

# His Unexpected Mate

## Chapter 2

The place was clean and its single occupant was busy doing one-hand push-ups. His shirt soaked in his sweat as he counted. "Hundred fifty-eight, hundred fifty-nine, hundred sixty." He clapped before using the other hand to do the rest of the counting.

Rooka, wasn't sure why he felt restless but his usual routine was not helping. Ever since he felt the resonance two hours ago, he felt a need to go somewhere, and his wolf had been howling inside his head ever since.

As the Alpha, and leader of the Middle East Were Nation, he knows the meaning behind the resonance. A shift of power, and death. From which place, that he do not know, but judging from its power, he guess it was just nearby.

Footsteps can be heard approaching his location, after a few seconds, his beta's scent neared. Not long after he heard his voice, "Yo, Rook, father wants us to be in his office ASAP. And before you ask me, I don't know what it is about. Mother just texted me."

He took a deep breath, before standing up and looked at Wayne. His adopted brother, and beta. The closest way to describe him was Abhay Deol, but his nose has been broken too many times, and with his scar left cheek, no one dares to mess with him. Except maybe his sister.

He caught the towel and briskly rub the sweat from his head and neck. Wayne, raised his eyebrows saying, "You are not going to hit the shower? This is our father we are going to talk to."

Rooka just grinned and said, "Father knows that I hate being bothered when I'm in the gym. And HE did say ASAP..." He let the words fade as the two fist-bumped.

Side by side the two men were a sight to behold. They were very different in the physical aspect, but the air of power, whenever they are together, gets magnified. Rooka, can change into an African Golden Wolf, while Wayne can change into a golden jackal. In their change form, they are three times the normal size of their non were counterparts. Albeit Wayne is smaller, it makes up for the speed and cunningness of its animal.

The door to their father's office was a bit ajar, and they can also hear their mother's voice. That made them look at each other. It was rare of the spouse to be in his office, and they can hear their whispered convo.

Not wanting to disturb, the two leaned close to the open doorway to eavesdrops. But before they can put their ears on the door it swung open.

With her hands on her hips, Serafina glared at her two sons. At 5"3' she is the smallest person in the house. But what lack in height, made up for the personality. Before the two can stand straight, she grabbed each ear and pulled it down.

Two ouches of full-grown men can be heard, and a booming laugh from the head of the family. Once they were inside, Serafina let go of her son's ear and said, "Since when, did the Alpha and Beta of this clan did such a childish thing?!" Half shouting.

The men looked sheepish and scratched their head muttering, "Never, " at the same time. But she wasn't finished.

"Rooka," he stood straight, "you may be the alpha and leader of this region, but did I teach you to talk to people smelling like rotten fish?"

"But, he said ASAP -"

"So you did not even bother to clean and change clothes? What kind of mother would I be if some other alpha was in the room? He would say, that I did not raise you right. That you lack manners," she was in the point of crying.

Rooka tried to hug his mom and remembered his dressed state. He just sighed and held her hand. "Mother, I am sorry for the lack of manners, it is just that after the resonance was felt, my wolf has been agitated," he explained tracing the smooth skin of his mom. Then he looked at her eyes, and what she saw made her gasp.

It was his wolf, very near the surface, and it looked like it was in pain. Instinctively, she touched his face, feeling the roughness of his beard. She pulled his head down until their forehead touched, she close her eyes and muttering a simple prayer, then she kissed his forehead.

He immediately felt his wolf calmed down. In return, he also kissed her forehead, "Thank you, mother. He, we feel better. "

"What I did my child, is temporary. Whatever is happening, your father may know the answer," she looked at Wayne, "Son of my heart, your wolf is also close, not like Rooka's, but it did sense the need to protect. And those only happen when the Alpha mate is in need."

There was absolute silence, that the only thing that can be heard is the sudden spike of Rooka's heartbeat. She looked at her husband, waiting for his confirmation. When he nodded, she looked at her sons again.

