

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 16

After the meeting, Eleanor returned to her office and called in five members of the top management. Along with them, Teresa, Lily, and Maya were also present, sitting in front of her.

She opened her MacBook and navigated to her future plans folder.

“You all know that Corsair Gaming currently has the best DDR5 RAM in the market. However, I would argue otherwise. The best RAM is actually from Angelic Labs Limited, one of the companies we just acquired. The problem is their production costs are high, and due to a lack of funds, they couldn’t capture the market’s attention. Only a few gaming enthusiasts buy their RAM.”

She paused and looked around the room, ensuring everyone was following her.

“By acquiring this company, we now own their design and production line. We will expand the production line and stop selling the RAM externally. Instead, we will stockpile them for our servers.”

Everyone began to understand the reasoning behind such a large-scale acquisition.

She continued, “Another company we bought was InfiTech Solutions. They produce HBM4-based memory for SK Hynix. We have already finalized our own HBM4-based memory, which is not much different from Hynix’s. With slight alterations in the production line, we can begin production immediately.”

She then shifted her focus to another company. “ByteNest Innovations has a fully established top-loading storage server production line. They are currently manufacturing storage servers using the NVIDIA Grace CPU Superchip. We will alter the production line and produce our own 4U top-loading storage servers invented by our US office.”

Turning her gaze toward a woman in her early 30s, wearing golden-rimmed glasses, she said, “Helena, you are being promoted. You will take charge of these three factories as the production manager of the Memory Department. You also need to secure as many Micron 9550 NVMe SSDs as possible from the market.”

Helena Rodrigues, a Brazilian immigrant, had been working at Hewlett-Packard after completing her graduation from Stanford when Eleanor first met her at a training center in Indianapolis. With sun-kissed skin, dark wavy hair cascading past her shoulders, and deep brown eyes, Helena’s presence was both commanding and graceful. Her expertise and ability to captivate an audience made her an asset.

Helena nodded in satisfaction. After nearly a year at the company, Eleanor had finally entrusted her with the role she had promised during recruitment. “I’ll do my best,” she said confidently.

Eleanor continued, “We will retain all employees from these factories who agree to our terms and sign the confidentiality agreement. This way, we will have an almost fully operational factory with minimal vacancies.”

She paused before moving to the next point. “InfiTech Solutions is the sole distributor of AMD Inc. in the Kingdom’s market. TechNest Global is one of the distributors of NVIDIA Corporation in the Kingdom’s market. We will need a large-scale supply of AMD Instinct MI300X and NVIDIA H100 NVL cards in the future. We also need AMD EPYC 9754 and NVIDIA Grace Hopper Superchip processors. I acquired these two companies to stockpile these components.”

She looked at Timini Williams, a young British-Nigerian with an athletic physique. “Timini, you will take charge of these two companies. Even if the Kingdom’s market faces a shortage of these products, we must ensure we have an ample supply. Also, using the parent company’s connections, reach out to other distributors worldwide and try to purchase from them, even if it means paying a higher price.”

Taking a deep breath, she added, “You will be the manager of the Processor Units. Retain only the employees you deem fit from these two companies.”

Eleanor then turned to the only elderly man in the room. “Uncle Smith, NexaByte Technologies operates a large data center at Trafford Park. They have a dedicated power grid there, and the surrounding area is still vacant for future expansion. With your experience working at HM Land Registry, you will be our external affairs manager. Your expertise will help us purchase land and handle governmental matters.”

James Smith, a veteran with over thirty years in various governmental roles, had joined a subsidiary of Raynor Group after retirement before transitioning to Eleanor’s company. Due to his extensive network and efficiency, she had retained him permanently.

James smiled and said, “Okay. I’ll do my best to meet your expectations.”

Eleanor then turned to Ava Martin, a young woman who had graduated in Data Centre Leadership and Management from Anglia Ruskin University. Her family had emigrated from Australia and now lived permanently in Failsworth. Eleanor had found her via LinkedIn while searching for a suitable candidate to manage her data center.

