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Truth Seeker

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Looking up at the sky the giant trees towered over her, they appeared to be reaching up for the clouds that lazily drifted by. The blue skies beyond them, bright and held hope which was beyond her grasp. A soft breeze played with the leaves. The only other noise besides the rustling of the leaves was the shovel digging in deeper to the thick stubborn ground.

Swallowing hard, her throat felt tight as the hot tears slid down the side of her face into her hairline as she laid looking up at the skies. This was not how she imagined how her day would turn out when she got up this morning. Laying on the ground gagged and tied next to a hole that was being dug out for her body.

It was the day after she buried her mother, sitting in Mitchell Baker's humid office, the fan was running and the window open. Her mother's lawyer had just told her that her mother had over 40 million in a bank account that was in the process of being transferred over to her name. She had felt like the carpet was pulled out from under her. Her mother was a multimillionaire? How? And how did she not know about this?

Mitchell sat with her alone in his office and played her mother's last words to her. It was a video where her mom told her how much she loved her. Oh, and hey we are rich. They had lived paycheck to paycheck, sometimes the struggle was more than she could bare but she managed to get through those tough times. Meanwhile her mother had millions in her bank account and never said a word. The reason is that she didn't want the money to change them. Laura sat there quietly and rewatched the video a couple more times.

She went home, quit her job that she hated and sat and rewatched the video a few more times. It took her a while to get used to the idea that she didn't need to work. She had kept to herself and told no one. Laura didn't have a lot of friends to begin with. A few failed relationships had taught her to keep in her own lane.

It started late one night, she couldn't sleep. She had been watching the news and saw a story about a reporter who went missing. They thought it was just a reporter who was on vacation that got lost in the wilderness on a hike. Family and friends said the reporter would never go alone, they believed he was working on story because he was always seeking the truth.

She looked up the story online and found a bunch of theories that the guy had found out something he shouldn't have and they made him disappear. Who were they? The government? Laura found herself stumbling into a rabbit hole. Conspiracy theories and cover ups.

Before she knew it, she was cataloging the far-fetched theories. Joining chat groups as 'Truth Seeker', asking questions and looking for answers. When someone posted something, she would check into it herself. Laura was handy with technology and printed herself some ID passes that she had laminated, she was Sarah Parks, Investigative Reporter for various newspapers. People didn't mind talking to her when they thought she was a reporter and it was off 'the record'.

Laura went to investigate a zombie outbreak that happened at a small-town superstore. It was the third story that led her to believe the government was fucking with small communities testing new offensive measures. Who were they going to be using this on? Why would someone do this to innocent human beings?

The more she dug into this story and other vampires running amok, the undead, the children that could walk up walls. She found that they were all linked together. It was something

more sinister going on. The government was conducting experiments that were taking on a life of their own. They were working on something bigger, but she wasn't sure what it was.

It had been a few months since her mother died. Laura was cleaning out her mother's closet, she had found a safe that contained ID, letters and pictures of things that didn't look human.

The letters were from her aunt who worked out west for a law firm, or so we had thought. According to the letters it was a ruse. Aunt Lizzie worked for a lab that was run by the government. Her aunt had disappeared when Laura was eight years old. She remembered her aunt fondly but in her mind her aunt worked for a law firm not a lab.

If her Aunt Lizzie did work for a lab. Why the ruse? Her aunt worked for the government. Her mother came into money; in the video her mother called it a lottery win. It was last month that Laura found out the money came from a settlement to shut them up about Aunt Lizzie. A combination of settlement money and insurance money from her aunt's passing.

The thought that her aunt was working for the government causing horrible things to happen to innocent people made her stomach turn. How could these people prey upon the innocent? Her aunt? Her aunt was like an older sister, fun, caring and always smiling. How was that the same woman torturing people?

Laura thought her aunt was dead, everyone thought her aunt was dead. Nope she was the person digging a hole in the woods, because Laura dug a little too deep. Did she know her aunt was still alive?

No, that she didn't know until about a couple hours ago when she was hit over the head and stuffed in the trunk of a car. She had caught a glimpse of her aunt before she got knocked out.

Laura was grateful her mother wasn't still alive to see her younger sister digging a grave for her daughter.

"Laura dear," her aunt stood over her, dirty, sweaty and towering over her. Kneeling down she brushed Laura's hair back. "I can't believe you are so clever. I do feel bad about doing this to you."

Laura wanted to scream at this woman but couldn't. What her aunt Lizzy didn't know was that Laura had all her investigative information stored and sealed with a locked program, if she didn't reset the timer tonight it would get released to every news network, every conspiracy forum, people may or may not believe but there was a paper trail that wouldn't be ignored. At least she hoped.

"I loved your mom, my older sister. I really wished I didn't have to do this. I did send you warnings to back off."

Warnings? The letters, two months ago she started getting letters under her door. It would be a random kid that would slide it under her front door. The warnings were always the same, telling her to stop now or reap the consequences. Laura took those as indicators she was getting warmer to solve this mystery.

"No, you just had to be a little Truth Seeker, didn't you?" she frowned. "Well, you should have listened." Aunt Lizzie rolled Laura into the deep hole, she felt the wind get knocked out of her. Then she felt the dirt pouring back into the hole, as it hit her body.

One minute past midnight, emails dinged everywhere, from the sender truthseekerforjustice@outlook.com, the story seemed unreal. Pictures and receipts, along with other documents, showed a link that tied people to these grievous crimes. Crimes against the innocent.