"This female has been hurt, and I advise the two of you to proceed with caution. She is not like the rest of the were, she is special, " she said. " Her mother was one of the greatest casters I have know, and to feel them die..." She took a deep breath, straining to control her emotions. "I shall take my leave. Be careful my sons, safe journey." With that she left the room, closing the door softly behind her.

Both of them looked at the head of the household, Khalid. His age, and giving the mantle to Rooka did nothing to diminish the wave of power and intelligence in his eyes.

He stood up and went to his sons' side, giving Rooka a sealed envelope. "This letter should be delivered to Serena Daria. Her father entrusted our family with her safety. The council is aware of who died. And she needs to be presented to the Council. They are closing ranks and trying to point fingers at who killed her parents. Clayton wants her in the castle for better protection." He returned to his seat and scrutinize his sons. "The jet is ready, pick three of your best enforcer," he commanded. "Wayne will be joining you as well, for now, I am given a special power to be the alpha in your absence, son."

Rooka just nodded. Still trying to understand what had just happened. It was Wayne who chose the enforcers to come to them. "The twins and Kaz. They will be a good addition to this mission. Especially Kazemde, since Rooka hasn't been himself since the resonance." He said, curiously looking at Rooka, who was looking at the letter akin to nervousness. Like he was going to his next dental appointment. He continued to talk, "I'm mind speaking to them right now and they are just getting some of their things in order. We shall meet in the airstrip at two hours."

His father nodded. "Rooka," he said. Rooka, slowly faced his father, a confused look on his face. "Yes, my son, Mackenzie, and his wife were killed. It was their daughter that release that resonance." He closed his eyes, trying not to show the pain that was there. "Protect her, she is the only one in her clan. And with the power struggle, whoever killed her parents is determined to reveal our exitance. We cannot afford to lose her as well."

The alpha nodded, understanding the gravity of the mission they have to undertake. He bowed and turn to leave, when he was stopped by his father's next words, "your mate needs you."

~~~~

It took more than two hours to get ready. Once the crew was assembled they boarded the private jet. The interior of the jet was gray, with the seats covered in black leather with a hint of gold on the sides. The clan crest, a wolf on top of a sand dune, was discreetly placed at the corner of the armrest.

Rooka sat down in one of the seats near the window, his gaze was at the airstrip as the rest of the people around him got ready. He can hear Wayne giving orders as to what they are about to do. And what will happen if something unexpected pops. He closed his eyes and tried to remember Serena.

He remembered seeing her the first time the Daris visited Egypt. It wasn't just a courtesy visit, but a friendly one too. Since both women are casters and frequently exchange home remedies. Their fathers have been friends even before the mantle of alpha was given to his dad.

*She was a tiny little thing. Short black hair, with coffee-colored eyes. At seven years old, she was more interested in whatever she was listening to, than the things around her. He can't really blame her, as a kid being surrounded by adults talking about adult stuff is not fun. Her mother said something and she nodded. Wondering if she really understood what they were saying or she was just being polite.*

*Concentrating, he focused on the earphones she was using, trying hard to listen to whatever was playing. His sudden laugh caused everyone in his father's office to look at him. His father raised his eyebrows in question to his reaction, he shook his head and smiled. He peaked at the little minx, a small smile was seen on her lips. Medical murder, he thought. Of all the podcasts she can listen to, she choose the one, that is not suitable for her age. Let alone her knowledge. She will be a handful.*

"Rooka," Wayne called, pulling back from his past musings, "we are ready to take off, any additional insight?"

Without looking at his beta he said, "Call hotel reservations, just a book room that will be used by the pilots, we leave as soon as we get there." He closed his eyes then continued, "rent a helicopter, if we have to, but as soon as we land, we move. All of us. My wolf is telling me that something is wrong, his agitation also affecting me," he took a deep breath and looked at his companions, "he is trying to get out, and talking to him that we will be there is the only thing that keeps him pacified."

"Don't worry, Alpha," Kaz said, "you rest, we will handle the logistics. That is what we are here for."

"Thank you, everyone," giving them a tight smile as he leaned his head and close his eyes. Hoping, that when they reach the Daria property, the little minx he remembered will not be lost.

