

Single Mother of a Werewolf Baby – Chapter 8

Almost three weeks had passed since Eleanor turned into a werewolf. During this time, she stayed at Ethan's house while completing the tasks assigned to her by Fiona and Xavier or being personally trained by them. To her astonishment, she had read thousands of books in their home library in such a short period! Even more surprising was the fact that she could remember every single detail from them.

The vast amount of knowledge she had accumulated helped her understand the supernatural world, the werewolf society, and the significant role werewolves played in the prosperity of human civilization. She now had a clear picture of her current situation, and for the first time, she was truly grateful to Ethan for granting her this gift.

Although she was no longer human, she had accepted her reality and was now focused on how to raise her baby properly. Technically, Ethan was now the baby's father, but she was determined to raise her child on her own. Having experienced the trauma of a stepfamily, she feared a similar fate for her child. Although Ethan and his family had been nothing but kind to her, she did not want to take any risks. She wanted to give her child the best possible future.

A change had also occurred during this time. Ethan's parents had informed her that she would now be considered their adoptive daughter, and her surname would be changed to Raynor. She had no objections since she had grown to despise the name Whitmore. As the police were still searching for her, the paperwork would be completed once things settled down.

One afternoon, Fiona arrived and handed Eleanor a travel backpack, instructing her to pack for a journey. However, there was little to pack, as she had arrived with only one set of clothes. The outfits she had worn these past weeks were either combat attire provided by Fiona or sleeping garments given to her by Selene. She packed everything she had, including money and jewelry. Fiona warned her not to reveal any werewolf features during their journey and to remain in human form, as they would be traveling through human-populated areas.

After boarding the car with Fiona, Eleanor noticed that a driver was already waiting behind the wheel. The car ride lasted for nearly half an hour before stopping in front of a luxurious villa. Fiona exited the vehicle and proceeded to board a helicopter that was waiting on the villa's helipad. Eleanor hesitated for a moment before following her.

After some time, the helicopter landed atop a building. From the aerial view, Eleanor estimated that they were somewhere near the Lake District. Fiona led her downstairs, where another car was waiting for them. They boarded, and after another half-hour journey, the vehicle came to a stop. Fiona and Eleanor got out, and the driver left, leaving them alone in the wilderness.

Fiona turned to Eleanor and said, "Now, we have to walk the rest of the way. It's about an hour's walk, and we should reach our destination before sundown."

Eleanor was surprised to see that Fiona's face had softened. Throughout their entire journey, she had worn a stern expression and had barely spoken except to give orders to her subordinates. Eleanor had a hundred questions on her mind but lacked the courage to voice them.

Sensing her usual face, Eleanor finally spoke, "Actually, I wanted to ask... where exactly are we going at this hour? Are we camping in the hills?"

Fiona chuckled as she started walking. "You'll see when we get there. We have to move like humans because there might be some trekkers in the area."

Eleanor quickened her pace to keep up. "Are we near the Lake District?"

Fiona nodded. "Yes, but we're heading toward the High Raise area."

"I've never been that way before. There aren't any hotels in that region," Eleanor remarked.

"Exactly. Apart from a few adventurers, nobody ventures into these barren highlands," Fiona replied.

After over an hour of walking along a narrow rocky path, Fiona suddenly stopped while climbing a large hill. She turned to Eleanor and said, "Don't hesitate. Just follow me."

Without another word, she stepped forward and vanished.

Eleanor's heart nearly leapt out of her chest. Reluctantly, she followed behind.

The moment she stepped forward, she felt an inexplicable shift in her surroundings. It was as though she had entered another world. The barren, rocky terrain they had just been trekking through was gone. In its place stood a lush forest, its vibrant greenery stretching endlessly before her. Above, the setting sun cast its warm golden glow through the towering trees, enhancing the surreal beauty of the place.

Fiona stood a few steps ahead, smiling at her. "Welcome to the ancestral land of the Raynors... 'Rayndell Forest'. Here, you will experience the full cycle of time as it moves on Earth. But you are no longer on Earth itself. This is a pocket dimension owned by the Raynor pack since ancient times."

Eleanor had read about pocket dimensions in fantasy novels, but witnessing one with her own eyes left her in disbelief. To confirm that she wasn't dreaming, she pinched her arm.

Seeing her awe-struck expression, Fiona continued, "Werewolves are creatures of nature. Yggdrasil, the World Tree of Earth, gifted eleven similar pocket dimensions to the werewolves... one to the royal family and the rest to the ten great families. You've read about these families, correct?"

Eleanor nodded. "Yes, but the books never mentioned pocket dimensions."

Fiona smirked. “That’s because only those who have the right to enter these lands can know about them. There’s much more to learn. For now, let’s head to the village and meet the clan elders.”

Eleanor hesitated. “Do all the clan elders live here?”

“Most of them do. Some remain outside, traveling the world,” Fiona explained. “A werewolf’s average lifespan is nearly 1,000 years. Do you know the problem with living that long?”

Seeing Eleanor’s blank expression, Fiona chuckled. “Boredom. After five or seven centuries, life among humans becomes tedious. Many werewolves seek excitement, but that often leads to destruction. To prevent unnecessary chaos, most of them eventually retreat to the pocket dimensions. Some engage in scientific experiments, others dedicate centuries to crafting legendary fine arts, some create new martial arts, while others meditate in search of inner peace.”

Fiona’s expression turned serious as she continued, “You are here to learn invaluable lessons from our elders. What you choose to study and what they decide to teach you will depend on you. Tonight, under the full moon, the elders will help unlock your bloodline. You will remain here until the next full moon, when your awakening will be complete.”

She then met Eleanor’s gaze and spoke with unwavering authority, “This is your best chance to train yourself and absorb as much knowledge as possible. The skills you acquire here will shape your future among both werewolves and humans.”

With that, she turned toward the village, and Eleanor followed, her mind racing with anticipation and uncertainty.