

His Beta 373

Chapter 373

“On the subject of hybrids, their strengths and weaknesses, and of particular importance to their upbringing.” I read the title of the old fashioned essay aloud.

It wasn’t printed in the book but in a sheaf of folded papers that fell out when I turned a page. It looked more like a rough draft of an essay rather than any published piece. It was written in faded ink, the handwriting thin and ornate and hard to read.

Since I’d found a comfy chair tucked away into a back corner of this small library, there wasn’t anyone around to see what I was doing. Nevertheless, following some instinct I couldn’t put my finger on, I settled deeper into the chair and turned my body away from the room to shield what was in my hands.

Slowly, I turned the pages of what I’d found. The handwriting covered both sides, top to bottom, of four

The paper itself was weirdly thin, almost transparent, and yet despite having words on both sides, nothing was showing through.

pages.

I held it up to the light and noticed a faint drawing or engraving of what looked like the moon and a

woman with stars in her hair. The Moon Goddess? In one hand she held what looked like a bottle, and a wolf lay curled at her feet. The drawing was surprisingly intricate for a watermark. It was also an image I'd never seen before, but it had a kind of religious flavor to it that made me think maybe this paper had been written by one of the Moon Goddess's followers.

That could mean wolf, vampire, or probably even witch. For all I knew, there could be any dozen other kinds of supernaturals who worshipped her. What mattered to me was that I'd found a paper about hybrids. I sent up a prayer to the Moon Goddess hoping I'd finally learn something concrete.

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The paper used a lot of flowery language, which was kind of hard to understand. I had to go couple of times when the sentences ran on and on.

Sometimes, there were references to things I couldn't figure out. Names of supernatural races I didn't

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recognize and hadn't met here at Brightsky. Dozens of references to historical events that seemed to be common knowledge for whoever had written this paper but that I'd never heard of

That wasn't shocking. I knew the High Council had kept us all isolated for that very reason, to keep us

ignorant. What was unsettling was just how many times I had to go back and reread something, trying to put it into context, without even knowing where to begin.

Beyond the Great Wars, there had been other battles,

The paper touched on interactions of supernaturals with humans in times long past, when apparently we'd all lived in greater harmony. Or if not harmony, I realized, reading on, at least less secrecy

Humans had widely known and accepted the existence of supernaturals. According to this paper, some great disaster had changed all of that, but it didn't go into detail about what that was

I really needed a notebook and pen to start taking notes about all the things I was reading that led me to

research more things I didn't understand it

was back in school again only this time instead of heina

a pretty decent student that got good grades, I felt like the bad pup in the back of the row who shot spitballs at the teacher when her back was turned. The one who failed all the tests.

For now, I'd have to use my phone. I snapped pictures of the sections I found most confusing, and

added some typed thoughts in my notes app. By the time I got to the end of the four pages, a

headache was starting to brew. More than once, Lily had probed at my mind. That wasn't usual of her.

She reacted to my strong emotions, yes, and if it had been too long since she'd had her freedom, she

was more likely to nudge me for it. But reading this paper, it was almost like my wolf was reacting to the

words, especially the things I wasn't

understanding.

I tried again. The first couple of pages had a history of the different kinds of hybrid combinations and

what traits were more often dominant versus recessive.

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Something I found interesting was that hybrid children were more often twins than singletons,

something that I would never have guessed. Alice's babies were twins and hybrids, but neither Alaina

or Isaac had shown any signs of special qualities and probably wouldn't until adolescence.

Not like Stella.

At the thought of my daughter, Lily whined. Her insistence grew stronger. There was something in

these pages that my wolf had seen...and it was about my daughter.