~~~~

It took them nineteen hours to reach the property. If they were ordinary human, they would be exhausted, but were, have more stamina, hence they can travel without too many breaks. What they did was eat. Lots of eating.

The moment they touched down, two rented cars were already waiting for them, the twins and Kaz were together, while the alpha and the beta are in the other. Their first stop was a drive-thru. Several drive-thrus. From McDonald's to KFC, they ordered enough food to feed an army, and each time they collected their orders the person at the window would gawk at them. And they would just smile.

The next leg of the journey was a chopper ride, how they managed to rent a chopper in the early hours of the morning, he didn't question it. The last part of the journey was done via cars again. Two rented cars were again waiting for them. It took another two hours to reach the property, once they reach the outskirts, the lingering power of Mackenzie Daria was still in the air.

The place was beautiful. Lush coconut trees filled the back of the property. A two-story house sat in the middle of a driveway filled with tall bushes and flower beds. However, there was a stillness in the place. They parked alongside a black Ford 150, and what they saw, made them pause inside their cars.

The pool of blood was absent from the scene, three figures huddled together near the doorway of the house would forever be in their minds.

The death shot in the female alpha was clean, even from a distance, Rooka can see it was the cause of her demise. The alpha male though was in his changed form. A massive seven feet dire wolf, cradling his mate. His fur made it impossible to see how much damage he took before reaching his mate. His wolf howled by the loss of life. They were royalty

among the Weres. The Daire Clan was among the ten Alter Wolf beings in the world. And the three people in front of him were the last of the line.

He and the others got out of the car. He quickly sent a signal, telling them to stay. He walked towards the dead couple. Listening to the lone heartbeat that sat huddled by the Alpha's side. Serena's face buried on his thick fur, shielding her from the cold bite of the morning wind.

A whimper of distress escaped her lips, and she pressed her face more on his side. Rooka's wolf howled inside him, feeling its mate fear and sadness. *Stop it, he commanded. Being mad will not do anything good. We need to make sure she is okay. You can have the heads of whoever killed her parents, agreed?* His wolf howled in agreement.

Once he reached the landing, he brushed her hair away from her face cradling it in the process. He had to close his eyes to control his anger. Her tears were still flowing, and the little sobs were escaping her lips.

"Serena," he softly called her. "It's me, Rooka, remember?"

Serena felt a warm hand touched her face, the kind that heats up your insides. She slowly opened her eyes and looked at the man who sat beside her. Fresh tears sprang from her already wet face, "Rooka?" She whispered, vaguely remembering the face behind the name.

A slow sweet smile bloomed from his face, "Yeah, it's me, Rooka." He wiped the tears as it flowed and slowly drew her into his arms. He saw the change in her eyes, the moment she remembered who he was.

"Rooka," she said in a broken voice, "they are gone. My mom and...and...dad are gone, Rroooka." Her words jumbled, "they killed them...they killed them, Rooka." A wail of anguish followed.

Unable to do anything, he took her on his lap and held her tight. Rocking her back and forth, while keeping his lips on her hair. She, in turn, cried and let the pain inside her heart bleed out. She can hear him though, the deep timbre of his voice. The soft-touch on her back, the little kisses on her hair. She was aware of the other people on the property. But for now, it was his heartbeat that matters.

With one arm holding her, he lifted her face using the other. Their eyes met, one tearful while the other full of pain and sorrow, she closed her eyes and felt him kiss her forehead whispering, "All will be good, my minx. I'm here. All will be good." She nodded, burying her face on his neck, letting fresh tears flow down his shirt.

Rooka howled, releasing the anger inside. *They would pay*, he vowed, as he looked at the alpha pair in front of him. *If she wants revenge, we will assist her, but their death is ours. I, Rooka of the Middle East Were Nation, Alpha of the land, vowed to protect my mate at all costs.*

Three more howls followed as the sun reached the horizon, new bonds were formed. Vows were given, and death was accepted.