

## Alpha Niall And His Lost Mate Chapter 34

"I knew it!"

"Incoming..." I squealed as I braced for impact as Jody launched herself at me. I had to gasp for air as she squeezed the life from me.

"I knew you were a Conley! I just knew it!" She beamed as she pulled away to gaze at me.

The smile that lit her face had me so excited. I was as happy as her to know that we were related. If only we could've been sisters. But cousins were close enough.

"It's Boysen and always will be. But I am proud to be a part of this family" I admitted. I knew I'd never disregard my birth-name. I didn't want to. If my dad saw that he needed to take that name, then I won't change it. I'm his daughter after all.

All the questions were still hanging over my head about what happened to him, and I really really wanted to learn what it was because I wanted to go home. I missed my mate too much. I called him again and filled him in about what I learnt. I couldn't wait until I was home to tell him more.

As expected, he was exhilarated. I loved how supportive he was. He didn't feel threatened by me or anything. Even though it took a while for him to fully grasp the pureblood thing, he eventually did and admired it.

Luckily for me, Jody already knew the story. So all I had to tell her was that I was related to her. That meant Emma and Alex's daughter was my cousin too. What a small world.

"We can tell everyone that we're sisters! And you can live here too. Well we'll have to train you into a British accent but-"

"Um Jody" I cut her off with a chuckle. She was getting a bit carried away. "I have a mate back home."

She slouched. "Oh right" She pouted as I rubbed her back. "Well we can make it work long distance then"

"Haven't we been doing that all along?" I pointed out. This wasn't anything new.

"You're right. I'm just a bit excited that's all"

"I know" I chuckled as her tummy made a howl of desperation. We both giggled at that, seeing that I went straight to her room to wake her after talking to Niall.

“I’m going to go get breakfast. Coming?”

I shook my head. “I already ate. I’ll see you later”

I gave her a quick hug as I left her room. Niall was busy, so I didn’t want to call him again. I walked past Asia’s room, deciding that it would be nice to fill her in. However, she sounded a bit...busy.

I quickly made my way down the hall as I roamed the house yet again. It was a huge one after all. I then decided that I’d go on the third floor. I never really went up there as a child, simply because everyone stayed on the first two stories of the house.

However, seeing that I had nothing else to do just yet, I let my curiosity get the best of me. Slowly, I mounted the stairs at the end of the hall that led to the third floor. I walked past numerous rooms as I gazed at portraits neatly placed on the walls.

I recognized a few of them being the former Alpha of Emerald Pack, Beta Edward, who’s my uncle, and the former Gamma too.

Across from them were three females who I recognized as their mates. I smiled at the pictures as I walked further down and gazed at different portraits, some of people I didn’t recognize.

But then my eyes caught a certain one and my heart stopped. I just knew it was him. It had to be.

Even though I had a lot of my mom’s features, I only thought I resembled her because I’ve never seen a picture of my dad, and I was too young when he died to remember how he looked. But as I gazed at the picture, I knew I’ve seen this man before. Who else could it be but my dad?

My eyes watered at the very image. His features were easy as he gazed at the person who was taking the picture. But as I eyed it longer, I realized that it didn’t seem like he was staring at the camera at all. The angle of his eyes suggested that his gaze was fixated at something close by the camera. Someone maybe?

He looked so happy despite the fact that he was not sporting a full smile. I suddenly had the urge to ask Ty for the picture, or better yet, paint a portrait of my own from the picture.

I reached out to brush my finger over the image, and I even avoided the dust that attached themselves to my fingertips. My lips curled into a smile as a single tear rolled down my cheek. For some this was minor, but for me it was a milestone. Especially after what I learnt this morning.

It was heart-warming.

“Hi dad,” I greeted softly, seeing him for the first time. If only I had known him. He looked like such a great person.

Beside his picture sat a door, and I felt like I needed to enter it. I frowned when I realized that it was locked. I turned the handle harshly, not knowing my own strength as it broke under the sudden impact.

