

## Alpha Niall And His Lost Mate Chapter 28

Three days had passed, and everything was going back to normal.

Niall arranged a special section in the pack cemetery for headstones of my dad and Clarissa, so that I could visit them anytime I wanted to. I loved it.

Even though I visited my mom's grave countless times back in Brightwater Pack, I never really had a talk with my dad like I had with her. Even though his physical body wouldn't be there, it was sweet, and I loved him even more for doing it for me.

We were scheduling a pack meeting, where Niall will officially introduce me to his pack and make me a member.

With everything that had been going on, we never got the chance to do it, but now we can since everything is settled. And even though almost every pack member already knew me, I still had to be officially introduced as Luna. I was more than happy and ready to be just that.

This is all I need.

"Hey beautiful."

I beamed at the very voice of the man I loved so much, and I threw my head over my shoulder to see him entering the small room.

"Hey handsome," I mumbled as he leaned in to kiss me. I had paint all over my hands, and I didn't want to ruin his shirt, so I settled with kissing him without wrapping my arms around him like I always do.

"Aren't you hungry? You've been painting all morning... Which is beautiful by the way," he added quickly when he saw my glare.

I had always been defensive of my paintings. People always loved them, but they rarely understood them.

"I'll grab brunch in a bit. I just want to finish this first. "

"What is it? " Niall asked as he cocked his head to the side, trying to figure out my swirls and contours.

I ogled it myself, not really sure why I was making something so...vague.

"I don't know," I shrugged. "It just came from here." I pointed to my head, causing him to laugh, but he had a focused look on his face as he continued to eye my work.

“I think...” he drawled, as I made my final stroke. “I think it’s what your mind looks like. “

I scrunched my face up at how cheesy that sounded as I removed my apron.

“No for real, ” he insisted. “Just look at it. You don’t know what it is, meaning that you painted it subconsciously right?”

“I guess but-“

“And look at the others you’ve painted over the past three days. They’re all similar. As if they are saying something but... I can’t tell what.”

“Niall you’re being dramatic. It’s just paint on the canvases.” I waved him off. He could always make the biggest deal out of the simplest of things sometimes.

“Then why do they all look the same? “

“What?” I snorted. “They do not,” I defended, but one look at the five paintings I’ve recently made, including the now drying one, made me realise that they looked the same. The small room attached to our bedroom would soon be filled with vague paintings.

“Honestly, they look like a cry for help.” His eyes widened as I gaped at him, offended and completely pissed at his audacity.

“No baby I don’t mean like that,” he quickly defended. “They’re beautiful and perfectly painted. Only the purest of talents could ever compare to such art.” I narrowed my eyes with a firm look as he continued. “What I meant was the meaning. Look here...” He pointed at the centre of each of them, and I watched attentively. “There’s just a gray, black or white circle in the middle of all of them right? So plain and dull, almost sad. But around it springs various colours and the most extravagant shapes, swirls or forms. Don’t you see? “

“See what Niall? “

“This is you. You’re painting your heart baby. Your mind has been trying to tell you through the one way it knows it can reach you—art. ” I rolled my eyes as I perched my hand on my hip, giving him a pointed look.

“Telling me what exactly? ” I asked, even though I knew what he would say.

“You’re hiding your true pain beneath all the smiles and ‘I’m okays’ and-“

“Ssshhh..” I slowly placed my fore finger over his lips as I wrapped my arms around his neck. “No more talking,” I smirked wickedly, pulling him even closer to me.

I knew what it did to him, and I really didn't want to have the conversation he had been starting. He was probably right, but eventually that little gray, black of white circle will disappear. It'll be like it was never there.

"When did you become an art whisperer?" I teased as I gently bit his lip. He growled sexily as his arms grew tighter around me.

"Since I found out my mate was an art genius. I had to meet her somewhere in the middle right?" He teased back, not even caring that I was ruining his new polo shirt with paint.

I pulled his bottom lip completely between my teeth, pushing down my canines to gently graze the area, since I knew how much he loved it. I received yet another husky groan from him as he lifted me by my butt and wrapped my feet around his waist.

"Have I ever told you how incredible sexy you are with paint on your face with a paintbrush stuffed into your bun?" He asked between pecks as he knead me from behind.

"Nope. But you can show me."

And that was all he needed to hear, as he pushed all my supplies from my desk and grabbed my lips hungrily in his.

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A knock sounded at the front door, breaking my eyes from my phone and towards Asia who was sitting across from me.

She too looked up from her phone before directing her gaze back to it, as if saying 'you can get it, you live here now too'.

With an eye roll, I decided to get it for the sake of the peace. She had been oddly calm, non-snarky and polite today—she even told me good morning. And when my best friend, Emily, from Brightwater and I were speaking on the phone, she never grimaced, commented or threw me eye daggers when I mentioned Niall.