“Ava, you will be the manager of our Data Center. Work closely with others to ensure everything runs smoothly. This is your primary responsibility. Also, order customized Tesla Megapacks for backup.”

Eleanor paused for a moment before adding, “NovaTech Labs has developed scalable liquid cooling server racks for high-density data centers. Their technology is comparable to the best

cooling systems available in the market. We must continue production for our own data centers. If we have excess supply beyond our demand, we can consider selling the surplus.”

She then looked at the entire group and continued, “DataNest Innovations recently developed a high-performance, high-density data center switch comparable to the Cisco Nexus 9800 Series. However, they failed to gain an advantage because NVIDIA’s InfiniBand interconnects dominated the market. Due to their lack of resources, DataNest was planning to sell the technology to competitors of NVIDIA.”

She turned to Olivia Brown, who had followed her from the United States. “We need to cooperate with our US team and improve these two products for our internal use. Olivia, you will be the Manager of Networking Infrastructure. Given that your family is still in the US, you’ll be the perfect candidate to travel between the two locations as needed.”

Olivia accepted immediately. “Thank you. I’ll do my best with these two companies.”

Eleanor concluded, “All five of you have been promoted to managerial positions with different duties. However, remember that cooperation is key to ensuring the success of our final product. More companies will be joining us in the future, so be prepared for additional responsibilities.”

She then turned to Teresa. “If I’m not mistaken, we currently hold only 2.1% of NVIDIA’s shares. To ensure a stable supply of their products, I want that number to increase to at least 10%. Keep an eye on US stock movements. Additionally, I noticed that some Indian startups are developing network infrastructures. If there are any significant advancements, inform me immediately. I want to invest in Indian manufacturers.”

After exchanging ideas and clarifying future tasks, the group dispersed, leaving Eleanor alone in her office to prepare for her next meeting with Fortune Tech.

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 17

After arranging everything in the office, Eleanor headed directly to Manchester235 Casino. Teresa had booked the Chef’s Table at James Martin Manchester for her meeting with Edward Miller, Chairman of Fortune Tech.

James Martin Manchester was a spectacular restaurant that retained elements of the historic Great Northern Warehouse, such as exposed brickwork and industrial-chic steel girders. The selection of luxury vintage-style fabrics and artwork created an incredible dining atmosphere there.

The Chef's Table was located in a private space, separated from the main restaurant by elegant curtains. Eleanor had frequently visited this place during her university days at the University of Manchester.

Upon arriving, the Floor Manager personally escorted her from the lift to the Chef's Table, where she found Edward Miller already waiting. As expected, he was alone.

"Sorry, Mr. Miller, I hope you haven't been waiting long. I am Eleanor Elizabeth Raynor, Chairman of Heimdall Technologies. It's nice to meet you," she said as she approached the table.

Edward, despite being the older of the two, stood up as she arrived. "Not long at all. Please, have a seat."

She took her seat across from him. "Thank you. Have you ordered your lunch yet?"

"No," he admitted. "This is my first time dining here, so I was waiting for you."

"Alright then, I'll take the liberty of being the host." She turned to the floor manager and said, "Please take note of our order: two Spiced Onion Bhajis, one Roast Provençal Vegetable Pithivier for the gentleman, one Porterhouse for me, two Caesar salads, two servings of peppercorn sauce, and one bottle of Dom Pérignon. Please serve as soon as possible. Thank you."

The manager noted the order and left.

Edward observed her thoughtfully. "You seem to know your way around here. Are you a frequent visitor?"

"I used to be," she replied with a small smile. "Back when I was studying at the University of Manchester."

Edward fell silent for a moment, then hesitated before speaking. "Let's not beat around the bush. I'll be direct... how do you know my granddaughter?"

Eleanor met his gaze, her expression unreadable. "Annabel Miller. Almost five years old. Blood group A negative. Diagnosed with dilated cardiomyopathy. According to her doctors, she has no more than six months to live without a transplant. But you haven't found a suitable donor despite searching for all these years. Although your family has gone to great lengths to keep her condition hidden, I was able to uncover the truth."

