

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 4

Eleanor's mind raced at full speed. A constant beeping sound echoed in her ears, a steady rhythm that felt oddly distant. The faint scent of antiseptic filled her nostrils, but she was in no mood to acknowledge these minor details.

“What should I do?” she thought, her heart pounding. “This baby... it's theirs. Those bastards. It would be best to erase this stain from my life.”

But then, a different thought surfaced, one that made her stomach twist in conflict. “Life... This baby is still alive.”

It wasn't just a reminder; it was a truth that struck her deeply. “Although it came to me in a way I never wanted, it is still mine. My baby.”

She recalled Ethan's words. If she chose to become a werewolf, she could alter the baby's lineage. She could give it a new father... one that was not tied to the horrors of her past. Wouldn't it be better to change the baby's father instead of killing it?

But then, another question arose. “Who would be the father? Ethan?” Her heart wavered at the thought.

“And what will happen if I become a werewolf?” The possibilities churned in her mind. “Would I be able to live like a human if I wanted?” She had never suspected Ethan was a werewolf until now. “If he could hide it so well, then maybe I could too.”

Still, doubt lingered. “What are the downsides? If I let go of my humanity, what kind of life will I have?” Her mind wandered aimlessly until exhaustion pulled her into sleep.

In the darkness of her dreams, a soft voice called out. “Mom! Don't leave me! I want to be with you. Please, Mom! I promise I'll be good.”

Eleanor's breath hitched as she saw a small child clinging desperately to her leg. Its tiny fingers grasped her as though she were his only lifeline. She tried to see his face, but the child kept his head lowered. A sense of loss and sorrow weighed heavy on her chest.

She reached out. “Who... Who are you?” Before she could touch him, everything faded.

Eleanor jolted awake, her body drenched in sweat. Her chest heaved as she tried to steady her breath, but the panic from the dream lingered. The steady beeping from the heart monitor had quickened.

The door burst open, and Ethan rushed in. “What happened?” he asked urgently, his sharp eyes scanning her distressed form.

Eleanor’s hospital gown clung to her damp skin as if someone had poured water over her. She met Ethan’s concerned gaze, unable to find the right words. Finally, he spoke softly, “Relax. I’m here. You’re safe.”

For a long moment, they simply stared at each other, a silent conversation passing between them. Then, breaking the silence, Eleanor voiced the question that had been weighing on her mind since their earlier conversation.

“If I become a werewolf,” she asked carefully, “do I have to marry the one who turns me and my baby?”

Ethan immediately shook his head. “No, don’t worry. You don’t need to marry anyone. You’ll become part of the pack, but that’s it. You will need to follow the pack’s rules and our ancient traditions, but nothing more. It’s not as difficult as it might seem.”

She hesitated before asking, “Is there an option to choose the father of my child?”

Ethan was momentarily taken aback by her question, but he answered nonetheless. “For you, there is no other option but me. In our family, only my father and I have the ability to perform the blood ritual. I don’t want to sound selfish, but I don’t want your child to become my brother.”

Eleanor let out a weak laugh. “Sorry, that was a poorly worded question. Right now, I’m not ready to accept any kind of relationship after what happened to me. I just wanted to make things clear. You are one of my best friends, and I don’t want to cause trouble for you. If you decide to get married in the future, having me and my child in your life might become a problem.”

Ethan sighed and shook his head. “You’re overthinking. Werewolf customs are different from human ones. I will be your child’s father in name, but nothing more. And although you will be under my lineage as your turner, I promise I will never impose my will on you. That’s a promise as your friend.”

Eleanor studied his expression, seeing nothing but sincerity in his eyes. She took a deep breath before making her decision.

“Then... I want to save my baby.”

Ethan gave her a reassuring smile. “Then that’s all that matters. And don’t worry about my future. Right now, the priority is you and your child. Let me call my mom. She will make sure everything goes smoothly.”

A few minutes later, the door opened, and Dr. Selene Raynor entered. Her golden eyes studied Eleanor with quiet intensity.

“Hello, Eleanor,” she greeted warmly. “It’s nice to finally meet you properly. Since you’ve made your decision, we must act quickly. Although I’ve done my best to stabilize your pregnancy, your body is too weak. We must proceed before it’s too late.”

Selene hesitated before asking, “I need to hear it one last time. Are you absolutely certain? The blood ritual will change your very core. You will cease to be human. There is no going back.”

Eleanor exhaled slowly before nodding. “I am certain.”

Selene studied her for a moment before nodding. “Then let’s proceed. I suggest you remain unconscious from the beginning. The transformation is incredibly painful. Your body will break and reshape itself to accommodate the werewolf blood. Given your current condition, you will likely lose consciousness anyway. Would you prefer to be put under beforehand?”

Eleanor shook her head. “No. I want to experience the change. I need to remember this moment.”

Selene’s expression softened. “Then brace yourself.”

She walked over to the bed and carefully strapped Eleanor’s hands and feet with soft leather restraints. They were designed to prevent injury during the transformation.

Then, Selene turned to her son. “Ethan, you understand what this means? This is not just about saving her child. She and her baby will be bound to you and the pack. There is no undoing this.”

Ethan met his mother’s gaze with unwavering determination. “I understand.”

Selene nodded. “Then begin the ritual. You know what to do. Bite her shoulder... above her heart. Follow the blood oath procedure carefully.”

Ethan stepped forward, his gaze locking onto Eleanor’s.

“Are you ready?” he asked softly.

Eleanor clenched her fists, inhaling deeply. “Do it.”

Leaning down, Ethan pressed his lips against her clammy skin for a fleeting moment before sinking his fangs into the tender flesh just above her collarbone. The taste of her blood flooded his mouth... bitter with pain, yet carrying the essence of life. As his fangs pierced deeper, Alpha blood seeped into her system, merging with her human essence.

Eleanor’s body convulsed violently. A searing fire coursed through her veins, burning her from the inside out. Every cell in her body shattered, reformed, then shattered again.

A strangled cry tore from her lips, but the overwhelming pain soon dragged her into unconsciousness.