

## Alpha Niall And His Lost Mate Chapter 4

I woke up on top of the comfiest pillow I've ever felt, with a strong arm draped around my waist.

A smile made its way to my lips as I remembered how perfectly my night turned out to be. Niall's cousin was sleeping in what seemed like a very uncomfortable position on the couch across from us, and Emily was curled up in a single arm chair beside him.

We must've all fallen asleep in the living room last night—or should I say this morning.

So far Niall was perfect. After my initial stage of shock and silence, we spent hours talking, laughing and just enjoying each other's company. I don't wanna talk too soon, but he's everything I dreamt about, and more.

The only uncomfortable conversation we had last night was when he suggested that I had to go back home with him, or eventually go back home with him.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew this, but leaving my family felt kinda heart wrenching. I haven't even talked to Victoria about it yet, though I knew she must've thought about it at least once.

I glance down at Niall to see him still sleeping peacefully. He looked so beautiful with his perfectly curled eyelashes and slightly parted lips. Deciding that I didn't want him to smell my morning breath when he woke up, I slowly eased myself from his grasp and ran to my room to get cleaned up.

There was cake frosting in my hair, and something that I wasn't sure even existed. With a slight grimace, I hopped into the shower and scrubbed myself clean. When I've successfully washed my skin, mouth and hair of all impurities, I pulled on my favourite leggings and a sweater before heading back to the door.

Something on my chair stopped my movements, and I slowly pulled my legs towards it and picked up the letter that Victoria had given me yesterday. I read over it once again, stopping at the part where he said I would find my mate and be happy, and I couldn't help the sad smile that tugged on my lips.

It made me realize how much I wished he was here so I could tell him all about Niall. I wished my mom was here so I could see that huge smile on her face when she squeezed the life out of him.

I wish I could see the look on both their faces when I get pregnant a few years from now, and I wish I could see the tears in mom's eyes when I place my baby in her arms.

But I know that won't happen. I was very young when my dad died, so I barely have any memories of him. But I still remembered his beaming smile that would make me laugh

when mom took away my candy, and I wanted nothing more than to see that smile again.

I wish I knew more about him so that I could honour him with pride.

So what if he was a rogue? He loved me, and he never did wrong by mom and I. He probably died trying to make a better life for me. And that made him more of a man than no one would ever understand.

“Hey.” A voice shook me out of my little wishing trance, and my eyes found the door where Niall was standing.

His face scrunched into concern when he met my eyes, and I didn’t even realize that I had been crying.

This was very strange for me. Apart from yesterday when I first read this letter, the last time I cried was at mom’s funeral so this was not normal for me. I was sort of a bad ass. But even the toughest people have weak spots.

“Hey what’s wrong?” He asked once he crossed the room and reached me. For some reason I didn’t like him seeing me like this, so I quickly attempted to dry my eyes.

However, his hands stopped my movements by holding onto them and turning me to face him.

“What’s wrong?” He asked again in a gentle voice that somehow gave me butterflies.

I had no idea how to explain it to him, so I just gave him the letter and sat on my bed. He followed in suit with his eyes still glued on the paper.

I waited patiently, fiddling with my hands in silence until he finished. His eyebrows knitted closer together every few seconds until I saw that he was finally done.

He met my eyes with a pained expression on his face as he placed the letter beside him on the bed. I sighed in delight when he pulled me to his chest.

“You lost your dad?” He whispered in an almost inaudible voice. I nodded before answering.

“He died when I was three. I don’t know the exact cause of his death, and I don’t quite remember him either. My mom would tell me about him when I was younger, but when she died too it all just seemed to vanish. I didn’t have any other way to know him anymore”

He pulled away to look me in the eyes, looking even more pained. “You lost your mom too?”

I couldn't help but chuckle at his expression. I knew it was sad, but it doesn't hurt like he thinks it does.

"Yea I was eleven. But it's okay. She was a very happy and jovial person, and even after death, she still managed to brighten my life. I felt her absence, but I was never short on love. You don't have to feel bad for me Niall. It's okay"

I managed to give him a reassuring smile, though the air was heavy. The look on his face would make anyone think that he was the one who lost both parents.

"I just can't imagine how much pain you must've been through. I wish I was there for you when it all happened." He ran the back of his knuckles against my cheek as he spoke, and a shiver ran through my body at the small gesture.

"As I said, it wasn't terrible. The way she left was peaceful, and even then her vibrant aura was still here. I also had Victoria and Luka. Hell, I had a house of nine wolves keeping me happy. Even though I looked and acted differently, they treated me like family. I never had a chance to feel lonely even though none of them are exactly around my age. The kids are a few years younger than me, and the others are almost twice my age, but I still enjoyed their company"

"So you had a pretty nice childhood huh?"

I chuckled at his question as I remembered how I grew up.

"Yea it was epic. I came here when I was six. I knew I was a wolf before I joined the packlife, but I was too young to even understand what that meant. My sister never got the chance to grow up with mom, so they met on a rocky road three years after my dad died.