She slid two medical reports across the table toward him. One was for a patient diagnosed with Tay-Sachs disease, a four-year-old boy with blood group A negative and a maximum life expectancy of six years. The other report detailed the heart size and condition of that same patient.

“Tay-Sachs disease is a genetic disorder that destroys nerve cells in the brain and spinal cord,” she explained. “It’s caused by mutations in the HEXA gene, which lead to the accumulation of a toxic fatty substance called GM2 ganglioside in nerve cells. This buildup results in progressive neurological deterioration. There is currently no effective cure. The disease rapidly destroys the brain and nervous system... but interestingly, the heart remains intact.”

Edward’s face was a mixture of shock and understanding as he listened.

“The boy has five other siblings,” Eleanor continued. “His parents are poor and cannot afford his hospitalization. One of my friends, a high-ranking official at UNICEF, is currently covering his medical expenses.”

Edward took a deep breath. “What are your conditions?”

Eleanor leaned back slightly; her voice steady. “I’m not here to exploit your granddaughter’s condition to acquire your company. My offer is simple... I want 70% of Fortune Tech at market price. I’ll pay the full amount upfront. You will step down as Chairman and take on the role of CEO. There’s no need to publicize the change in ownership. Your family will remain in charge of the company, just as they are now. And please, no bargain.”

She paused before adding, “If you accept my offer, I can arrange for you to meet the boy’s parents. With the right financial incentives, acquiring a dying boy’s heart shouldn’t be a problem for you. If you prefer, I can facilitate the deal myself.”

Edward’s fingers tightened around the reports. “I need a day to consider your offer.”

“I’m afraid that won’t be possible, Mr. Miller,” Eleanor said, shaking her head. “My time is highly valuable. You’re not the only company on my list. I’ve already acquired eight companies today, and another is currently underway. You must have seen the headlines about Sage. Since your family owns Fortune Tech, I want you to make a decision now. I decided to have lunch with you; after that, I have other matters to attend to.”

She handed him a pre-written acquisition agreement. Edward took it, his face grim as he began reading.

At that moment, the curtain moved to the side, and the restaurant manager entered with the waitstaff. They skillfully arranged the table before departing.

Eleanor gestured toward the meal. “Mr. Miller, I’ve had a rather busy day, and I’m hungry. Please, serve yourself.”

Edward hesitated, then stood up. “Miss Raynor, you start. I need to use the washroom first.” He picked up the agreement and left the room.

Eleanor knew he was stepping away to consult with his family. She didn’t wait and began eating.

Over ten minutes later, Edward returned. Without a word, he sat down, picked up the pen, and signed the agreement.

He looked at Eleanor and said, “Miss Raynor, I’ve fulfilled my part of the deal. Please provide me with the donor’s details. My son will leave today.” He slid the signed agreement across the table.

Eleanor accepted the document, set it aside, and said, “Please, eat first. The donor is in Delhi, India. My friend is the current UNICEF Representative to India. All you need to do is go there, and I’ll handle the arrangements. Make sure to consult with your doctors about the transplant... one of the patients will need to be moved.”

She took a sip of her wine before adding, “Also, keep this matter strictly confidential. My friend’s position is delicate. She won’t be actively involved in your negotiations. You know how journalists and humanitarians can be these days.”

Edward nodded. “I understand. Rest assured, no one will hear about this. And before we leave India, I’ll relocate the donor’s family to another region.”

As they ate, Edward seemed lost in thought. After a while, he said, “I’m just curious... are you related to Ethan Raynor? You share the same surname.”

Eleanor paused, considering her response. Then, she said, “As my business partner, all I can tell you is that we are on good terms.”

