

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 6

More than an hour had passed, and Eleanor's training under Fiona was still ongoing. Although she didn't feel physically exhausted, her mental state was a different story... she was completely drained.

During this time, under Fiona's guidance, she had learned how to move nimbly as a wolf on all fours. She had also learned how to transform into her human form. Although she couldn't yet perform partial transformations like Fiona, the latter assured her that with enough practice, she would be able to. However, under the guise of training, she had also endured a one-sided beating from Fiona.

Right now, she was listening to Fiona's lecture attentively.

“Every newly turned werewolf immediately gains superhuman strength, speed, endurance, and reflexes. However, because you are carrying a child, your body is balancing these enhancements to protect the fetus. It is also for this reason that you didn't experience uncontrollable aggression in the early stages, unlike other turned werewolves. Your sense of smell, hearing, and vision will be enhanced far beyond human limits. You will be able to hear the faintest heartbeats, track scents over miles, and see clearly in the dark.”

“In normal circumstances, werewolves are emotionally resilient, and transformation grants you the ability to resist fear, mental attacks, and extreme emotional distress. This means that even under stress, your mind will be sharper, your instincts keener, and you will be able to make clearer decisions.”

She paused for a moment before continuing. “Since you were turned through the Alpha's blood, your presence carries some of his authority. You can calm aggressive werewolves, prevent pack members from turning feral, and even issue low-level commands to weaker wolves outside the pack.”

Eleanor frowned. “How will I know who is who?”

Fiona smirked. “You'll know instinctively. Werewolves are pack beings; we are all connected. Even if someone becomes a rogue wolf, without any pack, we can still sense it. You will feel their strength, their position, and their allegiance.”

She then continued, “Now, back to the topic. The Alpha's blood carries the knowledge of the pack's ancestral combat techniques. Even if you have never trained as a fighter, your body will react instinctively in battle, knowing how to evade, counter, and defend using automatic reflexes. Your footsteps will become naturally silent, making you an excellent hunter or scout. You should be able to track scents, hear heartbeats, and move undetected, making you a natural protector.

Your body will regenerate wounds at an unnatural rate, ensuring that you remain healthy. Even life-threatening injuries, such as those sustained in the accident, will heal quickly.”

She then became serious and said, “As a newly turned werewolf, the moon’s influence will affect you deeply for the first few months. During a full moon, you might struggle with the raw power surging through your body. It will be tough to stabilize your emotions. I strongly suggest you follow the moon cycle, and during full moons, you must come here without fail. If any human finds out about your wolf form, you will be punished under ancient law. If the King’s enforcers come knocking on my door, I will happily sacrifice you to save my pack from embarrassment.”

“I will later give you books on the ancient laws. Memorize every point clearly... they will be your guide when you return to human society.”

She paused before adding, “As a new member of my pack, you might not know that we Raynors are the wealthiest werewolf family. Do you know why?”

Eleanor shook her head. “No.”

Fiona’s eyes glinted with pride. “Unlike ordinary werewolves, our bodies resist silver and wolfsbane poison. We are less vulnerable to common anti-werewolf weapons. Because of this, we can move freely in human society. Over generations, we have built a vast business empire. But due to ancient laws, we cannot publicly display our wealth in the human world. Just remember this... Bill Gates isn’t even in the top 100 wealthiest individuals in the world.”

Eleanor gasped in shock, her mouth hanging open. Seeing this, Fiona smirked. “You’ve just entered the supernatural world. You’ll learn about all of this later. For now, focus on training.”

She continued, “The Raynor bloodline grants common resistance against anti-werewolf weapons, as I mentioned. However, we also possess unique abilities that manifest differently among family members. Some of us have a talent for calculations, negotiations, and long-term planning. Others instinctively understand market trends, trade routes, and economic structures, giving us an advantage in business. Some can sense dishonesty, allowing them to detect liars, cheaters, and bad deals instantly. Others have perfect memory for faces, financial records, and conversations, preventing mistakes in our empire. These abilities prevent business betrayals and help us navigate the world of trade, investments, and commerce.”

She looked at Eleanor with an evaluating gaze. “Unlike normal werewolves who struggle with their transformation, you must master it perfectly. This is a requirement for any Raynor before stepping outside this house. If you can partially transform... adjusting only your ears, eyes, or nose without revealing your wolf form... you will be able to help our family in business. This is your task for the next week. After seven days, I will evaluate your progress. If you perform well, I will grant you permission to return to the human world.”

She then stood up. “Let’s head back. It’s already night.”

Eleanor followed Fiona silently. Once inside the house, they walked to a corner where Fiona pressed a hidden button on the wall. A deep rumbling sound echoed as a concealed door slid open, revealing a staircase leading underground. Lights flickered on as they stepped forward.

As Eleanor descended, she gasped in awe. In front of her lay the largest personal library she had ever seen.

Fiona turned to her. "This will be the place you spend most of your time. From my examination, you have awakened an eidetic memory... a trait inherited from our bloodline.

"I will check your progress in one week. I expect you to finish reading all the books here."

Eleanor's jaw dropped. "W-What?"

Without waiting for a response, Fiona turned and walked back to the ground floor. As Eleanor turned back toward the entrance, she heard a rumbling sound... the door was sealing shut behind her.

Fiona walked directly to the third floor, stepping into the meeting room. The room was spacious, fitted with a large table surrounded by thirteen chairs. There could have been more if needed.

She confidently strode to the center chair and sat down. To her right, her eldest son, Professor Adrian Raynor, sat beside her. To her left, eldest son of her brother, Police Commissioner Xavier Raynor, appeared via projection. Her youngest son, Architect Tristan Raynor, and her sister, Psychiatrist Evelyn Raynor, were also present physically. The rest of the council members were attending via holographic projection.

Fiona spoke, her voice commanding attention. "Thank you all for attending this emergency meeting. As you know, my grandson Ethan Raynor recently turned his friend Eleanor Whitmore. I won't waste time with details, but I need to report my findings."

"Eleanor Whitmore is now an Alpha, and I highly suspect that she may have awakened the Elizabeth bloodline. I need to conduct further tests to confirm this, but until then" Her sharp gaze swept across the room. "I, Fiona Elizabeth Raynor, propose the immediate activation of protocol 'Eclipse Veil.'"