

# His Unexpected Mate

## Chapter 4.1

Rooka was finally kissing her. The woman who calls the other half of his soul. The one he thought has died thirty years ago is finally in his arms.

Without breaking eye contact, he slowly brushed his lips against hers, once, twice, making sure that she was not going to hit him. The third time, he swiped his tongue on her close lips, making her gasp. Without hesitation, he started to deepen it. There was minimal resistance, maybe because, in a way, she was attracted to him, either way, she started to melt against him, he warped his arm around her waist to keep her from falling.

She was an explosion of flavor that he was not expecting. Maybe it was the food they had, or maybe he was just overthinking, but she was addicting, something he cannot live without. A soft moan escaped her lips, causing him to explore more of her mouth.

Serena was in heaven, or hell, depending on the way her thoughts are and how she feels, she can't say. One thing is for sure, *he can kiss*, and it was not helping that he was robbing her of any rational thought. The way he cradled her face, his rough fingers caressing her cheeks, his strong muscled arms keeping her upright, his powerful body that felt hot to touch were all new to her. And all she could do was hold on.

It was the sudden shift of the wind that alerted them they were not alone. Rooka slowed his kisses and leaned his forehead onto hers, while her eyes were still close, trying to control his breathing, while Serena clutched his arms for support. They looked like two lovers out for an interlude and fun, but the tension on their bodies said differently.

“Run to the house, and call for help,” he whispered. “I have already told Wayne on our mind link, it seems they are prepared. There are also some armed men on the homestead.” He felt her tense, and hurried to add, “Megan is safe, the Sparks told me she hid somewhere.” He saw a frown, and kissed her forehead, “yes, I know, we don't know where she is, but we have to assume that she is okay. Now, run. I will distract them.”

He expected obedience, but what he got was a move he would never in a million years expect her to do.

He was pulled down, making him off balance, a sweep of his feet, then Serena landing on top of him. He hugged her, rolled them away from a sudden blow of a sword. While the man was busy pulling the sword on the ground, Rena kicked the man, sending him flying till he hit another man coming to them.

Rooka didn't waste the opening, he rolled away, backflipped, and ran to the other men, headed their way. He methodologically broke their joints, it was the only way to keep them down. The men who were attacking them are Weres too. From shoulder joints to their knee caps. Each punch, pull was designed to make the men incapable of regeneration within the day. His status as an Alpha was also a plus. His extra strength made each action quick and efficient. He glanced at Serena, making sure that she was safe, but what he saw made him paused.

She was not hiding like a normal woman would do. She was fighting, and if the amount of blood on the sand was an indication, she is good at it. Each swing of the sword was clean and it looked like all the wounds she inflicted were on the major veins in the body. Her move was quick and graceful, it was like he was watching a dance rather than a woman defending herself.

The way she handled the combat tanto sword was a thing of beauty. Her attackers were bleeding and most of them were unable to walk, due to the blows she inflicted. Even though there are Weres the kind of wounds she gave are not the kind to heal in one day.

“Godsmit, Rooka! Behind you!” she shouted. He was nearly beheaded because of his preoccupation. He ducked and punched the man with enough force making his head snapped, killing him instantly.

“That will be enough, Alpha Rooka.” a voice suddenly sounded from the forest behind them. “You have wounded most of my men, and even your enforcers and beta have almost killed my Weres, I was only able to make them stop because I have this little human as a safety net.”

Rena’s body turned cold. *No*, she thought. But as she denied her thoughts, a voice she was very familiar with. "Let me go!"

They have Megan, and a sword was beneath her neck, there was a drop of blood running down her throat. At that moment, everything inside Rena stilled. The voices around her sounded distant like she was underwater.

"What do you want?" Rooka asked. He saw his pack a few feet behind the one holding Megan. A glance at Rena confirmed his fear, there was an aura of anger around her. And seeing her friend's blood made things worse.

"What I want is for Serena to come with us," he calmly said. Making Megan whimper in pain. He looked at her, indicating to drop her weapon. "I suggest you follow me, Alpha Daire. You don't want her life to end because of your choices, right?" There was an odd note in his voice when he said the word choice. "Do you want to have this human become a casualty like your mom? If your father made the right decision, both of them would be alive."

Understanding dawned on them. Even Megan stopped moving.

"You," Rena whispered.

"Yes, me." His voice was as cold as steel, a hint of arrogance was there too. "I can't take all the credit. The one who killed your mom is dead. Alpha Rooka just broke his neck. A pity, your father would have been a great addition to the new government, yet he chose to be with *humans*," he spat the word with so much hate, "and look what happened to him. So,

do you want to keep this human alive? Or do you want her to end up like your mom?"

Megan whimpered in fear. Her eyes met Serena, yes, there was fear, but there was also a glint of courage in them. A silent communication passed between the two. A quick raise of an eyebrow was the only thing anyone could see.

"What do you want from me?" She asked. Slowly, relaxing her hold on the weapon.

"Not sure. We just need to hand you over to our leader and we are done." He tightened his hold onto Megan's hair and it made the blade move closer to her skin causing it to bleed.

"How can I be sure my friend will live if I go with you?"

"You won't. So, why not be a good 'friend' and come with us?"

"Bhe, remember the time dad was telling us about 'that' stuff?"

"Yeah," Megan replied, her voice shaking.

"You think you can still do that?"

"I will try,"

"Great," and then she shouted, "NOW!"

*That* was an ear-piercing scream that made every Were cover their ears. It caused the man holding Megan to drop and let her go.

"Rooka!"

He ran and snatched Megan from him, at the same moment, Wayne thrust his clawed hand behind the man's back. He looked at his chest, and laughed, blood pouring out from his mouth. "I'm not the only one looking for you, princess," he coughed, "if we can't have you...then you need to die. Each of the Hidden Ones will die!" Wayne yanked his hand back, his beating heart in his hands.

"You can try," Wayne said, with a deadly voice, looking at the beating heart in his hand. "But as long as we are here. We will do everything to protect her."

Kaz, Layla, and Nuru emerged out of the forest. They were okay, the four Sparks, with them. With Megan still in Rooka's arms, Serena faced their attackers. With the sword still in her hand, she nodded at Wayne to throw the heart to the men close to her.

"I don't know who you are, I don't know what you want from me. And from the looks of things, all of you are disposable men. I won't kill all of you." She looked at each of them, even though they had protective gear on their heads, they could still feel her stare. "Be thankful that Alpha Rooka had his hands full. Because if not, none of you will be standing." She let that thought sink in before adding, "leave." Then she threw the sword at a tree. The force she used was so powerful that only the hilt of it can be seen.

Like a well-oiled machine, the uninjured men helped the injured ones. There were a lot of curses, moans of pain, and blood, but after twenty minutes all that was left was the body of the unit leader, his heart, taken by his men. A proof that he had failed his mission.

Megan slowly walked to Rena's side. She was holding Wayne's shirts on her neck wound. When they were side by side, she leaned her head on Rena's shoulder, took a deep breath, and said, "Werewolves, huh." Her friend just nodded. "So, who is going to bite me?"