Edward, a seasoned businessman, immediately grasped the implication behind her words. Internally, he sighed in relief. “Thank God we didn’t provoke this woman. I almost feel pity for Sage Enterprise. One Raynor already struck fear into the business world, and now another is rising. This might be the best decision... to align with them. Five years ago, Ethan Raynor swept through the business battlefield. Manchester’s business landscape is about to change again with this young lady,” he thought.

While Edward was deep in thought, Eleanor finished her meal, signed the agreement, and called Teresa.

Teresa arrived shortly and transferred the agreed payment to Edward Miller.

Eleanor stood up. “Mr. Miller, I hope we will be successful together. Teresa will discuss our future plans for your company with you. Oh! My apologies... our company. Don’t worry, you’ll be pleased with my arrangements.”

With that, she turned and left the restaurant, her business for the day far from over.

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 18

Eleanor returned to her office and immediately called Freya. They chatted for a few minutes, mostly about Freya's activities that morning. The mother-daughter duo enjoyed a brief, relaxed moment after lunch before Eleanor ended the call and refocused on work.

She reviewed her plans for Techno Club and Chen Group, then sent an email to the lawyer handling negotiations with Techno Group. After that, she summoned Maya, Lily, and Olivia to her office.

Once they were seated, she announced, "I just acquired 70% of Fortune Tech. The Miller family will continue to manage the company, but only as long as they adhere to our rules. Lily, select an experienced person from our core team to be our representative in Fortune Tech."

All three women were shocked by this revelation. Maya, disbelief evident in her voice, said, "You just went to have lunch with their chairman and walked out owning the company?"

Eleanor handed the signed agreement to Lily, who scanned through it before passing it to the others.

Lily nodded in understanding. "So, we won't interfere in the company's day-to-day operations?"

"Correct," Eleanor affirmed. "Fortune Tech recently developed a highly efficient facial recognition software. They are currently in talks with several social media platforms. Stop them from making any deals and transfer the entire team working on the software to Heimdall. Then, send the software's source code, executable files, APIs, SDKs, code documentation, testing and other support materials, and deployment instructions to our US office."

She turned to Olivia. "Work closely with this team and our US development unit to integrate the facial recognition software into our main AI."

Then, addressing Lily again, she said, "Fortune Tech will continue its normal operations, but I need you to develop a plan to improve its profitability. Also, implement our confidentiality agreements and salary structures there."

"Maya," she continued, "after Teresa finalizes the legal procedures, you'll take over her role in maintaining contact with Fortune's board. Keep this acquisition out of the media spotlight."

Having given her instructions, Eleanor concluded, "That's all for now. Send James Smith to me."

The three women left, and a few minutes later, James Smith entered the room.

"Uncle Smith, please have a seat," Eleanor said warmly.

James took his seat, and Eleanor got straight to the point. “I need your advice on acquiring the IT division of the Chen Group. As you know, the Chens have a vast business empire, but I’m only interested in their IT company. If I take the same aggressive approach as I did with Sage, they’ll retaliate with the full support of their group. IT is one of their smallest ventures, but I have found two weak points. First, their casinos are deeply connected to the underworld and are involved in illegal drug trade. I could orchestrate a crackdown and temporarily shut them down, but with their financial backing, they’d reopen within days.”

She paused before adding, “The second issue is Daniel Chen, the son of Chen IT’s chairman. He is on China’s most-wanted list for murder and is currently in the US under my surveillance. I can have him captured and sent to the Chinese Embassy at any time.”

James shook his head. “Neither option is ideal. The Chens have deep roots in the Kingdom. Their primary business is importing broadcasting equipment for media companies, giving them strong ties to major media outlets. If you attack them, they’ll use their media influence to strike back, which could be bad for us. Without a guaranteed strategy, I advise you to back down from the Chens. Let me dig some information about Chens. I’ll inform you later.”

Eleanor nodded, taking in his advice. “Thank you. I’ll look for another company that fits my needs.”

James stood. “If you need anything else, let me know.”

As James left, Teresa entered, looking cheerful.

Eleanor smirked. “I was just about to call you.”

