

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 12

Five years later, a Gulfstream G650 landed smoothly on a specially reserved private airstrip. As the aircraft rolled to a stop, the door opened, and before the crew could properly extend the stairs, a young girl bolted out of the plane. Her small figure darted across the tarmac, heading straight for the tall man standing near the terminal.

“Daddy!” she shouted, her voice full of excitement as she leaped into his waiting arms. “I missed you so much!”

The man caught her effortlessly, pulling her close. A rare, gentle smile softened his otherwise imposing features... a sight that would be unbelievable to anyone from the business world.

The man was none other than Ethan Raynor, the current CEO of Purplebricks Limited, the leading construction company in the region. Known as a ruthless, calculating, and merciless businessman, he ruled the corporate world with an iron fist, crushing competitors without hesitation. His name alone was enough to send shivers down the spines of rivals. Words like “cold-hearted,” “arrogant,” and “unforgiving” were often whispered behind his back, but none of that mattered now. At this moment, he was simply a father embracing his daughter.

“I missed you too, sweetie,” Ethan murmured into her ear before placing a kiss on top of her head.

As this heartwarming reunion unfolded, a stunning young woman descended the aircraft stairs with poise. Clad in a perfectly tailored purple business suit that accentuated her curves with effortless grace, she exuded confidence and elegance. Her long legs, enhanced by sleek high heels, made her presence impossible to ignore.

With flowing silver-white hair cascading past her shoulders, she stood out like a rare gem... striking and unforgettable. Her captivating gaze held a quiet power, drawing people in while keeping them at arm’s length.

Ethan’s eyes locked onto her as she approached, his usual composure wavering. Every planned word vanished from his mind, leaving him with a simple, “How was your flight?”

Eleanor Elizabeth Raynor, the mother of his child and heiress to the Raynor legacy, gave him a small, simple smile. “It was good. And you? How have you been?”

“Fine,” Ethan replied, though his voice carried an undertone of emotions he chose not to express. “Let’s go. Grandma’s villa is ready for you.”

Turning, he strode toward his custom-made BMW X5, still carrying the little girl in his arms. A bodyguard stepped forward, opening the door. Ethan gently placed the girl in her child seat,

fastening her seatbelt with practiced ease before stepping aside to help Eleanor into the car. Once she was seated, he moved to the other side of the little girl.

With everyone settled, he instructed the driver to start the car. As the engine purred to life, the convoy of five same vehicles, with two SUVs at the front and two at the back, smoothly departed. Each was filled with highly trained bodyguards, ensuring the safety of their most important passengers.

Throughout the drive, Ethan engaged in lively conversation with the little girl, his deep voice contrasting with her high-pitched giggles. Eleanor, seated beside him, listened quietly, a faint smile appeared on her otherwise expressionless face.

This adorable child was none other than Freya Raynor, the daughter of Eleanor. Born five years ago after numerous trials and tribulations, she was an exceptional child in every sense. Though she bore a striking resemblance to her mother, her dark hair was a direct inheritance from Ethan. Named after her great-grandmother, the current clan head, Fiona Elizabeth Raynor, Freya possessed remarkable intelligence and abilities far beyond her years.

Werewolf genes had granted her an accelerated development. Unlike human children, who took years to master speech and movement, Freya had gained full control over her human form within six months. By then, she had already begun speaking fluently and understanding complex reasoning, astounding the elders of the Raynor pack.

Due to this remarkable progress, Fiona had allowed Eleanor to remain in the ancestral lands until Freya was strong enough to blend into human society without difficulty. Once assured of her stability, Eleanor was sent to San Francisco to take charge of the Raynor family's growing enterprises in Silicon Valley. She had spent the last few years strengthening their global presence in the technology sector.

Now, Eleanor had returned to Manchester to establish the IT headquarters of the Raynor family, aiming to dominate the Kingdom's market. This move was crucial, as technology was rapidly becoming the backbone of business, and the Raynor family intended to secure their place at the top.

As the convoy weaved through the bustling city, the urban skyline gradually gave way to the tranquil suburbs. Soon, they arrived at the entrance of an opulent villa... a grand estate gifted to Eleanor by Fiona upon her return. Nestled within sprawling greenery, the villa was a masterpiece of modern architecture fused with classic elegance. High walls ensured privacy, while state-of-the-art security measures provided an impenetrable fortress for its residents.

The car rolled to a stop in front of the grand entrance. A butler and several house staff were already lined up, waiting to welcome them.

The driver quickly stepped out and opened the door for Eleanor. As she emerged, she took a deep breath, letting the familiar scent of home wash over her. Freya, still buckled in her seat, bounced excitedly.

“Mommy! Is this our new home?” she asked eagerly, her bright eyes shining.

Eleanor smiled. “Yes, sweetheart. This is where we’ll be living from now on. Do you like it?”

Freya nodded enthusiastically. “It’s so big! Can I have a puppy?”

Ethan chuckled, ruffling her hair. “We’ll see about that. Let’s get you inside first.”

As they stepped into the grand hallway, Eleanor couldn’t help but feel a sense of nostalgia. Despite all the years spent abroad, Manchester would always be home. And now, with her daughter by her side and new ambitions ahead, she was ready to reclaim her place in both the business world and the Raynor legacy.

Eleanor glanced at the household staff trailing behind them at a distance. She asked, “Are these all the staff in the house?”

The butler nodded. “Yes, ma’am.”

Eleanor gave a curt nod. “Then follow me to the lounge.” Turning to Freya, she softened her tone. “Be a good girl and go with Daddy to your new room. I’ll join you in a few minutes.”

After parting ways, Eleanor headed straight to the lounge. Once seated, she faced the gathered staff, who stood attentively before her.

“All seven of you are from Clan Blanc, I presume?”

The butler responded, “Yes, ma’am. Along with the fifty guards you requested.”

Eleanor suddenly stood up. “Wait a minute.” Without another word, she strode out of the lounge at an astonishing speed.

Outside, she spotted a guard patrolling near the boundary wall. Moving swiftly, she approached him from behind and delivered a precise chop to his neck, knocking him unconscious. Catching his falling body, she carefully laid him on the grass. She repeated this process with four more guards, incapacitating them effortlessly.

With the same calm composure, she returned to the lounge and sat back down as if nothing had happened.

“I’m utterly disappointed in Clan Blanc,” she stated coolly. “Five guards are missing, yet no one has noticed.”

Just then, a commotion erupted outside.

Eleanor sighed. “Too slow for a response time.” She turned to the butler. “Go and tell them not to