"By then, she would've already met Luka, and so when she found me and mom in town, Luka arranged for us to live here with them. I guess you could say fate brought us together, because Victoria had no idea that I even existed. Not to mention how she was coincidentally imprinted on by an Alpha wolf, and so I got the packlife my dad wanted for me"

I whispered the last part as I thought about how that weirdly worked out. After my dad died, it was just me and mom. Since my mom was human, she had no idea about finding a pack for her half wolf daughter. And even if she did, there was no way she would've left me there without wanting to stay with me.

But if things were different and I had to grow up without a pack, I would've automatically been considered a rogue, and that was a very dangerous lifestyle. That's what he didn't want for me, and I'm forever grateful that my human sister got mated to an Alpha wolf. Somehow.

But hey I'm definitely not complaining.

"I had a pretty normal childhood. My best friend, Emily, that you met last night was pretty much my other half. My other best friend lives in England. Whenever I go there I have a blast. And though my only blood relatives are Victoria and her son, everyone treats me like their own. So yep, I was pretty much happy all my life, even without my parents. I missed them, but I was living the life they wanted me to live. One filled with love, family and a sense of belonging"

I sighed as the small smile dropped from my face, which didn't go unnoticed by Niall.

"That is, until yesterday" I whispered.

"What do you mean?" He asked, confusion clear in his voice. The last thing I wanted him to think was that I was sad because I met him.

"A lot changed when I got that letter. My dad wanted it to be given to me on my first shift, and when I read it, I realised how much I don't know"

I paused for a while to glance at him. I saw that he visibly relaxed knowing that I wasn't sad that I met him. But he still looked concerned for my interests.

"All my life I've never given much thought about who my dad was, or who I really am. When I read what he wrote, I suddenly wanted to know everything. And can you blame me? There's obviously a lot I don't know about myself that is literally already eating away at my brain"

My hands clenched at my sides as I got frustrated yet again at the thought. Niall, however, managed to make me feel better by just holding my clenched fists in his large hands.

"It's okay Zoey" He mumbled sweetly, no doubt trying to make me feel better.

"It's not Niall. I want to know everything. I want to find out who my dad really was. From a young age, Luka was always convinced that I was from a high ranking family. And now since I'm mated to you, I know for sure that I am for real."

"That's true. The power surging through you would be intimidating to any other wolf. There's no doubt that you are one. Probably Alpha blooded too, there's a lot a power coming from you"

"That's the thing Niall. My mom said he didn't talk about his pack or family, and even when Luka researched and reached out to other packs, there was no Alpha, Beta or Gamma family with the name of Boysen. No one knew a Reagan either. So I just assumed that my scent was just some personal weird shit.

“But when I read this, it opened back those doors. Why did he become a rogue in the first place? Why didn't he tell my mom anything? Why doesn't he want me to know about his pack? How did he die? What pack blood do I have running through my veins? The questions never end Niall. And I don't think I can ever be at peace until I answer them all”

My own voice cracking took me by surprise, and I welcomed the embrace as he held me once again.

“It's okay Zoey. I'm here for you; I got you okay?”

“Will you help me Niall? I have to know” I whispered, unsure that he would attempt to break this brick wall with me. So far I was at a dead end, and I had no clue where to start looking.

“Of course I will. You didn't even have to ask” He pulled me away just enough so he could gaze into my eyes. “You are my mate Zoey, and I'll do just about anything to make you happy. What promise did I make to you last night?”

I blushed at the memory of when he saw me last night, and I remembered clearly what he said. “You said you'll always make me happy” I whispered, trying to contain my blush.

“Say it louder so those in the back can hear” He smirked, holding my cheeks and peering at me intently.

“You'll always make me happy” I repeated a little louder with a short laugh. He seemed happy that I was smiling again, and he gently placed a kiss on my forehead.

“Yes I will. And I meant every word. ” He added, making me feel all warm inside. “So keep that beautiful smile of yours on that beautiful face and don't worry about it. We'll make it through this okay?”

My blush only got worse as my cheeks burnt. Who would've thought that Zoey Boysen would be a blushing mess under a few words from this gorgeous Alpha?

But then again, who wouldn't ?

“Thanks Niall. I'm really happy you turned out to be my mate”

“Me too princess. Me too”

We stayed silent for a while, just enjoying each other's presence. His scent was heavenly, the best I've ever come across in my eighteen years of life. I found myself drifting away, getting lost in my own world with my mate.

Then my tummy rumbled.

We both laughed as it made yet another sound, and I concluded that it might be time for breakfast.

“Wanna go down for breakfast?” He asked.

I smirked at him as I got up and motioned for him to follow. “Get ready for breakfast with my family. Alpha or not Niall, get ready.”

“Why?” He asked, seeming a little amused but still curious.

“You’re not planning on going back home without me right?” I asked and he nodded once.

“Right.”

“Well I’m sure they already assumed. But good luck telling them that” I winked at him before turning and pulling him out of my room.

This is about to be a long morning.