

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 3

Stepping off the bus, Eleanor surveyed her surroundings. The highway stretched ahead; she looked at the security cameras positioned near the zebra crossings. If she followed the designated path, there was a risk her image would be captured. Something she couldn't afford now.

Instead, she deviated further down the road, away from the crossing, her footsteps quick but careful. She glanced left, then right. The road was empty.

She stepped onto the asphalt, her heartbeat accelerating with every step. The cold wind nipped at her exposed skin, but she barely noticed. She was so close, just a few more feet, and she'd hurried to cross the road.

Then she heard it. A deafening roar. The aggressive growl of a high-performance engine shattered the silence, reverberating in her ears.

Her head snapped toward the sound just as the shiny frame of a sports car came dashing toward her, headlights glaring like twin suns in the dim light.

Panic surged through her veins, and she bolted. But her body, weakened from exhaustion and hunger, failed her. Her foot caught on a loose stone, and before she could recover, she stumbled forward.

Brakes screeched... metal against rubber, the scent of burning tires filling the air. The blinding glare of headlights came in front of her.

Then pain exploded through her body. The world spun in a dizzying blur. Darkness swallowed her whole world.

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A low, rhythmic beeping pulled Eleanor from the void of unconsciousness. Her eyelids fluttered, the dim glow of fluorescent light stabbing through the haze. A dull throbbing coursed through her body; her limbs heavy as stone.

As her vision slightly adjusted, her gaze landed on a bizarre sight... a woman seated nearby, scrolling through a phone. But it wasn't the woman's presence that made Eleanor's breath hitch.

It was her face.

Or rather, the animalistic muzzle covered in short, russet fur. Large, pointed ears twitched above her head, glasses perched neatly on her narrow snout. A fox's head on a human body.

Panic flared in Eleanor's chest. Her sluggish mind barely managed to string together a thought. "Am I in hell? Is this some kind of nightmare?" she thought.

"What kind of hell is this...? There's no peace even after death..." she muttered weakly; her voice hoarse. A heavy sigh escaped her lips before unconsciousness claimed her again.

Dr. Selene Raynor, the woman with the foxlike features, turned her head as Eleanor's faint words reached her sensitive ears. Her golden eyes narrowed with mild amusement.

"She's awake," she murmured to herself, setting her phone aside. Rising from her chair, she moved to the bedside, checking the young woman's vitals with practiced efficiency. Satisfied, she pulled out her phone and dialed a number.

"Ethan, come to the infirmary," she instructed. "She regained consciousness."

A deep male voice responded immediately, "I'll be there in two minutes."

True to his word, Ethan Raynor arrived swiftly, his gaze landing on the unconscious form of Eleanor Whitmore. His brow furrowed.

"She passed out again?" he asked.

Selene nodded. "Yes, but not from her injuries. I believe she saw me in my wolf form and couldn't handle the shock."

Ethan let out a low sigh. "That... makes sense."

"Don't worry," Selene reassured him. "She'll wake up soon. When she does, you'll need to explain everything to her. She has a choice to make, and I can delay it only until tomorrow."

She hesitated, then asked, "Did you erase all security footage?"

Ethan gave a curt nod. "Yes. From the park to here, there's no trace of her escape. If I hadn't recognized her clothes, tracking her would've been difficult."

Selene exhaled slowly. "It seems she was running away from something. She hasn't eaten properly in at least two or three days. She had cash and jewelry on her, but no phone or personal device. That tells me she left her home for good."

Ethan's jaw tightened. "I figured as much. That's why I made sure the police wouldn't be able to trace her. I also asked Uncle Xavier to remove her scent from key locations so that the tracking dogs won't pick up her trail."

Selene smiled, nodding in approval. "Nicely done." Then, with a mischievous glint in her eyes, she added, "Now, it's your time to shine. Help her through this, and who knows..." She winked. "You've liked her for a long time, haven't you?"

Ethan turned bright red. “Mom! Seriously, just go. I’ll handle this.”

Chuckling, Selene left the room, leaving Ethan alone with Eleanor.

He pulled a chair beside the bed, his gaze softening as he looked at her pale face. His mind drifted back to the first day of university... the day he met Eleanor Whitmore.

He had fallen for her at first sight.

He had pursued a friendship with her, but it wasn’t long before he learned that she already had a boyfriend from high school. Though heartbroken, he had never let his feelings ruin their friendship.

Even after graduation, he kept tabs on her. He knew of her recent struggles. He wanted to help her but never dared to interfere... until now. Fate had thrown her into his path, quite literally. And he wasn’t going to walk away this time.

A small groan broke the silence. Eleanor’s eyelids fluttered before slowly opening, her gaze unfocused at first. Then she saw him—the same black suit he had worn since the first day of her university life. Always impeccably dressed, with polished Oxford shoes.

He was taller than most of his peers, with a face that captured the hearts of every girl on campus. Many had approached him, but he politely turned them down, always saying he believed in traditional marriage and that anyone interested should contact his parents. Though he rarely smiled, everyone knew he had a kind heart. He helped others to the best of his ability.

“Ethan? ... No. Why would you be here?” Her voice was barely above a whisper. “Am I... dreaming?”

He leaned forward. “No, you’re awake. You’re safe.”

Her body relaxed slightly. “Good...” But then something clicked in her mind, and she stiffened. “Wait. How long was I unconscious? Why are you at the hospital?” She tried to sit up, but her body refused to cooperate.

“Don’t push yourself,” Ethan said quickly. “You were out for two hours. I know you were trying to escape your home, so I took precautions. No one will find you here. You can stay as long as you need.”

A sigh of relief escaped her lips. “Thank you... I need time to figure things out.” Her eyes flickered with uncertainty. “Where am I?”

“My house,” Ethan replied. “My mother treated you.”

She blinked. “Your mother?” A vivid image of the fox-headed woman flashed through her mind. Her breath hitched.

Ethan hesitated before saying, “You probably saw her in her original form. My mother is Dr. Selene Raynor. You might’ve heard of her... she’s a renowned physician.”

“Original form?” Eleanor repeated.

Ethan met her gaze. “We’re werewolves, Eleanor.”

She stared at him, mouth slightly open.

“You already know my father, Professor Adrian Raynor. We live among humans, but due to ancient laws, we had to hide our true nature.”

Eleanor swallowed hard. “You’re telling me... werewolves are real?”

“Yes. And right now, there’s something more important to discuss.” His expression grew serious. “My mother found out that your baby is severely malnourished. And due to the shock of the accident, you’ll go into premature labor within the next 24 hours.”

She felt the blood drain from her face.

Ethan continued, “You have two choices. One is to let the baby go. You’ll recover in a month with normal medication. It’s the safest option.

“The other is to keep the baby. But to do that, you’ll have to let go of your human side. A werewolf alpha must turn the child for it to survive. That alpha will become the baby’s new father. And since your human body won’t survive giving birth to a werewolf child, you’ll have to turn as well.”

He took a deep breath. “I’m willing to take responsibility if you choose the second option.”

Eleanor felt her world tilt.

“I won’t pressure you to do anything you don’t like,” Ethan added softly. “Whatever you decide, I’ll support you unconditionally. Just make it quick.” With that, he stood and left the room, closing the door behind him. Leaving Eleanor alone with a choice that would change her life forever.