

Alpha's Surrogate by POOJA Chapter 5

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"Be my surrogate," Xavier proposed. "What?" Kiara stared at Xavier with wide unbelieving eyes, as if he were a miracle. His surrogate?! She had misinterpreted where this was going, she had thought that he planned to ruin her honor as soon as they discussed her virginity, but what he had said surprised her and blew her mind. "You want me to become your surrogate?" Had she misheard him the first time? He intended to use an enemy's daughter as a surrogate, this was his stipulation for letting her family and pack to live? "Yes," Xavier responded, relishing the priceless look on her face at his proposition. He'd watched her trembling hand rest on her chest, while she willingly admitted to her being a virgin. She had felt his ravenous glaze on her body, as if he were stripping her naked. "But why?" She was confused. Surrogacy was rare in the werewolf world. She had heard about it amongst humans but never among werewolves. "Because I need an heir," Xavier extended his hand, assisting her in rising to her feet. For over three months following Petra and Xavier's rejections, the pack had been at peace. But in people's minds, tranquility had been just another word for terror. If there had been a problem with the pack, Zander would resolve it as long as it wasn't something significant like rogues. The pack members were too terrified to even pass in front of Xavier. He had needed enough time to calm his mind, heart, and wolf, otherwise he risked releasing his pent up rage on others. He could have begun murdering his own pack members. With the passage of time, Xavier had acquired control over both his mind and his wolf. He had returned to the pack resuming his Alpha responsibilities, but the elders of the pack had begun to nag him to produce an heir the moment they realized they could approach their Alpha again. His Grandpa had suggested that he take a chosen mate. This was the only way they saw him having offspring, which was why he had received marriage proposals for the daughters of Alphas of prestigious packs, but he had refused to allow any other female into his life. All of the packs had wanted a

connection and to build a relationship with the Sirius Bright Pack, a marriage was a huge step in that direction, but they were all met with disappointment. No one could persuade Xavier to marry, and no one had the confidence to approach him personally about it. Zander had been encouraged to persuade his brother to rethink his decision since Xavier would only listen to him. Instead Zander asked everyone to quit bugging his brother about taking a chosen mate and producing an heir as it was annoying and burdensome. He'd seen his brother suffer and be disturbed on a regular basis, so there was no way he'd subject him to another female who could shatter his heart like Petra had. Xavier was aware that he needed a child to carry on his bloodline, but he despised the prospect of marrying another deceptive and cunning female. Obviously, he received deadly glares and taunts from his Grandfather, but he remained unconcerned. No one would force an Alpha! After the rejection, Xavier's personality had drastically changed. He had grown even more enraged, obstinate, and aggressive. But he had maintained the same respect and regard for his Grandfather in his heart, so it was only that pack's elder would pester him for marriage and an heir, that he blatantly ignored. The old man had grown weary of witnessing his twin grandsons' stubbornness. "You need an heir? What about your mate?" Kiara wondered. She wanted to be straightforward because she had only heard violent and deadly stories about him, but his mate had never been mentioned. When she had mentioned the word mate, Xavier felt ill. "I don't have one," he responded as though her inquiry had been a needle that had been struck straight into his sensitive wound. Kiara had realized he was irritated when he answered her. That had been the first time she had seen his face grow cold. "You said, you don't hurt females or pups," she reminded him of his own words. "Yes," he replied, reading her facial expression. "But I'm afraid I can't sell myself to you. I don't have that kind of guts," her heart was pounding. Surrogacy was out of the question for her. It would just become a curse. She would be unable to finish her studies after giving birth since she was fully aware that if her father learnt of the bargain she had made with Alpha Xavier he would declare her a rogue. She would be unable to finish her education since rogues were not permitted to have one. No fated or chosen mate would possibly accept her after she had given birth to another male's child. She was fully aware of the harsh reality of her surroundings. Xavier frowned when he heard the word 'sell', she had taken it wrong. "This is not about buying and selling. You only need to provide me with a baby. If you accept, I will instantly release your family and pack. I will not kill another person, they will continue to live their regular lives, but you will not be here. You will be free to