Teresa beamed. “No need. I’ve already contacted the director of Sage Enterprise and the chairman’s wife. Both meetings are scheduled for this evening. I’ll have good news for you by tonight.”

“Make sure you seal both deals,” Eleanor instructed. “Also, offer an additional one million pounds to the director’s offshore account if he can get us another 10% of the shares.”

She then became serious. “I’m at a disadvantage with Chen Group. Acquiring their IT division seems nearly impossible in the short term. We originally planned to acquire their new Element Management System.”

After a brief pause, she added, “But after weighing the pros and cons, I’ve decided to leave them alone and pursue an alternative. Before I explain my backup plan, call Lily and Maya.”

Teresa called them, and shortly after, they entered the room.

“For now, we won’t pursue Chen IT,” Eleanor declared. “Instead, we’re shifting focus to HFCL of India. Lily, research how to secure a director position in that company. Buy up all available shares in the market.”

She continued, “Currently, foreign investments in HFCL stand at 7%, while 33% of shares are publicly traded. Our immediate goal is to surpass 10% ownership. We’ll use their EMS for our goal for now. And import their goods to compete with Chen’s broadcasting equipment business. If we establish HFCL in the Kingdom, we can challenge the Chens and disrupt their market dominance. It’s a win-win.”

“I’ll allocate 100 million pounds for this tomorrow,” she assured Lily. Then, turning to Teresa, she said, “Keep communication lines open with Chen IT. If they don’t sell by the end of this week, I’ll destroy the entire Chen Group’s backbone within a year. Either way, their EMS will be ours.”

Teresa looked concerned. “Boss, that’s extreme. We have alternatives.”

Eleanor gave her a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry. I’m not personally targeting them... I’m just following the profits. HFCL is a better investment, and the Chens are just collateral damage.”

Her phone vibrated. She answered, listened for a moment, then ended the call with a satisfied expression. “Techno Club just agreed to sell us 51% of their shares. The signing is scheduled for tomorrow morning.”

Teresa was stunned. “What? They rejected me again just yesterday!”

Eleanor smirked. “I blackmailed them and adjusted my demand. I found a video of their bribery attempt with the Secretary of State for Environment to obtain a NOC for their new factory. I initially demanded 70% to keep the video hidden. They finally agreed at 51%.”

She leaned back. “Now, we have our machine learning and AI model training software ready. The only missing piece is Sage’s video processing software. Once we secure that, we’re ready for the big move.”

Teresa grinned. “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure tonight’s meetings are successful.”

Eleanor nodded. “Good. Then we’re on track. If there’s nothing urgent, I’d like to head home and spend time with my daughter.”

Maya chimed in. “I don’t have anything pressing either. Can I come with you? I want to see the little princess.”

Eleanor packed her bag, stood up, and smiled. “Let’s go, then.”

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 19

When Eleanor reached her villa, she found Ethan playing with Freya in her room. As usual, he was still wearing a black business suit, even while playing with his daughter. Seeing Eleanor and Maya at the door, he walked out while Freya remained engrossed in solving a puzzle.

Eleanor introduced them. "Ethan, this is Maya, my assistant."

Ethan greeted her politely. "Hello. I am Ethan Raynor."

Maya, shocked to see Ethan Raynor at her boss's home, took a moment to regain her composure. "Hello. It's nice to meet you. I am Maya Patel."

Eleanor turned to Ethan. "When did you come?"

"Not long ago. I wanted to give you a list of schools in the area. Freya should start her schooling as we discussed earlier. I sorted out the ten best options for you to consider." He handed her a folded paper from his pocket.

Eleanor took the list. "I was thinking about that, but you know how busy my days were. Thank you. But I am slightly concerned about her security at school."

Ethan reassured her. "Don't worry. Grandma will dispatch some shadow guards for her. I spoke to her today. She will be back from Germany tomorrow. You can discuss it with her then."

Eleanor nodded. "Okay. I'll take it from here." She handed the list to Maya. "Maya, call all these schools and set appointments starting the day after tomorrow. The sooner, the better."