The scent in the room when I pushed through was too faint to recognize, indicating that it hadn't been used in years, probably over a decade. But the moment I walked further into the room, I knew whose it was exactly.

More pictures like the one I had just finished ogling filled the walls, this time capturing his radiant smile.

His smile.

I had his smile.

A happy sob-like laugh escaped my lips as my heart warmed at the familiarity in the room. I proceeded to look at each of them specifically, and I noticed that most of them had a woman in them.

His mate.

She was beautiful. Gorgeous. It was obvious that they made each other happy. They looked pretty young too in each picture. They didn't look a day over twenty-five, and it was obvious that they were madly in love.

Could Edward be right? Did he really run away after she died? Now looking at the pictures, I began to consider it. He was young after all.

Maybe after years of being a rogue and growing, he became a different man—stronger and wiser before he met my mom. Because the stories my mom told me about him didn't describe a man who would've ran away from home and become a rogue. Then again, I didn't know him at this age, so it was a possibility.

Besides, what motive would Edward have to lie? As wolves, we all know how hard losing a mate can be. Even Luka went through a long depressive state before he met Victoria. Ty had to take over Brightwater Pack for him because he became unfit to lead. So grief leading a man to run away wasn't far fetched.

I frowned as I sat on his bed. It was obvious that no one had been here in years. There were cobwebs in the ceilings and dust everywhere. There was also a vase shattered near a door across the room. Maybe someone came in here and broke it, or it was shattered by my dad before he left.

I made my way over to the vase, seeing that it now peaked my interest. Just like everything else, it was dusty. So whoever broke it didn't do it recently. I rose to my feet as I eyed the door it was broken in front of.

Oddly, there were no desks or tables near the door; a broken vase directly in front of the door seemed odd. Even the angle of the door from the bed didn't make sense. If it is that he sat on the bed and threw it from there, the door was in no range for the vase to be thrown at.

Maybe it was my overthinking nature, but it felt odd.

In addition, the vase had no flowers in it on the ground. No one has an empty vase lying around in their room. Right?

It was as if he purposely took the flowers from the vase, brought it to this door and broke it. But, why? It didn't make sense.

However, my intuition was confirmed when I spotted a bunch of flowers sitting on a desk near the window at the other end of the room. The place where the flowers sat seemed like a perfect place for a vase to be positioned. Plus, the desk was in no throwing range to the door either.

That did it. He purposely broke this vase in front of this door. I made no hesitation in opening it, and I was met with a library.

A library attached to a bedroom. Either my dad or his mate was a reader.

I stepped further into the room slowly as I eyed everything, looking for any hint of a message. After the whole vase thing, I knew that it was a message. I had a gut feeling.

The library was small, but it had a lot of books. I didn't think that whatever he left was inside a book. That would've taken days to find. And then again, who was he leaving a message for?

The questions made my head pound as I eyed everything in concentration.

But then I saw it.

I saw what I was looking for.

Everything in the small library was neatly positioned, not a book out of place. But in the corner sat a shelf with a section that had nothing but encyclopedias. However, stuffed between a book was a small book—a novel maybe.

It could've been overlooked by anyone, but since I was so observant, I didn't miss it.

I retrieved the novel in anticipation as I quickly brushed the dust from it. The novel looked used, as if it was read numerous times. A favourite, maybe?

'30 Days As A Substitute Prince' The title was huge and bold on the cover, and I found myself skimming through the book for notes or anything, but I stopped when something caught my eyes.

Reagan Boysen.

The name. It was the name of the male protagonist of the book.

I skipped through it even more seeing that indeed, it was the name of the male lead. My dad's favourite book. It must've been. Why else would he take the name of the male protagonist?

Knowing for sure that it was his doing, I eagerly shook the book to see if there was a note hid between its pages. I yipped in delight when I saw a hint of white hitting the ground after a few shakes. I quickly unraveled it, seeing handwriting I recognized from a certain letter I read on my 18th birthday.