leave my pack once you have given birth." Kiara had forgotten about herself as soon as Xavier mentioned her family. What had she been thinking? She had been willing to accept being his slave in order to save them, right? So, what had caused her such anguish now? "You will give birth to my pup and stay in my pack for another three months. Throughout this period, I will provide you with all that you require. Your education, food, clothing, and any other necessities that you desire. When you leave in a little over a year's time, you will have a large sum of money in your account that you may use to live the rest of your life comfortably anywhere you desire. It's a win-win situation for everyone. All I want is a healthy heir, that's all I care about," Xavier outlined everything for her. "And, yes, you have the option of whether or not you take the money. I'm not buying you," he pointed out so that she wouldn't get the wrong idea. She already appeared to have a good deal of self-respect. Kiara's heart was pounding in her chest. She'd been trapped in her own emotions and fears. She hadn't cared about the money, she had no intention of accepting it because she wasn't selling herself. But was this the only option? Did she truly want to be this unknown male's surrogate? She didn't have much of a choice, did she? But could she truly put her trust in him? She stayed silent for a few seconds while their gazes remained locked. She had been staring at his face intently. His emerald eyes were filled with desperation. However, this surrogacy might be a deception or a trap. After all, she didn't know him personally, they had only met 15 minutes earlier, and he had just agreed to the surrogacy arrangement. In terms of status, money, and standard of living, the two were as far apart as the clouds in the sky and the earth. Aside from that, they were strangers and adversaries with no connection. So how could she believe him? She was certain that after hearing Noah's words, he would have discovered that she was a neglected member of her family. She was only recognized as a member of this family so that her father could use her to marry her off for a treaty. Xavier hadn't wanted to rape her for his vengeance, but this surrogacy contract sounded like she was selling herself. The tragic memories from her past stuck her heart like a physical blow, causing her to cry. She was unable to accept his offer. She quickly broke eye contact and turned to exit the room. She hadn't wanted to cry in front of him and appear weak. Xavier took her hand in his pulling her back, causing her to collide with his muscular chest. "What's the matter?" His voice shifted from a whisper to a soft moan, that he too let out beneath his breath. Her breasts were so soft against his chest. He couldn't believe they'd been standing so close that he could feel her nipples but he was unsatisfied, especially while his suit was in their way. Under his breath, he swore.

He hadn't expected her gorgeous eyes to be filled with tears. What was the cause of her tears? Had any of his statements set her off? "Nothing, just let me go," she pleaded, refusing to look him in the eyes as she wriggled out of his grasp to open the door. "Don't lie. Tell me," Xavier put his hands on her waist using them to turn her around to face him. He despised the fact that she had been avoiding eye contact with him. "I can't accept your deal," she admitted. "Why?" Xavier frowned. He was not going to take a no for an answer. If she didn't want her family to die, she had no other option than to agree to become his surrogate. "Tell me!" He demanded, careful not to lose his temper and terrify her. She continued staring at his chest, and the best part was that she hadn't attempted to break away from his grip. He watched as she carefully lifted her left hand until his gaze was drawn to the diamond engagement ring on her finger. "I am already engaged," Kiara's hand trembled in response to Xavier's rage. She had tightly closed her eyes. Even though she hadn't looked up to him, she realized he was going to kill everyone. Yes, she was a virgin, but she had previously been engaged to another male. He required a pure female, but she had been kissed on the day of her engagement since Xavier was aware of the religious rites. She had no intention of hiding it from him, even though she knew he would snap her neck for wasting his time. "Then break your engagement," he whispered in her ears. Her eyes widened in astonishment as she looked up at him. What? Breaking off the engagement? Before returning his gaze to hers, his green eyes cast the most venomous glare at her engagement ring. "Do you understand?" He asked, lightly running his fingers down her waist. She dropped her gaze and continued to stare at his chest. She had been unable to focus due to his touch being so soft and gentle. Even though he was a stranger, she had not feel threatened. But she needed him to stop caressing her before she moaned. She had been feeling hot! How could he make her feel this way? "Say something, Kiara," Kiara's breathing had become uneven, as his hand caressed her hair and cheek. His presence was driving her insane. It wasn't the same as when her fiancé touched her. When he saw how beautifully she had reacted to his touch, Xavier's finger came to a halt over her lips. He needed this young female to be his surrogate no matter what. Killing her family was no longer an option for him. This little belly of hers was going to carry his pup. "But why me?" Kiara hesitantly raised her eyes to meet his heated ones. She gasped as soon as she sensed his desire. His eyes were filled with lust for her. Forgetting her query, she yanked herself free from his clutches attempting to flee the room. But before she could open the door, Xavier shoved her against it, turning her to face him. "Because..." he paused while answering, pressing his

body against her completely. He slowly lowered his head down to her face, approaching her lips. What was he planning? Kiara was stunned to see his actions. "Because we have chosen you. You are ours now," Dean and Xavier said together. Kiara froze as she felt his lips gently brushing hers. She grasped her skirt tightly in fright, closing her eyes. "Is that reason enough?" While deepening the kiss, he murmured. He wanted to bite her since her lips were so soft, but he was afraid it might terrify her. He tried to be courteous, but it wasn't easy with her alluring scent, that he still couldn't figure out. Kiara opened her eyes, placed her palm on his chest, gently pushing him back to break the kiss. "I assumed you wanted me to be your surrogate. So, why is this kis..." she hesitated, embarrassed. She had been kissed by a man who supposedly only wanted her for a child she could produce. That kiss, on the other hand, made no sense to her. Xavier scowled when he remembered the surrogacy, something he had forgotten about for a few seconds. The doctor intended to implant his seeds into her. That implied that the doctor would be able to see her goodies?! He would be touching her down there?! Kiara could feel his hold on her tightening, as though he was enraged. "Please..." she hissed in pain. He realized that Dean had taken over his mind at the mere thought of other males touching her. She was scared of him. He let go of her body and placed both of his hands on her cheeks. "You are my surrogate, and I will determine the rules," he growled. Kiara gasped in fear at his words. What exactly had he meant? His lips kissed her again, and she lost control of her body letting herself relax in his arms. She shuddered slightly as one hand traveled down her waist to her hand, where he yanked her ring from her finger, tossing it aside without breaking the kiss. She really had become his...surrogate.