today’s industries. The tech sector dominates the market now, and we entered it too late. The major shares have already been taken. I planned to send Eleanor into this industry. Also, your method of fighting is risky in the modern world. Who knows? Other families might already have robot soldiers.”

Oswyn smirked. “So, you’re calling me an old geezer?” His tone was teasing. “You brat, do you need a spanking like old times?”

Fiona chuckled and took a step back. “No, I didn’t.”

At that moment, another elder entered the room. “Elder Oswyn, come quickly! Eleanor is awake.”

Oswyn hurried towards the house where Eleanor was staying. Fiona and the other elder followed close behind.

When they entered, they saw Eleanor sitting up in bed, her face still pale. She smiled weakly upon seeing them. “Greetings, Elders.”

Oswyn ignored the pleasantries and immediately checked her condition. After a while, he sighed in relief. “You’ve recovered well. There are no issues or backlash. Do you feel any discomfort?”

Eleanor hesitated for a moment, then admitted, “I’m hungry.”

The room filled with laughter, breaking the tension. Eleanor asked, “How long was I unconscious?”

“Today marks the seventh day,” Oswyn informed her.

Eleanor’s eyes widened. “That long? It only felt like a few hours to me,” she muttered weakly.

Since everyone present was werewolves, even her inaudible murmur was heard clearly. Oswyn reassured her, “That’s normal. The longest record stands at ten days, a record unbroken for over a thousand years.”

Eleanor was about to speak again when Fiona cut her off. “What you saw or heard was meant for you alone. Do not discuss it with others. The guidance we receive from our ancestors is specially tailored to our individual weaknesses and strengths. We must keep both hidden while empowering ourselves with the wisdom we gain.”

Eleanor nodded in agreement. “Understood.”

An elder brought a bowl of medicinal soup for Eleanor. She thanked them before gulping it down hungrily.

After some time, as Eleanor began to feel tired, the elders let her rest and left the house.

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The next morning, Eleanor woke up early. Feeling some of her strength returning, she decided to take a stroll outside. As she stepped out, the morning sunlight filtered through the dense foliage, casting golden hues over the village. The entire scene looked ethereal, as though nature herself embraced this place with gentle care.

The village was a picturesque sight. Wooden houses were scattered around a large courtyard, leaving space for new constructions. It resembled something out of a medieval painting.

As Eleanor took in the beauty of the place, Fiona approached from behind. “You’re up early.”

“Good morning, Fiona,” Eleanor greeted her.

Fiona gave her a small nod. “Do you have enough energy for a walk?”

Eleanor nodded. “I think so.”

“Good,” Fiona said. “Follow me. I’ll give you a tour of the pocket dimension.”

After about fifteen minutes of walking, they arrived at an area where modern buildings stood in stark contrast to the wooden houses of the village.

“This is the modern section of the dimension,” Fiona explained. “The elders who enjoy scientific research built their labs here. We have all modern facilities, including electricity and internet. Some experiments take years to complete, and this place allows them to work in peace. Only those of Raynor blood can enter due to a restriction seal at the dimension’s entrance.”

She paused before continuing, “There are many ongoing research projects here... weapons, medicine, robotics, biomedical engineering, renewable energy, agricultural science, and more. There are even some topics I don’t fully understand. If you’re interested in any of these fields, you can approach the elders for guidance.”

She turned to Eleanor. “However, there are rules. You can only approach a lab if the door is open. If it’s closed, do not disturb the Elder inside. The best way is to speak with them in the village first. If they find you suitable, they will mentor you.”

Fiona then pointed to a large, single-story building. “That’s the computer and AI lab. It belonged to my father. It holds all updated technology up until last year before he passed away.”

Eleanor lowered her gaze. “I’m sorry.”

Fiona shook her head. “Don’t be. He lived a full life. Honestly, he built this lab just to play video games. He found that talking about games and new tech helped him connect with the younger generation. If you ever feel bored and want to play, ask Elder Bedivere for the key.”

She chuckled before saying, “Now, let’s visit the natural section of the dimension.”

After another walk, they arrived at a secluded area where wooden huts were built far apart from one another.

“This is where the artists, philosophers, and combat masters reside,” Fiona explained. “You’ll find elders meditating for years, painters creating masterworks, and warriors inventing new fighting styles. If you wish to study humanities, combat, or crafts, this is the place for you.”

Eleanor nodded. “So, if I want to learn modern sciences, I should visit the previous area. If I want to study humanities or combat, I should come here. Is that correct?”

Fiona smiled. “Exactly. However, some parts of the dimension are strictly off-limits. Some elders have chosen solitude. Respect their wishes and do not approach those areas.”

She took a deep breath before continuing, “You will stay here until next month’s full moon. After that, the elders will evaluate you and decide when you can leave. Most are sent away after one month, and no one is allowed to stay longer than two.”

She paused, then added, “But your case is special. You will give birth soon. If you can convince the elders that your desire to learn is strong enough, and they allow you to give birth here, you

and your child will receive unimaginable benefits. This place is close to the World Tree, and werewolves can draw power from it. The elders here can teach you in ways the outside world never could.”