Maya responded, "Okay. Consider it done." She then walked back to the lounge downstairs.

Ethan said, "Go freshen up. I'll play with her for a while."

Eleanor went to her room, took a long bath, and changed into comfortable homewear. When she came out, she found Freya playing with Maya, and Ethan was gone.

Maya informed her, "Mr. Raynor said he has a meeting but will be available by phone."

Eleanor nodded in acknowledgment. Then, turning to Freya, she said, "Why are you only solving puzzles with Maya? Go to the music room and learn piano from her. You are a good singer, but being proficient in an instrument will help you with your singing too."

She then turned to Maya. "Maya, I am going to the study. Stay until dinner. I might have more work for you."

Maya groaned. "Nooo, I don't want to work anymore."

Eleanor ignored her complaints and walked to the study. She spent time rearranging her schedule and future plans. Just as she was about to leave, Teresa called to inform her that she had secured the targeted 30% shares of Sage Enterprise. Both parties would come to Heimdall tomorrow.

Relieved, Eleanor left the study in a good mood, had dinner, and then saw Maya off. Before she left, she demanded to know the relationship between Ethan and her. She said the same she told to Teresa.

The next morning, when Eleanor arrived at Heimdall, she found that the director of Sage was already waiting. After settling into her office, she called her legal team and instructed them to bring the director in.

A few minutes later, they entered the room. Eleanor stood up and greeted them. “Welcome to Heimdall. I am Eleanor Elizabeth Raynor, Chairman of Heimdall Technologies. It’s nice to meet you.”

There were two of them. One extended his hand. “I am Elijah Hughes, Director of Sage Enterprise. It’s a pleasure to be here.”

The other man extended his hand as well. “I am Isaac Cooper, also a director of Sage.”

Eleanor shook their hands calmly, though she was slightly surprised to see both directors. She had targeted Elijah, who held 20% of the shares, but she knew from the documents that Isaac held 16%.

Maintaining her composed demeanor, she said, “Gentlemen, please sit. I won’t waste your time, so I’ll get straight to the point. Mr. Hughes, you agreed to sell all of your shares at yesterday’s starting price, correct?”

Elijah nodded. “Correct.”

Eleanor turned to her lawyer. “Please pass our prepared agreement to Mr. Hughes. And please read carefully before signing. We will process the payment immediately.”

While Elijah reviewed the agreement, Eleanor turned to Isaac. “Mr. Cooper, I’m curious as to why you’re accompanying Mr. Hughes.”

Isaac replied, “I came to sell 10% of my shares in Sage. I heard from Elijah that your offer is better. Plus, I don’t believe Sage will prosper under Henry Wilson’s leadership. His family holds over 40% of the shares, so I can’t push him out. It’s better to make a solid profit now and invest elsewhere.”

Eleanor considered this for a moment. “Then why are you selling only 10%? I know you hold 16%.”

Isaac sighed. “My father was one of Sage’s founders. I want to keep a small stake for sentimental reasons. Elijah told me you were only interested in 10%.”

Eleanor smiled slightly. “Yesterday, I wanted 10%. But now, since you’re willing to sell, I want all 16%. If you really want to retain something, then sell me 15% and keep just 1%.”

Isaac instantly agreed. “That sounds fair. I agree. Will the price be the same as Elijah’s?”

“Of course,” Eleanor confirmed, then turned to her lawyer. “Prepare a new contract for Mr. Cooper and arrange for some refreshments.”

The contracts were soon signed, and the legal team completed all necessary formalities.

Just as the two directors left, Teresa informed Eleanor that the chairman of Techno Club was waiting in the 19th-floor meeting room.

Eleanor quickly proceeded to the meeting, efficiently finalizing the documentation for the 51% share transfer and completing all formalities.

Returning to her office, Eleanor asked, “Teresa, how many shares of Sage were we able to secure today?”

Teresa checked her phone. “Today, we acquired 11.2% from the market, 35% from the directors, and with yesterday’s 18.5%, we now own 64.7% of Sage Enterprise.”

