

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 5

Eleanor woke up in a daze. She couldn't see clearly; it was like a hazy world. Her ears twitched slightly as sharp beeping sounds entered her awareness. Footsteps came and went nearby, and someone was talking in the distance, though she couldn't make out the words. The thick smell of antiseptic numbed her senses. She blinked several times, trying to adjust her vision, and gradually, the room around her became clearer. She was still in the place Ethan called 'the infirmary'.

She tried to sit up but failed. Her hands and feet were still strapped to the bed.

Sensing her movement, Ethan stood up from his chair and walked toward her. "Good morning, Eleanor. How do you feel?"

Without thinking, she replied automatically, "Nauseous. The thick antiseptic smell is overwhelming."

She suddenly stopped as her mind caught up with her situation. She turned to Ethan, her voice tense with anticipation. "Ethan, was the process successful?"

Ethan gave her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. Everything went well. You and your baby are both fine and healthy. My mother checked both of you and found no complications."

Eleanor glanced down at herself. "Then why am I still bound?"

Ethan's expression grew serious. "First, look at your body. You're in your werewolf form now. Your body needs time to adjust. Your senses should be sharper, your body stronger, and your instincts more primal. Newly turned werewolves often experience uncontrollable urges... intense hunger, aggression, and heightened emotions. That's why you're still bound, to prevent any accidental harm. Once you adjust, we'll remove the restraints."

Eleanor focused on her senses. Her hearing had improved significantly... she could hear both her and Ethan's heartbeats clearly. She looked at the ceiling and noticed tiny gaps in the paint she had never seen before. A strange surge of energy coursed through her veins, making her feel powerful, almost as if she were on an intoxicating drug.

After taking a moment to assess herself, she asked, "Then how can I get used to my new body if I'm tied up like this?"

"My mother already called my grandmother. She's an expert in training young werewolves. She'll arrive this afternoon. With her guidance, you'll learn how to control your abilities and move normally. She'll evaluate your potential and train you for a few days." Ethan said.

Eleanor hesitated before asking, “And my child?”

Ethan nodded reassuringly. “The child is safe, now infused with werewolf vitality. However, your pregnancy might progress faster than a human’s, as werewolves have accelerated growth rates.”

She absorbed the information silently, her mind still reeling from the drastic changes. Then, almost shyly, she admitted, “I’m hungry.”

That afternoon, a middle-aged woman in an elegant executive dress entered the room. Eleanor was fast asleep, her body still bound. The woman sat in the chair beside her and studied her intently. After a moment, she pulled out her phone and made a call.

“You still haven’t sent me the detailed report on Eleanor Whitmore.”

“How much more time do you need?”

“Fifteen minutes is the final deadline.”

Ten minutes later, her phone vibrated. She opened the newly received folder and silently scrolled through the information. As she read, a faint smirk formed on her otherwise cold, expressionless face.

“Such raw talent,” she murmured. “Let’s see how you perform under pressure. I hope you don’t disappoint me like the others.”

She looked at the sleeping woman, her gaze piercing. Then, in a firm voice, she commanded, “Wake up, Eleanor. It’s time for your training.”

Eleanor, deep in sleep after filling her belly with a large meal, jolted awake. In her groggy state, she saw a striking woman sitting across from her with an air of absolute authority. She had the poised posture of a corporate leader, dressed impeccably as if she had just stepped out of a business meeting. Two wolf ears stood alert on her head, making her presence even more intimidating.

Seeing the woman’s unwavering gaze, Eleanor swallowed and hesitantly greeted, “Hello.”

The woman stood and walked toward her. “Eleanor Whitmore, welcome to the family. I am Fiona Raynor, Matriarch of the Raynor pack. Here, I am both the law and the executioner. Your only job is to obey my commands until I say otherwise. Do you understand?”

Eleanor’s mouth went dry, and she almost choked on her own breath. Ethan had mentioned his grandmother would be training her, but he hadn’t warned her about this level of intensity.

“I… I understand,” Eleanor stammered.

Fiona nodded in approval. “Good. Now, follow me.”

She turned toward the door but stopped, remembering the restraints. Without hesitation, she moved back and undid the bindings, setting Eleanor free before striding out of the room with the same commanding presence.

Eleanor hurriedly sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed. As she tried to stand, she realized her body was still in its wolf-like state, making balance difficult. It took her a few tries before she managed to stand on two legs.

“Good,” Fiona observed. “Walk slowly. You’ll adjust in no time.”

Just as Eleanor was about to step out of the room, Fiona added, “Change your clothes. I left an outfit on the table.”

Eleanor looked toward the table and found a neatly folded black outfit. She picked it up and examined the material... it seemed too small for her current form. Still, she decided to try it on. To her surprise, the fabric expanded as she wore it, fitting her body perfectly like a second skin. A pair of boots rested beside the table, and she quickly slipped them on before following Fiona out of the room.

Fiona gave her an appraising look. “Better.” Without another word, she led Eleanor toward the stairs.

As they descended, Eleanor spotted Professor Adrian Raynor sitting on a couch, working on a laptop. When he noticed her, he smiled warmly.

“Good afternoon, Eleanor. Long time, no see.”

Eleanor responded politely, “Good afternoon, Sir. It’s nice to see you again.”

Fiona was already at the door, so Eleanor didn’t linger, quickly following her outside.

As soon as she stepped out, she was greeted by the sight of lush greenery. A breathtaking forest surrounded them, stretching as far as the eye could see. A narrow road led up to the house, where several cars were parked, but beyond that, there were only towering trees and the sounds of nature. The sight filled Eleanor with an unexpected sense of peace. It was nothing like the urban world she was used to... it felt primal, untamed, and strangely... welcoming.

Her lips curled into a small smile. She liked it here.