

His Beta 283

Chapter 283

Lanie

The site I linked to from the comment on DarkLuna's post was all about the Great Wars. The history of vampires, witches, and wolves

There was even an entire section on human history and how their world and ours intersected. I

skimmed over the entries, which were almost like a diary. It looked like DarkLuna had been researching for a while and posting entries as she discovered information.

In addition to the posts on history, she'd written essays on her theories about why her powers were so much stronger than expected. I read eagerly, hoping she'd have some big reveal about discovering that she had a vampire grandfather, the way I had, but I reached the end of the posts still disappointed.

Also, heartbroken.

Her entire life had been torn apart by her jealous Alpha. She didn't state it directly but hinted at him turning abusive. Refusing to have pups with her. Taking a mistress.

If DarkLuna had ever figured out that she was a hybrid, she didn't share it in this online journal.

The last entry was dated from a few years ago, and I wondered what had happened to her. Did she just get tired of posting? Or had something kept her from it? Most of the entries were locked from comments, but the last one was open,

There were the typical number of stupid comments, and I read them but tried to ignore what they said

Finally, there it was. A comment from SeekTheTruth.

“Lots of history here, friend. Did you look into your own and figure out the truth?”

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The date of that last comment was the date of the last entry.

Had SeekTheTruth scared DarkLuna off the dark web?

A flare of Mason’s Alpha energy distracted me for a second. I tuned into him. He was shielding, so I connected with my other two mates.

“Zane checked on him. We’re ready if he needs us. What are you doing in there? Ma said we needed to leave you alone,” Xander thought.

“I’ll be out soon.”

I hated not being fully honest with my mate, but until I had some answers, I didn’t want to share

anything.

I shut down the link and got back to the computer.

It seemed pretty clear to me that DarkLuna was a hybrid, and that Seek The Truth knew about hybrids

and

was p

possibly one, too. No fresh search turned up anything from or about DarkLuna, though. She could have

changed her username or just stopped posting

Or, something bad could have happened to her.

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My next quick check was for any information I could find about a Luna in the Midwest being exiled.

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Or worse...killed.

My fingers shook as I clicked another link, expecting to be taken to a site with a horrible news story, but

Instead I found myself on a page filled with smiley faces, rainbows, and balloons

“What the f uck?”

“Baby? You okay?” Xander thought to me at once.

S hit, I’d been sending my shock. I really, really needed to learn how to control that.

“All good, love. I need a little more time with this project, okay?”

I imagined his face as I sensed his grumbling answer, and my heart twisted as I thought of poor

DarkLuna’s experiences, I really wanted to find out if she was okay. Everything about this site should’ve

felt happy, but it felt ominous.

I looked all over it, but there weren’t any words. Only floating balloons that bobbed up and down. The

rainbows sparkled occasionally. The smilies sometimes winked. Whoever had designed this site was a

big fan of vintage websites. I was surprised the cursor didn’t trail butterflies with the motion, and there

wasn’t any electronic music playing in a loop.

Carefully, I dragged the cursor across the screen, watching to see if it became a clickable link. Finally,

one of the balloons turned out to be clickable. I had to laugh, even though I was getting pretty

frustrated. and running out of time.

“Why all the jumping through hoops?” I murmured to myself. “It’s the dark web, it’s not like thin a public

forum or something.”

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Still, I guess the existence of hybrids was controversial enough that whoever was posting int about it

wanted searchers to really work hard to find it. My frustration wasn’t going to make me qui on the

balloon and waited a few seconds while the screen went dark.

It stayed dark.

I frowned and navigated back to the cheery landing page. Dragged my cursor around. That balloon was

the only clickable link. So, I clicked it again.

That same dark page filled my screen. This time, though, I forced myself to have more patience. I

waited for it to fully load. As I was dragging my cursor around it, seeing if there were any hidden links, a

small chat

box popped up in the center of the screen.

Five words, white on black.

Do You Seek The Truth?