I adjusted my hair just in case it was someone professional, and smooth my ruffled dress as much as possible from me and Niall's session this morning. Once I was decent, I pulled the door open.

My eyes widened in delight once I had a visual of our guest, and I almost jumped her before remembering she was recovering.

"Victoria? What are you doing here?" I asked as I gently hugged her, not wanting to hurt her too much.

She was still on crutches from the accident, so I had no clue why she was here, six hours away from home instead resting.

"I wanted to see you. I heard what happened and thought you might need me."

"How did you...Niall," I concluded, knowing he was the only one who could've told her. "I am gonna kill that mate of mine." I gritted out as I helped her inside. One minute I was fantasizing about the great sex we had, while in another I was thinking about ways to castrate him.

"Oh leave him Zoey. He was just worried about you. He insisted I stayed home too. He's not even aware I'm on his land."

"Luna Victoria," Asia said, a bit surprised as she stood up. "It's a pleasure to have you with us."

"Why thank you Asia. Always a pleasure being here too. You've gotten so big." Asia blushed at that, but didn't comment on it.

"How have you been? I heard about the accident. I'm terribly sorry." She sounded so sweet and sincere, and she even looked sincere.

Okay who killed the real Asia?

"I'm fine really," Victoria waved her off. "A little bruises never stopped me before"

"Do you need anything? Water? Tea?" She asked out of politeness.

"Actually, I think a soda will be nice. Coke maybe?" She beamed, causing me to roll my eyes at her obsession for the wretched thing.

"Sure! Zoey?"

"Hhmm?" I asked, not picking up on her offer.

"Need anything from the kitchen?" .I

"Oh..oh no thanks." I smiled awkwardly as I sat beside my sister.

I frowned a little at Asia's retreating form. I didn't trust her new found kindness. Even before Victoria came and I could label it as respect, she had been different...Nice maybe.

We still didn't speak unless necessary, but something was different. It made me wonder if this was her true nature. If underneath all that hatred for me, was a decent human being that Jared adores and Niall speaks so highly of.

But then again. It might just be a phase.

“So real evil queen huh?” Victoria retorted sarcastically, and I didn’t get why I felt so annoyed.

“She’s nice to you because she respects Luna,” I defended stubbornly, remembering the numerous times I complained to my sister about what a prick Asia is.

She laughed a little as Asia returned with her drink before excusing herself—probably to complain to Niall about why she wasn’t informed that Victoria was coming. Little did she know that it was a surprise to all of us.

“So please tell me you didn’t drive all this way on your own. “

She simply shook her head. “Lincoln actually drove me. Luka is gonna flip when he realises I’m gone.” She threw her hand over her mouth as she stifled a giggle, and I merely gazed at her in awe but amusement.

I knew Luka was too protective to actually be okay with Victoria ditching bed arrest to come here. But that’s our Victoria. Daring, strong and doesn’t give a shit.

“You are going to give that man a heart attack one day.” I chuckled lightly, shaking my head. She simply shrugged but said nothing.

“So how is your healing? It must sucks to have human healing. So slow.” I knew I was swaying conversation away from what she really came here to discuss—why Niall called her in the first place.

But of course, the woman who practically raised me knew me better than I knew myself. She gave me a pointed look before adjusting in the chair so that she was facing me.

“So you’re a special wolf?” She asked, getting straight to it.

I sighed with a nod. “Yup. Apparently I’m from some descendant of special wolves. My friend, Clarissa, didn’t tell me much. But I don’t wanna know.”

“Oh yes you do,” she argued back in that ‘I’m older and I know what’s best for you’ tone. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.

“Victoria I can’t okay? I don’t know what Niall thought calling you would do because I am firm on my decision. I’m an adult now I can do what’s right for me.” My defenses were up, feeling like I was being attacked. “He said he respected my decision, which he obviously didn’t.”

“Give the man a break Zoey. He sees past this mask that you’re putting up and he just wants the best for you. Telling yourself you’re alright and being alright are different.”

“And what do you propose I do, sister? Become more fragile and hurt? Will the truth really set me free or set me on fire again? I can't, okay? I... Cant.” I sighed deeply when I spotted the torn look on her face.

I knew more than anything that she hates to see me sad, but I'd be lying if I said I'd do what she wanted me to do.

She looked torn for a while, and her brown eyes were swimming with uncertainty. Then she looked... Scared?

This confused me more than ever, but I waited for her to speak. She held my hand firmly, and I knew that what she was about to tell me wasn't anything good.

“Zoey, I know how your dad died,” she said softly, confusing me to the core.

I furrowed my eyebrows as I pulled my hand away, and the torn look and reluctance on her face confirmed even more that it wasn't good.

“What? But you said-“

“I know what I said, Zoey, and I wasn't lying. I never knew your dad. But...” she trailed as my heart pounded against my chest.

“But what Vic?”

“But I know how he died, because it was my father who killed him.”