As they discussed the acquisition, Teresa received a call. After a brief conversation, she turned to Eleanor. “The chairman’s wife didn’t come as planned. Instead, she sent her lawyer to Heimdall. He’s on the 19th floor now.”

“I’ll handle it,” Teresa said, heading downstairs.

Ten minutes later, she returned. “Her lawyer came to verify our claims regarding the son of her husband’s mistress. I showed him the DNA report confirming the child’s paternity. Once he authenticated the test results, she agreed to sell her shares at today’s market price in exchange for the report. Our lawyer has gone to finalize the signing.”

After two hours, the lawyer returned with the signed documents. Eleanor sighed in relief. “This brings our ownership of Sage Enterprise to 74.7%. I am authorizing you to take over the company.” She handed Teresa an authorization document. “Call all shareholders of Sage for an emergency general meeting tomorrow morning. Offer to buy their remaining shares at the pre-fall price. Also, transfer Sage’s video processing team and all related resources to Heimdall.”

Teresa assured her, “Don’t worry. Count on me. You should focus on tomorrow’s school visits.”

Eleanor almost forgot about that. “Thanks for the reminder,” she said, already thinking about the big day ahead.

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 20

In just two days, Heimdall Technologies went from an unknown company to the market leader in the region. They had successfully acquired eight other companies and taken over three more.

Waking up in the morning, Eleanor felt a sense of accomplishment. “Now that we have almost every hardware and software supply line under our fold, we can definitely build our own AI within a year,” she thought.

She shook the stray thoughts from her mind and focused on her daughter. Freya was everything to her. She had chosen the life of a werewolf to save her, and she would not stop until she saw with her own eyes her baby girl grow into a strong woman. Yes, she had a clear goal. That had never changed.

After breakfast, she went to her study to review the kindergartens before deciding which ones to visit. She swiftly hacked into their surveillance systems and observed their activities carefully.

After a while, she was utterly disappointed. Among the ten schools on the list, eight had serious security issues. There were several blind spots in their surveillance, and in some, the teachers’ quality raised red flags in her mind.

Only two stood out as worth visiting: Fallowfield Girls Academy and Heaton Mersey Independent School. One was near her villa, while the other was near her office.

After making her decision, she called Maya and asked her to adjust the schedule to visit only those two schools. Maya quickly made the arrangements and canceled the other appointments.

At ten in the morning, Eleanor stopped her car in front of Fallowfield Girls Academy. Today, she dressed casually and did not bring her security team because she didn’t want to cause a scene at her daughter’s school. She wanted Freya to have a normal schooling experience like the other children in her class.

If she flaunted her wealth, the teachers might treat Freya differently, which could hinder her ability to form relationships with her classmates. Some children might envy her, while opportunistic parents might encourage their children to befriend her for personal gain. Both situations would make it difficult for Freya to enjoy a normal childhood.

The front guards saw her Range Rover and politely asked for the reason for her visit. They then pointed her toward the reception desk.

When she arrived at the reception, she saw a young woman sitting behind the desk, absentmindedly polishing her nails. Eleanor stepped forward.

The receptionist glanced at her with evident boredom and asked, “Reason?”

Eleanor replied, “I have an appointment with the headmaster.”

The woman cut her off. “Reason?” she repeated.

Eleanor was taken aback. She involuntarily checked her dress... it was fine. Though not from a major brand, it was a custom-made and expensive outfit devoid of any dirt or spots.

She shook her head slightly and replied, “I came to discuss my daughter’s admission.”

The receptionist scoffed. “The admission window is closed. You have to apply for September or January.”

“Please inform the headmaster that I have arrived. I had a prior appointment with him.”

“Okay, okay,” the receptionist sighed before reaching for the intercom. Just as she was about to make the call, a bulky middle-aged woman barged in and nearly pushed Eleanor aside. She shouted, “Receptionist, call my daughter’s homeroom teacher. I want to take her shopping.”

