

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 2

Almost two months had passed since the incident. During this time, Eleanor had not stepped outside the house. She spent most of her days locked away in her room, avoiding the hushed whispers of the household staff whenever they caught sight of her. Their stolen glances and murmured gossip felt like invisible daggers, piercing her already shattered spirit.

Her family, though busy with their own affairs, checked on her from time to time. James, her fiancé, called her almost every day, his voice the only familiar comfort in the silence that surrounded her.

That afternoon, as the maid placed a salmon salad before her, an unexpected wave of nausea crashed over her. The smell alone was unbearable. She barely made it to the sink before she vomited, her body trembling as she emptied the contents of her stomach. Weakened and drained, she staggered back to her room without touching her food.

An hour later, her stepmother, Jeanne, insisted on taking her to the hospital for a check-up. Eleanor wasn't particularly worried; aside from the occasional nausea, she felt mostly fine. Just a lingering discomfort, an odd aversion to certain smells.

But when the doctor handed her the report, the weight of the world collapsed upon her. Her knees buckled, and she sank to the cold floor, her hands clutching the paper with trembling fingers.

She was pregnant.

Her mind reeled, her breath coming in short, shallow gasps. No. No, this couldn't be happening. She wanted to scream, to tear the results apart as if that would erase the truth. Her stepmother, to her surprise, caught her before she could hit the ground and guided her back home without a word.

Once inside, Eleanor locked herself in her room, curling into a ball on her bed. Tears streamed down her face, silent sobs shaking her frame. She was lost. Alone. Trapped in a nightmare that refused to end.

Then, her phone rang. It was James.

She picked up on the first ring, his familiar voice flooding through the speaker—but it wasn't the warm, reassuring tone she had hoped for.

“Why did you hide it from me?” His voice was sharp, laced with anger. “How could you be so careless? Pregnant with some wild man's child?”

Her blood turned to ice. “How did you know?” she whispered, her voice barely audible.

James scoffed. “How did I know? You’re all over the news, Eleanor. I thought, maybe, after what happened, I could convince my family to accept you. But now?” His voice cracked with disdain. “There is no us. We’re done. Don’t call me again.”

The call ended with a sharp beep.

Eleanor stared at her screen, disbelief paralyzing her. She dialed his number again. Again. And again. Each time, the line was dead.

Her last tether to normalcy had snapped.

She curled up in the darkest corner of her room and sobbed until her throat ached and her body felt hollow. Her stepmother knocked, calling her for dinner, but she ignored it. The world outside her door no longer felt real. Hunger gnawed at her, but the pain in her heart outweighed it.

Late into the night, unable to bear the emptiness any longer, she decided to sneak downstairs for something to eat. Moving quietly, she stepped out of her room, her bare feet cool against the wooden floor.

But just as she reached the staircase, a familiar voice made her freeze. “James!”

She barely breathed as she turned her head towards her father’s study. Though faint, she would never mistake his voice. Ten years together... she knew it better than her own.

A hopeful thought flickered in her mind. “Maybe he had come back, regretted his words, wanted to see her.”

But as she took a few steps forward, her world cracked apart.

“You did well, James,” came Jeanne’s voice. “She believes you’re still abroad while you’re actively helping us. As expected of my nephew. Now, we just have to kill her, and you can marry Jennifer without any obstacles.”

Eleanor’s heart stopped.

“Don’t be hasty,” her father’s voice cut in. “So far, everything has gone according to plan. We can’t make a mistake at this final stage. We have to make it look like a suicide. Kidnapped, raped, and now pregnant... the perfect reason to take her own life.”

Jennifer laughed darkly. “I wanted to kill that bitch long ago. Do you know how exhausting it was to pretend to be a sweet sister?”

Eleanor clamped a hand over her mouth, her breath shaking.

“You think it was easy for me?” her father continued. “Her mother left everything to her. If she had died before twenty, her inheritance would have gone to the church. I had to wait. But once she turned twenty, I tricked her into signing everything over. She thought she was just filling out company paperwork. Now, if she dies, as her mother’s legal husband, I inherit it all.”

“Dad, enough history,” Jennifer snapped. “We need to discuss how to kill her.”

“I plan to serve her fish tomorrow,” Jeanne said. “She already can’t stomach it. If she weakens further and James ignores her calls, she’ll lock herself in her room again. Tomorrow night, we’ll enter, bind her with soft cloth to avoid bruises, and cut her wrists. It will look like a suicide.”

Eleanor’s body trembled violently.

James scoffed. “There are too many loopholes. What about the maids...”

Eleanor didn’t wait to hear the rest. Drenched in cold sweat, she turned and fled back to her room, locking the door behind her. Her heart pounded so loudly she feared they would hear it.

She had to escape.

Her mind spun, calculating her next move. She needed to leave the house. No... she needed to leave the city. Anywhere within their influence would be a death trap.

She dressed quickly, layering her old university outfit beneath a sports tracksuit. Her pockets bulged with whatever cash and jewelry she could gather. It wasn’t much, but it had to be enough.

As the first light of dawn painted the sky, she stepped out of her room, forcing herself to breathe steadily. This had to look normal.

She reached the front gate, her steps calm, measured.

“Morning jog, Young Miss?” a guard asked, barely looking up.

She nodded, a small smile barely curving her lips. The guards, accustomed to her routine, opened the gate without question.

Eleanor walked through without looking back.

Eleanor jogged toward the park, her pace steady, her expression neutral, as if nothing had changed. She kept her breathing even, forcing her body into the familiar rhythm of her pretense.

She reached the main entrance of the park and slipped inside, weaving through the paths with practiced ease. The air was crisp, carrying the fresh scent of early spring, and a few other joggers moved along the path, lost in their own routines. But she wasn’t here for exercise. Her real

destination lay beyond. She turned toward a lesser-used side exit; one she knew led to a road connecting to the highway. This area lacked security cameras, making it the perfect escape route.

Moving quickly, she ducked into an alley beside a row of trees and stripped off her sports tracksuit, stuffing it deep into a public trash bin. She pulled a hat low over her forehead and wrapped a muffler securely around the lower half of her face. The disguise wasn't perfect, but it would obscure her from the security cameras she would inevitably face ahead.

Gathering her resolve, she walked onto the main road, her strides steady, confident. She stood at the bus stop, alone. The cold bit at her skin, but she welcomed it. At least it explained why her face was bundled up.

When the first bus arrived, she boarded without hesitation, sinking into a seat near the back. The bus was almost empty at this time of the day. No one gave her a second glance. She sat near a window, watching the city blur past. Every stop, every turn, every second felt like an eternity.

Eight stops... Ten stops... She exited as the city limits disappeared behind her. It was time to change direction. Her mind filled with anticipation. She could see the freedom within her reach.