

## Chapter 13

Tabitha's POV

Right now, the big deal for me was to chase down the beef between my dad and Elena before my health further deteriorated.

I gotta arrange everything first.

So, I took a cab back to the Alpha Villa of the Black Thorn Pack, the place that belonged to me and Derek.

Derek decked out everything in the house, so moving house just meant grabbing a few key bits of mine.

The only thing I couldn't let go of was the nursery that I personally designed. I didn't want Daphne's baby to move in there when she became Luna.

So I took down all the decorations.

It took only a few hours to erase what took sleepless nights to build.

Standing at the doorway of the villa, I recalled how thrilled I was first coming up here. How naïve.

Back then, I never saw it coming that one day Derek and I would end up like this.

Snapping back to reality, I decided to call someone to pick me up. Alvin and Rolf followed Derek to 32 Seaside Avenue, so they weren't available.

The other members of the Black Thorn Pack were all busy working, so I didn't want to bother them.

Finally, I turned to Gloria.

"I have already rented an apartment for you. Don't worry." She helped me put the suitcase in the trunk, opened the door, and got into the car.

"Thank you."

I was still a member of the Black Thorn Pack now, so I couldn't move back to the Silver Moon Pack. Plus, no way I was bringing down Derek's wrath on them.

So I asked Gloria to help me rent an apartment.

It was right in the human community, far away from werewolf turf.

After doing all this, I bought a sandwich and took a taxi to Werewolf Cemetery which Alvin had told me about.

It was jointly built by a few major packs in the city. And only the important pack members could be buried here.

Soon, I saw Derek's grandmother's tombstone.

Next to it stood another, with the name Elena Robinson engraved on it.

So far, all I knew was Elena was the daughter of the former Beta, and she was Derek's childhood sweetheart.

Beyond that, I was in the dark.

I squatted down and looked at the photo on the tombstone. It should have been taken before she went missing. She looked about five or six years old, her cheeks chubby, totally adorable.

I still had no clue, so I took a photo of it with my phone as the only lead.

After leaving Werewolf Cemetery, I dialed up Beta Gary of the Silver Moon Pack.

Unfortunately, he couldn't recognize the girl in the photo. I didn't remember there was an Elena girl in the Silver Moon Pack, either.

But he provided a new clue.

Years ago, my dad rescued some wolf cubs who had lost their pack's protection due to rogue attacks, and now they had grown up.

Some blended with humans, while the rest formed a new pack.

Gary told me to ask the new pack's Alpha Albert to see if he knew anything.

After the call was connected, Albert's voice came through. "Ms. Hartley, I just heard Mr. Hartley got sick. Is he feeling better now?"

"If it weren't for him, we wouldn't have been able to survive in the hands of those rogues, not to mention forming a pack."

An idea flashed through my mind. Since Elena had once been captured by rogues, maybe she was among those pups Dad saved.

"Alpha Albert, I just sent you a photo. Could you please check if she's a member of your pack?"

"Sure, Ms. Hartley."

Albert fell silent after he saw the photo.

"I know her. She's Elena," he finally spoke up.

"You know her?!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Then do you know where she is now?"

"She's one of the kids Mr. Hartley saved. I remember someone asking her which pack she came from, but she wouldn't tell. That's why I remember her," shared Albert. "We used to keep in touch, but not anymore after I established the Crescent Pack. I heard that she had passed away. Such a pity."

"How did she die?"

"I don't know the specific cause of her death," he replied. "Ms. Hartley, I got a meeting. Gotta go."

"Thank you, Alpha Albert."

Hanging up, I couldn't help but frown, lost in thought. When Elena went missing, she was not a toddler.

Why was she tight-lipped about being the Black Thorn Pack's member? Even if she didn't want to tell the rogues, she could have told my father.

Although the story was fishy, the new clues ignited some hope in me.

I messaged Gary about it, hoping that he could help me keep on digging into the cause of Elena's death.

Since it was tied to the future of Silver Moon Pack, Gary solemnly agreed.

Later, I went to the hospital to visit Dad. He was still in a coma. Yet his condition had stabilized.

Looking at his haggard face, I decided to try my best to find out the truth.

Then, I rang up Orson. As soon as he picked up, I asked, "Can you do me a favor?"