The receptionist’s demeanor instantly changed. She stood up hurriedly, her voice polite and enthusiastic. “Mrs. Brown, please wait a moment. I’ll arrange it right away.”

She then turned to Eleanor and said rudely, “Didn’t you see Mrs. Brown standing here? Why didn’t you make space for her? Move aside.”

Eleanor’s blood boiled at the blatant rudeness, but she controlled herself. “You didn’t tell me when I can meet the headmaster.”

“He’s busy right now. Go to the first floor and wait in front of Room 201.”

Just as Eleanor turned to leave, the receptionist muttered under her breath, “Such upstarts. They strike a bit of money and think they can buy their way into prestigious schools.”

With her enhanced wolf hearing, Eleanor heard every word. She ignored the comment and went upstairs. When she reached Room 201, she heard muffled noises... soft moans coming from inside. Her face flushed.

The school was in session, and the headmaster was engaged in such activities?

Eleanor pondered the situation for a moment before making a decision. This school would not be suitable for her daughter. Without hesitation, she walked back to her car and drove away.

She went directly to Heaton Mersey Independent School. Although her appointment was at 11, she arrived early. Unlike the previous school, there was no guard standing at the entrance. She confidently walked in. Just as she was about to enter the building, a uniformed middle-aged guard emerged from the gate and politely stopped her.

“Miss, you seem new here. Please state the purpose of your visit.”

Eleanor was surprised. “How do you know I’m new?”

The guard pointed toward the gate. “Did you see the box beside the entrance? That’s the guard station. Parents must report their reason for visiting during school hours. A duty guard then informs the appropriate office and directs them.”

“Oh! That explains why I didn’t see anyone standing at the gate. I sensed someone inside the box, but I assumed I could go directly to the reception.”

She smiled and continued, “Actually, I have an appointment with the headmistress at 11 regarding my daughter’s admission. I arrived early.”

The guard smiled. “It’s okay. I’m the guard captain here. You’ve chosen the best school in the area for your daughter.”

He hesitated for a moment before asking, “May I ask you a personal question?”

Eleanor nodded. She had a feeling she knew what he was about to ask. “Go ahead.”

“I know you’re an Alpha. I am one too. You must have sensed it. But I feel an urge to bow to you... you’re much stronger than me despite being younger. May I know your name? By the way, I’m Emmanuel Lowe, firstborn of Clan Head Edward Lowe.”

Eleanor’s mind quickly recalled everything she knew about the Lowe Clan. They were from Stockport, which meant their home was nearby. They were a peace-loving pack that didn’t meddle in other packs’ affairs. They primarily operated within the country, running a reputed law firm, and many of their members worked in various government departments.

“I am Eleanor Elizabeth Raynor,” she said.

Emmanuel’s eyes widened in shock. He knew what “Elizabeth” meant. All adult wolves did. They were taught by their elders never to cross an Elizabeth, no matter how harmless she appeared. Elizabeths were super Alphas, possessing powerful ancient bloodlines. Some elders even said, “If you harm an Elizabeth, the Raynors will eliminate your bloodline to the last stray member.”

He quickly placed his hand over his heart and bowed slightly. “It’s an honor to meet the distinguished Elizabeth of the Raynor Clan. Please forgive my lack of preparation... I never expected to meet someone of your standing here.”

Eleanor smiled. “It’s fine. I am here as a member of human society. Besides, under Grandma Fiona’s rule, there’s no room for arrogant or pompous behavior. No Raynor will mind your conduct.”

At that moment, Emmanuel’s radio buzzed. “Captain, is there a problem? Should we mobilize the team?”

Emmanuel hurriedly pressed the button and replied, “No need. She’s a friend. We were just catching up.”

He turned to Eleanor, looking embarrassed. “Apologies. My team is just following protocol.”

“It’s fine. In fact, I’m pleased with their response. It means my daughter will be safe here,” Eleanor said with a neutral expression. There was no sign of emotion on her face.